

FRIDAY THE 14TH

Written by

Garin Pirnia

EXT. CAMP NECRO LAKE - DAY

A sign with the name "Camp Necro Lake" etched in wood swings back and forth.

CUT TO:

EXT. NECRO LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The lake, surrounded by pine trees, appears still. A lone noodle and canoe floats in the middle of the lake. No activity. All is quiet. Too quiet. Cabins circle the outside of the lake but they seem to be uninhabited. Except for one.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A ramshackle one-story cabin that could use some love. A "No Trespass" sign displays in the yard.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The cabin is completely dark except for a stream of light pouring through the kitchen window.

MASON BOORHEEZ sleeps in a bed, which is located in the center of the one-room cabin. Mason rouses and STOMPS his gnarled feet onto the hardwood floor, knocking over an assortment of empty beer and liquor bottles.

He places his feet into a pair of pink bunny slippers, and then grabs a hockey mask from the nightstand. He rises and walks into the bathroom, his back to the camera. He wears disheveled pants and a button down shirt encrusted with dried blood. He looks like someone you don't want to mess with.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

With the medicine cabinet open--which cloaks his face--Mason brushes his teeth, swallows Aspirin, splashes water on his face, and then puts on his mask. As he closes the mirrored cabinet door, his reflection startles him.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He lurches to the kitchen, clearly either hungover or still drunk from the night before. He fills a Moka pot with water, adds coffee grounds, and heats up the coffee on the stove. He looks out of the kitchen window until the coffee's WHISTLE breaks his concentration.

He turns off the stove and pours a cup of coffee. Just as he begins to lift his mask to take a sip, he has an epiphany, and rushes to his bed area.

BED - CONTINUOUS

Mason grabs his iPhone and turns on the screen. It reads: "Friday the 14." He unlocks the phone and opens Snapchat. He sees a few videos listed and plays them.

SNAPCHAT VIDEO

The video reveals Mason standing in the exact same spot from last night, but this time a buxom camper, LINDA, is at his side.

LINDA  
(vocal fry)  
Oh, Mason, this is the best last-  
day-of-camp party ever!

Mason GRUNTS in approval. Behind him are a few other PARTYGOERS, including a couple of drunken men.

DRUNKEN DOUCHE  
Yo, bruh, you know how to throw a  
party! I just got laid. Like, five  
minutes ago. Camp Necro Lake,  
foreves!

Mason closes the program; he goes to his backyard.

BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Mason walks into the overcast day and spies a pile of dirt with a sign that reads "Compost Pile". Two very dead and blood-covered bodies lay on top: the girl from Snapchat and DANNY. Birds peck at the carrion.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mason walks inside and opens a closet. He removes a mop and a bucket filled with water and cleans up the bloody floor. He stops for a beat to have a flashback.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Mason stands near his bed, holding a phone out, recording the Snapchat with Linda. A second later he lowers the phone.

LINDA

So, I've heard that you like to carry a big weapon, if you know what I mean.

(touches his chest)

Wow, you're rock hard! Do you work out?

Mason nods in approval.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(flirty)

You sure don't say much. You must be a strong, silent type.

Mason stares at her and makes her uncomfortable for a beat, but she gets back to the sexy talk.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Will you show me your big machete? I've heard so many good things about it.

Mason considers her request until Danny walks toward him.

DANNY

(eating a plate of food)

Hey, sorry to interrupt. Mason, did you make this spinach dip yourself?

Mason nods "yes."

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's sooo good. I like the touch of cumin. Wanna go outside and smoke a blunt with me?

Mason nods "yes" again and follows Danny.

LINDA

(shouting at Mason)

We'll pick this up later, okay? Okay?

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mason and Danny sit on the front porch and smoke a joint. Mason inhales the joint through one of the holes in his mask. Danny is already pretty high.

DANNY

So, my parents gave me the option of either spending the summer here as a camp counselor or hanging out with my 93-year-old grandma who smells like cheese. I figured, why not? Come here, meet some nice people, get laid. I mean, I got laid 15 minutes after I checked in on the first day of camp. And then I got a handjob before lights out on the second day of camp!

Mason leans his head into the palm of his hand, bored out of his mind. But Danny won't stop rambling.

DANNY (CONT'D)

My parents aren't bad people, but we don't get along. They just don't understand me, the real me.

Mason, having had enough, grabs Danny's neck and strangles him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(gasping for air)

And they voted for Trump. Nazis.

He dies, and Mason lets Danny's lifeless body fall onto the porch slats. Mason heads back to the party.

INT. CABIN

Mason stands there, surveying the room. In the corner he spies two college-aged women, JANICE and TORI, and a college-aged guy, ROSS, engrossed in conversation.

ROSS

I heard he's a mama's boy, and that he murdered a bunch of campers last year because his mother told him to do it.

JANICE

Well, I read he once killed people in outer space.

TORI

Oh yeah? I heard the movie *Mask* is based on his life.

JANICE

No, *Jackie* is based on his life. I think he's just misunderstood.

ROSS

I'm disappointed there haven't been any elaborate murders--especially decapitation by punching or turning someone into a human pretzel--this summer.

JANICE

I'm surprised I didn't get chlamydia again, considering I had sex three times yesterday, including once with Danny while Tori watched us.

Mason suddenly appears in their orbit.

TORI

(nervous)

Hey, Mason! Love this Last Word cocktail you made for me. The Chartreuse is on point. Where did you learn mixology? A class here at the camp?

Mason stares them down for a few seconds but gets closer to Ross to sniff him. He makes a bad smell gesture with his hand.

ROSS

I don't think he likes my Old Spice.

Mason walks over to a record player and turns off the Black Eyed Peas "I Gotta Feeling". He has everybody's full attention.

He firmly points to the front door, signaling the party is over. 15 people make a brisk exodus to the door.

Linda catches his eye, and he gives her a "come hither" motion with his grimy finger.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

PARTYGOERS trip over Danny's limp body, which still lays on the porch.

PARTYGOER  
(nonchalantly)  
Watch out for Danny! He's passed out. Stoner.

JANICE  
(kicking him)  
You said you'd call me, jerk. See if I ever peg you again!

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mason and Linda are left alone to continue their liaison.

LINDA  
So, where were we? Oh, right. Take your mask off so I can see your beautiful, empty eyes better.

Mason nods "no."

LINDA (CONT'D)  
(baby voice)  
Pretty please?

She reaches for his mask but not before Mason clutches her wrist.

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Did you kill all of those campers last year?

Mason nods "yes."

LINDA (CONT'D)  
Bitchin'.

Mason takes out his machete and brings it down on her, slicing her to bits. She falls to the ground, dead.

END FLASHBACK.

As he finishes cleaning the blood, Mason hears a KNOCK at the door. He ambles to the front door--his pink slippers are now more of a dark pink--and opens it.

FRONT DOOR

ROSS  
Hey, Mason, what's up? Great party last night. So, I think I may have left my wallet here. Would it be cool if I came in and looked for it?

Mason nods in approval.

ROSS (CONT'D)  
It should only take a minute.

CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ross looks around the room, not finding the wallet. He bends down and looks under the bed.

ROSS (CONT'D)  
Whoa, you have some scary dust bunnies down here!

When Ross gets up, Mason is hulking over him.

ROSS (CONT'D)  
Shit. Um, no wallet under there.

Mason pulls the wallet from his pocket and hands it to his guest.

ROSS (CONT'D)  
Awesome sauce! Well, I gotta motor. I guess I'll see you next summer!

Mason allows the boy to exit the cabin. Temporarily. A beat later, Mason sits on the bed to replace his slippers with muddy boots.

With an even gait, he walks to the door, grabs an ax set against the wall, and goes outside. It's hunting season.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mason stalks the boy, who walks toward his car parked at the camp's entrance. Ross stops in his tracks and turns around.

MASON'S POV THROUGH HIS MASK

ROSS  
Did I forget something else?

Mason stands there, holding the ax, not moving.



ROSS (CONT'D)  
(laughs nervously)  
What's with the ax, man? I love the  
lumbersexual look.

Mason remains stoic.

ROSS (CONT'D)  
I'm still a virgin, so, um, don't  
get any ideas.

Mason inches closer to him. Sensing danger, Ross sprints.

Mason chases after him and catches up. Mason swings the ax  
into the kid's back, stunting him. He YELPS and falls on the  
ground.

ROSS (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry my friends and I called  
you a whore-loving mama's boy. If  
it's any consolation, Eric Stoltz  
was a revelation in *Mask*. And sorry  
about the Old Spice. I like to  
splash it on my balls.

But Mason doesn't care. He raises the ax and splits Ross'  
head open like a coconut.

BACKYARD

Mason, like with the others, throws the body on the compost  
pile.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mason wanders into his cabin. He wipes the bloody ax clean,  
and washes his hands in the kitchen sink. He pumps out a  
handful of lotion and coats his hands. Gotta stay  
moisturized. He wistfully tilts his head to the side and  
looks out the window again, hearing echoes of kids' SCREAMS  
and SPLASHING sounds near the lake.

BED - CONTINUOUS

He walks to his bed, sits down, and stretches his arms in  
weariness. He takes off his boots and mask, and once again  
his face is obscured.

He kisses a framed photo of his mom setting on the  
nightstand.

Once under the covers, Mason drifts off to sleep.