

This all takes place in 1978

Linnea Langenkamp is an eighteen-year old woman about to finish her senior year of high school and her number one priority is helping her mom and grandma run the family tree and cattle farm. She is very woods-smart, so she's infuriated at first at the idea of going to summer camp, until she falls for a kind nerd. Her forestry knowledge helps keep many of the other campers safe.

Wes Carpenter is a nineteen year old male computer nerd whose family just moved up to the small Idaho town of Amteep. He already hates having to redo his senior year of high school because of an illness. He has asthma. Because of all this, he too is reluctant to go to the camp until he falls for Linnea. His techy skills and quiet confidence also help when a masked killer starts slaughtering everyone.

Mark Aripa, the Native camp guide, whose family has been keeping an eye on the camp to make sure the evil isn't released. He is the only competent and helpful authority figure. (There are some Salish words that we'll either have to figure out how they're pronounced, or just wing it.)

Other characters are pretty much cliché staples from 70s and 80s slashers: Jocks, cheerleaders, nerds, religious nuts, stoners, and, of course, incompetent authority figures.

His Final Girl Audio Audition 1: Linnea's POV, dialogue: Wes and Linnea only.

(Linnea is an 18-year-old farm girl from North Idaho. Her accent is American Broadcast English/ Generic American like California and most of the Midwest US. Wes is a 19-year-old nerdy guy who just moved to North Idaho from San Diego)

The pleasure climbed higher as the drums sped up, the guitar riffs matching the spikes of ecstasy jolting through her clit. The climax spiraling further and further in a widening gyre, until she came apart in incandescent sparks.

Wes held her tighter as she gasped and trembled in his arms, a low growl rumbling against her neck as he jolted and spasmed inside her.

Slowly, she drifted back to Earth, soothed by the ballad that crooned through the boombox and the gentle rainfall outside. The wind had died down to a sigh.

When she recovered her breath, she stroked Wes's hair and kissed him. "That was everything I dreamed it to be."

"It was more for me." Wes rolled over and cradled her against his chest, his heart beating frantically against her ear. "I wish we could stay here all night."

"Me too." But awareness of the outside world and the concept of time intruded like the cold breeze from under the door. "But we can't. I don't know how long we've been gone, or when the dance will be over."

Wes's low chuckle made fresh tendrils of arousal unfurl in her belly. "Your practicality is one of the things I usually adore about you. But not this time."

He kissed her again before releasing her and leaving the bed to head to the bathroom, she guessed to clean up.

When they got dressed, another crash of thunder rocked the building, rattling the windows. The floors shook beneath their feet and the lights outside by the cabins and showers went black. The storm wasn't over after all.

"You were right about the power," Wes said, buttoning his shirt. "That means the dance is going to end, so we better hurry before someone catches us."

Linnea felt a little thrill run up her spine. What they'd done was forbidden and delicious. Already, she was wondering when they'd get a chance to do it again. They had one more condom left, but they could get more.

Linnea tried to hand Wes the jacket he'd covered her with on their way to this secret tryst, but he shook his head. "Keep the jacket. I don't want you to catch a cold."

"What about you?" Linnea looked up at him after fastening the straps on her platform shoes. "You have asthma."

"I also have a long-sleeved shirt and pants on." Wes bent and kissed the top of her head. "And even though you're tough, I still like to do *something* to help you."

Linnea's tummy fluttered again. God, he was so *good*. "Well, when you put it that way."

She held out her arms and let him put his sport coat on her. The jacket was so big that it engulfed her like a blanket.

She took the boombox and used the excess fabric to shield it from the rain when they went back out into the storm. Her steps were somehow light and wobbly at the same time as they left the infirmary. The path to the cabins was muddy in places from the pouring rain, and Linnea once more thanked fate that she'd decided against high heels.

Wes kept a light grip on her arm in case she slipped. When they got to her cabin, Wes told her to keep the boombox for another night.

“I don’t want it to get rained on.” He bent down and spoke softly into her hair. “Linnea?”

Her breath caught at his husky tone. “Yes?”

“I think tonight was the best night of my life.” He reached out and stroked her cheek. “I really mean it.”

“Mine too.” Her knees wobbled again. How could he affect her like this?

“I can’t wait to see you at breakfast tomorrow. I don’t give a shit about whatever stupid camp activities they’ll make us do, as long as I get to spend them with you.” Wes kissed her again, long and deep.

“Me too,” she managed to say as he turned and jogged back to his cabin.

In a daze, Linnea entered her cabin and took off her shoes and dress. The other girls came back to the cabin while she was brushing her teeth. They gave her sideways glances like they knew she’d lost her virginity tonight.

Linnea didn’t care. She took the headphones that Wes had loaned her and lay down in her bunk with the boombox, cradling his jacket, breathing in his fresh, clean scent.

I think I’m in love... was her last conscious thought she had before she woke to hear a bloodcurdling scream outside her window.

Linnea and the other girls in her cabin quickly dressed and rushed outside.

Angela stood over the blood-drenched body of a girl, screaming and sobbing.

Mr. Aripa ran down the path and took Angela in his arms, shielding her from the body.

Intestines spilled out across the muddy ground like tentacles, and a sewage-like stench wafted through the morning rain-tinged breeze. Linnea gasped when she saw the corpse’s face.

It was Jill Wilkes.