

Friday the 13th
Chapter 2#: The First Night

By

TyeSays

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

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, COUNSELORS LOUNGE: NIGHT

The camp's gone quiet for the evening, with most of the young campers retreating to their cabins for the night. The counselors are taking advantage of the early bedtime by hosting their own party in the lounge. We can hear **"I'VE GOT THE NEXT DANCE" by DENIECE WILLIAMS** blaring from the open windows, along with the sounds of laughter and idle chat.

SUBTITLE: JUNE 9th, 1979.

The front door suddenly swings open and out walks **MARINA RILEY**, a young Asian-American no older than eighteen. She laughs at some unheard joke.

MARINA RILEY

I'm just gonna have a quick drag, okay? I'll be right back.

She lets the door swing shut before fishing both a joint and a matchbook from her back pocket. After making sure none of the older counselors are around to see, Marina lights it up and takes a drag.

BOY [O.S.]

Miss Marina!

Marina jumps and quickly hides the joint behind her back when **OLIVER JAMES**, a 13year old camper, suddenly springs up from the darkness.

MARINA RILEY

Jesus, Oli! I told you not do to that!

OLIVER JAMES

I'm sorry, Miss Marina, but this is an emergency!

She sighs, finally allowing the smoke to leave her lungs.

MARINA RILEY

Did you wet your bunk again? I'll go get some fresh sheets.

OLIVER JAMES

No! Not that! It's Jason!

(CONTINUED)

MARINA RILEY

What about him?

As discreetly as she can, Marina extinguishes the joint between her fingers and tucks it back into her pocket.

OLIVER JAMES

(HYSTERICAL)

It wasn't my fault! It was the others, I swear! They did it! I tried to stop them but I couldn't!

Marina's eyes widen when the boy suddenly bursts into full-on tears. She quickly steps forward and puts a hand on his arm.

MARINA RILEY

Oli, what did they do? Oli!

OLIVER JAMES

(SOBBING, HYSTERICAL)

They threw him into the lake!

Marina's jaw practically drops to the ground. She looks past the young boy down to the lake and, sure enough, there are the other boys. They all stand huddled at the end of the docks, their eyes turned to an unseen part of the water.

MARINA RILEY

Oh, God. Go find Mr. Christy, now!

Oliver nods and runs into the counselors cabin while Marina starts sprinting down to the lake.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, DOCKS: NIGHT

The docks are big and wide, going out into the water a good fifteen feet. A group made of five older boys stand at the start of the docks, all talking quickly and rapidly amongst themselves. None of them are paying the still lake any mind.

Marina is nearly out of breathe by the time she reaches the end of the road. She looks at the boys.

MARINA RILEY

(WHEEZING)

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

They all look up and, upon seeing her, take off running in different directions. Marina does her best to catch a glimpse of each of their faces before they disappeared into the night.

She races to the ends of the dock and immediately scans the still black water. It doesn't take her longer than two seconds to spot the boy's body.

MARINA RILEY

Oh, God, Jason!

The boy, Jason, floats face-down in the water; his limp hands still outstretched towards the docks. Marina dives headfirst into the water without hesitation, shoes and jacket in-all.

She reaches him within seconds and quickly turns him over, giving us a clear view of the boy's disfigured appearance. His head is both bulbous and hairless, and both his eyes are protruding rather oddly from his face. His thin lips sag open as she turns him skyward.

He's completely unresponsive.

MARINA RILEY

(*STRUGGLING*)

Jason, wake up! Jason!

She looks over at the road and practically cheers when she sees Mr. Christy Robbins, the camp's owner. He's a tall yet heavily built man, with shaggy blond hair and a curly beard that covers most of his face.

Marina waves frantically to him.

MARINA RILEY

Over here!

Mr. Christy hurries down the docks and, with Marina's assistance, manages to tug the unmoving child onto the docks. He immediately checks for a pulse as Marina hoists herself up out of the water.

MARINA RILEY

(*SHIVERING*)

I-Is he breathing?!

CHRISTY ROBBINS

I can't feel a pulse.

MARINA RILEY

Oh, God.

He tilts giving the boys CPR, tilting his head back before starting on the chest compressions. He keeps his dark eyes trained on the boy's lifeless blue ones.

CHRISTY ROBBINS

Come on, Jason! Come on!

After giving 30 compressions, Mr. Christy leans forward and gives him two rescue breathes. Nothing happens. Marina starts to sob hysterically as the realization starts to sink in: Jason's dead.

Mr. Christy doesn't give up, though.

CHRISTY ROBBINS

God, damn it, Jason! Wake up!

He starts the compressions again while Marina simply shrivels up into a ball of hysterics. His agitated grunts and her uncontrollable sobs begin to fade away into the background.

KARLA ROBBINS [V.O.]

He tried for ten minutes to get him to wake up, but it was pointless: Jason was dead, and there was nothing he could do about it...

FADE TO:

INT. COUNSELORS CABIN, SITTING ROOM: DAY

It's your standard sitting room, with it's odd assortment of mix-matched furniture and stuffed animal statues. In total there are two couches, three armchairs, and seven stuffed animal mounts.

SUBTITLE: June 6th, 2018.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY, one of the camps two owners, is currently attempting to start a fire in the fireplace, while the other four adults have all taken refuge on the couches.

KARLA ROBBINS, the main owner, sits on one while officers **ALISTAIR McCOY**, **NEWT ELLWOOD**, and **GILLIAN CARTER** sit on the other.

All three officers are clearly deeply engrossed in Karla's story.

(CONTINUED)

NEWT ELLWOOD

Did they ever discover who the boys were that tossed him in?

KARLA ROBBINS

Yep, Mrs. Riley was able to identify them the next day when the police came. According to my father they were some of the most rowdy kids he'd ever met, if not the most dangerous.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Your father's clearly never been to Detroit.

(*BEAT*)

Anyone want another cup?

Everyone denies the offer, all too caught up in what happened to even think twice about tea. May-Anne shrugs before pouring herself a cup and sitting down beside Karla.

GILLIAN CARTER

Did they ever say why they did it?

Karla shakes her head 'No'.

KARLA ROBBINS

All they revealed was that it was an accident, and that it was Jason's idea to get into the water in the first place.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

What about the kid who saw it happen? The one who got your father, I mean. Did he ever say anything more about it?

KARLA ROBBINS

They tried to ask him about it, but he was so shaken up that they barely managed to get a word out of him.

(*SIGHS*)

In the end, all their interrogating got them was a terrified little boy in a pair of wet boxers.

GILLIAN CARTER

(*SADDENED*)

The poor thing...

(CONTINUED)

KARLA ROBBINS

My father was devastated, but... he was also incredibly stupid with how he handled it. He tried to keep it from everyone, even his own family.

Newt's eyebrows shoot up.

NEWT ELLWOOD

He even kept it from you?

KARLA ROBBINS

Mhm. He left my mother completely in the dark about it for months, only telling her once he realized the Voorhees family wasn't gonna put up with his bought silence. She never forgave him for hiding it from her...

Newt can't help but notice she's fidgeting with a diamond ring on her hand. An engagement ring? No. It's clearly a wedding ring, and a nice one at that. She turns it anxiously 'round and round on her finger as she talks.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

I'm guessing that means your mom divorced him, huh?

Alistair grunts when Newt suddenly elbows him in the ribcage, catching him off guard.

NEWT ELLWOOD

(HUSHED)

Remember how we talked about being more sensitive to other people's feelings?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

(HUSHED)

Yeah?

NEWT ELLWOOD

(HUSHED)

Well, you're not being sensitive!

Alistair turns back and smiles apologetically at the two ladies.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Sorry. It's a force of habit to, uhm... to--

(CONTINUED)

NEWT ELLWOOD

To be a blunt ass.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Right.

Karla chuckles, clearly not offended.

KARLA ROBBINS

It's fine, honestly. Yeah she divorced him, told him he was a despicable man then left for California. Neither of us have seen her since.

GILLIAN CARTER

That's awful.

KARLA ROBBINS

Eh, I don't miss her. From what I've heard she could be a real bitch, so maybe her leaving was a blessing in disguised.

She smiles at the three officers, clearly putting on a front. Newt decides to move on from the topic.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Can I ask you two a favor?

KARLA ROBBINS

Of course.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Can you not tell the kids about this? It'll be hard enough getting them to work in the barn after this, last thing we need is for them to refuse to go near the water too.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Are you sure that's such a good idea? Especially after what just happened?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Unless you want to risk the kids booking it back to the center, I agree. You want this camp to open in time, right?

(CONTINUED)

KARLA ROBBINS

Of course we do...

NEWT ELLWOOD

Then we're gonna have to keep this hush-hush, okay? At least for now.

Karla and May-Anne exchange glances before looking back at the three officers.

KARLA ROBBINS

We won't say anything.

Newt sighs and gives her a smile of gratitude.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 2: SAME TIME

The kids have returned to the cabin, none looking at all thrilled over what just went down. CASSI VENEMA decides to distract herself by finally unpacking, while MARCO HARRISON returns to his bed and JAMES "JIMMY" POWELL returns to the mysterious door in the closet.

Both Cassi and Marco are taken aback when Jimmy suddenly starts kicking at the door.

CASSI VENEMA

Jesus, what the Hell are you doing?

JIMMY POWELL

(GRUNTING)

I'm finding out what the fuck's behind this door!

He continues to kick away at the tiny door, the heel of his shoe slowly creating a dent in it's surface. Cassi exchanges looks with Marco, who looks as wide-eyed as her.

Jimmy's more than a bit stunned to see that, after giving it ten kicks that would've easily destroyed a normal door, that the door in the back of the closet is still standing strong.

JIMMY POWELL

...I need some fresh air.

Without another word, Jimmy turns on his heels and marches over to the door. He's got one foot out the door when, out of no-where, he suddenly turns to Marco.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY POWELL

Come with me.

MARCO HARRISON

(*SURPRISED*)

Huh? Why?

JIMMY POWELL

Cause what else do you have to do today? Now get your ass in gear.

He walks out then, cutting Marco off before he can object to the unwanted demand. He looks at Cassi, who's paying them no mind and instead focusing on her notebook.

MARCO HARRISON

Should I go?

She looks up at him, tucking a lock of hair behind her left ear as she does. She glances briefly at the door as she answers.

CASSI VENEMA

Normally I'd say "No", but the fact that he was just in full-on rage mode not even in two seconds ago... makes me think it'd be a good idea if you did.

MARCO HARRISON

Okay.

Marco stands up off the bed and, without another word, walks out of the cabin after Jimmy. Cassi stares after him for a second before turning her attention briefly towards the closet.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 2: SAME TIME

Marco can't help but give Jimmy an odd look as he descends the cabin steps, though if Jimmy noticed it he gave no sign of caring.

JIMMY POWELL

Let's check out the archery area, shall we?

MARCO HARRISON

Sure... Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY POWELL

No, I'm not. Not even remotely. I'm actually pretty pissed off right now, and shooting arrows just seems like the perfect way to get that anger out.

Jimmy starts walking off in the direction of the archery rink, looking back not even once

MARCO HARRISON

And why do you need me to go with you?

JIMMY POWELL

Because I need someone there to keep me from doing something that'll get me sent back to the center, or worse.

(BEAT)

If you don't want to go, then don't, but I am.

Before Marco can reply, Jimmy turns and continues on his way. Marco waits a moment before jogging after him.

MARCO HARRISON

I'm coming, I'm coming.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELORS CABIN, SITTING ROOM: DAY

In the corner of the room sits an old chess-table, one made of redwood and marble. Each piece has been handcrafted and hand-painted, making the set look more antique than it really is. Newt and Karla have started a game together.

May-Anne and Alistair stand by the open back door, both smoking their own preferred cigarettes (*LUCKY STRIKE BLUE* for her, *MARLBORO LIGHT* for him). They watch the other pair play their game.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

So how long have you and Mrs. Robbins been friends?

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

It'll be a year on opening day.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR MCCOY

How'd you two meet?

She takes a hit off her cigarette.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Online. I found her GoFundMe account and it inspired me. Her passion and dedication to this place, it wasn't something I saw often. Still isn't. So I contacted her and here we are, a year later.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Wow.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Right? What about you and Mr. Ellwood, huh? What's your story?

ALISTAIR MCCOY

There's no story.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

Oh, don't give me that bull-crap. Even a blind man could tell the two of you are together. No one looks at each other the way you two do unless they're screwing each other at least four or five times a week.

Alistair chokes on his cigarette smoke, which sends him into a mini coughing fit. Newt looks over at them.

NEWT ELLWOOD

You okay?

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

We're fine! Just inhaled a bit too much smoke.

Newt frowns.

NEWT ELLWOOD

I keep telling him he needs to slow down with those things. One of these days he's gonna end up accidentally inhaling one whole.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Hasn't happened yet, bud.

(CONTINUED)

Still coughing, Alistair takes another drag off his cigarette. He gives Newt a teasing, almost provoking look: "What you gonna do?"

Before Newt can answer, though, Karen charges through the front door. Alistair raises a scruffy brow at her before blowing his smoke out the door.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

What can we do for you, Ms. Hyong?

She looks at him and smiles.

KAREN HYONG

Will and I wanna throw a party tonight in the lunchroom, with just us kids.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Yeah, I don't think so.

Karen's smile doesn't falter, not even for a microsecond.

KAREN HYONG

I think it's only fair, really.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Oh?

KAREN HYONG

The three of you *did* lie to us about the history of this place, and brought us here with no intention of ever coming out about it. I'd say after that kind of betrayal you guys kinda owe us a night of mini-freedom.

And before Alistair can reply--

KARLA ROBBINS [O.S.]

I agree with her.

Alistair gives her a startled look.

KARLA ROBBINS

I mean she's kind of right. You three did bring them here without giving them the full story...

Newt turns and gives Alistair a small, yet comforting smile. He shrugs his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

NEWT ELLWOOD

It's only one night, Ali. I say we let them have their night of fun before they start their workload for the week.

Alistair frowns before looking back at Karen, who's doing everything in her power to keep from beaming as bright as the sun.

ALISTAIR MCCOY

Fine, you can have your party, but it's just tonight. You got that?

KAREN HYONG

(*BEAMING*)

Got it. Thank you so much! Oh, I could just kiss you right now if it weren't for the fact that you look old enough to be my father. I'm gonna get ready for tonight!

And before Alistair or anyone can say anything more, Karen turns and hightails it out of their. May-Anne chuckles, which quickly earns her a look from Alistair.

MAY-ANNE MOSELY

What? It was funny!

He looks at Newt, who slowly and apologetically nods his head.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Kinda was...

He sighs.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. THE LUNCH HALL, MAIN ROOM: EVENING

It's a surprisingly long room that's been lined with four rows of tables, four tables in each row and four chairs at each table.

Karen stands with **WILLIAM 'WILL' BENNETT** in the middle of the room, her judgmental eyes taking in every inch of the area. The lunch hall is one of the few buildings at Camp Crystal Lake to actually be almost completely refurbished and refurnished, much to Karen's delight.

(CONTINUED)

WILL BENNETT

I still can't believe they're letting us do this.

KAREN HYONG

How many times do I have to tell you not to doubt my abilities, William? When I want something, you know damn well I'm gonna get it.

WILL BENNETT

(*CHUCKLES AWKWARDLY*)

Hell yeah, you are.

She turns to him, her smile dripping with false sweetness.

KAREN HYONG

Did you get everything I asked you to get?

WILL BENNETT

(*BEAMING*)

I did!

He walks over to the nearest table and picks up his little handbag. He opens it and starts taking everything out, announcing each as he does.

WILL BENNETT

Sugar, some glasses, two bottles of vodka and two bottles of lemonade--

Karen frowns at the two yellow bottles.

KAREN HYONG

I told you to get pink lemonade.

WILL BENNETT

There isn't any. I also got the crackers from the kitchen, scissors, and these.

He holds up a small stack of CDs. Karen arches her brow at him, frantically fighting the urge to look impressed as she takes in the small stake of music.

KAREN HYONG

How'd you get those?

WILL BENNETT

(*SMILES*)

I have my ways.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE TRANSPORTATION BUS: SAME TIME

The bus sits in the far corner of the camp, tucked away behind the barn

Digging under the drivers seat **VICTOR SHANNON**, the bus's 64year old driver. He's a fairly decent sized man for his age, standing at roughly six feet with long semi-muscular arms.

He grunts with annoyance.

VICTOR SHANNON

(*MUTTERING*)

Where the fuck are they...?

CUT TO:

INT. THE LUNCH HALL, MAIN ROOM: EVENING

Karen shuffles through the CDs, going over each title with a scrutinizing eye. There's title's such as Britney Spear's Circus, Nirvana's Nevermind, and Pink's I'm Not Dead, to name a few.

KAREN HYONG

Not such a bad selection, but we have another problem: what are we gonna play 'em on?

Will reaches into his bag and pulls out a small, portable CD player; one that was clearly made a decade or two ago.

KAREN HYONG

Where did you get *that*?

WILL BENNETT

I asked Mrs. Robbin's if she had anything we could use, and this is what she gave me. A bit old but it should work fine; least that's what she said.

KAREN HYONG

(*SMIRKS*)

I'm impressed, Bennett, you actually managed to surpass my expectations.

A smile spreads across Will's face.

(CONTINUED)

WILL BENNETT

Right on!

KAREN HYONG

And the moment's ruined.

WILL BENNETT

(EMBARRASSED)

Sorry... want me to go round up the others?

KAREN HYONG

That would be appreciated.

He nods before turning on his heels and marching out of the lunch hall. Karen shakes her.

KAREN HYONG

(UNDER BREATH)

Such a freak...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, PATHWAYS: EVENING

There are several paths leading off from the lunch hall, and Will starts off down the one leading to the cabins. He barely makes it three steps before he's suddenly grabbed from behind and yanked to an abrupt stop.

WILL BENNETT

The fuc-!?

He whirls around, coming face-to-face with VICTOR.

VICTOR SHANNON

You're the little shit who took my CDs!

WILL BENNETT

What? No, I didn't!

VICTOR SHANNON

I know it was you! I saw you running away from the bus earlier when I was on my way back from taking a piss!

WILL BENNETT

Oh, that? That was nothing! A pair of my boxer shorts fell out of my bag earlier, and I was just getting

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL BENNETT (cont'd)
them back! I don't know anything
about your CDs, though.

VICTOR SHANNON
I don't believe you.

WILL BENNETT
It's the truth, now let go of me
before I--

NEWT ELLWOOD [O.S.]
What's going on over here?

Both look up in time to see Newt stroll over from the
counselors cabin, both hands buried deep within his pockets.
He raises an eyebrow at the older gentleman.

NEWT ELLWOOD
How many times do I have to tell
you, "no manhandling the children"?

WILL BENNETT
"Children"?

VICTOR SHANNON
He stole my CDs! And I'm not
letting him go till he gives them
back. It's a long drive to town and
I ain't doing it without some form
of entertainment.

WILL BENNETT
The ride's only ten minutes...

Victor practically growls at him through clenched teeth.

VICTOR SHANNON
It doesn't matter if the ride's
only two seconds, they're still my
CDs and you had no right to fucking
take them!

WILL BENNETT
I didn't take your God damn CDs!

Just then, as if on cue, 'WOMANIZER' by **BRITNEY SPEARS**
begins to drift blare from inside the dinning hall. Victor's
scowl deepens.

VICTOR SHANNON
Wanna try that again, you lying
piece of shit?

WILL BENNETT

...Okay, I took your CDs. I was gonna ask, I swear, but I was on a tight schedule and I didn't think you'd mind--

VICTOR SHANNON

I tell you not to touch those CDs every time you step onto my bus, you really expect me to believe you thought I wouldn't mind?

WILL BENNETT

I was gonna bring them back later tonight, I swear. We just wanted some music for the party.

VICTOR SHANNON

Well, tough shit. I want them back.

WILL BENNETT

C'mon, Mr. Ellwood, help me out here. It'd only be for an hour, two at most.

NEWT ELLWOOD

I want you to return the CDs to Mr. Shannon. If you want music, I'm sure Mrs. Robinson has some she'd be more than willing to share with you.

WILL BENNETT

You think so?

NEWT ELLWOOD

She gave you the stupid CD player in the first place, didn't she?

WILL BENNETT

...Yeah, that's true. I'll go get the CDs.

He ducks away and heads back towards the lunch hall, leaving the two men alone. Victor grumbles.

VICTOR SHANNON

Have I ever mentioned I hate this job?

NEWT ELLWOOD

Many times, Vic. Many times.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR SHANNON

Well I do.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Yet you keep coming into work every day.

VICTOR SHANNON

Gotta pay the bills somehow, don't I?

Victor sniffs proudly before turning and lumbering away.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Where are you going?

VICTOR SHANNON

Back to the bus. Send the kid there when he's got my shit together.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Will do. I need you back here by seven, you got that?

VICTOR SHANNON

Why so early?

NEWT ELLWOOD

It's Ali's rule. He wants you here in case anything happens with the kids and we end up needing to drive them back to the center.

VICTOR SHANNON

(GRUMBLES)

Whatever.

Victor continues on his way, feeling even grumpier than before despite the triumph victory over Will. Newt can't help but smirk in amusement as he watches him disappear around the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 2: EVENING

Cassi sits on the front steps of the cabin, drawing what appears to be a sketch of the bloody hockey mask in her work book. She's too caught up in perfecting the eye sockets to notice Marco and Jimmy walking up.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY POWELL

Already sick of being in the cabin?

She jumps, which in turn causes Jimmy to smirk.

JIMMY POWELL

Jumpy this evening, aren't we?

CASSI VENEMA

Screw you.

MARCO HARRISON

If it makes you feel better, we didn't mean to scare you.

CASSI VENEMA

You didn't scare me, you just caught me off guard. And FYI, I'll take being jumpy over being a raging lunatic.

Jimmy's lips tighten a bit but he manages to hold onto the smirk. He breathes deeply through his nostrils before her surprisingly apologetic look.

JIMMY POWELL

Yeah, sorry about that. I tend to lose my head... pretty damn easily. It's something I've been trying to fix for awhile.

CASSI VENEMA

I hear Xanax can do wonders.

JIMMY POWELL

Citalopram's better. Anyway, can you move? I'd like to lay down now, if you don't mind.

Cassi slides to the side of the step.

CASSI VENEMA

Help yourself.

JIMMY POWELL

Thank you.

He marches past her into the cabin. Cassi stares after him for a second before looking back at Marco. She closes the notebook and tucks it under leg as she asks:

(CONTINUED)

CASSI VENEMA

Where'd you guys go, anyway?

MARCO HARRISON

To the archery area.

CASSI VENEMA

How'd that go?

MARCO HARRISON

Terrifying. I think he was aiming everywhere except the target.

CASSI VENEMA

At least you didn't get hit.

Marco raises a brow at her before reaching back and lifting up the hood of his tee, revealing a surprisingly big tear. Cassi's eyes widen.

MARCO HARRISON

At least I can say it was an accident. His finger slipped while I was setting up the post.

CASSI VENEMA

Mental note to self: stay away from Jim when there are bows and arrows around.

MARCO HARRISON

Probably a smart idea.

WILL BENNETT [O.S.]

Hey, guys!

Both look over and watch as Will power jogs over to them, a bag of CDs now tucked under his arm. He brushes his choppy, sweaty hair out of his eyes as he talks.

WILL BENNETT

You guys free tonight?

CASSI VENEMA

Nah, I was thinking of catching a movie with my girlfriends, maybe try that new sushi joint in town too.

Will stares at her, unsure of how to respond.

(CONTINUED)

CASSI VENEMA

We're free.

WILL BENNETT

Oh, good! Karen's throwing a little party in the lunch hall, and she wants you three to know you're invited.

MARCO HARRISON

A party? The adults are actually letting you throw one?

WILL BENNETT

Yep! Karen managed to convince them using her wits and her tricks. Said she had to go as far as letting Mrs. Mosely feel her up to get them to say yes.

This catches both Marco and Cassi off guard, and both can't help but exchange glances with one another; not cause they believe the lie, but because it worries both of them that Will does.

MARCO HARRISON

Really now?

WILL BENNETT

Mhm! This is why you can't trust a lesbian, really. So! Will any of you be coming?

CASSI VENEMA

I'd honestly rather be broiled alive than willingly spend a second in that bitch's presence, thanks though.

Just then Jimmy pokes his head out the door.

JIMMY POWELL

Karen's having a party?

WILL BENNETT

Yep, a small one.

JIMMY POWELL

Where?

WILL BENNETT

At the lunch hall.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY POWELL

When?

WILL BENNETT

Now.

JIMMY POWELL

...Will there be liquor?

WILL BENNETT

(SMIRKS)

A little bit.

A smile spreads across Jimmy's face, and he quickly turns his gaze towards Marco.

JIMMY POWELL

Let's go.

He pushes his way out the door and hurries down the cabin steps, past the still sitting Cassi.

MARCO HARRISON

Wait, what?

JIMMY POWELL

There's no way I'm passing up a good drink, no matter how small the amount. Which means there's no way you're passing it up, either.

MARCO HARRISON

Why do I have to go?

JIMMY POWELL

Cause what else do you have to do? And honestly? You're the only one at this damn camp I trust to keep me from doing anything stupid.

CASSI VENEMA

That'd be a hard job to do.

Jimmy flips her off over his shoulder.

JIMMY POWELL

You don't have to go if you don't want too, but I'd like it if you did.

MARCO HARRISON

Well... okay, fine. I'll go. Why not?

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy smiles again, as does Will.

JIMMY POWELL

Exactly, why not?

CASSI VENEMA

All right, while you all are doing that I'll be inside. Have a good night.

Cassi grabs her notebook before standing and heading inside, closing the door behind her. Will turns towards Marco and Jimmy.

WILL BENNETT

You guys can head on over now, Karen's just setting up the music.

Before the other two can reply, Will turns and starts walking.

MARCO HARRISON

Where are you going?

WILL BENNETT

To invite Brendon.

JIMMY POWELL

You're really gonna invite that jackass? After everything he did to you back at the center?

WILL BENNETT

(SHRUGS)

Karen said to invite "everyone", so I gotta invite everyone.

He continues walking. Marco looks at Jimmy, who shakes his head at Will before looking back at him.

JIMMY POWELL

C'mon, I wanna get drunk.

Jimmy starts jogging off down the path that leads to the lunch hall, a new found determination now in every step. Marco sighs before taking off his hat and pushing his hair out of his face.

MARCO HARRISON

Why do I let myself get roped into these situations?

He slips the hat back on before walking after Jimmy, who's already halfway down the path.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 1: EVENING

BRENDON KALLINS lays haphazardly across his bunk, his dark eyes glued to the screen of Will's stolen phone. He's currently in the middle of a game of **SNAKE**.

He doesn't give the slightest bit of reaction when Will walks in, instead keeping his attention focused solely on the game.

Will frowns when he sees what he's using.

WILL BENNETT

What are you doing?

BRENDON KALLINS

You left this on your bed, so I thought I'd do you the favor of grabbing it before a worker saw it.

WILL BENNETT

Thanks... give it back, please.

BRENDON KALLINS

In a second, I'm about to beat my high score.

WILL BENNETT

Can you please give it to me? I wasn't able to swipe a charger and I don't want you--

His eyes briefly widen when he hears the phone suddenly power down. He sighs.

WILL BENNETT

--draining the battery. Perfect.

Brendon shrugs before sitting up and tossing the phone carelessly back onto Will's bed.

BRENDON KALLINS

You act like the stupid thing had reception out here.

WILL BENNETT

I was planning on bringing it out to the woods tonight to see if I can find any nearby cell towers nearby.

(CONTINUED)

Brendon raises a mocking brow.

BRENDON KALLINS

You do realize if there was a cell tower within 50miles of this place, you'd be able to pick it up from here, right?

WILL BENNETT

Well--

Brendon stands up and turns to him, his smile full of mockery.

BRENDON KALLINS

And how exactly do you plan on slipping out of camp without that thing on your ankle going off?

WILL BENNETT

It only goes off once you've passed a hundred and fifty feet, which I don't plan on doing.

BRENDON KALLINS

And if one of the adults sees you? Don't think that McCoy asshole won't kick your ass if he sees you leaving the grounds?

WILL BENNETT

What's it even matter, now? I can't do anything with it now anyway.

Brendon can't help but scoff in amusement as he takes in Will's irritated tone. He then turns and walks to the cabin's back door.

WILL BENNETT

Wait! Where are you going?

He opens the door before looking back at him.

BRENDON KALLINS

For a smoke. I managed to snatch a joint from the hippie bitch we're working for. And before you ask: fuck no, you can't come.

WILL BENNETT

I wasn't gonna ask, but I was gonna tell you that Karen's throwing a party tonight in the lunch hall. She says you're welcome to come.

BRENDON KALLINS

...Yeah, I'd rather die. Thanks,
though.

And before Will can say another word, Brendon walks out and slams the door. Will huffs up his chest in annoyance before turning and walking out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 2: EVENING

Will starts down the pathway towards the lunch hall, his expression one still of annoyance. He grudgingly touches the still healing bruise below his eye, remembering how easily he had unintentionally set Brendon off on the bus.

WILL BENNETT

(GRUMBLES)

Fuck him...

SNAP, CRACK!

Will stops and glances over his shoulder, half-expecting to see an irritated Brendon looming behind him.

There's no one.

WILL BENNETT

Someone there?

Silence. He waits...

CUT TO:

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

We stands a good fifteen away from the young delinquent, our body obscured by bushes and shadows. He looks directly at us for two seconds before shaking his head and continuing on his way, deciding that whatever he's seeing is just a trick of the light.

We watch as he disappears down the pathway...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. THE LUNCH HALL, MAIN ROOM: NIGHT

All the kids, minus Cassi and Brendon, now stand scattered throughout the hall. Marco, Jimmy and Karen stand by the snacks and drinks, which have increased a bit thanks to Karen weaseling a couple of bags of chips out of Karla, while Will sits by the CD player.

"DANCING QUEEN" by ABBA currently echos throughout the room.

Jimmy chugs the last of his drinks, cringing only slightly as the liquor burns his throat.

JIMMY POWELL

(*DRUNK*)

Whoever said drinking doesn't solve your problems clearly never tried vodka before.

MARCO HARRISON

How many glasses you planning on drinking there, Mr. Powell?

JIMMY POWELL

As many as it takes to get to the moon. Fill it up, K!

He holds out his glass to Karen, who pours him another glass. She then puts the bottle back on the counter, next to the still unopened one.

MARCO HARRISON

You're gonna regret this in the morning. You know that, right?

JIMMY POWELL

Well I'll worry about tomorrow, tomorrow, but tonight I don't give a damn.

Karen laughs.

KAREN HYONG

Wow, you're actually kinda fun when you're drunk. Who would've guessed?

Will raises an eyebrow. Even drunk, he can tell when he's being insulted.

JIMMY POWELL

Ain't it amazing what you can learn about a person when you put a drink in their hand? Like tonight, for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY POWELL (cont'd)
instance: You learned I'm actually
hilarious, and I learned you're
still a bitch. Cheers to knowledge!

Karen's smile turns tight, but she manages to keep it on her face as she clinks her glass to his.

KAREN HYONG
Cheers.

She sips her drink before looking over at Will, who's looking through the stack of CDs. She then looks back at Marco and Jim, both of whom are talking amongst themselves.

KAREN HYONG
...What do you say we all play a game?

MARCO HARRISON
(WARY)
A game?

KAREN HYONG
Yeah! A game is exactly what we need right now to get this party really rolling.

JIMMY POWELL
What game you thinking?

KAREN HYONG
Truth or Dare, of course. What else?

MARCO HARRISON
Yeah, I don't think so. I know the kind of person you are, Karen, and I'm not about to let myself become another of your playthings.

KAREN HYONG
What kind of person am I?

MARCO HARRISON
The kind of person who thinks they can get anywhere in life simply by batting your lashes. You want the world to worship you, maybe even fear you a bit, but I don't, and I'm not.

KAREN HYONG

You're not scared?

MARCO HARRISON

Not one bit.

KAREN HYONG

Then play the game.

Beat. Marco glares at her, while she simply smiles right back at him. Jimmy shrugs his shoulders before taking another gulp of his drink.

JIMMY POWELL

It's just a game, Marc. What exactly do you think she'll be able to do out here in the middle of No-Where, New Jersey?

MARCO HARRISON

(RELUCTANTLY)

...Fine.

KAREN HYONG

Great, let's clear the room so we can form a circle!

Karen turns and practically skips over to Will, leaving Marco fuming by the drinks. He turns to Jimmy.

MARCO HARRISON

If this goes horribly, I swear I'll make the rest of your time here miserable.

JIMMY POWELL

Too late, bud. McCoy and Ellwood already beat you too it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, CABIN 2: SAME TIME

Cassi, now dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a baby blue tee, has started to make the cabin feel a bit more like home. She's cleaned out the last of the cobwebs and dust bunnies, and is currently in the process of covering the broken window above her bed with a bed sheet.

KNOCK, KNOCK!

(CONTINUED)

CASSI VENEMA

Come in!

The door swings open, and in walks Newt. Cassi quickly steps down off her bed upon seeing him.

CASSI VENEMA

What's up? I'm not in trouble, am I?

NEWT ELLWOOD

If you were, I wouldn't have knocked. Where'd you get those sheets?

CASSI VENEMA

Oh. I found it in the closet, along with a couple pillowcases.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Are there any more sheets in there?

CASSI VENEMA

...No, but let's be honest: no one was gonna use this. Do you see this spot here? I'm pretty sure that's an old shit stain. No one in their right mind would touch this.

Newt can't help but chuckle at that.

NEWT ELLWOOD

I'll ask Mrs. Robbin's to bring you and Cabin 1 some fresh sheets tomorrow.

CASSI VENEMA

That'd be appreciated... So, is that the only reason you came in here? You wanted to know where the sheet came from?

NEWT ELLWOOD

That, and I wanted to ask why you weren't at the party with the other kids.

Cassi shrugs her shoulders before slumping down on her bed.

CASSI VENEMA

I'm not really the partying type, especially if the party involves a bunch of kids with criminal

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASSI VENEMA (cont'd)

records. I'm just gonna stay in for the night.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Probably a smart idea, especially since they're passing around liquor.

CASSI VENEMA

(UNCOMFORTABLE LAUGH)

Aren't you gonna stop them...?

NEWT ELLWOOD

No, I'll just make sure whoever drank the most has the best time with their chores tomorrow.

(SMIRKS)

Have a good night, Mrs. Venema.

CASSI VENEMA

You too, Mr. Ellwood.

Newt nods before turning and walking out the door. Cassi sighs before running her hands through her hair, brushing it back away from her face. She then eyes the closet once more, her gaze briefly lingering on the little door inside it. She tilts her head slightly as she considers what may be behind it...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE, PATHWAYS: NIGHT

Newt walks along the pathway, his gaze lazily shifting from this, that, and the other. He stops, though, when his eyes suddenly land on the white transportation bus. It's still parked behind the barn, when he'd thought Vic had left hours ago.

He starts towards it.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE TRANSPORTATION BUS: SAME TIME

An old oil lamp sits in the middle of the walkway, one that's light just barely reaches the drivers seat.

We watch as Victor makes a makeshift bed on the driver seat, one that's made up of all the forgotten clothes he's found on his bus over the years.

(CONTINUED)

He jumps when someone suddenly knocks on the front door. He pulls the switch and watches as Newt steps up into the bus.

VICTOR SHANNON

What do you want, now?

NEWT ELLWOOD

I thought you were heading back to the town?

VICTOR SHANNON

I was going too, but the damn thing won't start. I think the heat fried the engine...

NEWT ELLWOOD

Why didn't you say something sooner? I'm sure Mrs. Robbins has no problem setting up a room for you.

VICTOR SHANNON

I ain't sleeping in there. I know what's happened here, about the people who've gone in this area. I'm staying right here till the tow truck comes in the morning.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Are you sure? I'm sure the beds here would be more comfortable than... whatever you wanna call that.

He gestures towards Victor's makeshift bed.

VICTOR SHANNON

I'm fine. Now do you mind? I've had a long day and would very much like to put an end to it.

NEWT ELLWOOD

Well... okay, Vic... but if you change your mind, please don't hesitate to come in, all right?

VICTOR SHANNON

Will you go, already? You're letting all the cold out!

NEWT ELLWOOD

I'm going, I'm going. Goodnight, Vic.

VICTOR SHANNON

Yeah, you too.

He hits the switch and watches as the door slides back into place, once again separating Vic from the rest of the world. He continues to perfect his bed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LUNCH HALL, MAIN ROOM: NIGHT

The teens have moved aside the tables and formed a circle in the middle of the room. From left to right, they sit: Marco, Jimmy, Karen, and Will. Placed between them all is the now empty Vodka bottle.

KAREN HYONG

All right, the rules of the game are simple. The person going first, that'll be me, spins the bottle and whoever it lands on has to answer my truth or complete my dare. Then it'll be their turn, and so on.

JIMMY POWELL

I think we're all familiar with the rules, K. Just spin it, already.

Karen reaches out and spins the bottle.

It lands on Jimmy.

JIMMY POWELL

Of course.

KAREN HYONG

Truth or dare, JimJim?

JIMMY POWELL

Truth. I'm too drunk to do anything stupid and reckless tonight.

KAREN HYONG

All right. Let's see... have you ever fucked a guy?

JIMMY POWELL

Yes, a few actually. Fucked them right in their assholes, actually. And before you ask: Yes, I've also been plowed a couple times myself.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN HYONG

(SMILING)

Wonderful.

MARCO HARRISON

Well, this game escalated fast...

JIMMY POWELL

My turn.

He reaches out and spins the bottle.

It lands on Will.

JIMMY POWELL

All right, William. Truth or dare?

WILL BENNETT

Truth.

JIMMY POWELL

How much do you wanna have sex with Karen?

MARCO HARRISON

Oh, Jesus.

JIMMY POWELL

What? It's so obvious he wants inside her pants!

WILL BENNETT

I'd rather not answer this...

JIMMY POWELL

You have no choice, it's either tell a truth or do a dare.

WILL BENNETT

Then I pick dare.

JIMMY POWELL

(SMIRKS)

Then I dare you to answer my question.

WILL BENNETT

I...I don't...

KAREN HYONG

(TEASING)

C'mon, Will, just answer the question. I promise I won't be mad at what you say.

(CONTINUED)

WILL BENNETT

I...

(GULPS)

Can I skip my turn, please?

KAREN HYONG

You're such a wuss puss, but all right. I'll go for you, instead. I take dare. Give me your worst, Powell.

Jimmy stares at her as he searches his brain for a dare for her, a good dare that'd piss her off to do. If only his head weren't so foggy from the five glasses of vodka.

KAREN HYONG

I'm waiting...

JIMMY POWELL

All right. I dare you... to stick your tongue down Willy boy's throat. I'm sure you doing so would really make his day.

KAREN HYONG

Really? That's all you got?

Jimmy's smug smile quickly fades when Karen suddenly turns, takes Will's face in her hands, and presses her lips firmly against his lips. He and Marco watch in shock as her tongue searches his mouth, wrestling with his as it does.

Will's eyes widen in shock. HOLY SHIT!

It lasts a grand total of seven seconds, but to everyone in the room - especially Will - it felt like an eternity had passed before Karen finally pulled away.

WILL BENNETT

Wow...

Karen smiles before patting his cheek and turning away from him. She can't help but toss her hair in triumph.

JIMMY POWELL

Well dip me in shit and call me a brownie, I didn't think you'd actually do it.

KAREN HYONG

You'll learn eventually that I'm not afraid to do anything. Now shut up, it's my turn.

(CONTINUED)

She grabs the bottle once more and gives it another good spin. This time it lands on Marco.

KAREN HYONG

All right, Mr. Marco. Truth or dare?

MARCO HARRISON

Tru--

JIMMY POWELL

He picks dare.

MARCO HARRISON

What? No, I don't!

JIMMY POWELL

Oh, come on Marc, live a little. The worst she can do to you is have you jump naked into the lake.

MARCO HARRISON

Which is not something I wanna do!

JIMMY POWELL

Stop being such a chicken shit, will ya? I promise your life will be a whole lot better if you start taking more risks.

Marco frowns.

KAREN HYONG

Well...? Which is it?

Marco glowers at Jimmy for a few seconds before, albeit reluctantly, turning back to Karen.

MARCO HARRISON

Fine, I pick dare.

KAREN HYONG

Oh, good! Let's see...

She begins looking him up and down, starting from his dirty sneakers and stopping at his raggedy beanie. Something suddenly clicks in her head.

KAREN HYONG

Take your hat off.

MARCO HARRISON

You're daring me to take my hat off...?

KAREN HYONG

No, but still take it off.

Marco stares at her for a few seconds before reaching up and tugging off his hat. He shakes his head, causing his thick black hair to fly about before falling back onto his shoulders. He brushes it out of his face.

KAREN HYONG

All right... I dare you to let me cut your hair.

MARCO HARRISON

(*SHOCKED*)

Wait, what?

KAREN HYONG

And I don't mean just a trim, either.

MARCO HARRISON

There's no way I'm letting you do that. Not in this lifetime, nor the next.

KAREN HYONG

Is that so?

MARCO HARRISON

Damn right.

KAREN HYONG

Well, it's either let me cut your hair or you swim to the middle of the lake, naked. Take your pick.

JIMMY POWELL

You're a real bitch, you know that?

KAREN HYONG

I do, thank you! Now pick, Marc. Do you want a haircut or to go for a swim?

Marco frowns as he tries to figure out how to handle this situation...

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE TRANSPORTATION BUS: SAME TIME

Vic has lays curled up on his makeshift bed, his nose buried deep within the pages of the playboy he keeps hidden under the chair.

KNOCK, KNOCK!

He jumps, caught off guard by the loud knocking. He looks up at the door... there's one there. He stares at it for a couple seconds before turning his attention back to Mrs. February in the book.

KNOCK, KNOCK!!

He sits up this time. He looks once more at the door, and again there appears to be no one there. He scowls angrily in his direction.

VICTOR SHANNON

(GRUMBLES)

Fucking kids...

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!!!

Victor jumps up in his seat and looks down the aisle at the backdoor. He just manages to catch a glimpse of a dark shadow dashing away from it.

VICTOR SHANNON

Knew it!

He throws the playboy back under his chair before storming to the back of the bus. He pushes open the door and steps out into the growing darkness.

VICTOR SHANNON

Listen to me, you fucking
shitheads! I did not spend thirty
good years of my life trotting your
scummy asses around just to get
disrespected like this! You come
near me again and I promise, you'll
be coming back to town with me
tomorrow!

His booming voice echos throughout the woods, causing a nearby flock of birds to take flight in surprise. Victor watches irritably as they disappear into the dark sky. Besides their squeaking, and the distant sound of music, the place is quiet.

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR SHANNON
 (GRUMBLING)
 Fucking pricks.

He turns and steps back onto the bus, closing the door behind him. He's about to head back to his makeshift bed when...

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!!!

Vic whirls back around and throws open the door.

VICTOR SHANNON
 Ah-HA, I GOT YOU, YOU LITTLE--!!

His eyes widen when something sharp suddenly, and abruptly, glides across his throat; slicing through several layers of skin and muscle at once.

He falls to his knees, gasping as blood begins to gush from his throat. He looks up at the dark figure standing in front of him, then looks at the machete in their hand. It's pristine blade almost glows in the moonlight.

They take the machete, raise it up high...

VICTOR SHANNON
 (GASPING, RASPY)
 Wha-- why? Please...

...then bring it barreling down on his head, right in the middle of his terrified face.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END OF CHAPTER 2

QUESTION FOR REPO: Do you want Cassi to...

- 1.) Go for a walk?
- 2.) Check out the door in the closet?
- 3.) Go to bed?

QUESTION FOR JACK: Do you want Marco to...

- 1.) Do the dare, and cut his hair?
- 2.) Deny the dare, and swim in the lake?

QUESTION FOR KEN: Do you want Newt to...

- 1.) Check on Vic again?

(CONTINUED)

2.) Check on the party?

3.) Go back to the counselors cabin?