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# I'll Always Know What You Did Last Summer

By Lois Duncan

So you've all heard the story, right?

About what happens on July 4?

Whoa, Amber,

you want to freak everyone out?

No.

I just like hearing you tell it.

What are you guys talking about?

The fisherman.

Every 4th of July,

he gets out his hat and slicker,

he sharpens up his hook,

and runs wild.

But only after teenagers.

That's right,

the ones with dirty little secrets.

What about you, Zoe?

I bet you got some dirty little secrets.

Yeah. I heard you suck in bed.

Nice.

July 4.

Hey!

Seriously, a guy on my ski team knows

this girl who went camping last summer,

and they saw the fisherman.

Two days later,

two kids didn't make it out of the woods.

So he's kind of like Santa claus, huh?

Only in reverse.

He goes after the kids that are naughty?

No, he's more like Jack the ripper,

except the guy never got caught.

Well, I wouldn't worry.

Dude, it's broken Ridge, Colorado,

in the summer.

Even a psycho killer knows

to avoid this place.

Yeah, the guy would probably die  
of boredom before he got any of us.

Hey, I heard you're running

some sort of field trip in September.

It's a photo shoot, really.

Why, are you interested?

Well, I figured since stud boy's  
gonna be gone to college,

maybe you need somebody  
to carry your tripod.  
Very funny. Are you working,  
or are you just hitting on my girlfriend?  
Depends. You want to play?  
Whoa, what, with your balls? No, thanks.  
Come on, baby.  
Win me a monkey.  
Okay.  
But if I win, you crash at my place tonight.  
Tell your mom you're staying at Zoe's.  
Is that a yes or a no?  
- First win the monkey.  
- All right.  
Oh, yeah!  
I'll take that.  
Happy 4th of July, babe.  
- I'm gonna miss you.  
- I know.  
You're the lucky one.  
You get to take off  
and I have to stay here another year.  
It's weird, me in L.A.  
What do you mean? It's brilliant!  
And when I get there,  
it's going to be the most amazing place  
in the world for the two of us.  
Yuck.  
Marine candidate Davis, reporting for duty.  
Yo, p. J!  
Oh, my gosh, p.J.,  
I can't believe you actually did it.  
Well, just rotc.  
You could say my daddy worked me over.  
But guess who's next, little cuz?  
Yeah, that's right, I give it another year  
and he's coming after your ass.  
- I don't think so.  
- Come on, it's in our blood.  
And plus, chicks dig the hair.  
Okay, true. True.  
- Get a picture, come on.  
- Yeah, okay. There.  
Okay, get close...

Run! Run! Run!  
Run!  
What was that?  
What was that?  
It's him, it's the fisherman!  
What are you... no! Is your arm okay?  
- I've never seen...  
- There he is!  
There's a killer on the loose!  
Get out of here!  
Run!  
Watch out!  
He almost got us!  
P. J!  
P. J! P. J!  
Oh, my God, look!  
Oh, my God!  
- It's the fisherman!  
- P.J., watch out!  
Look out!  
- Watch out, we're coming up!  
- Police.  
- Get out of the way!  
- Get out of the way! Police!  
Somebody's got to help him!  
- P. J!  
- P.J., run!  
No!  
Oh, God!  
Come on, you have to go try to help him.  
We can't leave him.  
- Where'd he go, hafner?  
- I don't know, he came up here.  
- Oh, God, that was insane!  
- I swear, he almost killed me.  
- Sheriff Davis was on him.  
- No. He got away.  
Guys, behind you.  
- How was I?  
- Dude, you were awesome.  
Awesome.  
This stuff is sticky.  
I am having a heart attack.  
You guys said to make it real, so...

Yeah, you almost nailed us with that thing.

- 39 bucks on ebay.

- Sure it was.

Get this, the ad says this is the real hook, straight from the legend.

Yeah, right. Okay.

Damn it!

Roger, give me the hook, man, get undressed.

- How was p. J.'S move?

- It was awesome.

Oh, God, it was sick. Everyone saw it.

- So where is he?

- Yeah, where's p. J?

Who moved the mattresses?

What the hell are they doing there?

Whoa, whoa, whoa, hey, hey!

Right there, please.

Step back.

Clear a path, people.

Let's get this ambulance...

You should've double checked the mattresses, Roger.

Somebody moved them.

- Anyway, that was p. J.'S job.

- Yeah, just pass the ball to him.

- This was your idea!

- What?

Hey!

Guys, we have to go to the police.

And tell them what? That it was a big joke?

- It was an accident.

- Was it?

What if we don't do anything?

The man's a genius.

Look, I want to go to college.

Everybody here

wants to get out of this hellhole.

And you're gonna be the next American Idol.

Screw you.

Look, everyone at that carnival

thinks that some psycho

in a raincoat did it, right?

- Why should they think anything different?

- We go to the police and what'll happen?  
P. J.'S dad will try to nail us.  
He never liked us to begin with,  
and in this small-ass town,  
innocent or guilty, we're dead.  
So we tell him that we're not doing this.  
Think about it, Zoe,  
because we only get one chance at this.  
Screw it, I'm in.  
The guy came out of nowhere.  
We ran for our lives just like p.J.  
And everybody else.  
Okay, but the only way we pull this off  
is if we stick together  
and we keep it a secret.  
It dies with us.  
You really think it's that easy?  
Amber, telling the truth  
isn't gonna bring p.J. Back.  
Everyone saw him cut you.  
Okay.  
The secret dies with us. Say it.  
- The secret dies with us.  
- Secret dies with us.  
Amber. Say it.  
The secret dies with us.  
Burn it.  
- Look who's still in town.  
- Hey, Lance. Thanks.  
Why, I figured you'd be  
long gone from this place by now.  
Nope.  
One more boring summer at broken Ridge  
and then I'm free.  
Oh, you're going to kick ass out there,  
I know it.  
Thanks.  
And you'll probably sell a bunch  
of artsy photos of your hometown,  
get rich and famous,  
make us look like a bunch of hillbillies  
on the way up.  
What about you?  
What have you been up to?

Oh, you know,  
working for the Mountain resort.  
Grounds crew stuff.  
Keeps me outdoors, so I like it.  
Saved up for a new motorcycle.  
It's fast as hell.  
- I know, sounds boring to you.  
- What? No.  
You're doing your own thing.  
There she is!  
Kelly's got this new guy that she's after.  
Sorry, sorry. He is so hot!  
- Hot like the guy from the bike shop, hot?  
- You ragging on me?  
It's hard to keep them straight, kel.  
Hey, who held your hand all year while  
Mr. perfect boyfriend was away at college?  
Okay, well, don't worry,  
in a few weeks I'll be back with Colby  
and you can forget all about me  
and the hand-holding.  
- What do you mean?  
- Turn around.  
Sc girls are freaks.  
'Cause, you know,  
most of them are de-clawed now.  
Colby?  
Amber, hey, what's up?  
I was just gonna call you.  
Hi. Could you excuse us? Thanks.  
What are you doing here?  
- The internship thing didn't work out.  
- What?  
Yeah, don't even ask.  
I just figured  
I'd come home and work at the pool again.  
And this is how I find out?  
Babe, chill.  
At a party? In front of all of my friends,  
like a total idiot?  
You really want to do this now?  
It's your freshman year,  
maybe you shouldn't be tied down.  
And this all just occurred to you.

We both felt it. What happened last summer changed things!

Colby, moving to California was my idea.

- Hey.

- Hi.

You need a ride?

No. I'm fine, I got my truck.

Amber?

Hey.

Deputy hafner, you scared me.

You okay?

Yeah, just girl stuff.

Look,

we've known each other for years, right?

So really, if you ever want to talk,

get something off your mind, call me.

- Drive safe.

- Thanks.

See, Colby,

I knew you couldn't break up with me.

- Give me five minutes, guys.

- All right, Zoe.

Hey, Zoe.

Sorry, you look familiar, do I know you?

- Can you not do this now?

- Okay, when?

After I call you 10 more times

and send you 20 more flyers?

Zoe, I'm sorry, I really am.

I need your help.

Zoe, I don't know what to do.

Somebody sent me this.

Is that supposed to be funny?

Zoe, did you tell anyone?

Yeah, I wrote a song about it,

but don't worry, that single's not out yet.

Okay, could you get serious for one minute?

I never said anything.

What did Colby think?

- I haven't told him yet.

- What's the matter, trouble in paradise?

Zoe, I'm not tough like you.

Look, my parents are out of town.

I can't go to Colby's.



So could you just ask me  
to crash here for tonight?  
Couch is over there, bathroom's in the back.  
He fixes ski lifts?  
This is his summer job?  
No wonder he hasn't called anybody.  
Roger?  
This doesn't feel right.  
Maybe we should just  
meet him in town later.  
Jesus, Amber, chill out!  
Okay, okay, let's go!  
I don't like this place. Come on.  
Jeez!  
- What is this, a reunion?  
- We need to talk.  
Roger! It's important.  
Would you shut that thing off?  
I got 50 of these last night.  
The number's totally blocked.  
That's impossible. We got rid of everything.  
- Someone knows, Roger.  
- Why?  
Which one of you opened your mouth?  
We were gonna ask you the same thing.  
You got the message. Not me.  
- What about Colby?  
- He's your buddy. He say anything to you?  
Are you kidding?  
Hasn't even talked to me once  
since he went to California.  
We gotta go to the cops.  
We had our chance to tell the truth, Roger.  
Somebody knows now.  
What if this guy goes first?  
After we lied to everyone's faces?  
Having the cops chasing a killer for a year  
that doesn't exist?  
- Think about it.  
- I have thought about it!  
My life's jacked anyway.  
Let me talk to Colby first.  
And you keep your mouth shut for now.  
Whatever.

No, Roger, I don't want any more surprises.

Say it!

We all keep our mouths shut.

We all keep our mouths shut.

What happened to us?

I don't want it to be like this anymore.

So what are you going to say next?

That you miss me?

Well, you could send me

one more of your flyers.

Yeah, right! Those cost me money.

They're like \$1 a flyer.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- I owe you like 10 bucks.

- Try \$20.

Now that bass player of yours,

he's pretty cute.

Yeah, you two. I think you two

would be pretty cute together.

- What?

- Yeah.

Good God.

- Sheriff Davis.

- Sorry.

I'm just making my rounds of the school.

It's kind of strange without all the kids.

Anyway, I saw your car

and thought I'd say hi.

Haven't seen you girls in a while.

I've been thinking about you.

You know, with the 4th coming up again.

It's gonna be tough this year.

It's gonna be tough every year.

Well.

Yeah, you take care, okay? Yeah.

I'm going to the snack bar.

This is a joke, right?

Amber's pissed,

you guys are just messing with me.

You think I care about your love life?

She's making this whole thing up.

She's playing both of us.

Or maybe you're the one that's pissed.

Got home late last night,  
did a little drunk text messaging to the ex?  
You're crazy.  
No one loves a good prank  
better than you, right?  
Listen, I kept our promise.  
I shut my mouth  
and I put this shit behind me!  
Well, someone's digging it back up for us!  
Why, because Amber got messages  
in the middle of the night and we didn't?  
P. J.'S death was a big deal for this town.  
I mean, say some freak did pop out  
of the woodwork,  
- it doesn't mean he actually knows anything.  
- I know!  
That's what I told Amber, but she...  
So why are you coming down here  
busting my balls?  
In case you and I are wrong.  
- I'm sorry, it's not my problem anymore.  
- I always knew you were a dick.  
I got it.  
My towel back.  
That guy is hot!  
- You okay, miss?  
- Yeah.  
- What happened?  
- Oh, I just had a problem with my bike.  
Well, listen, it's about to storm,  
so you better get down the hill.  
- Let me get you a lift.  
- Okay.  
I'm telling you, that's the hook.  
If you say so.  
What makes you think you're not next?  
He sent you a message, too, Colby.  
Come on, Amber, you want us to believe  
you got attacked on a gondola?  
- Fifty feet in the air?  
- Oh, why am I even talking to you?  
So who do you think is doing this, Amber?  
Maybe somebody who was close to p.J.  
Is trying to punish us.

Roger's right.

We have to go to the cops now  
before they get the story  
from somebody else.

Roger won't even return our call.

That's how much he gives a shit.

- Roger's whacked.

- How whacked?

So how was I?

- It was an accident.

- Was it?

What if we don't do anything?

We had our chance to tell the truth, Roger.

Somebody knows now.

- This was your idea!

- What?

After we lied to everyone's faces?

It was an accident.

It was an accident.

The secret dies with us.

The secret dies with us.

The secret dies with us.

The secret dies with us.

Hello?

Hello?

Who's here?

Who's here?

Coat.

Oh, my God!

- There's blood here, too.

- He was living here.

Holy shit!

He killed himself.

Freeze!

We found him here with this.

He killed himself.

What are you all doing here?

- Rawlings.

- Yeah.

Take care of this.

Make sure you contact the boy's family.

I'll take care of it.

So he didn't tell you about any of it?

The fights in college, failing classes?

Leave of absence? Anti-depressants?  
We didn't hear from him much this year.  
I guess he couldn't get over  
what happened last summer.  
If there's anything you guys  
want to add to your statements,  
anything you think I should know...  
No.  
- Okay. We're done here.  
- Thanks, officer.  
Call me.  
I know that you're alone for the weekend  
and  
I don't have to worry about you, do I?  
No. No.  
I'm okay.  
Don't worry. This is over.  
You can go home.  
I'll call you.  
- If I have any more questions. Yeah.  
- Yeah.  
- Rawlings.  
- Yeah.  
Get that to the sheriff for me. Thanks.  
I can't believe Roger was behind this.  
I can't believe  
he got the hook out of the lake.  
This was not our fault.  
Someone else is dead now.  
- Yeah, and we're all safer for it.  
- How do you just move on?  
Because it's over, for good.  
So it wasn't Roger.  
Of course it was.  
He's crazy, he killed himself.  
Did he?  
Because someone just did this.  
Lance.  
Lance!  
Take it easy, timber boy.  
Whoa, man, you almost got yourself  
a free nose job there.  
We just want to talk.  
I don't know if you heard about last night,

but...

Yeah. I heard.

I'm sorry.

Tomorrow's July 4, a year since p. J.'S death.

It must've pushed Roger over the edge.

Yeah. I guess.

We just wanted to stop by  
and see how you're doing.

What is this,  
some kind of group therapy session?

Yeah, it is.

Here's a piece of advice,  
nobody likes a troublemaker.

That's funny, coming from you.

Look, we were all p. J.'S friends.

Lance, if there's something  
that you know that's bothering you,  
just tell us.

Okay. How about this?

I never understood  
why you dated such an asshole.

Got your notes, jackass.

- What are you talking about?

- Colby, just stop it.

You think we're scared? Huh?

You think we care?

You know what, you've got a lot of nerve  
coming down here starting shit with me!  
You should worry a little less about me,  
and a little more about my Uncle.

Sheriff Davis? Why?

He came down here yesterday,  
asking about some secret.

Lucky you got a chainsaw, douche bag.

All right, Colby, do you honestly think  
the town sheriff is running around  
in a Fisherman's outfit,  
playing hide and creep with us?

The guy was special forces in the army.

They live for this kind of shit.

Besides, his own son died.

Look, we have to do something.

We have to tell him

that we know he's on to us.

Colby, it's the sheriff.  
Not Lance. It's not like  
we can just walk up and accuse him.  
Kent, we got to figure out  
what's going on tomorrow  
because we're short a couple of guys,  
everybody's calling in sick on me.  
So if you could get on that...  
You really want to sit back  
and see how this psycho plans to celebrate  
the anniversary of p. J.'S death?  
We'll just have the usual.  
Look, I know what I'm doing.  
You're just going to have to trust me.  
Yeah, I tried that before. Remember?  
Hey, Zoe. Yeah, I'm almost done packing.  
I'll be there in like 30 minutes.  
Okay, bye.  
Don't jump.  
Turns out we didn't get to finish  
our conversation today.  
I'm sorry.  
Things have been crazy, we didn't...  
Come on, Amber.  
This is part of your guys' game, isn't it?  
It's Colby's idea, right?  
I don't know what you're talking about.  
I know what you did last summer.  
What?  
P.J. Told me. Before it all went down.  
It's funny, I'd never even heard  
of this stupid fisherman  
until you guys thought  
that he should come visit.  
- Lance, it was an accident.  
- But you guys just couldn't get enough.  
A year later,  
and the pranks just keep on coming.  
- You tell Colby that if he tries anything...  
- Lance. You're in trouble.  
We didn't do this, you have to believe me.  
So who did?  
I don't know.  
Harry?

What the hell?

- My Uncle didn't do this.

- Who invited him here anyway?

The guy who played arts and crafts  
on my bike.

- So, Lance, who do you think it was?

- I don't know.

A lot of people got pissed off  
about last year.

Look, we have to go to hafner.

He's your buddy, he said he'd help us.

He's the only one we can trust.

Okay.

Let's just say that it's Davis.

We rat on him

and he'll just tell everyone about last year.

We deny everything.

We say the guy lost his mind,

he lost his son, he's taking it out on us.

You're the one losing it, Colby.

Come on, Amber! We're the victims here.

- What's wrong with you?

- Chill out, man.

She's just trying to figure things out.

Yeah, what if we're wrong about the sheriff?

We say we're sorry, we panicked,

we got it wrong, whatever!

The point is, we got to tell hafner

so we can be protected.

You know I'm right.

Hey.

What's going on?

Hey.

You said if we ever needed to talk...

Yeah. Yeah, come on back.

Just having a few friends over.

- Maybe this isn't such a good time after all.

- It depends on what you want to talk about.

It's about p.J., isn't it?

The anniversary?

Hey, who wants another one?

- Hey, yeah.

- Yeah, I'll take one.

Uncle Paul.



- What'd I miss?

- Something about your son.

We've all been having some problems  
the last few days.

- It kind of stems back to...

- Tomorrow's the 4th.

And even though the carnival's canceled,  
that guy's still, you know, out there.

What if he decides

to go after someone else?

Everything we do

just makes this worse and worse.

We've got to get out of here.

- Tomorrow.

- What's that going to do?

It's going to take the big night away  
from this freak.

Hold on, I'm not going anywhere with him.

- You better tell your boyfriend to chill out.

- Okay, you two stop it.

We're sticking together

and we're getting out of here.

And by the way, he's not my boyfriend.

Wow! He's already got driver status, huh?

Look what I got.

What are you doing with that?

I went and got it from Roger's

so we can get rid of it once and for all.

Chuck it in a damn volcano.

Where's your stuff?

I don't know how to say this.

I just found out there's going to be

some agents at the show tonight.

They book clubs all over the state,

maybe even L.A.

I'm sorry, I just can't miss out on this.

Zoe, we had a plan.

I am going to be on a stage,

in front of a crowd, with security all around.

- What's safer than that?

- Leaving town.

- You guys go without me.

- Okay, let's go.

No, no, no, guys.

We got to stick together here.  
Fine. Then we're all going to the show.  
Look, you play your song,  
then we get in the car,  
and we'll head out of there.  
Whatever.  
I'm not hanging around here all day,  
I'll meet you there.  
Buy me a ticket.  
Here. This is how  
we got the idea for that damn prank.  
What is this?  
Zoe put all this together.  
We thought it was a big hoax,  
but it turns out to be based on a real guy.  
On the 4th of July, this guy goes crazy.  
He kills a bunch of kids  
in this little fishing town.  
Supposedly it was some kind of revenge.  
Then a year later, he goes after them again,  
on some island in the Caribbean  
and dies there.  
- Starting his own legend.  
- Yeah.  
They were all stalked for a few days  
before July 4.  
Sounds familiar.  
I finally graduate high school, my real life  
is supposed to be starting and look at me,  
I'm worried that I'm even going to make it  
through the night.  
I'll be here with you.  
Yeah.  
You always have been.  
Oh, aren't you two  
cute.  
Glad you could make it.  
- Zoe goes on soon.  
- Yeah, I can't f ricking wait.  
- You're drunk.  
- No, I'm self-medicated.  
- You want some?  
- No, thank you.  
So, lancey pants, where's your Uncle

who's not trying to kill us?  
He's working.  
- Okay, let's move it along.  
- The night's still young, right?  
Yeah. Let's just go in.  
This sucks!  
I'm going to get another cocktail.  
Colby.  
Colby don't...  
I'll be back in a second.  
Show time!  
- Try not to die out there.  
- Let's roll. Come on, let's go.  
Okay, people, next up,  
let's get ready to rock and roll  
with Zoe and the hooks!  
- She's good.  
- No. She's awesome!  
Your Uncle's right there.  
Yeah, I found it, man.  
Thanks for the hook up, dude.  
All right, later.  
All right.  
Babe, you rocked up there.  
That was incredible.  
An agent from L.A. asked for my info.  
- That's awesome!  
- I know!  
So can we go now?  
All right.  
Would you chill? Nothing's going to happen  
in the next two minutes.  
Ready?  
Come on! Come on!  
Where is he?  
We got to find a way out of here.  
Where the hell are we?  
- Where's Zoe?  
- I don't know.  
Where the hell is she?  
Amber? Lance?  
Come on, please!  
Come on, please!  
Amber!

Oh, God.

No, don't.

No!

Zoe!

I know, I know. We got to get help.

Come on.

Hafner, we got a problem. You copy?

- Yeah, go ahead.

- I got a dead girl at the back of the lodge.

- Call for backup.

- Copy that.

Come out of there!

Uncle Paul, please, you don't understand.

- Looks pretty clear.

- He's trying to kill us.

Who's trying to kill you? Where is he?

- Yo!

- Colby, where are you?

I'm having some vodka.

- Feeling pretty good.

- He's here.

- Who's here?

- The fisherman.

- You mean sheriff Davis?

- No. No, he's dead, and so is Zoe.

He's after all of us.

Get the hell out of the lodge.

That might be a problem.

Colby, Colby where are you?

I'm in the kitchen.

Okay, don't move, we're coming!

Colby.

Are you okay?

Hey, you've reached Colby, leave a message.

Look! The door.

Colby?

Amber.

We got to get out of here.

Oh, thank God.

John! You have to help us.

Why're you covered in blood?

You... you don't understand.

There's something you don't know.

- It's about what happened last year.

- I know.  
I know what you did last summer.  
Roger told me. Last week.  
He was freaking out!  
He wanted to confess everything!  
I told him it was too late,  
he should just keep his mouth shut.  
I had no idea how far he'd take that.  
You knew?  
And you kept it a secret?  
I did it for you, Amber.  
But everything's different now, isn't it?  
I searched your car.  
I found a box with a hook!  
- No...  
- Now get in the truck!  
No.  
Oh, God.  
Get back.  
It's you!  
- Look, I don't know how this happened.  
- It's you.  
Oh, my God.  
All right, asshole, on the ground.  
Hands on your head.  
Put your hands up or you're a dead man.  
Put them up!  
Go!  
Stay down, asshole.  
There's no way!  
- Go, go! Come on!  
- Come on!  
Come on!  
Go, go! We got to go! Come on! Come on!  
Do it!  
Come on!  
No, no!  
Where'd he go?  
He's gone.  
What was that black shit  
coming out of his arm?  
I don't know.  
It's the guy from 10 years ago  
who killed all those kids.

- Amber, that was not a guy.  
- It's the legend.  
- It's become true.  
- I can't believe this.  
P.J. Died, we kept it a secret.  
But we can hurt him.  
- This hurt him.  
- Come on, we've got to turn ourselves in!  
Think about it, Lance.  
No one is going to believe us!  
I'm going after him.  
Amber. Wait.  
Come on.  
Where are we going?  
- I know this one is open.  
- Hurry up, I think he's coming.  
Go, go, go, go, go!  
Oh, shit. Hurry, here he comes.  
- This way?  
- No! This way.  
This way.  
- Okay, come on.  
- Okay.  
Wait.  
Okay.  
- Put the hook right there. Right there.  
- Yeah.  
Right there. Okay.  
Come over here.  
Almost there.  
Don't move it until I tell you.  
Okay, you ready?  
Lance, over there!  
No, up there.  
Now!  
He's gone.  
Amber, Amber.  
We got to keep going, we can't stay here.  
Come on, come on. Let's go.  
No!  
Lance, no!  
The secret dies with you.  
You sure you can't id this guy?  
I couldn't really see his face.

But he's not from around here.

Just some crazy guy who wanted more  
of what he got last summer.

He won't bother anybody again.

Yeah.

It's over.

- Hello?

- Miss me yet?

Hey! Where you at?

Nevada. Near the state line.

I should be back in L.A. in four hours.

We are finally going to be off  
the long distance plan.

- What was that?

- I don't know.

I think I just blew a tire.

Amber, you okay?

Yeah, it's a flat tire.

I don't know what could have done that.

Somebody around there to help you out?

No, there's nobody out here.

You got a spare?

Lance? Are you there?