

F R I D A Y T H E 1 3 T H
P A R T V I I I :
J A S O N
T A K E S M A N H A T T A N

DIALOGUE CONTINUITY

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F R I D A Y T H E 1 3 T H P A R T V I I I :
J A S O N T A K E S M A N H A T T A N

JOCKEY: (VOICE OVER) It's like this, we live in claustrophobia. A land of steel and concrete, trapped by dark waters. There is no escape. Nor do we want it.

JOCKEY: (VOICE OVER) We've come to thrive on it, and each other. You can't get the adrenaline pumping without the terror, good people.

JOCKEY: (VOICE OVER) I love this town.

PATRONS: (OVERLAPPING INDISTINCT CHATTER) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

PEOPLE: (OVERLAPPING INDISTINCT CHATTER) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

JOCKEY: (OFF) (OVER RADIO) You've been listening to W.G.A.Z.

JOCKEY: (OFF) (OVER RADIO) The electricity of Manhattan. This request has gone all the way out to Crystal Lake and the senior class of Lakeview High.

SUZY: (OVERLAPPING) Mmmmm. (GIGGLES)

SUZY: That's us. (GIGGLES)

JIM: All right!

JOCKEY: (OFF) (OVER RADIO) They'll be graduating on the...

JOCKEY: (OVER RADIO) ...thirteenth of this month. And we wish them the best of luck and success when they come to visit our...

SUZY: (OFF) (INDISTINCT SOUNDS OF PASSION)

JOCKEY: (OFF) (OVER RADIO) ...seductive city. Our lure is a great one, young friends, but beware. The city of lights casts many shadows indeed.

SUZY: Mmmmm. (GIGGLES) I love you.

JIM: I love you.

SUZY: (PLEASURABLE MOANS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

JIM: Gotta throw the anchor over.

SUZY: Okay.

SUZY: Hey, what's wrong?

JIM: Nothing.

SUZY: Come on, Jimmy. Something's bothering you.

JIM: It's just that we're right around that summer camp where all those murders took place.

SUZY: What murders?

JIM: You don't want to know about it.

SUZY: Tell me.

JIM: (OFF) Forget about it, Suzy.

JIM: The guy is dead now....

JIM: (OFF) ...somewhere at the bottom of this lake. If you believe the stories.

SUZY: What stories?

JIM: There was this boy named Jason Voorhees.

JIM: (VOICE OVER) He drowned in Crystal Lake about thirty years ago.

JASON: (OVERLAPPING) Help me!

JIM: None of the counselors heard him.

JASON: Help!

JIM: (VOICE OVER) A bunch of years went by and everyone forgot about it.

JIM: And that's when the murders started to happen.

SUZY: Jason did it?

JIM: His mother blamed the counselors for her son's death and she tried to kill them all. But she got her head chopped off by....

JIM: (OFF) ...one of them.

JIM: (OFF) Legend has it that Jason came back to get even, vowing to kill every teenager in the area. And every now and then, the murders just start up.

JIM: Forget about it, Suzy. They're just stories.

SUZY: Did you hear that?

JIM: Hear what?

SUZY: Come on, I'm serious.

JIM: All right, I'll go check it out.

SUZY: Jim?

SUZY: (OFF) Jimmy?

SUZY: Stop screwing around, Jim. I mean it.

SUZY: (GASPS)

SUZY: (FACE OFF) Ohhh.

SUZY: (OFF) (GASPS)

JIM: Got you good, Suzy.

JIM: All right, all right. So I'm a major ass.

SUZY: (OFF) And you'll never do it again?

JIM: (OFF) I'll never do it again. Come on, forgive me?

SUZY: No.

JIM: (OFF) (INDISTINCT SOUNDS OF PLEASURE AND GIGGLING) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

SUZY: (OFF) (GASPS)

SUZY: (GASPS) It's Jason.

SUZY: (GASPS)

SUZY: (WHIMPERS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

JIM: (FACE OFF) (GROANS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

SUZY: (WHIMPERS)

SUZY: (WHIMPERING) No. No, please, no.

SUZY: (OFF) No, no. No, please, no. No, no, no, no...

SUZY: ...no, no, no...

SUZY: (OFF) ...no, no...

SUZY: (FACE OFF) ...no...

SUZY: (OFF) (WHIMPERS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

CHILDREN: (INDISTINCT OVERLAPPING CHATTER CONTINUES DURING FOLLOWING SCENES) Bye, Mom. Don't worry, I'll be fine.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Well, Toby's been awful quiet back there.

RENNIE: (OFF) Yeah, I guess he's a little nervous about the trip.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Here.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (OFF) Go on, open it.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (OFF) Steven King supposedly used it in high school.

RENNIE: I don't know what to say.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Rennie, you are the best student I have ever had. You have a real gift. And if there's anybody that can make use of that pen, it's you.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Hello, Charles.

MCCULLOCH: Colleen. You know, this cruise was your idea.

MCCULLOCH: So at the very least you could show up on time.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Has everyone checked in?

MCCULLOCH: No.

MCCULLOCH: Jim Miller and Suzy Donaldson never showed up. And I'm more than a little concerned.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Well, don't be. They probably decided to explore each other rather than New York.

MCCULLOCH: Oh, that's nice. We're running five minutes late already.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: There's someone else coming, too..

MCCULLOCH: (SIGHS)

MCCULLOCH: You never should have brought her here.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: It's up to Rennie to decide what she wants to do.

MCCULLOCH: She doesn't know what she wants.

MCCULLOCH: She never had a stable life until she came to live with me.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Well, she certainly doesn't have one now, either.

MCCULLOCH: I'm her legal guardian, not you, or anybody else. And I know what's best for her. End of discussion.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: No, I think it's just the beginning.

CHIEF SANITATION ENGINEER: (OFF) Have you decided on your departure protocol, Admiral?

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: Actually, I thought I'd leave that honor to my son.

SEAN: Dad, I don't...

SEAN: (OFF) ...I don't think that's necessary.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: (OVERLAPPING) Relinquishing command of the motor vessel Lazarus to Captain Sean Robertson.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: (OFF) But, uh...

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: ...before you take the helm, take this.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: Something old and something new. I used that...

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: (OFF) ...sextant when I was your age. Now they got those goddamn computers that do all the work for you.

CHIEF SANITATION ENGINEER: Have you decided on a plan of departure, Captain?

SEAN: (OFF) Okay, uh...

SEAN: How about we, uh, we start up the engines and come around 180 degrees.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: Aren't you forgetting something, mister?

SEAN: (OFF) Umm.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: Send out the international maritime signal...

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: ...followed by a security broadcast warning other ships that we are underway.

DECK HAND: This voyage is doomed.

SEAN: Yeah, tell me about it.

STUDENTS: (OFF) Good bye. So long.

STUDENTS: (OFF) Bye, I'll be okay.

STUDENTS: (OFF) Bye. We'll call, Mom. We'll call you. (LAUGHTER) Good bye. Bye.

SEAN: Rennie.

RENNIE: Hi, Sean.

SEAN: I heard you weren't coming.

RENNIE: (FACE OFF) We changed our minds.

SEAN: I got you a present.

RENNIE: But I didn't get you one.

SEAN: Forget it. It's a dumb little thing anyway.

RENNIE: Sean, I love it.

SEAN: You see, I thought when we got there, maybe we could hike to the top of the Statue. If you felt like it. It's supposed to be 22 stories tall.

RENNIE: That sounds wonderful.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Mr. Robertson?

MCCULLOCH: Your father was looking for you.

SEAN: I guess I'll see you later.

MCCULLOCH: What are you doing here? We've already been through all of this.

RENNIE: I'm sorry, Uncle Charles.

RENNIE: Please don't be upset with me.

MCCULLOCH: I'm not upset. I'm just...

MCCULLOCH: ...concerned.

J.J.: Is this axe awesome or what?

WAYNE: Too cool, J.J.

WAYNE: Your parents really came through.

J.J.: (OFF) No lie.

J.J.: Hey, I hear there's this big power room downstairs. We can get supreme concert hall echo.

J.J.: (OFF) So come on down and shoot a basement tape on me. Okay?

WAYNE: Yeah, but I gotta get some "shockumentary" footage first.

J.J.: (OFF) Oh ho...

J.J.: ...man. Don't tell me you're still trying to scam on Tamara...

J.J.: How long have we known each other? Don't be a dweeb, Wayne. She's not interested in you. Only what you can do for her.

J.J.: She is a user.

WAYNE: She's sexy.

J.J.: So what? So's this guitar.

WAYNE: Yeah.

WAYNE: Well, I'll talk to you later. All right?

MCCULLOCH: There's a big storm predicted for tonight. Rennie, you're making a big mistake. It's not too late to put you back on shore. if Miss Van Deusen knew how afraid you were of....

RENNIE: She didn't push me into this.

MCCULLOCH: Rennie.

MCCULLOCH: Why are you doing this to yourself?

RENNIE: I never know what I'm afraid of, Uncle Charles. I can't even remember when it started.

RENNIE: Don't you think it's time I found out and got over it?

MCCULLOCH: Facing your fear doesn't always conquer it.

RENNIE: I'm staying.

MCCULLOCH: Okay.

J.J.: Aw, man, this place is aching for a video.

J.J.: Wayne, you're an asshole.

J.J.: (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

J.J.: (SCREAMS) (OFF) Help!

J.J.: Ohhh. (WHIMPERS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

J.J.: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: So what do you think? Time for some personal experiences to fuel our minds?

RENNIE: I agree.

YOUNG JASON: (CHILDLIKE VOICE OVER) (WHIMPERING) Mommy?

YOUNG JASON: Help!

YOUNG JASON: (OFF) Help me!

YOUNG JASON: Help!

RENNIE: Toby!

BOYS: (INDISTINCT OVERLAPPING CHEERING)
(CONTINUES DURING FOLLOWING SCENES)

TAMARA: Is that a muscular bod or what?

TAMARA: (OFF) He's undefeated, do you know that?

TAMARA: Julius is the only senior I'd even consider doing it with.

EVA: He is so good looking.

TAMARA: Gorgeous guy at ten o'clock. Look sensual.

TAMARA: I think it's time for some recreational activity, girl.

MCCULLOCH: Have you seen my niece anywhere?

WAYNE: Uh, yeah, I think she's motivating downstairs, Mr. McCulloch. Uh, what's the problem?

MCCULLOCH: Well, senior predictions started five minutes ago and she hasn't shown up yet.

WAYNE: Uh, well, uh, maybe some of us don't want our futures predicted.

MCCULLOCH: (WRYLY) (LAUGHS) Well, in your case, I'm sure that's true.

TAMARA: The night time is the right time.

EVA: No, thanks.

TAMARA: Don't be a lightweight. This is top dollar toot.

EVA: Well, it's not that. It's just, you know, if we get caught, I could lose...

EVA: (OFF) ...my science scholarship and everything.

TAMARA: You're talking to the prom queen, Eva. Do you really think I'm going to risk getting caught?

TAMARA: (GASPS) Jesus!

RENNIE: Have you guys seen my dog? I think he came this way.

TAMARA: No, we haven't. (WEAKLY) Did you care for a hit?

RENNIE: No, thanks.

TAMARA: A real space cadet. I wonder if she'll narc on us?

RENNIE: (CALLING) (WHISTLES) Here, boy.
(WHISTLES)

EVA: (OFF) (GIGGLING)

TAMARA: (FACE OFF) Oh, yeah.

TAMARA: Ready to party, and then some. (GIGGLES)

EVA: (GASP)

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) What are you doing in here?

TAMARA: Nothing.

MCCULLOCH: Are you girls using drugs?

EVA: Do you think I would use drugs, Mr. McCulloch? We're just exploring the ship.

MCCULLOCH: I'll be coming around to your stateroom in exactly fifteen minutes, Miss Mason. So you better have your biology project ready or I'll be....

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) ...phoning your parents.

TAMARA: They're out of town.

MCCULLOCH: Well, well, uh, I'll make sure that you remain on board while your classmates are out seeing the sights.

EVA: Now what?

TAMARA: Relax. I've got McCulloch covered. That narcing, bitch niece of his is a different matter. Rumor has it she's a teensy bit afraid of the water.

BOXER: (FACE OFF) Nice fight, Julius. Guess I need to work on my left-right-left combo.

BOXER: (OFF) Hey, listen, no hard feelings, man. Okay?

BOXER: (FACE OFF) What do you say we track down those babes later?

BOXER: (FACE OFF) Julius?

BOXER: (FACE OFF) (SCREAMS IN PAIN) (CONTINUES OVER FOLLOWING SCENES)

MISS VAN DEUSEN: So, are you having fun yet?

RENNIE: Yeah, a lot.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Oh, uh huh. Come on, level with me.
(SIGHS)

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Hey, if you can't trust me, who can you trust?

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (GASPS)

RENNIE: (SCREAMS)

TAMARA: It was an accident. I swear.

RENNIE: (GASPING)

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Stay calm! Grab the life preserver, Rennie!

RENNIE: (GASPING)

RENNIE: (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

YOUNG JASON: (GURGLES)

RENNIE: (GASPING)

SEAN: (GASPING) I've got you. Come on.

TAMARA: (LAUGHS) That was truly excellent.

EVA: (UNENTHUSIASTIC) Yeah.

TAMARA: Come on, time to check out the waiters.

EVA: Look, I think I'll pass. Okay?

TAMARA: What?

EVA: I'll see you later.

TAMARA: Some friend you are.

SEAN: Come on, grab her hand.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: It's okay.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Come on. It's okay, it's okay. Come here. Come here. Sit down. Sit down.

RENNIE: (GASPING)

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Grab her some towels. Okay?

SEAN: Okay.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: She's fine. Just go back to what you were doing. Okay, everybody?

MISS VAN DEUSEN: You care to talk about it?

RENNIE: I can't swim.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: No kidding. Have you ever thought about taking lessons?

RENNIE: It's not that simple.

MCCULLOCH: Good God.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Take it easy, Charles. She's all right.

MCCULLOCH: Oh, I can see that. You've done a wonderful job of supervising the kids. What the hell happened here?

RENNIE: It wasn't her fault.

MCCULLOCH: Give me those towels. You stay away from her. Both of you.

DECK HAND: (OFF) He's come back.

DECK HAND: And you're all gonna die.

RENNIE: Just leave me alone.

RENNIE: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: (GASPS)

YOUNG JASON: (GIGGLES) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

YOUNG JASON: Help me!

YOUNG JASON: (OFF) Help me!

YOUNG JASON: (OFF) (LAUGHS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

TAMARA: (OFF) The door's open.

MCCULLOCH: I'm in no mood for any more of your stall tactics, Miss Mason. Where is your final project?

TAMARA: Wouldn't you like a glass of champagne first, Charles?

CHARLES: Now, where did you get this?

TAMARA: Why, I packed it. (OFF) Just for us.

MCCULLOCH: Well, that's it. You're not, uh, stepping off this ship until we return home.

TAMARA: But I haven't even shown you my biology project.

MCCULLOCH: Hey.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) (GASPS) What do you think you're doing? I mean...now you stop that. I mean, really.

TAMARA: (OFF) Take a closer look, Charles. I want to make sure I've labeled all my organs correctly.

TAMARA: Mmmmm.

TAMARA: (MOANING)

MCCULLOCH: (GASPING)

MCCULLOCH: Get, get off of me. What, I don't believe this.

MCCULLOCH: What, what do you think you're... I'm your teacher, young lady.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Well, now you've gone and done it. Not...

MCCULLOCH: ...not only are you going home but I will, I will see to it personally that you will spend next year back in a high school classroom.

MCCULLOCH: What is going on here?

TAMARA: (OFF) Did you get anything good?

WAYNE: Oh, yeah. Very kinky.

MCCULLOCH: Give me that tape. Give it to me.

TAMARA: Come and get it.

MCCULLOCH: You're going to be very, very sorry, young lady. (TO WAYNE) And as for you, you can forget about attending any film school. Ever!

TAMARA: (CHUCKLES) Relax, Wayne. He's not gonna risk trying a thing.

WAYNE: Yeah, yeah, I guess you're right.

WAYNE: Listen, uh...

WAYNE: (OFF) ...this is gonna sound supremely lame, and I know it, but, um...

WAYNE: I've had the major hots for you since our sophomore year, Tamara.

TAMARA: (chuckles) That's so sweet, Wayne. And I really would love (OFF) to stay and chat.

TAMARA: But I really am pressed for time. So, let's be sure to get together later. Okey-doke?

WAYNE: (OVERLAPPING) I, I just thought.

WAYNE: (OFF) But, maybe we could...

TAMARA: (SIGHS)

WAYNE: Wayne, you're an asshole.

TAMARA: (SCREAMS)

TAMARA: (GROANS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

TAMARA: (WHIMPERING) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

TAMARA: (OFF) Oh, no, no, no!

TAMARA: (OFF) No! (CRIES) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

TAMARA: (OFF) No!

TAMARA: No, no! (CRIES)

TAMARA: (OFF) (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: Let's kick in the stabilizers, Mr. Carlson.
Keep the seas off the quarter.

CHIEF SANITATION ENGINEER: Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: These kids are in for one hell of a storm.

CHIEF SANITATION ENGINEER: Yeah.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: How old's your boy now, Carlson?

CHIEF SANITATION ENGINEER: Nineteen months.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: Tremendous age. Take some advice. Don't
push him too hard.

CHIEF SANITATION ENGINEER: Yeah.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: Take the helm, would you, Jim?

CHIEF SANITATION ENGINEER: Certainly, sir.

CHIEF SANITATION ENGINEER: (MOANING IN PAIN)

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: I double checked those lifeboat stations,
too.

ADMIRAL ROBERTSON: (OFF) Oh, my God.

RENNIE: Can he really take us home?

SEAN: He can call a Coast Guard cutter for you.

RENNIE: What about you?

RENNIE: Are you staying here?

SEAN: I'm never going to be what he wants me to
be. So I guess I'm going with you.

SEAN: (MOANS) Oh, Jesus. Dad?

SEAN: Oh, God. Oh, God.

RENNIE: (GASPS)

SEAN: (OVER INTERCOM) (OFF) Attention, everybody, attention. This is Sean Robertson.

WAYNE: Miles, have you seen J.J.? She was supposed to be jamming down in the power room but...

MILES: Listen, shhhh.

SEAN: (OVER INTERCOM) (OFF) Listen up. What I mean, uh...

SEAN: (OVER INTERCOM) (OFF) This is an emergency. I want you all to come to the bridge.

JULIUS: What the fuck is this?

SEAN: (INTO MICROPHONE) Mayday.

SEAN: (OFF) (INTO MICROPHONE) Mayday! Mayday!

JULIUS: (REACTS) Oh, shit.

SEAN: (INTO MICROPHONE) This is the motor vessel Lazarus.

MILES: Sean, what's going on?

WAYNE: (OFF) Jesus Christ.

SEAN: (INTO MICROPHONE) Please, can anybody out there hear me?

OFFICER: (OVER RADIO) (OFF) This is the Coast Guard cutter Dallas.

OFFICER: (OVER RADIO) (OFF) What's the nature of your problem, Lazarus?

SEAN: (SIGHS) Thank God.

SEAN: (INTO MICROPHONE) Hello?

SEAN: (OFF) (INTO MICROPHONE) Hello? Are you there?

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) I demand...

MCCULLOCH: ...to know what's going on?

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (GASPS)

MCCULLOCH: Dear Christ.

MCCULLOCH: Sean, I'm... Where's the radio?

SEAN: It's dead.

DECK HAND: You're all gonna die.

DECK HAND: (OFF) You're the last ones.

DECK HAND: (OFF) He's come back for you.

MCCULLOCH: What the hell are you talking about?

DECK HAND: Jason Voorhees.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) You're insane.

MCCULLOCH: Jason Voorhees has been dead for years.

DECK HAND: He came down the river and he's gotten on board.

DECK HAND: (OFF) He walks this ship here and now.

MCCULLOCH: Yes, a killer walks this ship, all right. And it's certainly none of us.

MCCULLOCH: You bastard!

MISS VAN DEUSEN: What are you, what are you doing?

DECK HAND: You're the one who's insane.

MCCULLOCH: That lunatic has been spouting off about Jason ever since he came aboard. And it's no coincidence.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (OFF) But that doesn't prove that he's the one.

MCCULLOCH: Walking corpses are not real.

JULIUS: Oh, yeah?

JULIUS: (OFF) Well, these dead bodies are sure enough real. All right?

JULIUS: Now, I say we regroup and let's go find this motherfucker before he finds us, huh? Are you with me?

MCCULLOCH: Watch your mouth, young man. And you'll do no such thing. I'm in charge here.

JULIUS: School is out, McCulloch. Okay?

JULIUS: Let's go.

MCCULLOCH: You come back here!

MCCULLOCH: Oh, Christ. Where's Rennie?

SEAN: She, she's dropping the anchors.

RENNIE: (GASPS)

MCCULLOCH: You had me worried to death.

RENNIE: But Sean said that we needed to drop the anchors.

MCCULLOCH: I'm the one you should be listening to. Do you think dropping an anchor in the middle of a storm makes any sense whatsoever?

MCCULLOCH: Come on.

EVA: Tamara? Tamara, did you hear the announcement?

EVA: (OFF) (GASPS)

EVA: (GASPS)

EVA: (GASPS)

EVA: (GASPING) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

EVA: Help me!

EVA: (SCREAMS)

EVA: (INDISTINCT GASPING SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

JULIUS: I managed to scrounge this shit up in the game room and the hallways. All right. Grab what you want.

WAYNE: What are you taking, Julius?

JULIUS: Nothing...

JULIUS: ...but this gun.

WAYNE: J.J.? You down here? J.J.?

WAYNE: (SCREAMS)

WAYNE: We got a major problem, Wayne.

WAYNE: (OFF) Shit, I can't see a damn thing.

BLURRED FIGURE: (GROANS)

WAYNE: (OFF) Oh.

WAYNE: (OFF) (SCREAMS)

WAYNE: (GRUNTS)

WAYNE: (GROANS)

WAYNE: J.J.?

WAYNE: (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Did you find Rennie?

MCCULLOCH: She's locked safely in her room, no thanks to either of you.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Have you brought us back on course yet?

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (OFF) He's doing the best he can.

MCCULLOCH: He's the son of the captain, for Chrissakes. He ought to be able to operate this thing.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Well, do something.

SEAN: (SIGH OF RELIEF) It worked.

SEAN: (OFF) We're back on course.

MCCULLOCH: Good.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (SIGHS) Oh.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Oh.

MCCULLOCH: What's that?

SEAN: The fire alarm.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (OFF) We've already thought about that. Nobody could possibly see a flare gun in this storm.

MCCULLOCH: There's only one person who needs to see it. I'm going to find that deck hand.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: But what about the fire?

MCCULLOCH: How do we really know there is one?

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (OFF) What are you talking about?

MCCULLOCH: Use some common sense..

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Setting off a fire alarm causes panic. The same kind of panic caused by suggesting...

MCCULLOCH: ...that Jason Voorhees is alive and aboard this ship. Enough is enough.

MILES: (GASPING) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

MILES: (GASP)

MILES: (SCREAMS)

JULIUS: Ahhh.

JULIUS: Ahhh. (GASPS)

JULIUS: (GASPS)

JULIUS: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: (SIGHS)

RENNIE: (GASPS)

YOUNG JASON: Help me.

RENNIE: (GASPS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

RENNIE: (GASPS)

SEAN: Rennie.

RENNIE: I don't understand what's happening to me.

RENNIE: What is that?

SEAN: The power room.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: All right, listen everybody. I want you to stay here until I get back with the others. All right? Do you understand?

STUDENTS: (OVERLAPPING INDISTINCT CHATTER) Yes.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Okay.

MCCULLOCH: (GRUNTS)

MCCULLOCH: God.

SEAN: The water's gotten into the engines.

SEAN: We have to get everybody off the ship.

RENNIE: (SCREAMS)

SEAN: Arghh. Rennie!

SEAN: Hang on!

RENNIE: (COUGHING)

RENNIE: (OFF) Sean!

SEAN: Come on. Come on, Rennie.

RENNIE: (COUGHING)

MCCULLOCH: Rennie! What the hell? Let go of her.

MCCULLOCH: She never should have set foot on this ship.
It's all your fault.

SEAN: This is Jason's fault.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Not another...

MCCULLOCH: ...word about Jason. Do you hear me?

SEAN: (OFF) No, I don't.

SEAN: It's time you listen to me if you want off
this ship alive.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Thank God. I just lowered the lifeboat.

SEAN: We have to go.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Ohhh.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (OFF) Wait. I left the others in the
restaurant.

SEAN: There is no more restaurant.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Ohhh.

MCCULLOCH: Come on.

DECK HAND: (OFF) (SCREAM OF AGONY)

DECK HAND: (MOAN OF AGONY)

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Get back.

MCCULLOCH: Son-of-a-bitch!

DECK HAND: (GROANS)

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Come on, Charles.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (OFF) Sean! Careful!

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Step down.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Hurry up.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Come on.

MCCULLOCH: Watch it. Watch it. Come on, now.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Sean.

MCCULLOCH: One last step. Come on.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Grab onto my arm.

RENNIE: (OVERLAPPING) (INDISTINCT)

SEAN: Start rowing!

SEAN: (OFF) Come on! Come on!

EVERYONE: (GASPING)

MISS VAN DEUSEN AND RENNIE: (SCREAM)

MCCULLOCH AND SEAN: (SCREAM)

SEAN: (OFF) Julius!

SEAN: (OFF) Pull him in.

JULIUS: (COUGHING) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

SEAN: Keep rowing.

MCCULLOCH: I hope you can find shore soon, captain.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) We all don't want to drown out here.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Do you have any idea where we are, Sean?

JULIUS: Hey. Hey, Sean. Come on, man. I made it. So can you. Huh? All right.

JULIUS: (OFF) (GROANS)

JULIUS: Hey, man. Yo. Yo. Wake up.

JULIUS: (OFF) Oh, shit. Check it out. Damn.

JULIUS: (OFF) We're in New York. (LAUGHS) You did it, man. You did it.

JULIUS: (OFF) We are in New York.

JULIUS: (OFF) New York City! (LAUGHS)

JULIUS: Yeah.

JULIUS: (OFF) I don't believe it. We made it.

JULIUS: (OFF) (SINGS) if I can make it there, I'll make...

JULIUS: (OFF) (SINGS) ...it, bum, bum, anywhere,
it's up to you, New York...

JULIUS: (SINGS) New York. (LAUGHS)

MISS VAN DEUSEN: There must be a phone around here somewhere.

MCCULLOCH: (SARCASTIC) A wonderful choice of places to
dock a boat, Mr. Robertson. Wonderful.

RENNIE: (OFF) I can't believe we made it.

MCCULLOCH: I can't believe we're still alive.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: We are all very lucky.

VOICE: (OFF) Taxi!

GANG BANGER #2: Give me your money.

GANG BANGER #1: Everybody shut up and give him the money.
Now.

GANG BANGER #2: Senor, come on.

MCCULLOCH: Here.

GANG BANGER #2: (OFF) Got some good shit here, Holmes.

GANG BANGER #1: You got that right.

GANG BANGER #2: (OFF) Give me your wallet.

GANG BANGER #2: Come on.

GANG BANGER #1: Now ain't that sweet.

SEAN: Bastards.

GANG BANGER #1: Go ahead, Superman. Be a hero.

MCCULLOCH: Hey, come on now.

GANG BANGER #1: You got a problem, Dad?

RENNIE: No!

MISS VAN DEUSEN: (GASPS) Please don't hurt her.

GANG BANGER #1: Hurt this princess? Would I do that?

GANG BANGER #1: You look like a real party girl, princess.
Do you wanna go on a date with me and my
friend? If you're free, that is.

GANG BANGER #2: (LAUGHS)

GANG BANGER #2: You follow us, we'll blow her fucking head off. Comprende?

JULIUS: So what, are we just gonna stand here? Let's go.

MCCULLOCH: Julius! Calm down, will you? You heard what he said. They'll kill her. We have to find the police.

MCCULLOCH: Now, look. I think we'll be more productive if we split up. Okay?

MISS VAN DEUSEN: All right, but Charles...

MCCULLOCH: Colleen.

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Suppose that...

MCCULLOCH: No discussions now. Please.

RENNIE: No! Stop it! Help! Somebody help me!

GANG BANGER #2: Shut the fuck up.

GANG BANGER #1: Welcome to the casbah, princess.

RENNIE: (WHIMPERS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

RENNIE: Please, don't hurt me.

GANG BANGER #1: Loosen up, baby. It'll feel way better if you're stoned.

RENNIE: (FACE OFF) (SCREAMS)

GANG BANGER #1: You better slang us some more 'caine, JoJo. We only got a half load here.

GANG BANGER #1: We're in for a long night.

GANG BANGER #1: (FACE OFF) It's your parade, princess.

GANG BANGER #1: It can be smooth. It can be rough. It's your choice.

RENNIE: (OFF) (WHIMPERS)

GANG BANGER #1: (OFF) Come on, baby. Lay back and enjoy it.

GANG BANGER #1: I think I'm in love.

GANG BANGER #1: Ughhh.

RENNIE: (SCREAMS)

GANG BANGER #1: (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

RENNIE: (WHIMPERS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

GANG BANGER #2: Forgot my money, Holmes.

GANG BANGER #2: Who the fuck are you?!

GANG BANGER #2: You're dead, fuckhead.

GANG BANGER #2: Shit.

RENNIE: (SCREAMS) (WHIMPERS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

JULIUS: (INTO PHONE) Come on. Operator, this is an emergency. Get me the police.

JULIUS: Arghhh.

JULIUS: Use the combos, keep the feet light.

JULIUS: This is it.

JULIUS: Come on. Ah! Ah!

JULIUS: Take your best shot. Motherfucker.

RENNIE: (OFF) (WHIMPERING)

SEAN: Rennie?

SEAN: What did they do to you?

RENNIE: He's here, Sean. Jason is here. (WHIMPERS)

SEAN: We have to find the others now.

IRISH COP: Freeze!

MCCULLOCH: It's okay, she's with me.

IRISH COP: My apologies, miss. Are you all right?

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Rennie!

MCCULLOCH: Rennie, Rennie, oh, thank God.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Are you okay?

SEAN: (OFF) Mr. McCulloch, Jason is here in New York.

SEAN: Rennie saw him.

MCCULLOCH: Just shut up about Jason, will you?

MISS VAN DEUSEN: Is it true, Rennie?

IRISH COP: You're right. I find it a tall tale indeed. But you seem like honest folks so I'm inclined to believe at least some of what you say.

MCCULLOCH: Yeah, well, the first order of business is to find Julius.

IRISH COP: (OFF) I'm sure he'll pop up soon enough. I'll call for back up.

EVERYONE: (SCREAMS)

IRISH COP: Oh, Jesus.

IRISH COP: (INTO MICROPHONE) Dispatch! Dispatch!

GROUP: (OVERLAPPING INDISTINCT WHIMPERING)
(CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Open the door! Let's get out of here!

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Hold on. Rennie, what are you doing?

MCCULLOCH: For God's sake, Rennie, slow down!

SEAN: Come on!

SEAN: Rennie, quickly! Let's move!

RENNIE: (WHIMPERING)

SEAN: Miss Van Deusen!

MCCULLOCH: Oh, God!

YOUNG RENNIE: It's so pretty here today.

MCCULLOCH: Yep. It's a perfect day for a swim, isn't it?

MCCULLOCH: Hmmmm?

MCCULLOCH: You know, young lady. You've been coming out here every summer for the last three years and you still haven't learned how to swim.

YOUNG RENNIE: I'll take some lessons this time. I promise.

MCCULLOCH: (LAUGHS)

MCCULLOCH: Now that's what you said last year. I think the time has come for your first swimming lesson.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) You don't want to end up drowning like that Voorhees boy, do you?

MCCULLOCH: He never learned how to swim either. And he's still in the bottom of this lake.

YOUNG RENNIE: He is not.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Oh, yes indeed he is.

MCCULLOCH: And he's ready to pull down anybody who falls in and can't swim.

YOUNG RENNIE: You're telling a lie.

MCCULLOCH: (OFF) Am I?

MCCULLOCH: Let's find out.

YOUNG RENNIE: (OFF) (WHIMPERS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

MCCULLOCH: You better swim, Rennie. Before Jason pulls you down.

YOUNG RENNIE: I, I can't.

MCCULLOCH: Yes, you can. And you will.

MCCULLOCH: Come on, Rennie. Swim.

YOUNG RENNIE: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: You pushed me into the lake.

MCCULLOCH: Rennie, I, I was only trying to teach you.

RENNIE: You almost killed me. I was drowning.

MCCULLOCH: But I pulled you out. I...

MCCULLOCH: ...I saved your life.

SEAN: You son-of-a-bitch.

RENNIE: He was down there.

MCCULLOCH: Rennie!

SEAN: You!

SEAN: Just keep away from her.

MCCULLOCH: Rennie! (SIGHS)

MCCULLOCH: You, you. It's, it's not possible.

MCCULLOCH: (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

MCCULLOCH: (GROANS)

MCCULLOCH: (SCREAMS)

MCCULLOCH: (WHIMPERS) Please!

MCCULLOCH: Please! I'm begging you! Please!

RENNIE: I was at school when they told me. "Rennie, your parents died in a car accident."

RENNIE: It seems like everybody I care about I lose.

SEAN: That's not going to happen this time.

RENNIE: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: (GASPS)

WOMAN: (SCREAMS) Ahh haa.

RENNIE: (SCREAMS) Help!

SEAN: (STRAINING SOUND)

PASSENGERS: (OVERLAPPING INDISTINCT EXCITED CHATTER)
(CONTINUES OVER SCENE) What are you doing?
This isn't my stop! Come on.

PASSENGER: (OFF) Hey, get him off.

RENNIE: (OFF) Sean!

PEDESTRIANS: (INDISTINCT OVERLAPPING CHATTER CONTINUES
DURING FOLLOWING SCENES)

SEAN: It's over.

RENNIE: Somebody please help us.

SEAN: Let's go.

STREET URCHIN: You're dead meat, slime bag.

URCHIN: Yo, man, it's cool. It's cool, man, it's cool.

WAITRESS: (INTO PHONE) Times Diner. Yeah. Hey, yeah, we're open to three A.M. like always.

SEAN: Look, you've got to call the police.

WAITRESS: There's a pay phone in back.

WAITRESS: But it's broke.

RENNIE: Look.

RENNIE: You don't understand. There is a maniac trying to kill us.

WAITRESS: Welcome to New York.

RENNIE: (OFF) (SCREAMS)

CHEF: You son-of-a-bitch. Ohhh.

RENNIE: Come on!

RENNIE: (OFF) Come on.

SANITATION ENGINEER: What the hell are you kids doing down here?

SEAN: Can you help us get out of here?

SANITATION ENGINEER: I sure can but we haven't got a minute to spare.

SEAN: What do you mean?

SANITATION ENGINEER: (OFF) Toxic wastes, son.

SANITATION ENGINEER: This sewer floods out with the stuff every night at midnight. That's less than ten minutes from now.

SANITATION ENGINEER: (OFF) Come on, follow me.

SANITATION ENGINEER: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: You didn't get me in the lake. And you're not going to get me now.

JASON: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: (SCREAMS)

JASON: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: (WHIMPERING) (GASPING)

RENNIE: Sean, Sean, get up.

RENNIE: Get up, Sean!

RENNIE: Go!

RENNIE: Climb!

RENNIE: (FACE OFF) (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER
SCENE)

JASON: (OFF) Mommy, don't let me drown.

JASON: Mommy?

JASON: (OFF) (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER SCENE)

RENNIE: (FACE OFF) (SCREAMS) (CONTINUES OVER
SCENE)

JASON: (SCREAMS)

RENNIE: (SCREAMS)

SEAN: I hear there's a statue here that's, uh,
twenty two stories tall.

RENNIE: Toby.

THE END