

# FRIDAY THE 13<sup>TH</sup>

## HATE-KILL-REPEAT

A NOVEL BY  
JASON ARNOPP

BASED ON CHARACTERS FROM THE  
MOTION PICTURE FRIDAY THE 13<sup>TH</sup>  
CREATED BY VICTOR MILLER

**BLACK**  **FLAME**

*Dedication: For Mum, Dad, Uncle John, Sarah Corby, Ray "Which one is Jason Voorhees, again?" Zell, Rebecca Levene and everyone else who suffered regular updates about how many words I'd written.*

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## ONE

Kitty-Lou was about to die. Oblivious to this fact, she felt great.

Every muscle in her body was supremely blissed-out; multiple orgasms tended to do that for a girl. Sure, she was pushing fifty, but Kitty-Lou Maynard could still attract the guys, yes, sir. Men swarmed around her and her show-stopping chest like moths to two big flames. To prove it, there she was, lying on a bed between a pair of sleeping studs.

She turned her head on the pillow and gazed past Bud's unshaven face to see that it was 2.23am. This small room might only cost twenty-nine bucks a night—the Eight-Ball was the kind of joint which also offered an hourly rate, for the benefit of hookers and their clientele—but at least it offered a bedside clock with green, luminous digits. Not bad for a shit-heap on the outskirts of Rochester, New York. She doubted

the water pressure would be too great in the shower but, hey, she had certainly enjoyed herself so far.

Bud and Kyle. She'd met them that night at Dolly's Dive, downtown. At first, Kitty-Lou had wondered if they were queer, as Bud was a big, hairy growler and the smooth-shaven Kyle seemed more effeminate, especially for a black guy. Naturally, it didn't take much drinking or raucous, bar-slapping innuendo for Kitty-Lou Maynard to decide that they were good ole hetero boys. Once they got her inside this room, the fact was conclusively proven. Repeatedly. She smiled and ran her hand lightly over Kyle's muscular thigh, noticing thin cords of light, which snuck past the graying net curtains. Outside, she vaguely remembered, lamps were dotted around to help guests stagger to their allotted ten by ten foot room.

Sudden noises made her shiver. Someone out there sounded distressed. She heard a cry of pain and her eternally overactive imagination insisted on constructing a scenario whether she liked it or not. A lone woman had been attacked. Raped. Slashed. Out there in the courtyard, decreed the creative side of Kitty-Lou's brain, this woman lay on her back, half-dead in the middle of a metallic graveyard of still, silent automobiles.

Stop it, Kit, she told herself. Go back to sleep, hon.

She closed her eyes, only to hear footsteps. Feet were striding toward their door, she was sure of it. Perhaps more than one pair. She inhaled sharply, the breath suspended in her lungs.

Four firm knocks nearly ensured that she never breathed again. Who the hell could this be, in the middle of the night?

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Aw, come on, her rational mind jibed. It's some beery jackass, who thinks he's in our room when he's got his key fob the wrong way up and he's actually in room six. Or it's a crack whore desperate for a few dollars to pay her man.

Or was it the woman she had imagined, battered and bruised with her torn underwear hanging from one ankle?

To her left, Bud was stirring. The smell of his alcoholic namesake emanated from him like nobody's business; was he only called Bud because he drank the stuff? She didn't care. She just wanted him to answer the damn door.

"Was that knock on... ours?" he mumbled, his eyes shut.

"Yep," she said, extending a hand to ruffle his short, gel-spiked hair. "Be a doll and see who it is, would ya, sweetie?"

Bud groaned, swiping her hand away. She remembered that she didn't know him from Adam. She knew his dick far better than his brain. Still, in all likelihood they were the same thing.

"Go on, Bud," said Kyle to her right. "Do the right thing, man." He chuckled into the pillow.

Bud exhaled heavily as he sat up, muscles pulsing as he rotated on the bed. "Why me, dude?"

"You're nearest to the door," came the muffled reply. Bud grunted, then slapped his feet on the floor, pulled his jocks back on and yanked a T-shirt over his head.

Four more knocks on the door. Louder.

"Jesus," said Kyle.

“I’m coming!” yelled Bud, for the third time that night. Yelling way too loudly, he was clearly a man with a hair-trigger temper. Kitty-Lou didn’t like that quality in a man these days, it reminded her too much of Jerry. Hadn’t she finally left *that* punchy bastard, to live the free and easy life she’d always dreamed of? Oh yeah, guys were always sweetness and light when you met them in a fucking bar, but as soon as they’d parked their pork mobile, it was a different story.

Bud was standing, his Lakers shirt hugging him in a most complementary manner, Kitty-Lou couldn’t help but notice. Again.

He grabbed the door chain and slotted it into the latch.

As the door opened, a six inch strip of light shot across the floor and part of one wall. Kitty-Lou couldn’t see who was out there, just one side of Bud’s disgruntled face.

Bud didn’t like the look of these people at all, even if they *did* look terrified. They closely resembled the kind of highfalutin folk who had looked down their noses at him his whole life. Was it *his* fault that he couldn’t read or write? Nope.

They both looked about forty, he judged. The guy had receding blond hair, his tanned forehead beaded with sweat. He was all clean looking and cultured, wearing a spotless suit like some kind of swish encyclopedia salesman or cocktail bar faggot. The lady with him? She wasn’t too bad a piece at all, Bud considered, briefly flicking his eyes up the length of her. Blonde, dolled up to the nines. Very glam, or she would be, if pain and fear weren’t etched across her face like tattoos.

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“I’m so sorry to bother you,” said the man, sounding as posh as Bud had figured, “but this is an emergency. We’re being chased by a m-m-maniac. He attacked my wife.”

The stutter surprised Bud. This guy looked pretty self-assured. The woman winced as she presented her left shoulder, which had hitherto been concealed by her right hand.

Blood. The material of her white summer dress had been hacked open, the flesh below red and wet.

Behind him, Bud could hear Kitty-Lou and Kyle asking what was going on. He had no time to explain. Even if these visitors weren’t his kind of people, the bastards clearly needed help. Why did they have to pick *this* room?

He glanced back inside. “Cover yourselves up.”

Yanking the chain out from across the door, he stepped back to grant the couple entry. Once they were inside, he swung the door until it was almost shut, sticking his head out through the gap. The motel’s sparsely populated parking lot looked like an oil painting. After running his eyes around its entirety, paying special attention to the patches of shadows, which lurked between vehicles, he closed and locked the door.

“Oh my,” said Kitty-Lou. “But why didn’t you guys go to the front desk?” As she spoke, she wondered why the pair looked vaguely familiar.

“We didn’t see it,” said the woman, her delicate features taut with pain as her husband tenderly examined her arm. “We’re not staying here. We were attacked in our car, out on the freeway.”

“This guy came out of nowhere with what looked like a sword,” continued her husband. “When he went for Penelope, I managed to fight him off and we just ran b-b-blindly over here.”

Bud furrowed his brow and leant against one bedpost. “Did he follow you?”

The husband shook his head. “We didn’t look back.”

“Oh my fucking God,” breathed Kyle. As he said this, both of the newcomers turned their heads to face him. They were glaring. He involuntarily dropped his jaw, amazed that they could find time to be offended by profanity at a time like this.

“It’s 911 time,” said Bud, reaching for a chunky telephone on one bedside table.

“Sure,” said the husband, finally breaking his gaze away from a bemused Kyle. “I’ll do it. I... I know what happened.” His eyes were glazed, as though focused on nothing at all. Kitty-Lou thought it looked like shock.

The room’s occupants sat in silence as the man whom they quickly came to know as Norwood Thawn got past the operator and briefly outlined the situation. Then he gave them the Eight-Ball’s address.

By that point, Kitty-Lou had almost entirely dressed herself. As much as she loved men in uniform, she didn’t want to be naked when the cops arrived. Truth be told, she was afraid that they might assume she was a working girl, spending the night here with two guys. Typical, her first threesome and *this* shit went down.

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As she bent down to tie her shoelace, she noticed the condom. There it was, sitting on the floor in plain sight, used. Looking up, she saw that Norwood had followed her gaze and was looking at the amorphous blob.

“Hey,” she smiled at him. “At least we’re safe, right fellas?”

Behind her, Kyle nodded awkwardly, wiping the sleep from his eyes. Bud just stood there looking at Norwood and Penelope, his arms folded defensively. The faintest hint of a shrug rippled across his broad shoulders.

Kitty-Lou sensed an atmospheric shift in the room. Sure, Norwood and Penelope had suffered a traumatic incident and she was trying to cut them some slack. Yet there was something about these people that was starting to chill her, deep down in her craw. *Where* had she seen them before?

“So what have you been up to tonight?” Norwood asked Kitty-Lou. His face was ambiguous, suspended halfway between nudge-nudge amusement and something altogether more... serious. Judgmental, even.

Kitty-Lou laughed, but it felt forced. She glanced nervously at Bud, who was still staring at the increasingly steely couple. “I think you should leave,” he said, after Norwood’s question had hung in the air for a few pregnant seconds. “Why not head over to the front desk and wait for the cops?”

Norwood was still looking at Kitty-Lou. “Did you have sexual relations with both of these men tonight?”

Kitty-Lou swallowed hard. Then something in her head snapped, something which reminded her of the day she decided that she'd finally had enough of Jerry. "What the hell does it have to do with you, mister?"

Norwood chuckled. "Hell, indeed. Hell, my dear, is where you and your partners in disgusting filth are headed." As he grimaced, Kitty-Lou remembered: these people had been at Dolly's Dive.

Bud took a few steps toward Norwood, only to see that Penelope was holding a gun in her right hand, using the arm which had supposedly been injured. The fire which danced in her eyes was the most frightening thing he had ever seen. It would also be the last thing he saw. Penelope pulled the trigger.

Any noise the gun might have made was muted to an innocuous *phut* by its suppressor attachment. The result, however, was no less devastating. Bud staggered backwards, half his head vanishing in a red mist. Blood splattered the wall behind him as he slumped to the carpet, his shirt blooming red.

As if anticipating Kitty-Lou's scream, Penelope leveled the gun at the older woman and fired again. A ragged hole appeared above her right breast and she toppled off the bed, slamming hard into the floor, gasping incredulously.

Kyle made a bolt for the door, but Norwood darted into his path, punching him in the face and dropping him. Straightening his shirt collar, which Kyle had blindly tugged, Norwood sighed as though dealing with a difficult child. He crouched and sat astride the man's chest.

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Penelope tucked the gun back inside her handbag and entered the cramped, damp riddled bathroom, rolling up her dress sleeve and scrubbing red gunk from her shoulder. When she emerged, Kyle lay still on the carpet. Her husband had removed the man's eyeballs and was holding them aloft on his flat, bloody palm as though presenting her with the finest caviar.

"Do you know, my dear," he said. "I think they've seen the light."

Then he turned back to look at Kitty-Lou. The woman was still breathing, down there by the bed.

He undid the buckle of his ornate belt and turned to Penelope.

"Get the whore back on the bed."

Silence hung over the waters like a cloak. At that time, almost three in the morning, even nature's own creatures succumbed to the demands of darkness and held their peace. Only the occasional lamp, a token gesture for campers foolhardy enough to pitch their tents at Crystal Lake, punctuated the gloom. Various outbreaks of mass murder had led to the area's name changing several times over. At one point it was called Forest Green. At present, it was Clear Waters. Yet, as with any attempt to reinvent something age-old, the locals still referred to the place as Crystal Lake. Some more morbid souls insisted on calling it Camp Blood.

That evening, an expensive looking tent sat a short distance from the bank where black waters hungrily lapped the shore. Bobby and Gina had pitched it near one of the lamps, but the light somehow didn't seem to reach them.

“What are you doing?” said Bobby.

“I’m putting my bra back on,” came the reply from his otherwise naked girlfriend. “I got nipples like frickin’ champagne corks.”

Bobby chuckled, manhood in one hand. “And what’s wrong with that? C’mon, Gina, take it off. You’ll be putting those panties back on in a minute.”

She threw him a withering look. “Are you psychic? Christ, why did we come *here* to camp, when we could have stayed in Orlando?”

Bobby sighed. “Because this is a cool place, Gina. This is where Jason Voorhees is supposed to have killed all those kids.”

Gina gave him the same scared look he’d seen upon his every mention of Voorhees’s name. “I must be insane for being here,” she said, tugging her black lace underwear back over her shapely behind. “It’s frickin’ freezing and we might get killed at any moment.”

“First of all, why do you always say ‘frickin’? Why not try ‘fucking’? Specifically, why not try fucking me? That’s what we’re here for, right?”

Gina folded her arms and angrily examined the goosebumps. “Call me freaky, but the constant threat of murder doesn’t do much for my libido.”

“What’s a lib-eedo?” frowned Bobby.

Gina merely raised her eyebrows. The nineteen year-old made a good quarterback, but he wasn’t the brightest light. Gina cast her eyes over his taut six-pack stomach, then his rough-hewn face, and tried to remind herself why she was here; mainly to annoy the other cheerleaders, in truth. She’d loved Mary-Beth’s

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expression when Bobby had announced he was taking her, Gina, away on a camping trip.

Right now, though, the glow of that point-scoring triumph was starting to fade.

“Look, Gina. I’m only messing with you. Jason Voorhees is past tense, if he ever existed at all. Did you hear about the last people to supposedly face him?”

Gina shook her head, unsure if she wanted to hear more. She flinched as an owl’s hollow call broke the silence outside.

“One of them was a girl called Tina, who supposedly had tele... psy... uh, special mental powers. She was in therapy at the lake when a whole load of kids and a couple of adults got iced. When the police arrived, she and her boyfriend were the only survivors.”

“So where was Jason?” asked Gina, ashamed of herself for becoming interested in the story.

“Well, that was the problem. He was nowhere to be found. Tina claimed that her own dead dad had risen from the depths and dragged Jason down, wrapping chains around his neck. Of course, that’s when they knew she was wacko. She and her boyfriend ended up in custody, from what I heard, and Tina did time in a fucking madhouse! Chances are Jason had nothing to do with those killings.”

Gina nodded. “So he really is just a legend?”

“Maybe so. Now, how about I warm you up a little?”

“Ah, what the hell.” she smiled, crawling back inside the sleeping bag.

\* \* \*

Down in the waters, deep down, it was another world entirely. Fish floated serenely above the lake's bed, effortlessly negotiating their way through both nature's obstacles and man-made debris.

To them, it was like any other expanse of water.

Apart from the breathing. The low, rhythmic evidence that a heart pumped somewhere within this labyrinth.

Inhale...

...exhale.

There was an edge to it. A dark, foreboding temperament, like a bulging boiler ready to explode.

Inhale...

...exhale.

The sound buzzed sluggishly through the water, giving every sentient life-form pause for thought. An alien was living in the center of their kingdom. Some of the lake's creatures were smart enough to register its location, judging by the sound waves, and give it a wide berth. Others were brainless, careless or both, so traveled wherever their fancy took them.

These latter creatures would venture into the intruder's vicinity and momentarily sense the all-consuming throb of death and decay. Then they would twitch gently as they sank to the lake's base, weighed down by evil's crushing might, landing on top of a pile of equally dead acquaintances.

Sitting amid many such rotting flesh-heaps was the source of this malevolence. From a distance, it looked like just another bump on the lake's floor.

If you were in a position to look closer, you would observe that the bump looked very much like an

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upright head. Or, at least, it appeared to have eyes and a mouth.

Closer still, you would see that the face was uglier and more twisted than you could have dreamed.

Dangerously close now, you would look at the single eye; that wide, furious eye, twisting next to a dead socket.

Then you would turn and frantically swim for the surface, the thing's breathing now seeming to rattle around inside your own skull.

Inhale...

...exhale.

Inhale...

...exhale.

Inhale...

...exhale.

Halo Harlan's gaze burned into the ceiling. Tears clung to her cheeks. To her left, Trey lay shrouded in deep sleep, aided by far too much alcohol.

For the first six months of their relationship, Halo had thought that the booze was a calming influence. That it somehow tamed the beast within him. After all, he always seemed happy with a beer in his hand.

But she was starting to wonder. The last few times Trey had raised fists to her, he had been drunk. Tonight was the worst example yet.

They had finished eating the dinner she'd cooked. A special treat: hamburgers made from real ground beef, topped with onions and served in slightly toasted buns. The trailer didn't offer the greatest of cooking facilities, but Halo liked to think she made the most of them. Just the way her poor mother raised her.

By the time their plates were emptied, six or seven empty beer cans were cluttering the table, only one of which she had personally drained. Trey was slumped back on his chair, having seemingly enjoyed the burgers. Yet there was that terrible look in his lazy, glazed eyes. A stomach churning combination of paranoia and supremacy. Halo was never too sure if Trey actually *liked* women—that was to say, respected them—but at times like this it was obvious that he had issues.

Still, Halo told herself most days, very little about her was worth respecting. What had she done in her nineteen years on this planet, to earn respect and love? If her own father couldn't see any worth in her—and he had made those feelings perfectly clear by leaving the family shortly after her arrival into this world—then how was the rest of mankind supposed to spot any redeeming qualities that he'd missed? She knew that it wasn't strictly rational, to assume that her dad, a man she knew only from photographs, had flown the coop because of a newborn child he hadn't even laid eyes on, leaving her in the care of her older sister, but it was how she felt nonetheless. She couldn't help it. That sense of futile worthlessness had stayed with her for as long as she could remember and showed no signs of receding. Maybe that was why she was proving so slow to make something of herself and get a job. Maybe that was why she was forced to live with a man like Trey.

“What are you fucking looking at?”

She would have placed a ten dollar bet on Trey saying those exact words, when his mouth finally

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opened. For some reason, the sentence seemed hard-wired into his brain, whenever one of his dark moods came on. He was her third boyfriend overall and the first with whom she had cohabited. He was not, however, the first to become aggressive with her. She was starting to believe that there was a simple reason for this: she was a naturally annoying person.

“Wow,” he said mockingly. “You can cook. Well, ain’t you just the saint, Halo? Sometimes, you’re just way too damn smug.”

Smug? As far as Halo was concerned, she had been fighting a losing battle to avoid registering fear, let alone looking smug. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

“Darlin’, I’m not smug, baby. Maybe you’ve had too much to dr—”

“Drink? Is that it? Well, fuck you.” With that, he pulled the trucker’s cap off his head and hurled it at her. It had bounced off her empty plate and caught her under the chin. It was painless, but she knew there was more to come. A sudden instinct told her to run out the door. There were two problems with that idea: she had nowhere else to go and her feet were bare. Like Trey was going to politely stem his rage, while waiting for her to dress for escape.

Instead, she placed the cap on the table beside her plate. “Trey, darlin’, don’t be this way. We’re going camping tomorrow, isn’t that a good thing?”

“Yes, darlin’, it is,” he said, in an ambiguous tone. Was it sincere? Was it sarcasm? The boundaries blurred horribly when Trey was like this. “It sure is. I just wish...”

As she waited for the rest of the sentence, Halo listened to her own heart beating one, two, three, four times.

“...you wouldn’t think I was so fucking stupid.”

He stood up, the feet of his chair rasping back across the cheap tiles. Gulping hard, Halo followed suit, backing into the kitchen. “Trey, darlin’, what’s the matter?”

Then, a terrible grin was upon his face. The grin which oh so cheerfully announced, “You’re going to get it, bitch”. Strangely enough, his regular smile had been one of the things, which initially attracted her to him. When Trey looked genuinely happy, his sky-blue eyes danced and he looked like a movie star. Albeit one playing a heavy metal lumberjack in a low budget flick.

“I saw you looking at Duke today, when he came over,” Trey hissed. “I fucking saw you, Hayley.”

Halo shook her head. Common sense screamed at her to tell him that it was actually Duke who was always coming on to her. She had been dying to blab for weeks now, but she knew that either pandemonium would result, or Trey would brand her a liar, rather than believing that one of his best friends would try and bone his girl. Anyway, they were going camping tomorrow with their friends and she didn’t want to screw it all up.

“Oh God, Trey. Please don’t hurt me again.” She held both hands out to protect herself, but these were roughly slapped away. His next strike caught her full across the right side of her face. As was Trey’s way of doing things, this was no palm slap. He hit women with the same flying fist as men.

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She'd heard him joking with the boys that it was his contribution to "sexual equality".

Her scream cut off as stars flashed before her eyes and her brain struggled to process the sense data. For a few seconds, the pain was like a tidal wave flooding into a teacup.

Then she was on the floor, trembling in a fetal position, waiting for him to take his hatred one step further and kick her to death. Get it over with.

Instead, he lightly prodded her waist with the tip of one boot, as though inspecting a corpse.

"Come on, darlin', get up. Reckon you've had what was comin' to you. Won't happen again, right?"

She knew by the tone of his voice that he was already sorry for the punch—he always was—but wanted to maintain his macho stance, to make his point.

He helped her stand, then leant in toward her face, holding her tight as she tried to push him away. Then he planted a kiss where he'd struck her.

"Right?" he repeated, looking her in the eye. She saw that he had sobered up, as though the adrenaline rush and its accompanying shame had boiled away the booze.

She nodded contritely, even though she'd rather die than do anything with Duke and his greasy, hairy arrogance.

"Good," he said. "Now let's watch some TV."

The silence of the trailer park came as a blessed relief. It allowed Halo Harlan no distraction from her latest injury, but did buy her time to think.

She had lived in trailers her whole life. Wasn't quite born in one, but apparently came close enough. If anyone ever asked what it was like, living in one of those things, Halo found it difficult to answer. After all, she had nothing to compare it to. So she always just laughed and said, "It's great. You don't get neighbors on the other side of your wall." This was true enough. Having said that, the park where she and Trey presently lived often saw its share of noisy disturbance. The night before last, a couple had the mother of all arguments, with the woman loudly threatening to stab her man. Thankfully, this didn't happen. When Halo walked past them the following morning, they had been very much back together and very much hung over.

Right here, the most noise was inside her brain. They were due to head off for Clear Waters at midday tomorrow. That gave her just enough time to go and see Doctor Pryor.

She felt confident in Pryor. Rest assured, he would prescribe something to stop her from throwing up every morning.