

FADE IN:

INT. DC-10 AIRLINER - NIGHT

JACOB JOHNSON is sleeping. It doesn't look like a pleasant experience. He is sixteen, dirty blonde, his eyes visibly moving under closed lids as he sits huddled under a blanket in his window seat. The lights are dim -- the shade on the window closed -- a bead of sweat dribbles down his forehead. The HUMMING of the jet's engines vibrates through the cabin.

The boy's eyes snap open.

Jacob glances around nervously. He looks like an escaped convict who just accidentally walked into the Policemen's Ball. A GREYHAired MAN two seats away from him gives the teenager a cursory glance, then goes back to his book. Jacob lays his head back and tries to relax. The engines continue to drone.

Until a new noise starts. A WHOOSHING NOISE.

The sound is very faint. But distinct from everything else. Jacob frowns.

The noise gets LOUDER. Jacob's sure he's hearing it now. He looks at the Greyhaired Man. The man catches his eye and the two of them stare at each other for a heartbeat - then Jacob turns away. The Man returns to his book. And Jacob immediately turns back to him.

JACOB

Do you hear that?

The man gives him an annoyed look as the WHOOSHING gets louder.

GREYHAired MAN

Hear what?

JACOB

That noise.

GREYHAired MAN

I don't hear anything.

The man turns back to the book as the sound gets even LOUDER - like it's coming closer. Jacob squirms in his seat -- sneaks a look at the man again. How can he not hear that? A STEWARDESS walks by and Jacob catches her attention.

JACOB

Excuse me.

STEWARDESS

Yes?

The WHOOSHING is completely obvious now. The greyhaired man tries to ignore the two people talking over him.

JACOB

What is that sound?

STEWARDESS

That's just the engines, sir.

JACOB

No, it's different. It's not the engines. It's getting louder.

The man sighs -- the stewardess smiles patronizingly.

STEWARDESS

We're just gaining altitude to get above some rough weather. That's the sound of the engines speeding up a bit. Everything's fine.

JACOB

Um...okay.

The stewardess walks away as Jacob sits back and starts to bite his nails. The whooshing is really starting to BLARE now. He looks between the seats in front of him -- twists around to look behind. He snaps back to the greyhaired man.

JACOB (cont'd)

Can't you hear that?

GREYHAired MAN

(losing patience)

Look, kid. Will you relax? It's just the damn engines, okay?

The man glares at him, and Jacob backs off. The sound has grown DEAFENING. Jacob grinds his seat like he's going mad. He looks at the closed window. He reaches out his hand, grabs the handle then rips up the shade for all to see:

A 747 coming RIGHT AT US.

Jacob SCREAMS. The planes CRASH.

Impact - decompression - explosion. The hull of the cabin buckles violently - moaning like a dying elephant - peeling inward revealing RED AND GREEN STRIPING on the outside.

A huge wing section RIPS through the structure - barely missing Jacob - taking the greyhaired man's head clean off - nailing the stewardess in the gut and shoving her body across and out the other side of the cabin.

And Jacob's seat drops down - sending him and us into:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Like an intricate ballet, Jacob, his body strapped to his chair, tumbles away from the DC-10 and 747 as they seem to merge and bend into some kind of mutant DC-47 - wings and tails wrapping around each other as debris blooms out like a flower and together they EXPLODE - a fiery ball lighting the nighttime clouds and Jacob's shrieking face.

And Jacob falls and falls and falls, his hair sticking straight up from the blasting wind.

That's when CORPSES start falling past him. The captain of the plane - the stewardess, her body bent in half - the greyhaired man, his head gone but his book still in his hand. More men, women, crew people - and CHILDREN.

But these children aren't dead bodies. Two LITTLE GIRLS and one LITTLE BOY, all dressed in white, plummet down next to Jacob, head first, like high divers. And they're singing:

THE CHILDREN

One two, Freddy's coming for you...

The children turn around in the sky so that they are travelling feet first. The Little Boy's pants puff up and the Girls' skirts poof out and RIP UPWARD - the wind taking away their clothes and their skin and their bodies and their hair...

THE CHILDREN (cont'd)

Three four, better lock your door...

Leaving three tiny SKELETONS - taunting and laughing as Jacob screams and covers his eyes.

THE CHILDREN (cont'd)

Five six, grab your crucifix...

And the Skeletons sprout wings - leathery and veiny - the wind catching them and sending them up and away as their voices echo in the sky.

THE CHILDREN (cont'd)

Seven eight, gonna stay up late...

Jacob takes his hands away from his face and starts to frantically pull on his seat belt. SNAP - it flies off his back and miraculously turns into a PARACHUTE. Rope swirls into the air - the wind grabs the canvas - and Jacob's body slows with a violent jerk.

But at least he's not falling anymore. Jacob catches his breath as he starts gently floating through the sky. He smiles. This isn't so bad. This is actually kind of fun. Not for long, though, because his new upward momentum carries him back up to:

The winged children's Skeletons. Jacob's eyes bug out as he rises into them and they start to circle. They move closer and we can see something in their hands:

SCISSORS

Jacob twists his body, trying to steer his parachute away from the demons. One of the Skeletons swoops up to his face and pokes its scissors inches away from Jacob's eyes. It sings alone:

CHILD

Nine ten, never sleep again!

The Skeleton cranks its arm back - ready to plunge the scissor's blades into Jacob's sockets. The arms swings toward him - then suddenly diverts up past his head, heading for:

THE CHUTE'S STRINGS

The Skeleton flaps its wings and poises its scissors at one of the ropes. The other two Skeletons join it over Jacob's head. The three of them look down at Jacob, their boney jaws in a perpetual smile.

JACOB

No!

The Skeletons nod "yes". SNIP - SNIP - SNIP - they cut away at Jacob's parachute as he swings underneath them, trying to pull away - SNIP - SNIP.

The parachute flutters away - the Skeletons cackle - and Jacob plummets.

ON JACOB

We stay with him as he screams and shrieks and yells and the clouds part and the ground rises quickly up to meet him. The ground becomes a town, the town becomes a block, the block becomes a house, the house becomes a roof, and...

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

KA-BLAM! The ceiling explodes as Jacob's body plows through, slams down, shatters the bed, and we immediately:

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jacob's eyes blast open as he sits up from bed in a cold sweat. A dream. The worst fucking dream from hell anyone would ever want to have -- but still just a dream. He takes a few deep breaths as a soft KNOCK is heard at the door.

JACOB

Yeah..

ALICE JOHNSON opens the door and sticks her head in. She's thirty-two, blonde, with a caring smile.

ALICE

You okay, honey?

JACOB

Yeah, Mom. I'm fine.

ALICE

Alright. Better get cooking or you'll be late for school.

JACOB

On my way.

Alice closes the door as Jacob gets out of bed and stretches. Sunlight is leaking through the bedroom window shade and Jacob walks over to it. He reaches out and pulls up the shade.

And there's nothing buy sky. Jacob frowns and pokes his head out the window.

JACOB'S POV - THE GROUND

is once again racing up towards us at seven-thousand miles an hour. The entire house is falling.

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Jacob leaps away from the window. The WINGED SKELETONS reappear outside -- dancing in the air -- cackling with glee.

The bedroom starts to SHAKE violently as Jacob stumbles into the center. The roof starts caving in and the walls begins to crumble.

ANGLE STRAIGHT DOWN ON JACOB.

Jacob grabs his head, looks up at us, and SCREAMS. We suddenly stay where we are as the house drops down and we punch out through the roof and our shot becomes an:

ANGLE STRAIGHT DOWN ON THE HOUSE

as it falls away towards the ground. We watch as it becomes a small dot - and finally impacts on the surface. A mushroom cloud of smoke silently puffs out in the distance below

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT - AT THE CRATER

Smoke and dust whirl around a huge hole in the earth.

Splintered shreds of lumber stick up in the air like giant toothpicks. Some of the toothpicks start to move.

Jacob rises out of the destruction, charred, scraped, battered and, unfortunately, alive. He climbs up to the edge of the crater. He looks back at the remnants of his home.

Then something starts to happen.

Something is growing from the crater - spreading out. It's not a cloud, it's not smoke - it's a DARKNESS. Even though it's night, this darkness is darker. It creeps out from the hole - fingers of blackness reaching out. What it covers doesn't disappear. It becomes GLOOMY. The shroud is getting bigger.

And it's getting faster. Jacob runs.

WITH JACOB - RUNNING

He bolts down the streets of the small town in a blind panic. He looks behind him and sees the darkness getting bigger, its gloominess covering houses. Then whole blocks.

Everything it touches seems to fall deeper into SHADOW.

AT THE STREET CORNER

Jacob comes across a WOMAN walking her dog. He stops and yells at her.

JACOB

Get the hell out of here! It's coming!

WOMAN

What's coming?

Jacob points down the street. The shroud is swooping down the road - browning out street lights in its wake. And the woman doesn't find anything threatening about this. Jacob screams at her.

JACOB

Don't you see it?

WOMAN

See what?

And it's obvious now: she doesn't see anything. The Woman is totally oblivious to the danger. Jacob shakes his head -- stumbles away.

The woman watches him go as the darkness PASSES OVER HER. She sighs.

And begins to MUTATE. Her hair gets scraggly, her skin bursts out in sores, her back grows a hump -- all of which

she DOESN'T seem to notice.

She just shrugs her twisted shoulders.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
Kids...watcha gonna do?

She hobbles away with her dog - which now has six legs and two heads.

BACK WITH JACOB - RUNNING

Like a bat running from hell, he tears through the streets passing buildings that turn creepy and people that become passively accepting monsters.

A VOICE booms out from nowhere.

FREDDY (O.S.)  
Jacob! You're too old to run away from home!

Jacob covers his ears and races out of town.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jacob falls onto the deserted road just outside of town. He rolls on the asphalt and looks behind him. Most of the town is covered in an opaque gloom.

Suddenly a CACKLING sound is heard and Jacob turns to its source:

HIS POV: THE SPRINGWOOD SIGN

The town can still be seen behind it -- the darkness over almost all of it now. The sign reads: WELCOME TO SPRINGWOOD. POPULATION...

And the numbers after the word "population" are changing. They're counting BACKWARDS, clattering away like an old-time gas pump in reverse - faster and faster - blurring as the "thousands" digit disappears, then the "hundreds", then "tens", then...

CLINK - the count stops at "1". Springwood is entirely engulfed in the shroud. There is a pause.

CRASH - the sign is violently YANKED into the ground. It vanishes into the earth and a CRACK APPEARS at the edge of the road. The crack grows - moving out to the center of the highway.

BACK ON THE STREET

Jacob watches the crack as it splits wider in the middle of the street and a GURGLING sound starts to build. The tar in

front of Jacob becomes molten. It bubbles and pops.

Jacob scrambles backwards as something begins to rise from boiling asphalt.

It's a hat.

The hat, a fedora to be precise, pushes itself up. A left hand - burned and scarred - pokes out next to it. Four sharp blades jut out of the muck on the other side. A head is up now - a curtain of tar dripping from the rim of the hat - hiding the face. The body beneath the head ascends. The veil of asphalt parts:

It's FREDDY KRUEGER. Jacob SCREAMS.

Freddy LAUGHS. He shakes off his layer of tar and looks towards the clouded town of Springwood. A look of pure hatred appears on his ragged face.

FREDDY

Payback time...

Freddy opens his mouth - lets out a large breath - and then INHALES an even larger one.

A WINDSTORM starts, the source being Krueger's own lungs. The gale force begins to yank at the shroud surrounding Springwood. Fingers of darkness pull up from the town and towards Freddy's mouth -- and houses begin to DISSOLVE. Freddy continues to inhale like he's never going to stop.

Krueger is sucking the black gloom into his body - and the entire town of Springwood is going with it. Trees, buildings, cars, picket fences. It's all crumbling and fusing, becoming a part of the cloud that itself is caught in the nightmarish wind tunnel, all piling into Freddy's mouth.

The vortex swirls into Krueger. Then it's gone. Nothing but a vacant lot the size of a town remains. Freddy turns to Jacob and BURPS, it sounds like a THUNDERCLAP.

JACOB

No!

FREDDY

Don't worry, I have a strong stomach.

Freddy reaches down and yanks up his red and green sweater. He pulls apart his putrid abdomen to reveal his guts - and a transparent stomach.

Inside the stomach: a black swirling mass. Flashes of houses, people, homes, couples, all trapped in horrible anguish. Freddy drops down his sweater.

FREDDY (cont'd)



Springwood is mine, boy!

JACOB

I dreamed you away before I was born!  
Mom said you couldn't come back!

FREDDY

Is that true? Then she told you all  
about me, huh? Let's see what else she  
has to say.

Freddy reaches his left hand into the bubbling tar at his  
feet, digs around a bit, then pulls out:

ALICE. Jacob's mother. Tar dripping down her body. Krueger  
has her by the neck, waves his blades in front of her. Jacob  
gets up and runs toward him.

Freddy pulls a foot up from the asphalt pit and KICKS Jacob  
back a good fifteen feet.

ALICE

Run, Jacob!

The boy rolls painful on the hard road. He sits up and  
screams:

JACOB

Leave her alone!

FREDDY

You're such a momma's boy!

Freddy swings his knives out, pauses for a terrifying beat,  
then swoops the daggers towards Alice.

CLOSE ON JACOB

as OFF SCREEN we hear a horrible multiple GLITCH! Jacob  
shrieks in gut-wrenching anguish.

WIDE ON SCENE

We're far enough away so that we don't barf at the sight but  
close enough to see that Freddy has impaled Alice's body on  
his blades. He lifts her up effortlessly and raises her limp  
figure RIGHT OVER HIS HEAD.

Krueger swings his arm out, shaking off Alice, sending her  
flying over Jacob's head. The body lands behind him.

ON JACOB

as he runs to his mother. She VANISHES just as he reaches  
out to touch her bloody body. He turns to Krueger and raises  
his fists. A look of sheer rage is growing in him, blind,  
insane anger. He bellows:

JACOB

You fucker!

FREDDY

Springwood is only the beginning. All I  
need from you is a ride!

Suddenly, between Jacob and Freddy, three SHAFTS OF LIGHT  
burst up from the road. Three FIGURES appear as the light  
dissipates.

They're dressed in metallic black, heavy boots, helmets with  
dark visors covering their faces. One is large and muscular.  
The one in the center has an obviously feminine figure under  
her skin-tight outfit. The third is a little smaller than  
the other two with a slightly different face that allows us  
to see his mouth.

They're the DREAM POLICE. Jacob doesn't know this yet, but  
Freddy seems to. The bastard son of a hundred maniacs frowns  
at the sight of these new apparitions.

Then he looks past them and smiles at Jacob.

FREDDY (cont'd)

See ya later!

Freddy violently DROPS down into the bubbling asphalt pit.  
Two of the black figures start after him. The third one  
turns to Jacob as his partners leap into the hole after  
Freddy. The sound from his exposed mouth is DEAFENING!

SOUND COP

WAKE UP!

Jacob grabs his ears in pain as we suddenly:

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jacob's eyes snap open so fast his sockets suffer whiplash.  
He's lying smack in the middle of the road tucked in a fetal  
position. Jacob slowly uncurls his body and sits up. He  
shivers and wipes his sweaty forehead - and that's when he  
notices something in his hand.

INSERT: JACOB'S HAND

it's a bracelet, a simple band of gold with a larger plate in  
the middle, like an ID band. Jacob's fingers turn the plate  
over. Printed on the other side is the name of the bracelet's  
former owner: ALICE. Jacob has a souvenir.

BACK TO JACOB

He raises his face and looks at the road in front of him. It goes off into the distance surrounded on both sides by empty fields.

This is where Springwood used to be. A look of anguish crosses Jacob's face as he stares at the desolation.

JACOB

Mom...

HONK! SCREECH!

Jacob whips his head around in time to see a huge moving van blasting right at him. He rolls off to the side of the road. The truck barely misses him, kicking up a cloud of dust in its wake.

Jacob chokes on the dust. He slowly recovers and looks back down at the bracelet in his hand. He clenches his fist around it as a wild-eyed angry look starts to grow on him. He takes a few deep breaths, then stands up and walks OUT OF FRAME.

ANGLE DOWN THE HIGHWAY

We can see a pickup truck in the distance. Jacob's HAND ENTERS FRAME, thumb sticking out, his mother's bracelet dangling from his wrist.

The pickup truck starts to slow down.

EXT. ROSEDALE - DAY

A sprawling little community with pleasant streets and cheerful houses. It looks a lot like Springwood, the only real difference being that it actually exists. It also has a sign: WELCOME TO ROSEDALE. POPULATION: 8,786

A Volkswagon bus drives past the sign and stops a couple of blocks down the road from us. Jacob steps out of the passenger side and wearily waves his ride goodbye. He shuffles into town.

CLOSE ON YET ANOTHER SIGN

It reads: DRUG ADDICTS NOT WELCOME TO ROSEDALE!

The sign pulls away to reveal a middle-aged man with an angry expression: MR. HOPKINS

MR. HOPKINS

Clean up your act somewhere else!

He walks along as we PULL BACK TO SEE

EXT. ROSEDALE FOSTER HOME - DAY

It's a nice-looking two-story house in the middle of a

usually quiet neighborhood. Today the home is surrounded by about a dozen townsfolk carrying picket signs: NO HALFWAY HOUSES IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD!, DON'T LOWER OUR PROPERTY VALUES!, and GO BACK TO JUVENILE HALL! The crowd mumbles amongst itself, occasionally bursting out with a chant in protest.

ON JACOB

We catch him walking down the sidewalk. He tramps along with his hands stuffed in his pockets and his eyes on the pavement. He looks like he hasn't slept in days. The sound of the crowd ahead of him finally grabs his attention.

Jacob approaches the disturbance and comes across a young girl standing behind a bush holding a BAG OF GROCERIES. She is KAREN MILLER, dark hair, sixteen, very pretty, but with a faraway look in her eyes.

Jacob stands next to her and stares at the crowd like a zombie. She doesn't turn to look at him as he speaks:

JACOB

What's going on?

KAREN

Free speech. The right of assembly.

JACOB

What is this place?

KAREN

It's a home. A foster home. For teenagers. It's where you go when things get bad. It's the place to figure out what to do next. It's a home for kids that no one else wants.

(beat)

It's MY home.

Karen hasn't looked at Jacob once. She suddenly seems to steel herself and walks away from the bush, towards the house. Jacob is befuddled.

JACOB

Oh...

He stands there and watches.

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Karen quickly makes her way into the crowd of people, head up, eyes staring forward. The crowd parts ever so slightly as the irked townsfolk start to heat up. They have an actual human to vent their anger on now. Mr. Hopkins lays in on her as she passes him.

MR. HOPKINS

Why can't you find somewhere else to  
shack up?

Karen turns to him, still walking, flustered and hurt.

KAREN

What have we ever done to you?

MR. HOPKINS

Nothing...YET.

Karen turns quickly away from him and trips over a sprinkler  
head. Her groceries tumble onto the grass. A hand reaches  
down to help her. It's Jacob's.

He quietly helps her re-bag her groceries as Mr. Hopkins  
looms above them. Both angry and embarrassed now.

MR. HOPKINS (cont'd)

Look, we've been here for years. This is  
a quiet street. We'd just like to keep  
it that way.

Jacob can't take this guy anymore. He stands up and faces  
the older man with a scowl.

JACOB

Lighten up, mister.

MR. HOPKINS

(smirks)

And what gutter did you crawl out from,  
kid?

(frowns)

We don't want your kind here.

JACOB

My kind? What kind is that?

MR. HOPKINS

Drug addicts. Dope pushers. We have  
stand up and take charge.

JACOB

Swell. I've just got a couple of  
questions for you...Do you love your  
parents?

MR. HOPKINS

Of course I do...

JACOB

Are they alive?

MR. HOPKINS

My mother is.

JACOB  
What's it like?

Jacob stares at Hopkins. He doesn't answer. He just huffs and puffs as Karen grabs Jacob and pulls him up to the front porch of the home, then into the floor.

INT. FOSTER HOME - FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

Karen slams the door and takes a deep breath.

KAREN  
Assholes.

JACOB  
I can think of a stronger word. Are you okay?

KAREN  
Yeah. Thanks. I'm Karen.

JACOB  
Jacob.

Jacob suddenly gets a little light-headed and has to use a wall to hold himself up. Karen looks concerned.

KAREN  
Are YOU okay?

JACOB  
Yeah. I just haven't had much to eat lately.

KAREN  
Then come help me unpack.

She smiles and leads him further into the house.

INT. FOSTER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Jacob is feverishly eating a sandwich at the table while Karen finishes putting the rest of the food away.

KAREN  
I guess the sandwich is alright, huh?

JACOB  
It's incredible. Best I've ever had.

KAREN  
You're not from around here, are you?

JACOB  
No. I've been on the road for a couple of days.

KAREN

Do you need a place to stay?

FOOTSTEPS are heard from below and a couple in their mid-thirties enter from the basement door. They're DAVID and MARY ROSS, both greasy and frustrated.

MARY

So, we have to get it fixed.

DAVID

We don't have the money to get it fixed.

They both start washing up at the sink, not really noticing the teenagers in the room. Karen speaks up.

KAREN

What's wrong?

DAVID

Our plumbing has a bad case of hardening of the arteries. Who's your friend?

David gives Jacob a wary glance as the boy stands shakily.

KAREN

This is Jacob.

JACOB

Jacob Johnson.

DAVID

David Ross. My wife, Mary.

KAREN

They run this house. They're helping me and three other ids get a footing in reality before they kick us out of the nest to make room for the next batch.

David is looking out the window at the now dissipating crowd. He lets out a weary sigh.

DAVID

If there is a next batch. I see the welcome wagon is back. Was there any trouble?

KAREN

A little. Jacob came to my rescue.

MARY

(pleasant)

Where you from, Jacob?

JACOB

Springwood.

MARY

Springwood? Where's that?

JACOB

Upstate about a hundred miles.

DAVID

(suspicious)

I know this state like the back of my hand. I've never heard of Springwood.

There is an uncomfortable pause. Then Karen suddenly breaks in.

KAREN

Jacob's a little down on his luck. I told him he could stay here a few days.

Jacob gives here a surprised look.

MARY

Are your parents in Springwood?

JACOB

My father died before I was born. My mother, she's dead, too.

DAVID

You have a legal guardian?

JACOB

No.

DAVID

Been in any state or federal program?

JACOB

No.

KAREN

Just for a little while. So he can get his bearings.

DAVID

Got any ID?

Jacob reaches for his back pocket - it's empty. He shakes his head "no".

MARY

(to David)

I think we can help him out, honey. The budget's tight, but we can't turn down someone in need.



David doesn't acknowledge his wife, he just stares at Jacob sternly. Karen bites her nails. Then David sits down and starts to lecture.

DAVID

Okay. You got three, maybe four days to rest up while we try and find a more permanent arrangement for you. But his isn't going to be a free ride. We're part of a community summer work project and eighty percent of the money you make goes to the house. Everybody works - and that includes you. Are you on drugs?

JACOB

No.

DAVID

Good. If I catch anything stronger than an aspirin on you, you're outta here. No arguments. You got that straight?

JACOB

Yes, sir.

DAVID

Okay. Dinner in two hours. Why don't you go meet the rest of the gang.

KAREN

Thanks, David.

MARY

I'll go fix up the spare bed in Wesley's room.

David gets up. He gives Jacob a final once-over.

DAVID

And take a shower, for chrissakes.

David leaves the room. Karen gives Jacob a huge grin.

INT. FOSTER HOME - THE TV ROOM - DAY

Karen leads Jacob into the room. There are two teenagers on the couch: WESLEY is a fifteen-year old, curly hair, kind of small. GINA is also fifteen, brunette hair, seems pretty happy.

KAREN

Hey, guys, I got someone for you to meet. This is Jacob. Jacob, this is Wesley and Gina.

JACOB

Hi.

WESLEY

Welcome to fun central.

KAREN

He's going to be staying with us for a while.

GINA

Oh yeah? How'd you get through the blockade?

Another kid, SCOTT, pops into the room. He's sixteen, dark hair, with a tough-guy I could give a shit attitude. He doesn't seem to care about anybody in the room, except for Karen.

SCOTT

Hey, beautiful. How's it going?

KAREN

Hi, Scott.

Scott notices Jacob and frowns. Karen is a little annoyed.

SCOTT

Who's Barney Rubble?

KAREN

This is Jacob Johnson. He's a new resident. At least temporarily.

SCOTT

He better not be rooming with me. I value my privacy.

KAREN

No, I believe that honor goes to Wesley.

WESLEY

Good. I could use the company.

SCOTT

So what's your story? Divorce? Custody battle? Your parents just plain assholes?

JACOB

They're dead.

KAREN

Mellow out, Scott. Give him a chance to settle in.

SCOTT

Just curious.

Scott reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. As he lights one up, Wesley's cheerful attitude suddenly turns grim. He gets up from the couch and quickly leaves the room. Karen gives Scott an angry look.

JACOB  
Is he alright?

SCOTT  
He'll be fine. He just has a problem with cigarettes.

GINA  
His parents used to use them as a sick kind of discipline. That's why he's here.

JACOB  
If you know that, then why do you smoke in front of him?

SCOTT  
It's not my problem.

This really pisses Jacob off. These two are not going to get along very well.

JACOB  
Just what is YOUR problem, then?

SCOTT  
I took care of my problem. That's why I'M here.

Scott lets out an aloof puff of smoke and leaves. Jacob gives Karen a confused glance.

KAREN  
His dad used to beat him. One day he couldn't take it any more.

JACOB  
What happened?

KAREN  
He killed him with his father's gun. Self-defense.

Jacob sits down on the couch and lets that sink in. Gina scootches away from him on the couch, then gives him a glum look.

GINA  
Everyone here has a fun tale to tell. Isn't that right, Karen?

Karen is staring out the window. She has that spaced-out

expression we saw before when she was hiding behind the bush.

KAREN

Yeah. Right.

No one has anything left to say. Gina turns the sound on the TV back up as the three sad kids start to watch cartoons.

INT. FOSTER HOME - THE TV ROOM - NIGHT

Jacob is alone in the dark watching some kind of NICK AT NIGHT b&w sit-com re-run. A cheerful family lovingly banter away on the flickering tube. Jacob just stares blankly.

Karen sleepily shows up at the doorway in a long tee-shirt with a glass of milk.

KAREN

Why don't you go to bed?

JACOB

I can't sleep.

KAREN

You need to talk?

JACOB

No. I'm fine. Thanks.

Karen gives him a worried look and heads off to bed. Jacob continues watching TV with a creepy gleam in his tired eyes.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

The kids are here cleaning up the building. The guys throw rotted lumber into trash bins while the girls sweep up. We catch Jacob and Scott tossing some debris into a wheelbarrow. Jacob looks pretty ragged.

SCOTT

Come on. Let's hop to it. Gotta make way for those new indoor tennis courts. The fate of the world lies in the balance. Okay, this load's full.

Jacob grabs the handles of the wheelbarrow and shakily picks it up. Scott sneers.

SCOTT (cont'd)

You got that?

JACOB

Yeah, no problem.

SCOTT

I don't know. Maybe you should think about switching to de-caf or something.

Jacob ignores him and pushes the wheelbarrow along. Scott takes some time off to smoke a cigarette. He spots Karen across the room bending over with a dustbin. Scott lingers on this view for a long time.

AT A DUMPSTER

Jacob pulls up with the wheelbarrow and starts to unload the junk. Gina is next to the dumpster sweeping. She tries to push a large crate aside by herself, but slips and falls.

Jacob jumps over to her, reaches out, and grabs her arm to help her up.

JACOB

You okay?

Gina SCREAMS.

GINA

No! Yes! Let go of me!

She shakes off his grip and he jumps back. She runs away with a wild look in her eyes as Karen steps up to a confused Jacob.

KAREN

She doesn't like to be touched.

JACOB

No shit!

KAREN

Don't take it personally. It's not her fault.

JACOB

What happened to her?

KAREN

Her mother was a hooker. She forced Gina to carry on the tradition. When she was thirteen...

JACOB

Jesus.

Jacob looks off at Gina with genuine concern. Karen gives him the same expression.

KAREN

You look terrible.

JACOB

(smiling)

Thanks.

KAREN

I'm sorry...I just wish you'd tell me what happened to you, that's all.

JACOB

I can't talk about it right now. I'll tell you later. I promise.

KAREN

Okay. Why don't you sit and rest for a bit. The supervisor's not around. You look like you could use it.

JACOB

I think I will.

He gives her a gentle squeeze on the forearm, and Karen likes it. Jacob spots a pile of wood next to a wall and heads off for it.

ON SCOTT

He's watched the entire interchange between Jacob and Karen, and he DOESN'T like it.

WITH JACOB

as he goes around the stack of lumber and sits down facing the brick wall. He lets out a heavy sigh and stares at the inside of the building.

JACOB'S POV - THE BRICK WALL

sits there quietly for a few beats until:

IT EXPLODES

Bricks fly out at us as a gaping hole blows into the wall revealing nothing but BLACKNESS and our shot MOVES through:

DREAM FLASHES - NIGHTMARE SPRINGWOOD

Horrifying apparitions and images ZOOM by us. Gloomy buildings under a pitch black sky. MUTANTS and twisted MONSTERS. Shadowy streets and dark alleyways. And FIVE RAZOR-BLADE FINGERS suddenly ripping right through the sky and down upon us as a VOICE rings out.

VOICE

Hey, you!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - ON JACOB

Jacob's eyes are closed as a SUPERVISOR looms above him.

SUPERVISOR

No slacking off. Back to work.

The boy's eyes snap open and he jumps to his feet like a babbling crazy man.

JACOB

What! Jesus fucking...Oh, shit!

SUPERVISOR

Whoa! Get a grip, boy.

The supervisor backs off from Jacob as he slowly gets used to reality again.

JACOB

Huh? What's going on?

SUPERVISOR

Nothing. That's the problem. Now that you've gotten your beauty rest, let's see if you can change it, okay?

Jacob calms down and nods. He walks away, snatching a nervous glance at the perfectly normal brick wall.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - NIGHT

We watch as various lit windows go dark and the residents of the house go to bed.

INT. WESLEY & JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wesley is getting in bed. Jacob is sitting in a chair staring out the window. Wes switches off the lights and turns to Jacob.

WESLEY

Aren't you going to bed?

JACOB

I'm not tired.

WESLEY

Bullshit. If you looked any more tired, you'd be dead.

Jacob cracks a weary smile in the darkness.

JACOB

That's right.

WESLEY

You gotta sleep, man.

JACOB

Why? Who says? You know, people don't even really know why we sleep. They

haven't found any physical reason for it.

WESLEY

But they do know that you go nuts if you don't.

JACOB

Sharks don't sleep. They can't pump water through their gills on their own. They have to always keep moving. If they stop, they can't breath. If they go to sleep, they die.

WESLEY

You're not a shark.

JACOB

I know. I'm just a kid. Don't worry about me, Wes. Go to sleep.

Wesley shakes his head and gets under the covers. Jacob continues to stare out the window, desperately trying to keep his eyes open.

JACOB'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

the trees sway quietly in the breeze outside. There is a pause. Then we are suddenly PULLED THROUGH THE WINDOW, SMASHING glass, careening back into:

DREAM FLASH - NIGHTMARE SPRINGWOOD

We SAIL through the gloomy air, over the creepy buildings. And suddenly DIP DOWN, right for the street, and end up CRUISING three inches off the asphalt, really ripping down the road until we grind to a SUDDEN HALT. Right in front of:

FREDDY'S FEET. Our shot TILTS UP. Freddy looms above us and grins.

FREDDY

You can't stay awake forever, boy!

He LAUGHS, his mouth gaping wide, and then splitting open impossibly wider. Something starts pouring out of his mouth, right at us.

Hundreds of GIANT BUGS spew down upon us, covering us completely as everything goes to BLACK and we:

INT. WESLEY & JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON JACOB

his eyes are open, his mouth is hanging in a SILENT SCREAM. It looks like his head is about to explode. He lifts his hand up to his face. He's holding an eight-inch long MONSTER



BUG.

Jacob SCREAMS out loud this time, tosses the mutant insect away. It lands on a windowsill and escapes out the opening.

Jacob jumps to his feet, sending his chair tumbling backwards with a CRASH. He shakes and moans, a little drool dripping down his chin.

Wesley sits up with a start and stares at Jacob.

WESLEY

I told you you'd go nuts!

Jacob catches his breath, gives Wes a dead serious look.

JACOB

Get everybody else. I have to tell them something.

WESLEY

In the middle of the night?

JACOB

I MEAN it!

Wesley is shocked by Jacob's manic state and jumps out of bed.

INT. FOSTER HOME - TV ROOM - NIGHT

Five kids are gathered around the room in various stages of sleepy grumpiness and annoyed disbelief. Jacob paces back and forth.

SCOTT

I don't get it. Is this guy alive or dead?

JACOB

He's neither. He haunts your dreams and if he kills you, you die for real.

Wesley, the most gullible of the group, looks pretty scared.

WESLEY

I haven't dreamed of him. I have nightmares like you wouldn't believe, but never of this guy.

SCOTT

That's because this all rates an eleven on the bullshit meter! I don't know why we have to listen to this crap. You're scaring the hell out of Wes here.

GINA

Keep your voice down.

SCOTT

It doesn't matter. The Ross's sleep like rocks, which is what we all should be doing.

JACOB

I know this sounds crazy, but I swear it's true. I went to bed one night and woke up in the middle of the road. Freddy Krueger killed my mother, blasted my whole town into his nightmare, and, worst of all, I think he wants to use me to kill more kids and bring more towns into his world.

KAREN

How?

JACOB

I'm not sure. I think I'm some kind of carrier. He's somehow inside me and as soon as I fall deep enough into sleep he'll be let loose. You guys were great to take me in. I just don't want to thank you by getting you all killed.

Scott gets up and goes to a desk. He pulls out a map and shows it to Jacob.

SCOTT

Okay. Show me Springwood.

Jacob looks at the map and points.

SCOTT (cont'd)

There's nothing there.

JACOB

That's what I've been trying to tell you.

SCOTT

There's NEVER been a town there.

JACOB

That's how YOU see it. I was part of the nightmare, so I'm the only one who notices the difference.

Scott stares at Jacob. He actually grows sympathetic.

SCOTT

Look, Jacob. You don't have to convince us that nightmares are real. Everybody in this room has been through one. And some of us are still living it. But the

thing is, we know it's just in our heads now. It can be just as bad as the real thing was, but it's still only a memory. It can't hurt us physically, unless we do the hurting ourselves.

GINA

And we don't want to see you get hurt.

WESLEY

We know it gets crazy. And we'll help out the best we can.

SCOTT

But this is just too hard to believe.

Jacob plops down on the couch, defeated. He hangs his head while the kids start to get up. Wesley gives him a pat on the back as he, Scott, and Gina leave. But Karen is still here.

She sits next to a window with a faraway look in her eyes. Jacob looks up at her.

JACOB

You don't believe me, either, do you?

KAREN

I don't know.

JACOB

Why are you still here?

KAREN

I'm not sure. I guess, I guess I see a lot of me in you.

JACOB

Feels good to see someone more fucked up than yourself, huh?

Karen smiles and sits down next to him.

KAREN

Yeah. That must be it.

JACOB

But you haven't told me why you're here at this place.

KAREN

I can't talk about it right now. Maybe later. Do you want me to stay with you?

JACOB

Yeah, that'd be great. Don't let me sleep, okay?

KAREN

I'll do my best.

She reaches for the remote control and flicks on the TV, moving a little closer to Jacob when she sits back into the couch. The two of them watch the screen with glassy eyes.

KAREN (cont'd)

Thank God for cable TV.

JACOB

Yeah. Thank God.

They continue to watch in silence as Karen takes hold of Jacob's hand.

INT. FOSTER HOME - THE TV ROOM - MORNING

We are ON KAREN as she sleeps curled up on the couch. Jacob is in the background putting on his shoes. He has a brown paper bag with him.

Jacob gets up, grabs his bag, and steps over to Karen. He gently pulls a lock of hair away from her face. Then he heads for the front door.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Jacob walks out the door and closes it behind him. He crosses to the porch steps and stops. He has to hold onto a porch column just to keep standing.

Karen appears behind him. Jacob jumps a bit.

KAREN

Where are you going?

JACOB

I'm leaving.

KAREN

Why?

JACOB

He can't hurt you if I'm gone. Maybe I'll go to the desert or something. I'll lie down in the middle of nowhere and finally get some sleep. Krueger can feed of the dreams of snakes and vultures.

KAREN

Fine. You're just going to take off then...

Karen has an angry expression on his face. Jacob gives her a pained look.

JACOB

Don't do this to me. I'm just trying to protect you and the others.

KAREN

Right. You blow into town and then blow right out. Terrific.

JACOB

I don't understand why you're so mad at me.

KAREN

You just don't get it, do you?

JACOB

Get what?

Karen, though still very angry, looks like she's about to cry. Jacob, confused, sits down on the porch steps.

JACOB (cont'd)

Maybe I'm crazy.

KAREN

Running away doesn't help.

He sighs and smiles a bit.

JACOB

And you're going to convince me, huh?

KAREN

Maybe.

This time Karen smiles. Jacob looks at her and sighs. Then he yawns.

KAREN (cont'd)

I'm going to make some coffee. You promise not to move?

JACOB

Yeah. Sure.

Karen jumps and heads back into the house. Jacob stares at the grass in front of him, his eyes heavy.

JACOB'S POV - THE LAWN

A bush sits there doing nothing. Until it suddenly comes TO LIFE. Its leaves start to shrivel, the lawn turns brown, the sky turns dark. Everything changes and turns into

DREAM FLASH - NIGHTMARE SPRINGWOOD

We're in a different front yard in a different town, in a different dimension.

The mutant bush starts to change, sprout legs, grow arms, become human.

ALICE

Her body takes shape as she reaches out a pleading arm to us.

ALICE  
Jacob! Help me!

She's fully formed now. And Freddy bursts out from the ground behind her. He grabs Alice, reaches his knife arm around

ALICE (cont'd)  
No-o-o-o-o!

Her words are cut off as Krueger jams his blades in her gut and we re-live her death once more. But it's even worse this time.

Blood POURS from Alice like a burst fire hydrant, spraying and showering the entire nightmare lawn like a human sprinkler. Freddy LAUGHS.

FREDDY  
Say it, don't spray it, huh, Jacob? Come and join the fun!

JACOB (O.S.)  
NOOOOOOO!

Jacob's voice rips through the scene as everything starts to BLUR RED.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Jacob is lying in the grass, violently shaking. Karen drops down next to him.

KAREN  
Jacob!

JACOB  
Nooooo!

His body jerks around as if caught in the throes of an epileptic seizure. He SHRIEKS, ignoring Karen completely, and continues to shriek and scream and yell and shake. Like he's never going to stop.

EXT. MR. HOPKINS' FRONT DOOR - DAY

We're directly across the street from the Foster Home as

Jacob's cries echo through the neighborhood. Mr. Hopkins opens the front door. He sees what's going on, scowls, and yells into his house.

MR. HOPKINS

I told you! It's an overdose! Jesus  
Christ, I saw this coming. Call 9-1-1!

He watches the commotion growing across the street, and never once moves to help.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob is being strapped into a stretcher, babbling incoherently. The residents of the Foster Home stand off to the side while neighbors gawk from the street. Karen is next to the AMBULANCE GUYS looking frantic.

JACOB

No! Don't let them take me!

KAREN

Jacob, it'll be alright.

AMBULANCE GUY #1

Calm down, kid. We'll take care of you.

Jacob grabs the Ambulance Guy.

JACOB

You don't understand! Let me go!

The ambulance guy straps Jacob's arm down. Mr. Ross grabs Karen and pulls her away as they start loading the crazed teenager into the ambulance. Scott shakes his head. Wesley looks terrified. Gina keeps her distance from any human. Karen can't take it and runs into the house. Mr. Ross frowns.

DAVID

This is just what we need.

The ambulance drives away as the gathered crowd stares at the kids angrily.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Jacob yells and struggles as an Ambulance Guy prepares a syringe for injection.

JACOB

Don't fucking put me under! You'll set  
him free!

The ambulance guy holds Jacob down and slams the needle home. Jacob screams and his eyes start to glass over.

JACOB (cont'd)  
He'll kill them all...

Jacob's head starts to go limp. A VOICE rings out in the van, a voice only Jacob hears:

FREDDY (O.S.)  
Every town as an Elm Street!

LAUGHTER echoes as Jacob turns his head towards a window.

EXT. A STREET CORNER - DAY

The ambulance zooms by. All is quiet for a second until CRASH! A twisted rusty sign post erupts out of the sidewalk and settles at an ugly angle.

It's an ELM ST. sign.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

We PULL BACK from a wide awake Jacob, who is now suddenly alone in the van. Outside the window there is only darkness. Jacob twists and struggles on the stretcher as

CLANG! the ambulance doors crash open revealing BLACKNESS and KA-BOOM! the stretcher is shot out of the van like a cannonball.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The stretcher with Jacob BLASTS through a wall and starts to race across the floor of the building that Jacob had been sweeping up the day before.

It careens along, actually taking a few turns, like it has a mind of its own, heading for a shallow pit in the middle of the warehouse.

The stretcher hits the pit, drops a bit, swings up violently, and stops in a vertical position like a rake that has been stepped on AND A BLACK HUMAN SHAPE shoots out of Jacob's body from inertial force, staying upright as it slides across the floor, spins, stops, then changes into:

FREDDY KRUEGER

Freddy has his hands on his hips and a grin on his face.

FREDDY  
Thanks for the lift, kid!

He saunters up to Jacob who is still strapped to the vertical stretcher. Krueger waves his knives and wiggles his tongue.

JACOB  
What do you want from me?



FREDDY

I already got it! The rest I'm going to  
get from your new little friends.

JACOB

Leave them alone!

FREDDY

It's my duty to clean up the  
neighborhood!

JACOB

What have you done with my town?

FREDDY

Aw, poor baby's homesick, isn't he?  
Don't worry. We'll all be one happy  
family soon. Wanna be the first recruit?

Freddy raises his blades and SWINGS. The straps around Jacob  
drop away as his body falls to the floor. He scrambles to  
his feet and starts to RUN.

Freddy laughs

WITH JACOB - RUNNING

as he heads for a door. Before he gets there, the door  
swings open and Freddy leans casually in his way.

FREDDY (cont'd)

What's the matter? Don't want to be part  
of my expansion project?

Jacob turns right around and races back across the warehouse.

AT THE DUMPSTER

Jacob races around to the other side and there's Krueger  
again.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Today, Rosedale. Tomorrow, the world!

JACOB

Over my dead body!

FREDDY

As you wish.

Freddy cranks up his knives and looms over Jacob. And three  
FLASHES OF LIGHT blast out behind the boy. Jacob rolls away  
as Freddy holds up an arm to block the blinding glare. The  
light fades. The DREAM POLICE have arrived.

We'll call the small one SOUND COP. He stands there

motionless as a loud and horrible GROWING noise emanates from his clenched teeth. This guy's bark is worse than his bite.

The female in black is BLADE COP. From nowhere she produces two nasty-looking knives, one in each hand. She spins the blades in the air like an expert Samurai.

The large one we'll call POWER COP. He reaches out for the dumpster, and with one hand sends it tumbling away with a CRASH. Freddy frowns.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Uh oh. Too many parking tickets.

The Dream Police fan out around Krueger, surrounding him. Power Cop leaps at Freddy, grabs him and TOSSES him in the air. Freddy tumbles, rolls and bounces right back up on his feet. Right next to BLADE.

She swings her knives. Freddy dodges. Swings hi own blades at her. She ducks. Freddy spins again. Right towards:

SOUND COP. The short man in black opens his mouth and a sound like a foghorn at a rock concert BLARES OUT. The force of it hitting Freddy like a fist.

Freddy bounces back. And once again he nimbly pops up. He glares at the Dream Police.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Don't interfere!

BLADE COP

We have to.

SOUND COP

It's our job.

FREDDY

Get a new one.

And Freddy starts to SPIN. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, until his image starts to BLUR.

The Police circle the whirling image, holding back to see what will happen next. Krueger stops spinning. And his clothes are different. His red and green stripes have been replaced by black and white ones. There is a number printed across his chest. He's dressed like a CONVICT. Freddy grins.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Time to blow this joint.

BOOM! A hole is suddenly blown in the high ceiling above Krueger. The building is suddenly filled with the beams of moving SPOTLIGHTS and the sound of blasting SIRENS.

A rope falls down through the hole. Freddy grabs it and WHOOSH! he's yanked up.

FREDDY (cont'd)  
You'll never get me, coppers!

and away he's gone. After a few seconds the spotlights fade away and the sirens die. The Dream Police look up seemingly unsure of their next action. Then Power Cop kicks a pile of lumber, sending wood flying dozens of yards away.

POWER COP  
Goddamnit!

Sound Cop shakes his head. Blade looks frustrated. Jacob steps up behind them.

JACOB  
Alright...just who the hell are you guys?

The black-clad trio turn around in unison and look at Jacob. There is a pause. Then:

BLADE COP  
We're the Dream Police.

Jacob almost laughs.

JACOB  
The what?

POWER COP  
The Dream Police. Didn't you hear her, man?

Power Cop turns to Sound Cop and flips up his visor revealing his face. He's a sixteen-year old black boy. Heavyside features, sweat dripping down his cheeks. He's KINCAID from NIGHTMARE 3. And he's pissed.

POWER COP (cont'd)  
We try and save this guy's ass and then he goes off and cops an attitude.

Sound Cop flips up his helmet. He's JOEY, the former mute boy.

SOUND COP  
I think you're the wrong guy to talk about attitudes.

BLADE COP  
Guys, guys. This is getting us nowhere.

She takes her helmet completely off, long dark hair tumbling over her shoulders. It's TARYN, the ex-junkie. These three,

they're the Dream Warriors. Or at least they used to be.

JACOB

Hello? May I butt in here and ask some more stupid questions?

The three of them stop bickering and turn to Jacob. Blade walks up to Jacob. Her two partners assume position behind her.

BLADE COP

We don't know much more than you do. What we do know is that we've been recruited...

JACOB

By who?

SOUND COP

We don't know.

JACOB

Why?

BLADE COP

I think that's obvious.

POWER COP

The shit's about to hit the fan.

SOUND COP

Krueger's discovered new powers.

BLADE COP

He's ripped a hole between dreams and reality.

POWER COP

Our own powers have been amplified.

SOUND COP

We only hope it will be enough.

BLADE COP

But we're going to need your help.

JACOB

Me? What can I do? Just who are you guys...really?

Blade puts her helmet back on. Her face turns grim.

BLADE COP

We were like you. We fought Freddy Krueger many years ago. Our souls were released from his grip. No we're back to try again.

All three of them drop their visors down at the same time.

JACOB

I still don't understand what...

Jacob's voice starts to GARBLE. He keeps trying to talk but the words come out twisted and clipped. He raises a hand to his throat. The hand is transparent. Jacob looks at his body as it slowly starts to disappear and now he's completely mute.

SOUND COP

Freddy Krueger can't hurt us anymore.

POWER COP

Because we're already dead.

Jacob vanishes completely.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jacob opens his eyes. He's in bed, dressed in a white smock. A DOCTOR stands next to him with a clipboard in hand.

JACOB

What's going on?

DOCTOR

Just relax, everything's fine.

JACOB

That's what you say...

DOCTOR

You're lucky you're here instead of juvenile hall. You put up quite a fight. But you're clean. No traces of drugs or alcohol in your blood.

JACOB

I could've told you that.

Jacob starts getting out of bed.

DOCTOR

Hold on there.

JACOB

You said I was fine. I have to get back. My friends are in trouble.

DOCTOR

I said you weren't on drugs, but I never said you were fine. You're suffering from extreme fatigue and stress that manifested itself into one hell of an

anxiety attack. At least that's what we hope it is. You had a major seizure, Jacob.

JACOB

You don't understand. This whole town is in danger.

DOCTOR

We're keeping you here for observation. You're not going anywhere tonight.

JACOB

You can't do that. You don't have the right!

DOCTOR

Yes we do. Your temporary guardian, Mr. Ross, signed all the papers. If you're okay in the morning we might let you go home. Until then, you're bed bound.

JACOB

But...

DOCTOR

We took off the restraints. Do you want us to put them back on?

Jacob drops back in bed. The doctor goes to the door and turns out the lights.

DAVID

Sleep.

He closes the door behind him...

JACOB

Shit...

and we hear it LOCK

CUT TO:

A CRAZED LUNATIC

suddenly SCREAMING into the lens with desperation. Dark circles under bloodshot eyes, hair matted with sweat. A guy not having a good day. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

The man is tightly bound in a regulation straight-jacket in a tiny, claustrophobic holding cell. We can now tell that the image is in BLACK AND WHITE. We continue PULLING BACK

INT. FOSTER HOME - TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gina sits on the couch with a stark white blanket on her lap,

watching a b&w 1940's potboiler with something less than enthusiasm. Wesley appears in the doorway, checking out the source of the screaming. He looks at Gina, who tosses the blanket aside and rises, frowning. The lunatic on television continues his blood-curdling SHRIEKS.

GINA  
Nice movie, huh? And I came in here to  
mellow out.

She smiles at Wes as she exits.

GINA (cont'd)  
It's all yours.

Wesley murmurs a goodnight, then looks back at the screen:

ON THE TV

Some orderlies enter the lunatic's cell and attempt to sedate him as he thrashes violently, SCREAMING bloody murder. It is gritty and awful but somehow riveting.

WESLEY

moves to the couch, clearly mesmerized by the scene. He curls up, absently pulling the white blanket around him as he watches:

ON THE TV

The orderlies in the movie manage to get the needle into their patient, who MOANS and SOBS pathetically.

ORDERLY ON TV  
Relax, will ya, buddy? Everything's gonna  
be just swell.

The second orderly leans on a wall and pulls out a pack of cigarettes from the pocket of his scrubs. (He bears a suspicious resemblance to ROBERT ENGLUND.)

WESLEY

vaguely tenses at this and absently pulls the blanket more tightly around him to compensate, like a cocoon.

ON THE TV

The second orderly smiles.

SECOND ORDERLY  
Yeah, mac. You've just had a hard day,  
that's all.

The orderly produces a pack of matches. He goes to the lunatic on the cot, and LIGHTS the match off the guy's

forehead. As the match FLARES, the lunatic SCREAMS.

CLOSE ON WESLEY

he shuts his eyes tensely as the SOUND is magnified, becoming a sudden ROAR that fills the room.

Wesley blinks his eyes open, looks around from his blanket cocoon. Whatever that last sound was, it did NOT come from the TV.

Beads of sweat line his upper lip as he nervously glances about the room. It remains quiet, serene. Deciding it was his imagination reacting to the scene on TV, Wesley nestles back on the couch, laying down now as the CAMERA MOVES TO REVEAL

The carpet at the edge of the room is bunched up as though the walls of the room itself have budged a few inches inward.

BACK ON THE TV the second orderly lights his cigarette as he hands the pack to the first. They both look down at the madman as they savor their cigarettes.

ORDERLY ON TV

You heard the man, Wesley. Just relax.  
Have a smoke with us.

Wesley's brow furrows, reacting to the coincidence. Then he stiffens as the two orderlies in the movie begin to hold the lit cigarettes over the lunatic's face

SECOND ORDERLY

Yeah, Wesley. Have a smoke.

OUR Wesley has seen about enough of this movie. He starts to get up

WESLEY

Fuck this.

but finds that he can't move. The white blanket around him restraining him tightly like the straight-jacket on TV. He squirms and struggles.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Hey.

He struggles harder now, but to no avail. He's wrapped tight, like a cigarette.

ON THE TV the two orderlies torment the straight-jacketed lunatic, poking his face with their lit cigarettes. As the lunatic SCREAMS, the screams become magnified, again becoming that loud, deafening ROAR we heard before. Wesley squirms in his blanket/ straight-jacket, he jerks his head around, SEEING with each of the man's SCREAMS, the walls of the room



SHUDDER INWARD and

Wesley's EYES WIDEN with horror as he realizes not only is he TRAPPED like a sardine in his stark white blanket, but the walls of the room are starting to CLOSE IN on him. He SPINS back to the TV set, where:

The first orderly is now looking AT US. Wesley REACTS as he notices something familiar about the man's face.

FIRST ORDERLY  
Relax, Wesley.

WESLEY  
Dad?

The second orderly BOLTS into view. He has become Freddy Krueger.

FREDDY  
Yeah, Wesley. Everything's gonna be great! Just have a smoke on us!

As they hold their smokes out TOWARD US, their arms PROTRUDE FROM THE TV SET with their lit cigarettes.

Wesley SCREAMS and jerks his head away from TV and he HITS the floor with an ugly THUMP. The wind knocked out of him. He rolls. The couch is GONE.

As he squirms and struggles to escape his white cocoon, the frightened boy looks around and sees that everything in the room - furniture, carpet, TV, even the door - are all gone, leaving just the white walls SLOWLY CLOSING IN ON HIM.

Then we see that on the floor all around Wesley are long, cylindrical white objects. Clearly, they resemble GIANT CIGARETTES, and Wesley - wrapped neck-to-toe in his white blanket cocoon - looks just like one of them.

He continues to squirm and SCREAM as the walls CLOSE IN from all sides -- closer -- CLOSER -- pushing the long white things toward him, around him, bunching them together until they are in a tight cluster, as the room CRUNCHES IN TIGHTLY, blocking whatever light source there is, until all Wesley can do is SCREAM one last time, and

The screen goes BLACK.

After a few beats, we hear a huge, deafening RIPPING SOUND, and a new LIGHT SOURCE appears as Wesley looks up, eyes wide with unspeakable horror as the giant, scarred face of FREDDY looms over him, grinning, and we:

INT. FOSTER HOME - TV ROOM

The room is back to normal, but not the occupant. Freddy

Krueger now stands here alone. He has just peeled the wrapper off a pack of cigarettes of which Wesley has become one.

FREDDY

Didn't Daddy ever tell you what the Surgeon General says...?

Krueger reaches in and pulls the tiny Wesley out of the pack. As before, Wesley is immobile, helpless. Freddy holds him between two fingers.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Smoking's bad for your health!

Freddy looks around, as if searching for something, then beams as he reaches into the air and...

FREDDY (cont'd)

Ah! A match made in heaven!

He produces a puny version of WESLEY'S FATHER in one hand. His body is straight and rigid, like a match stick.

Freddy places his thumb on the stiff man's head, and flicks his thumbnail, causing the man's skull to BURST INTO FLAME, an evil grin spanning Wesley's Father's face.

He brings the Father-Match to what would be Wesley's tiny feet, and lights the end.

VERY CLOSE ON FREDDY'S HAND

Wesley SCREAMS as Freddy tosses the FATHER-MATCH and brings the teenager's little head up to his fire-scarred lips.

The boy is enveloped by the massive cracked opening as Freddy takes a huge drag off of Wesley's head. Where his feet should be, the tip of the Wesley-Cig GLOWS RED, causing Wesley to SCREAM with supernatural pain. Smoke billows from Freddy's nose and mouth. He savors it.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Ahhhh! Now we're smokin'!

He CACKLES horribly as he continues to suck on the Wesley-Cig. With each puff, Wesley's white-wrapped body becomes slat-black ash.

FREDDY (cont'd)

What's your sign, Wesley? It wouldn't be Cancer, would it?

In between his demonic CACKLES, Freddy DRAGS on the Wesley-Cig, each puff turning more of Wesley into ash until all but his head is black and charred. Freddy holds the Wesley-Cig out, poised to tap the ashes loose.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Now say the secret word and you know what  
you'll win...

WESLEY

Go to hell!

Freddy grins.

FREDDY

Right...

And he taps the Wesley-cig with his finger. The ashes immediately fall, sifting in the air as Wesley's head - charred and black at the neck where it's been separated - falls loose. Wesley SCREAMS.

WESLEY

Noooooooooo!

and his severed head falls and falls and falls.

INT. FOSTER HOME - TV ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

WE START on WESLEY'S BODY. Eyes closed, head normal and everything from the neck down charred mass of burnt torso, shriveled limbs, all wrapped in the scorched blanket. ZIP. A body bag hides this ghastly image from us as we PULL BACK.

A FIRE MARSHALL and a COP are talking at the doorway in the background. The CORONER is here, a world weary seen-it-all older guy, with his nervous ASSISTANT who's never seen anything like this. They whisper their conversation as they lift the body bag onto a stretcher.

ASSISTANT

I don't get it. The couch is barely scorched. And how can he burn from just the neck down?

CORONER

It happens.

ASSISTANT

It happens? That's your explanation?

CORONER

I've seen worse.

We FOLLOW them as they push the stretcher towards the doorway.

ASSISTANT

What? What worse?

CORONER

Never mind.

Our shot STOPS at the doorway with the fire Marshall and cop while the wiggled-out assistant's voice trails off outside.

ASSISTANT

No. I wanna know. Really. What could be worse than...

FIRE MARSHALL

You know what the gossip rags are going to say? Spontaneous human combustion.

COP

What's that?

FIRE MARSHALL

That's where bodies are supposed to go up in smoke for no reason. It's all psychic bullshit. What really happened is called the candle effect. A tiny fire gets started, usually from a cigarette. It slowly smolders through the blanket and clothes until the skin starts to actually bake. The body fat begins to melt and liquefy, fueling the fire like a slow burning candle. It takes hours, but it's real.

The cop makes some notes. Behind them we see Scott, Karen and Gina. The girls have been crying, and even tough-guy Scott looks pretty screwed up by all this. The cop nods.

COP

He fell asleep while smoking. What a waste.

The kids shoot unbelieving looks at each other as the two men walk off.

SCOTT

That's impossible.

Scott and Karen head for the front door.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

A coroner's van, a fire chief's car and the now familiar mob of suspicious neighbors are gathered around the front of the house as the stretcher with Wesley's body is put away. A small van marked ROSEDALE GENERAL HOSPITAL pulls up and Jacob jumps out of it.

Jacob's face turns grim as a tearful Karen runs up to him, Scott following.

JACOB

Who?

KAREN

Wes...

JACOB

Oh my God. It's started.

SCOTT

He fucking burned alive.

KAREN

They said he fell asleep smoking.

SCOTT

And we all know that can't be.

JACOB

I already told you how it would happen.

Mr. Ross appears behind the three teenagers, a wasted look on his face.

SCOTT

Don't start with that shit.

JACOB

It's not shit.

DAVID

C'mon, kids. Everyone inside. Now.

David leads them back to the house as the coroner's van pulls away.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jacob, Scott, Karen and Gina stand around in various states of utter shock as David tries to console them.

DAVID

We have to be strong.

He puts an arm around Karen and reaches out to put the other one around Gina, but pulls away at the last minute when she starts to flinch.

DAVID (cont'd)

We need to pull together and help each other. Mrs. Ross is upstairs in bed. She's pretty messed up. We need to help her deal with this.

SCOTT

He would never touch a cigarette. You know that.

DAVID

We don't know anything until the authorities are finished with their investigation. In the mean time, no work for tomorrow - three day weekend. But Monday, it's back on the job. Jacob wasn't covered in our health plan and his little stint at the hospital cost us a bundle. We have to work together or we might lose this place. Okay?

The kids all nod, but not convincingly. They care more about Wesley than the house.

INT. WESLEY & JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jacob closes the door. All the kids are here. Gina absentmindedly plays with some of Wesley's things.

JACOB

When I was put under, Freddy was released. I know this because I dreamed it.

SCOTT

And that dream was real?

JACOB

Yes. Wesley was his first victim.

SCOTT

Aw, man...

JACOB

You said it yourself. How could it have been a cigarette?

KAREN

And how could he...dire that way and not wake up?

GINA

(mockingly)

Maybe the "authorities" will figure it out.

SCOTT

I'm sorry. I just can't buy into this.

JACOB

Call me crazy...but I think he's after Rosedale. The whole place. In my dream he said something about needing a few souls to get the job done. I think he has to kill in order to get the power to suck in a new town.

SCOTT  
You are crazy.

JACOB  
Thank you. There's more. There are...  
other people in there. In the  
nightmares.

KAREN  
Like him?

JACOB  
No. Different. There are three of them.  
They're dressed in black. They have  
powers like Freddy, but they seem to be  
on our side.

KAREN  
Who are they?

JACOB  
Well, you gotta hang in there with me on  
this one. They call themselves... the  
Dream Police.

Scott actually laughs.

SCOTT  
This is too much.

GINA  
You mean...like cops?

JACOB  
I guess.

KAREN  
Where are they from?

JACOB  
They're kids that Freddy killed years  
ago. THEY don't even know how they got  
there. But they're somehow patrolling  
dreamworld to put a stop to Krueger.

SCOTT  
Then why haven't these guys done the job  
already?

JACOB  
They say they need help. I don't know  
what or why...yet.

SCOTT  
I can tell you who needs help.

JACOB

Hey, I'm trying to save all of us.

SCOTT

I won't believe it until I see it.

Jacob is crushed that he's not getting through to them.

JACOB

By then it'll be too late. It was too late for Wesley.

The kids stare emptily at Wesley's earthly possessions.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Jacob and Karen sit on the steps. Across the street we can see window curtains part as Mr. Hopkins sneaks a wary peek.

KAREN

They're going to use all this to shut us down.

JACOB

I know. It's my fault.

KAREN

You going to try to run away again?

JACOB

It's too late for that. I have to stay and try and put a stop to it.

KAREN

I'm sorry. It's all so hard to accept.

JACOB

I wish I could convince you of the danger you and the others are in.

KAREN

I've been in danger before. THAT I can handle.

JACOB

This is worse than anything you can imagine.

KAREN

I wouldn't be so sure about that. Come on. Let's go inside.

She stands up.

INT. KAREN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jacob and Karen lie in bed, clothes on, cozy. Not sexual. She stares at the ceiling while he listens.



KAREN

She was great. Loving. Supportive, caring - everything a mom should be. Except she had one fatal flaw: my father. You see, she was raised at a time when they still had the "obey" part in the wedding vows. He was always jealous. She couldn't talk to another man without him thinking she wanted to go to bed with him. He never hit me. But the things he did to her...and she would always just take it. She never fought back. He'd get drunk and...she'd tell people she just fell down or something. Then one night...I was thirteen. Something happened. My mom suddenly wouldn't take it anymore. Something made her say enough is enough. She hit back. That only made it worse. I watched as he hit her over and over. Then he knocked her down the stairs. She broke her neck. And when y father saw what he'd done - he finally became human. He cried over her body for a while, then went into the garage and blew his brains out with a shotgun. To this day I don't remember what that final straw was. The shrinks say I've blocked it out of my memory. There's no one else alive who knows what really happened. I have dreams about it sometimes, but there's always that blank spot. A missing piece.

She stops and closes her eyes. Jacob closes his eyes for a second also - feeling her pain.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Jacob opens his eyes and touches Karen's arm. She finally turns to him.

JACOB

I'm sorry.

KAREN

I know nightmares are real, Jacob. I know.

JACOB

So did my mom. She taught me a lot about dreams.

KAREN

Like what?

JACOB

She told me that a lot of people have special dream powers. I inherited some from her - and some I have all to myself. She showed me how I could link up with other people's dreams - to actually be inside with them.

KAREN

That sounds wonderful. But...I don't know...

JACOB

A little hard to imagine, huh?

KAREN

Yeah. I'm sorry.

JACOB

I can convince you.

KAREN

How?

JACOB

Easy. We're doing it now.

Jacob smiles, gets up and walks over to the bedroom door. Karen is confused.

KAREN

What do you mean?

JACOB

I mean we're dreaming. You and me. Together.

He opens the bedroom door. And there's a FOREST OUTSIDE. Karen is a little scared at first, totally blown away by what's happening. But then she stands up and smiles.

JACOB (cont'd)

Want to go for a walk?

Karen steps up next to him and they walk through the doorway into daylight.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Shafts of sunlight filter through as leaves flutter down from the towering trees and Jacob and Karen step out of the bedroom door.

KAREN

I don't believe it.

JACOB

It's true. We're really doing it.

KAREN

But what if I'm just dreaming of you  
telling me that?

JACOB

We'll compare notes when we wake up.  
Then you'll know.

Karen looks around. Then she giggles. She likes this a lot.  
Karen suddenly runs away into the trees like an excited  
little girl. Jacob frowns.

JACOB (cont'd)

Karen. Wait.

He heads off after her.

AMONGST THE TREES

Jacob runs. Karen jumps out from behind a tree and laughs.

JACOB (cont'd)

You have to be careful.

KAREN

Did you bring us here on purpose? Can  
you go anywhere you want?

JACOB

Sometimes. It's not as easy as linking  
up, though.

KAREN

Wow, I never knew...

She starts wandering off again. Jacob follows her.

KAREN (cont'd)

You know what I like to do in my dreams?

She ducks behind a tree. And comes out suddenly dressed as a  
sharp BUSINESSWOMAN. Jacob is slightly taken aback.

KAREN (cont'd)

I like to be other people!

Jacob grins as she steps behind another tree - and a FIREMAN  
walks out in her place. Jacob is really taken aback this  
time.

KAREN (cont'd) (as fireman)

I can be anybody I want.

JACOB

Show off.

Karen slips past another trunk and comes out as a tall VOLUPTUOUS REDHEAD.

KAREN (AS REDHEAD)

When things get bad it helps to be someone else. I use it to protect myself.

The redhead walks seductively towards Jacob. He raises his eyebrows as she slinks right up next to him - her ample cleavage inches away from his nose.

KAREN (cont'd) (as redhead)

What do you think?

JACOB

I think I like you the way you always are.

He smiles.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

And now Karen is herself again. They're still very close.

JACOB (cont'd)

Much better.

They look like they're about to kiss... but Karen suddenly sees something that grabs her attention.

KAREN

Look!

Jacob turns as Karen runs over to ANOTHER DOOR. It's not the one to the bedroom. It just hangs there in space between two trees.

KAREN (cont'd)

I wonder where it goes?

She reaches for the knob and opens it.

JACOB

Karen, no!

But she's already stepped through. Jacob runs up to the doorway and it SLAMS in his face. Jacob tries to open the door. It doesn't budge. He keeps twisting the knob to no effect.

JACOB (cont'd)

Karen!

Jacob starts to pound on the door as we:

CUT TO:

INT. KAREN'S HOME - KITCHEN

Sixties style decore, appliances that look about twenty-five years old -- not the Foster Home kitchen at all. Karen is standing in the middle of the room, completely disoriented. She walks across to a counter top where she finds a framed picture.

It's a picture of HER, Karen, age thirteen. Karen sets the picture down and quickly walks back to the door she came in.

INT. KAREN'S HOME - LOWER HALLWAY

Karen steps out of her old kitchen expecting, hoping to be back in the forest again. Nope. She blinks. Then she starts to walk down the corridor.

More pictures on the wall this time. One of a WOMAN and another of a MAN (Karen's MOM and DAD).

Karen's sure of it now. She's home. The center of her worst nightmares. She creeps along to the main stairs. And that's when the NOISES begin. A thumping from upstairs. A CRASH, like something hit the floor above. More thumping, repeatedly and then human MOANING, the sound of pain.

Somebody is getting beaten.

KAREN

Oh no...

Something is twisting deep inside the girl. Her face goes shallow as she slowly shuffles around to the foot of the stairs...and starts to climb them.

ON THE STAIRS

Karen goes up, step by painful step, as the sounds of the BEATING increase in their intensity. Every hit seems to touch Karen as she flinches. She's afraid to go on - but can't seem to stop.

INT. KAREN'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Karen slowly heads for a door at the end, nervously reaches out for the knob.

INT. KAREN'S PARENT'S BEDROOM

Karen opens the door. What she thought she was going to see was bad enough - but this is worse:

Freddy Krueger is in the middle of the room. In front of him is a giant human-sized version of an inflatable punching doll, the kind little kids hit that keep bouncing back. But the doll doesn't have the image of a clown on it.

It's a flattened wrapped-around version of KAREN'S MOTHER, a pitiful beat-up look on her plastic face.

Freddy SMACKS the doll - it falls to the floor - and just bounces back up. And now the face on it has a NEW BRUISE.

THWACK! He hits it again, CACKLING with glee. Swoop, bounce. More bruises develop. Krueger looks at Karen.

FREDDY  
Welcome to Romper Room!

BAP! BOOOOING! The face on the punching doll changes again, it's even sadder now. And it's looking at Karen.

KAREN  
Why are you doing this?

FREDDY  
Don't you remember?

ZING! Krueger whips up his finger knives. SWOOP! he RIPS them through the plastic doll. SSSSSSSsss. The doll starts to deflate. SKREEEEEeeeeee. The escaping air sounding like a human SCREAM. Freddy turns to Karen.

And a HAND reaches out from behind her and pulls her out of the room.

INT. KAREN'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jacob pulls Karen away from the door and slams it shut. He grabs her hand.

JACOB  
Come on!

They turn to run down the hallway, and it's CHANGED. There are now NO DOORS and NO STAIRWAY. The only way out is the bedroom door they just closed. They stop and Jacob turns to Karen.

JACOB (cont'd)  
Wake up!

KAREN  
What?

JACOB  
You heard me. I said wake up!

KAREN  
How? This is my old house. How did I get here?

He begins to shake her. She is confused and disoriented. A

CRASH is heard at the bedroom door. FREDDY'S COMING.

And Jacob HITS Karen. Nothing major. It's a good slap, nonetheless. She stares at him unbelievably. He WHACKS her again.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Why are you doing this to me?

JACOB  
This is a dream! You have to get out of here. I'm not hurting you, only he can really do that! Wake up now!

SLAP! Karen's getting angry. She doesn't know what she's supposed to do. KA-BLAM! Freddy blasts through the door in a shower of splinters. He sees them and grins.

FREDDY  
Gettin' kinky, huh?

Jacob turns to Karen, raises his hand. KA-BLAM! Something blasts through the wall across from them. It's POWER COP.

CRASH! The other wall explodes. BLADE appears in the rubble.

BOOM! A piece of wall falls down at the end of the corridor. SOUND COP steps through.

Karen looks at all this nonsense, then at Jacob.

KAREN  
I think I get it now.

She closes her eyes and DISAPPEARS out of Jacob's hands. The DREAM POLICE stand in the hallway. Freddy just puts his hands on his hips and LAUGHS at them.

Then Krueger lays his arms flat on his sides, takes a deep breath and begins to INFLATE. His body expands, his clothes and skin stretch and flatten. The bottom half of him getting fatter.

He turns into a giant FREDDY PUNCHING DOLL.

Power Cop jumps in front of the plastic horror and lets loose a devastating swing. POW! The Freddy Doll swings back and BOUNCES right up again.

POW POW POW POW POW! The big Dream Cop pummels away at the Krueger toy as it slaps back and forth between the floor and his fist until SHINK! Two knives appear in Blade's hands and SWOOP. She swings them out.

RIP! The Freddy Doll tears, air blasting out in a grating SHRIEK which screeches and hisses until it becomes:

Freddy's LAUGH. The red and green plastic flutters to the ground as the evil guffaws fade away and we:

CUT TO:

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Karen shakes Jacob awake. His eyes open. They stare at each other for a few beats, then Karen frowns.

KAREN

You hit me.

JACOB

Are you hurt?

KAREN

Um...no.

JACOB

If he had done it, you'd be dead.

Karen is confused. She doesn't know what to make of all this. She looks at a clock. It's late.

KAREN

You better get back to your room. We don't want anybody to get the wrong idea.

JACOB

(smirks)

Or the right one?

Karen finally relaxes. She smiles and playfully pushes him.

KAREN

Get out of here.

Jacob reaches under a pillow and pulls something out. It's the framed photo of Karen, age thirteen - from her dream. He hands it to her and she looks at it in astonishment.

JACOB

That's something else my mom taught me.

He gets up and goes to the door, turning back to her.

JACOB (cont'd)

Don't sleep.

KAREN

No. Not tonight.

She holds the picture tightly- staring at it with those faraway eyes.



INT. FOSTER HOME - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Scott comes out of the bathroom in his night clothes, the toilet flushing in the B.G. He goes into his room, but stops at the doorway when he hears Karen's door open.

Scott ducks behind his door as he watches Jacob leave Karen's room and head for his own. Scott frowns. His is not pleased.

INT. FOSTER HOME - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

David Ross is sifting through some mail when a heated conversation in the kitchen catches his interest. He stops to listen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Karen is finally convinced, Jacob and Scott are looking like they're ready to punch each other, and Gina looks scared.

KAREN

I'm telling you, this Freddy guy is for real.

SCOTT

And I'm telling you a dream is a dream.

KAREN

Jacob was in there with me.

SCOTT

And where else was he with you last night?

JACOB

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

KAREN

I have the picture in my room if you want to see it. He brought it out from the nightmare.

SCOTT

Or from your hope chest. I bet your bed isn't the only thing he's been into.

KAREN

That picture was destroyed years ago.

JACOB

You better watch your mouth, pal.

SCOTT

I'm the last person you want to start fucking with.

JACOB

Go ahead and be a tough guy, Scott.  
Krueger will cut you to pieces before you  
can even flex a muscle.

GINA

Will you two stop it! You're scaring the  
shit out of me.

KAREN

You should be scared.

Mr. Ross enters the room, none too pleased.

DAVID

Alright. What's going on here?

SCOTT

Join the fun. Jacob and Karen were just  
telling us about their new excuse to  
sleep together.

JACOB

Nothing happened between us last night.

SCOTT

You mean in plain old reality, right?

DAVID

Okay, everybody. Out. Jacob and I are  
going to have a little talk. Now.

Scott, Gina and Karen grudgingly leave the room. David turns  
to Jacob.

DAVID (cont'd)

Your days are numbered here, buster.

JACOB

I'm sorry, but...

DAVID

Hey, I don't know what kind of shit  
you're shoveling to these kids, but it's  
going to stop. My Good Samaritan  
instincts have their limits. We've had  
enough tragedy around this place. We  
don't need you making things worse with  
fantasies.

JACOB

You don't understand

DAVID

And I want you to stay away from Karen.

Jacob starts to get defiant.

JACOB

It's a free country.

DAVID

This isn't America, it's my house. I've been checking up on you. You have no record with the police or the state or any of the runaway groups. You're the invisible kid. And if I sense even a little bit more trouble-making from you, you're going to vanish from here. Got it?

JACOB

Yes, sir.

David catches his breath. He looks like he wants to say more, but doesn't have the energy left. He just walks out of the room leaving a frustrated Jacob.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Ross are getting into their car. The engine starts and they drive away.

INT. JACOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jacob sits in bed, staring into space. Karen quietly enters the room, carefully shutting the door behind her.

She sits down next to him. Jacob looks at her with weary eyes.

JACOB

You're supposed to be off-limits to me.

KAREN

It's okay. The Ross's have gone to a council meeting and Scott's in his room. We should be safe for awhile.

JACOB

Wonderful.

KAREN

Jacob, what are we going to do?

JACOB

I'm going to go to bed soon.

KAREN

Now you WANT to sleep?

JACOB

I have to find the Dream Police. I think I'm somehow their link to all this. They

only seem to appear when I'm around. You woke me up before I had a chance to talk to them last night.

KAREN

I'm sorry. I was scared.

JACOB

your fault. I have to ask them what we're supposed to do to help them. And maybe I can protect Gina while I'm in there.

KAREN

What about Scott?

JACOB

He's on his own.

KAREN

Oh...

JACOB

I don't mean to be cold, but we've done everything to convince him. Gina's too scared to understand. I think Freddy will go after her next.

KAREN

What should I do?

JACOB

You have to stay awake.

KAREN

That's not going to be easy. I'm half asleep already.

JACOB

You have to try.

She nods her head quietly. Then

KAREN

I'd better get out of here.

JACOB

Okay. Be careful.

KAREN

YOU be careful. I'm not going anywhere.

She kisses him quickly on the cheek. He needed that. Karen gets up and quietly leaves. Jacob yawns

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gina sits on her bed in her night clothes. She holds a deck of cards in one hand while she plays solitaire on her bed sheets.

She flips a card from her deck: A black nine. She puts it on top of a ten. Another card. Queen of diamonds. She lays it on top of a king of clubs. Gina yawns. Takes another card.

It's the Freddy of Spades.

Gina frowns. Freddy Krueger's image stares up at her from the card. She looks at her stacks. There's no place to put this one. She starts flipping through the deck of cards, trying to see if there are any more Freddys. That's when a HAND RIPS UP through the bed and grabs her arm.

Gina SCREAMS, pulls away from the hand's grip and jumps back up on the bed. And ANOTHER HAND shoots up from a pillow and grabs her shoulder. Gina twists.

RIP. TEAR. GRAB. More hands appear out of the mattress, lunging for any part of Gina's body as she SHRIEKS from their touch. And Gina jumps out of bed.

She leaps to the other side of the room, bumping against her dresser drawers. Turns to her bed.

SWOOP. The multiple hands disappear down into the mattress. There is a quiet beat as she catches her shivering breath.

Then a half-dozen ARMS AND HANDS pop out from the drawers next to her. Latching indiscriminately. Some grabbing her legs and arms. Some grabbing more intimate parts.

Gina SCREAMS. Pulls away from the dresser. Yanks a few drawers out as the hands vanish and she spins over to another wall.

Where the wall ERUPTS with outreaching arms all around her. Two grab her hair. Three on each arm. Her legs are pinned. Gina shrieks and yells and flays her arms. Beating the hands with her fists as two grabs her breasts viciously. She starts kicking as one particularly perverse hand BURNT AND SCARRED, pops out between her legs. Aiming right for her crotch and in an incredible show of strength, the girl pulls away from the horde.

Gina heads for the door. CRASH. Hands blast up from the wood floor. She leaps around them. CRASH. More hands try to block her way.

Gina jumps around like she's in a mine field made of hot coals. She finally reaches to door and flings it open.

INT. ELEVATOR

Gina hits the lift's opposite wall having expected it to be a

hallway. The elevator's doors close on her bedroom and she turns to see:

Freddy. A razor finger poised over the elevator's buttons. He smiles politely.

FREDDY

Going up?

Gina is shocked and speechless. She backs away into a corner like someone trapped in a closet with the devil. Which is exactly what she is.

Rising past the terror is Gina's realization that everything Jacob's been saying is true.

FREDDY (cont'd)

At your service.

He punches one of the buttons and the elevator LURCHES. Gina grabs onto a wall as the lift races up and Freddy actually begins to WHISTLE nonchalantly.

GINA

You're not real!

FREDDY

Ah, but who is?

The elevator begins to slow.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Fourth floor. Overpopulation.

The elevator stops. The doors begin to open. Gina leaps for the way out. But she's blocked.

Blocked by PEOPLE. They fill the entrance to the lift and start to pile in. All kinds of people: businessmen, nurses, plumbers. And they're all ZOMBIES.

Vacant expressions fill their dark hollow eyes as the zombies keep coming in. Pushing Gina back into the elevator. Filling it to capacity and beyond.

The doors close and the elevator starts to move up. Twenty bodies are crammed into the tiny enclosure, smashed together, surrounding the poor teenager, drool oozing out of their mouths, breathing down her neck. SMASHING her so hard she can't even yell for help. Gina turns her head.

WESLEY is pressed up next to her. A very dead look on his face. Begin squeezed by the zombies around him. One of his eyes POPS out of its socket.

Gina finds the breath to scream and scream and scream.

FREDDY (cont'd)  
Eight floor - the morgue.

The elevator doors open and the mass of zombies starts to spastically pile out. Gina, having only been held up by the crushing bodies, falls to her knees as the last of the monsters exit the lift. She breathes in ripping gasps like she's having a coronary. But she sees the open door. And Gina jumps for the exit.

Freddy grabs her shoulder and pulls her back violently. Gina falls to the floor again as the doors shut. Freddy waves his fingers down the row of buttons and stops above the very bottom one. This button doesn't look like the others.

It's in the shape of a little heart.

Freddy turns and gives Gina a frighteningly serious look.

FREDDY (cont'd)  
Time to go down, Gina.

He presses the heart button. And the floor disappears. Gina falls SCREAMING into blackness as Freddy hangs in mid-air and LAUGHS.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE

Gaudy colors, mirrors, a cheesy heart-shaped bed. Gina's body drops down, unexpectedly softly, landing on the fluffy satin sheets.

she's dressed in a skimpy piece of bright pink LINGERIE. She moans and tries to sit up.

And four snake-like strips of satin swoop out from under the bed and quickly wrap around each of her limbs, pulling her down and yank her tight.

She's trapped. That's when the door to the room opens and in walks an incredibly huge FAT MAN. He barely fits through the door as he closes it behind him. Puffy cheeks, permanent seat, dirty fingernails, and a lecherous smile.

Gina's eyes widen.

FAT MAN  
Hi there, princess. Your mom's told me  
all about you.

Gina SCREAMS as he approaches her, the ground actually shaking from his weight.

FAT MAN (cont'd)  
She said you're even better than she is.

He looms above her, now. Starts to unbutton his shirt to

reveal a hideous mound of hairy stomach flesh. Gina is repulsed.

FAT MAN (cont'd)

Aw, come on. I'm really a nice guy. You know what they say. Inside every fat person...

RIP! Krueger's finger blades JUT out of the abdomen and start tearing a huge SLIT up the front of his body. The Fat Man starts to fold back as Freddy's head pops out of the front.

FREDDY

...is a maniac trying to get out!

Freddy steps out of the Fat Man, sluffing the bulbous remains aside. He towers over Gina. That creepy serious look on his face again.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Now it's time for YOU to put out, Gina.

Gina gasps in horror as Krueger moves in. But then a KNOCK at the door.

ROOM SERVICE (O.S.)

Room service?

FREDDY

Huh? I didn't order anything...

Freddy frowns and walks over to the door. He turns back to Gina.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Maybe its complimentary champagne!

Krueger opens the door. On the other side is a dinner cart and a waiter behind it. The waiter is JACOB.

CRASH! Jacob shoves the dinner cart into the room and into Freddy's gut, shoving Krueger across the room into a tumbled heap. Three EXPLOSIONS OF LIGHT BURST into the room. The Dream Police materialize.

Freddy jumps up growling. Power Cop grabs him from behind. Blade leaps over to the bed and in a FLASH of steel, releases Gina from her satin bonds. Jacob yanks Gina off the bed and pulls her towards the door.

JACOB

Come on!

Freddy jumps out of Power Cop's grip and the Dream Police surround him as the two teenagers bolt out of the room.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY



Jacob pulls Gina along as the hotel room door SLAMS shut by itself. Gina yells at Jacob.

GINA  
Let go of me!

She squirms out of Jacob's grip and bounces away from him like he has the plague. CRASHING is heard from the hotel room. A violent battle is under way. Jacob pleads with Gina.

JACOB  
I'm here to help!

He holds out his hand to her. Gina shivers, than looks into Jacob's sincere eyes. SOUNDS of destruction continue behind the door as the girl battles with her worst fear. Finally Gina takes Jacob's hand.

GINA  
Let's get out of here.

They start running down the corridor - together.

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE

The entire room is filled with SWIRLING DUST and SMOKE, completely obscuring everything from sight. As the sound of BREAKING FURNITURE and grunting fighters echoes, a few pieces of debris bounce into view.

And then there is SILENCE.

The dust settles and the smoke dissipates. The DREAM POLICE stand alone in the rubble of a totally trashed room.

POWER COP  
Where'd he go?

SOUND COP  
I thought you had him.

BLADE COP  
Shit...

Krueger has escaped.

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Jacob runs, Gina trailing behind him, the two of them trying to find a way out. They pass a door.

The door SLAMS open and Freddy reaches out, grabs Gina and yanks her into the room. The door BANGS shut.

Jacob twirls around and runs towards the door.

And the door DISAPPEARS. Nothing but flat wall remains as Jacob hits it. He starts banging his fist against the side of the corridor.

JACOB  
No no no no!

The Dream police run up next to him. Jacob spins around angry.

JACOB (cont'd)  
He's got Gina!

SOUND COP  
Stand back.

Everyone backs off. Sound Cop opens his mouth. BOOM! An almost visible sound wave bursts forth from his lips and CRACK, a huge hole is punched in the wall.

The Police leap into the hole, quickly followed by Jacob.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

This one's pretty normal. Maybe the business suite. And it's EMPTY except for a heart-shaped box of candy in the middle of the bed. Jacob and the rest of the Police watch as Blade picks up the box and opens it. Dozens of COCKROACHES pour out onto the floor. Now Jacob's really pissed.

JACOB  
You let him get away!

SOUND COP  
It's difficult.

POWER COP  
He's been at this longer than we have.

BLADE COP  
He can do anything.

SOUND COP  
But we have to catch him in the act to get him.

JACOB  
What...there are rules to all this?

SOUND COP  
They're not rules.

POWER COP  
It's just the way it is.

BLADE COP

Jacob, we need you to bring the rest together.

JACOB

The rest? You mean the kids at the home?

BLADE COP

Yes. We need as many of you as we can get. And you must bring them to Springwood.

JACOB

How?

BLADE COP

You have the power to link your dreams with other's. Dream of Springwood, then bring the rest with you.

SOUND COP

Living souls are what he thrives on. Living souls are what we need to help stop him.

POWER COP

Before it's too late.

BLADE COP

Before he takes everyone.

SOUND COP

And every THING.

Jacob just shakes his head.

INT. LIMBO

All is BLACK. Except for Freddy and Gina. He has her from behind, his hands locked on her shoulders.

FREDDY

Ah...alone at last.

Gina cries horribly like a person who knows death is seconds away. Freddy wraps his arms around her, hugging her.

And he KEEPS wrapping his arms. They STRETCH and elongate, wrapping once around his body and then around her's again.

And then again. Freddy's rubber limbs curl around and around an around Gina's quivering body. Spiraling up and down. Encircling on all sides on every part of her, touching and grabbing her EVERYWHERE.

Until Krueger's arms cover her entirely. Gina whimpers.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Touching, isn't it?

And he starts to SQUEEZE. Gina gags as Freddy's snake-like embrace TIGHTENS around her, draining the life out of Gina's body.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jacob wakes with a start as the entire house around him shakes.

JACOB

Gina!

Jacob jumps out of bed.

INT. FOSTER HOME - UPPER HALLWAY

Jacob dashes down the corridor. Karen comes out of her room.

KAREN

Is it an earthquake?

JACOB

No. It's Freddy.

They run to Gina's room and fling the door open.

INT. GINA'S BEDROOM

The RUMBLING of the house has stopped. Gina's in bed, her tongue sticking grotesquely out from the corner of her mouth, her skin completely blue. Jacob and Karen run to her to try and help.

Gina's already dead. But Freddy's not quite done with her yet. Jacob and Karen watch as Gina's chest CAVES IN. Karen SCREAMS.

EXT. FOSTER HOME - EARLY MORNING

The coroner's back, the neighborhood gawks. Jacob, Karen and Scott sit on the front steps in a daze.

But this time there are police barricades up. In another part of the front yard we can see Mr. and Mrs. Ross with a social worker, MR. SILVERMAN. Mary Ross is crying while her husband David is having a heated argument with Silverman.

The kids watch on gloomily.

The social worker leaves as Mr. Ross walks over to the kids. Mary walks right by them and into the house - to broken up over something to talk.

DAVID

Pack your bags, kids.

JACOB

You're kicking us out?

DAVID

No. They're taking you away. They say it's for your own good.

KAREN

They can't do that.

DAVID

Yes, they can. They consider Mary and I possibly unfit to act as foster parents. They're going to find temporary homes for you until this mess is straightened out. I'm so very sorry.

Karen runs up to David and hugs him desperately. He holds her.

KAREN

No, please.

DAVID

They're not calling it an accident this time. They don't really know what to call it.

Karen lets go. Scott stands up.

SCOTT

What's going to happen to us?

DAVID

You'll be alright.

KAREN

What's going to happen to you?

DAVID

I don't know. They're thinking of pressing charges.

JACOB

Aw, Jesus...

DAVID

Come on. A car from juvenile hall will be here in an hour.

He leads them up the stairs.

EXT. JUVENILE HALL - DAY

A sign reads: ROSEDALE YOUTH CENTER.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Silverman, the social worker, is talking to the teenagers. Karen and Scott look understandably worried. Jacob looks like the world just ended for him.

MR. SILVERMAN

I'm sure most of you know how this works already. You'll be assigned new foster homes tomorrow afternoon. Tomorrow morning the police will be talking to you regarding the matter at the old house.

KAREN

What about it?

MR. SILVERMAN

Anything you know.

SCOTT

Are we considered suspects?

MR. SILVERMAN

You'll talk to the police about that. Don't worry. We'll all try and work this out.

KAREN

Will we be able to go back to the Ross's?

MR. SILVERMAN

I don't know. You'll have a place to stay in the mean time.

KAREN

Will we be together?

MR. SILVERMAN

No. We don't have anybody willing to take more than one person. I'm afraid you'll be split up.

SCOTT

Great...

MR. SILVERMAN

Hey, you can visit each other. You'll be in the same town.

JACOB

If it's still here.

Silverman frowns at that last comment as the kids get up to leave.

INT. JUVENILE HALL CORRIDOR

The teenagers walk glumly out of the office. Jacob is still strangely silent, not making eye contact with anyone.

KAREN

Jacob, what are we going to do?

JACOB

Nothing.

KAREN

What do you mean, nothing?

JACOB

It's over. We're finished. He's won.

Jacob walks on ahead of them. Karen is flabbergasted. She stops and just stands there with Scott. The two of them watching Jacob walk away.

SCOTT

Looks like your hero just gave up.

And Karen still can't believe it.

EXT. JUVENILE HALL COURTYARD - DUSK

Jacob is sitting on a bench looking like a beaten man and hating himself for it.

Karen and Scott step out of a door. They watch him for a few seconds. Then Karen walks towards Jacob. Scott stays behind and lights up a cigarette.

KAREN

How can you do this?

JACOB

Do what? I'm not doing anything.

KAREN

Exactly. After all we've been through you just throw in the towel. Why?

JACOB

Because we're fucked. The last thing the Dream Police told me was that they needed all our help. Together. Even if we weren't about to be split up there aren't enough of us left to make a difference.

KAREN

How do you know that?

JACOB

I don't. But, it's all just too much. I've tried so hard and nothing's worked. I'm spent. I'm wasted. I'm...I'm so

tired.

Jacob puts his face in his hands.

JACOB (cont'd)  
I've had enough.

KAREN  
So you're just going to give up? I'll bet that's something your mother never taught you.

That hit home. Jacob uncovers his face. His ID bracelet dangles from his wrist. He looks at the bracelet. ALICE glints in the setting sunlight. He remembers. Jacob looks up at Karen.

KAREN (cont'd)  
We still have one night together.

JACOB  
And we're not going to waste it.

Jacob stands up.

INT. JUVENILE HALL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jacob paces back and forth in front of Scott and Karen.

KAREN  
Scott, we need you.

SCOTT  
Look, I don't know what's going on anymore. Two of my friends die and now you tell me I have to drop into dreamland with you guys to do battle with the dude that did it.

JACOB  
We'll have help.

SCOTT  
Ah, yes. I almost forgot. The Sleepy Squad. Alright. I'll make you a deal. I told you I wouldn't believe this stuff unless I saw it. If I understand this correctly, all I have to do is fall asleep and you just whisk me into the action.

JACOB  
Right.

SCOTT  
Okay. If that happens, if both of you show up in my dream, I'll help you out.



If nothing happens, then I'll get a good night's sleep and laugh at you in the morning.

JACOB

Fine. You got a deal. And you won't be disappointed.

KAREN

I'm going to be sleeping in the girl's dorm. Will you be able to bring me in?

JACOB

I hope so. Then I got to make sure we all end up in Springwood.

SCOTT

The old stomping ground?

JACOB

Yeah. Only right now it's not a very pretty place.

KAREN

What do we do when we get there?

JACOB

Play it by ear. And try and stay alive.

A SOCIAL WORKER sticks his head into the lounge.

SOCIAL WORKER

Half hour til lights out, everyone.

The kids get up and start for the door.

JACOB

Off we go.

SCOTT

Into the wild black yonder.

Scott shakes his head as they leave.

INT. KAREN'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Karen lies in bed, under the covers. She holds the picture of herself, thirteen years old. She stares at it. Still that missing piece.

Karen puts the picture on a nightstand and closes her eyes.

INT. SCOTT & JACOB'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Scott lies on the top of a set of bunk beds. Jacob is on the bottom and already looks asleep.

ON SCOTT

He's still awake. Maybe he's starting to believe some of Jacob's ramblings, because he nervously fidgets in bed.

SCOTT

Freddy Krueger. Yeah, right. Years ago some sicko gets fried and now he comes back to stick it to you when you're snoozing. Stupid bedtime story.

he sighs, looks at his wrist, but his watch isn't on. Then:

SCOTT (cont'd)

Hey, Mr. Creepoid, you still up?  
(a beat)  
Yo, Jacob?

There's still no answer. Scott rolls and peeks over the edge of the bunk bed. And Jacob's not there.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Huh?

Scott sits up, looks around. And FALLS right through the middle of his bed, NOT appearing underneath the top bunk. He just disappears.

EXT. NIGHTMARE SPRINGWOOD - SOUTH STREET - NIGHT

Scott falls out of a tree and lands with a THUD. He groans, slowly gets to his feet and takes in his surroundings.

The road is dark and desolate. The street lights emit a grim brown glow and there are no stars or moon in the sky.

SOUNDS echo through the trees and buildings. Weird MOANS, odd GURGLINGS, eerie WHISPERS, and an occasional unearthly HOWL.

This does not comfort Scott.

SCOTT

Oh, this is lovely.

He starts cautiously walking down the sidewalk. SOMETHING flies by with a FLAPPING. Scott ducks. Was it a bird or a bat or what? It's already gone.

Then a craggy voice calls out from behind a tree.

BUM

Hey, buddy?

SCOTT

Yeah, what?

Scott is understandably jumpy. The dark figure of a BUM starts walking towards him. Scott backs away.

BUM

Can you spare some change?

SCOTT

Um, well, let me see...

Scott starts sifting through his pockets, and the BUM steps out into the light.

He has THREE EYES and a HUMP BACK. Scott YELPS.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Holy Jesus Christ.

The Bum grins and Scott starts stumbling away, his voice trailing off:

SCOTT (cont'd)

I'll catch you next time, buddy.

The mutant bum belches.

EXT. NIGHTMARE SPRINGWOOD - PARNELL AVE. - NIGHT

Karen rounds a corner. She walks nervously down the middle of the street. There are no cars, and she wants to keep as far away as possible from the houses on either side.

There is a CREAKING sound from one of those houses. Karen turns her head to look.

A craggy OLD WOMAN is rocking back and forth on her front porch. She's eating something, something stringy and slimy. She munches away with a vacant look in her eyes.

The something in her hands MOVES slightly. The old woman's meal is still alive.

Karen gags and walks faster. And a PANTING sound is heard, like two dogs. Someone is walking their pet down the sidewalk.

It's the MUTANT WOMAN from Jacob's opening nightmare: straggly hair, oozing sores, limping. The source of the multiple paintings is her single dog, all two heads of it.

The mutant woman waves unpleasantly at Karen. Karen whimpers and starts to RUN.

WITH KAREN - RUNNING

She stumbles quickly down the street. We catch fleeting glimpses of other horrors, twisted shapes, bent shadows.

Karen rounds a corner, and SCREAMS when she bumps into someone. It's Scott, out of breath from his own sprinting.

KAREN

Scott! You're here.

SCOTT

Yeah. Fun town. Talk to any of the neighbors, yet? They're a swell bunch of folks.

KAREN

Uh-huh. Real friendly, too.

SCOTT

So this is a dream?

KAREN

And I'm in it with you. Convinced?

SCOTT

Maybe I'm just dreaming bout being here with you. Wouldn't be the first time.

KAREN

Nope. I tired that one already. Doesn't work. Come on, we have to find Jacob.

Scott nods and they take off down the street. A cat with three tails slithers by.

EXT. NIGHTMARE SPRINGWOOD - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Jacob is standing motionless in the middle of the road. He stares down into the darkness, a wooden expression on his face.

Karen and Scott are running up behind him.

KAREN

Jacob! Thank God!

SCOTT

So this is the place, huh?

Jacob's eyes are steady. He hasn't yet acknowledged the other's presence. He eyes are fixed on the gloominess in front of him. A look of vengeance beginning to grow as our SHOT MOVES IN on him.

JACOB

I'm home.

Karen and Scott are next to him now. They stand silently with Jacob for a few seconds. Then:

KAREN

What now?

JACOB

Scott, are you with us?

SCOTT

A deal's a deal.

JACOB

Then we wait.

And not for long. FLASH! In three bursts the Dream Police appear directly across from the teenagers. Scott and Karen jump back. Jacob hold his ground.

SCOTT

Whoa!

The threesomes stand face-to-face in two parallel rows.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Nice outfits.

POWER COP

Is this all?

JACOB

All that's left.

SOUND COP

It'll have to do.

SCOTT

We can always come back later. Like when it's daytime.

POWER COP

It's always night here.

JACOB

What's the plan?

BLADE COP

We need you to draw him out.

SCOTT

Terrific. We're supposed to be bait.

SOUND COP

Essentially.

JACOB

Then let's do it.

KABOOOOOOOOM! A huge BRICK WALL, ten feet high and spreading out across the street and through the houses, BLASTS up from the asphalt. Right between the Police and the kids.

ON THE DREAM POLICE SIDE

The three cops crouch into battle positions.

ON THE TEENAGER'S SIDE

The three of them have hardly any time to react before three perfectly round HOLES open up underneath each of them.

And Scott, Jacob and Karen fall into darkness.

ON THE DREAM POLICE SIDE

Sound Cop stands up and his body begins to VIBRATE. A new noise emits from his mouth: a HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL.

And like the walls of Jericho, the bricks in front of them fall apart and tumble to the ground. Dust settles and the Police walk over the rubble to the other side. The kids are gone.

BLADE COP

Fan out.

The Dream Police break formation and scatter.

EXT. A STREET

A hole opens up in the road and WHOOSH, KAREN is elevated up into the scene and the hole seals up instantly.

She jumps a few feet and drops to her knees, holding onto the ground. She looks up at a street sign. It reads: ELM ST. Karen stands up and heads down the road.

EXT. ROCHESTER AVE.

Another hole, and VOOM, Jacob is shot up into the street. He spins around, trying to get his bearings. It doesn't take him long. He knows exactly where he is.

JACOB

Oh no...

He starts to run and we FOLLOW him.

Jacob jumps over a procession of RATS making their way across the street and just keeps on sprinting. Until he reaches a certain house. He catches his breath as he looks at the building, pain registering on his face.

JACOB (cont'd)

Mom...

Jacob runs towards the house as our shot MOVES IN CLOSE to the mailbox and ate name printed across it. It reads

JOHNSON.

INT. NIGHTMARE JOHNSON HOME - ENTRYWAY

Jacob bursts through the door. He turns on a light switch. A lamp SPUTTERS into semi-life, and keeps sputtering, casting a candle-like glow over the interior.

Cobwebs and dust cover everything. Rats and tarantula spiders skitter about. Jacob grits his teeth and walks in deeper.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD TAVERN

Scott BLASTS out of the asphalt. He staggers for a few seconds from the ride, then looks at the building in front of him. A pattering neon sign, 'SPRINGWOOD TAVERN', marks the local saloon. Muffled MUSIC and VOICES seep through the cracks of the double doors.

Scott looks around, then shrugs. He heads for the entrance.

INT. SPRINGWOOD TAVERN

Dump is too clean a word, dive is too nice, abomination is more like it. A greenish haze covers everything. Instead of sawdust on the floor there is a collection of debris that looks like a compilation of human teeth, crushed bugs, and pools of unmentionable goo.

Then there's the people.

Imagine any profanity, any obscenity, any blasphemy, add them all up - then double them. It wouldn't even come close to the patrons of this joint.

They dance, they yell, they drink bloody bubbling mixtures. There's a guy to the right that doesn't seem to mind that half his brain is showing. That girl over there has no jaw. In a booth is a couple that are connected at the lips. A ventriloquist on stage is entertaining the troops with his hand up the back of a real body.

Scott steps through the door and blinks about a dozen times. Then he decides that the smart course of action is to turn around and go right back out.

A MUTANT BOUNCER, half his face a skull, blocks Scott's way.

MUTANT BOUNCER

Two drink minimum.

SCOTT

Ah, that's okay. I think I'm underage, anyway.

MUTANT BOUNCER

Two drink minimum.

SCOTT

No, really. I'm driving.

MUTANT BOUNCER

Two drink minimum.

The bouncer with the limited vocabulary seems adamant. Scott backs off and turns around. He carefully moves forward. A MUTANT WAITRESS with three breasts slips next to him.

MUTANT WAITRESS

Can I get you anything?

SCOTT

That's okay. I'll just sit at the bar.

MUTANT WAITRESS

Alright, honey. You call if you need anything.

SCOTT

You bet. You'll be the first to know.

Scott turns away, trying to keep his eyes in their sockets. He slides up to the bar next to a MUTANT BUSINESSMAN. The man's head is on backwards, his arms lean on the bar while his face looks out into the crowd. He has to twist his neck to sip his vile drink.

A BARTENDER, surprisingly normal-looking, steps up to Scott.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

SCOTT

Um, a beer, I guess.

The bartender fills a twisted glass with a sickly brown liquid. Chunks of matter float amongst the foam. Scott takes the drink warily and looks up at the businessman next to him. The mutant smiles at him.

BARTENDER

Go on. Puts hair on your back.

SCOTT

And that's all?

The bartender returns. Holds one of those half pineapple type drinks in his hand, except this one has the back end of a wriggling lizard sticking out of mucousy fluid under a tiny umbrella. He gives it to Scott.

SCOTT (cont'd)

That's okay, this'll be plenty.



BARTENDER

No charge. Compliments of the man at the  
end of the bar.

The bartender walks away and Scott cranes his head to look  
down the bar.

SCOTT'S POV

The crowd blocks his view, but we can see a gloved hand with  
four blades strapped to it tapping nonchalantly on the  
surface of the wood.

BACK TO SCOTT

He picks up his drinks, holding the moving one at arm's  
length, and heads down the bar.

AT THE END OF THE BAR

sits Freddy Krueger. He sips coolly on some hideous  
concoction as Scott sits down in the chair next to him and  
lights a cigarette, trying to look equally cool.

FREDDY

Welcome to my favorite haunt.

SCOTT

So you're the man.

FREDDY

At your service.

SCOTT

What's on your mind?

FREDDY

A deal.

SCOTT

A deal's what got me into this.

FREDDY

Bring Jacob to me.

Scott, valiantly holding on to his nerve, raises an eyebrow.

SCOTT

What's in it for me?

FREDDY

Power. You don't need to hang out with  
those losers. You're a take-charge kind  
of guy, Scott. Like when you took charge  
of your father.

Suddenly Freddy is spinning a gun on the bar with his free hand. Scott grimaces.

SCOTT  
Leave my father out of this.

FREDDY  
I'll make you mayor of Rosedale.

SCOTT  
After you make it look like this?

FREDDY  
You can have Karen.

That was Freddy's trump card. It really hits a nerve in Scott. Karen's everything he's ever wanted.

SCOTT  
Alive?

FREDDY  
Any way you want her.

SCOTT  
(after a beat)  
Okay.

FREDDY  
Shake?

Krueger holds out his knives. Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT  
No thanks. I trust you.

Freddy laughs.

INT. NIGHTMARE JOHNSON HOME - ALICE'S BEDROOM

Jacob opens the door into darkness.

JACOB  
Mother?

He turns on the light and a RED HAZE blankets the room. Jacob looks up. The dish-like ceiling lamp is filled with blood.

Jacob walks into the room, tears welling. He walks by Alice's vanity, her makeup still sitting there as if she might show up and use it at any moment.

He steps up to a wardrobe closet and touches the edges of it lightly. He reaches out and slowly, almost reverently, opens the doors.

Dozens of writhing SNAKES drop out of the closet and slither onto the ground.

Jacob jumps back and SCREAMS.

Then he just stands there in the middle of the teeming reptile mass, not giving a shit anymore, going insane. His fists clenched, his head tilted back, as he YELLS into the air like a wolf baying at the moon.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD TAVERN

Scott steps off the sidewalk and looks up and down the street. He thinks and we MOVE IN on him.

SCOTT  
Mayor of Rosedale.

Scott sneers.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
What a crock of shit.

We PULL WIDER as Scott cups his hands around his mouth.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Hey! He's over here. Yo! Dream Police.  
Hello! Come on. Move you collective  
asses.

CLOSE ON SCOTT

He puts his hands on his hips and sighs.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Never a cop around when you need one.

GLITCH! a stabbing sound of flesh, and Scott JERKS violently as our shot PULLS BACK to reveal:

Freddy behind Scott, his deadly fingers buried in the boy's back. Scott chokes on his own blood as Krueger growls.

FREDDY  
I hate a snitch!

Freddy pulls out his blades as Scott falls forward and with his final breath utters:

SCOTT  
Eat shit...

His body hits the ground with a THUD as a sudden ROAR fills the air. Freddy looks around for its source. And Sound Cop drops down on him with a SMACK.

The two of them tumble, then both jump up. Freddy laughs.

Sound Cop looks down at Scott's body, then back up at Krueger. His body is shaking with fury, and he opens his mouth.

The loudest sound yet comes from Sound Cop. KABOOM! A blast of air at Mach 3 smacks into Freddy and sends him sailing back, SMASHING right through the Tavern wall.

INT. SPRINGWOOD TAVERN

Freddy flies sideways, right through the bar, destroying chandeliers as he careens through and punches yet another huge hole through the opposite wall.

The nightmarish customers don't even seem to notice.

INT. NIGHTMARE JOHNSON HOME - ENTRYWAY

Jacob is shuffling down the stairs as a SONIC BOOM of noise echoes through the streets outside.

He knows exactly what that sound means as we MOVE IN on his face.

JACOB  
Krueger...

Jacob races for the front door.

INT. SPRINGWOOD TAVERN

The dust is just starting to settle as a THUD is heard coming from the hole in the opposite wall. Quickly followed by Freddy's soaring body. Krueger SMASHES into some tables and slides across the floor. Power Cop steps through the hole, his fists clenched. Freddy stands up and dusts himself off.

FREDDY  
Lighten up, bone brain.

Power Cop has no intention to. He bolts over, grabs Krueger, raises him over his head like a wrestler, slams him down on the bar, and SHOVES Freddy, knocking glasses and ashtrays aside until he SMACKS into yet another poor wall.

Krueger barely gets back on his feet when Power Cop is right on him again. The big man in black SWINGS, but this time Freddy DUCKS. CRACK! a support column bursts into dust. Freddy twirls around. And the two of them start to PUNCH each other.

It's a barroom brawl between non-humans as Power Cop and Freddy Krueger exchange multiple blows.

SMACK SMACK SMACK! Freddy nails Power Cop, whose head barely seems to budge from the hits.

POW POW POW! Power Cop lays into Krueger, sending him spinning and tumbling only to pick him up and start the process all over again.

This goes on for a while, and Krueger is losing.

The mutant bouncer finally steps up to Power Cop to try and put a stop to all this.

MUTANT BOUNCER

Take it outside!

CRUNCH! Power Cop puts a stop to the bouncer with a vicious elbow in the chest. All this gave Freddy a few seconds to grab a chair and crack it ineffectually over the Cop's head. The pummeling begins again.

THWACK THWACK THWACK! Power Cop is punching Freddy towards the door.

EXT. SPRINGWOOD TAVERN

Like in an old wester, Krueger flies out of the double doors and somersaults onto the pavement. Sound Cop is a few yards away knelt down next to Scott's dead body. He looks up as Freddy sneers.

FREDDY

No more playing around.

Freddy raises his left fist and it begins to EXPAND. It grows like an inflated beach ball, except it doesn't look soft at all. Freddy slides up to the side of the entrance, and raises his giant hammer hand. Power Cop steps through, looking for blood. Sound Cop tries to warn him.

SOUND COP

Kincaid!

Too late. BAM! Freddy's fist slams down on Power Cop's head. He's actually shoved down into the ground a full two feet - trapped at the legs.

BAM! Freddy hits him again. Power Cop is down to his thighs and he can't get out.

A RUMBLING is heard. Freddy turns to see Sound Cop starting to open his mouth. Krueger instantly reaches down and grabs a brick from the rubble and THROWS it at Sound Cop.

FREDDY

Put a lid on it!

THUNK! The brick lands squarely in Sound Cop's mouth, stretching it painfully and blocking it completely. Sound Cop reels from the impact. Tries to pull out the firmly wedged plug.

Freddy turns back to Power Cop, BAM! Hits him down to his hips. The giant fist swings, BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM! like hammering a nail until Power Cop DISAPPEARS into the ground.

Freddy's hand deflates to regular size as he turns to the struggling Sound Cop.

Sound Cop's head is EXPANDING. Pressure seems to be building up, something's gonna blow. Freddy picks up a boulder from the street rubble. He catapults it with both hands at Sound Cop. The boulder hits Sound Cop's head and takes it CLEAN OFF.

Sound Cop's decapitated skull tumbles away with the brick still stuck, as a blast of air shoots up from the stump of his neck with a SCREECH.

Sound Cop's body stumbles for a few seconds, then falls over limply.

Freddy LAUGHS and laughs and laughs... KACHUNK! until a KNIFE embeds itself in his back. Krueger spins around.

CHUNK CHUNK CHUNK! Three more knives slam into his body as he staggers back in surprise. Blade Cop stands twenty feet away reaching into thin air and whipping out knife after knife, flinging them at Freddy. They sail like flying bullets.

CHUNK CHUNK CHUNK! Krueger falls back from the sheer force of the onslaught, at least a dozen blades sticking out of his body.

Blade stops. She stands there for a beat, waiting to see what Freddy will do next.

Krueger sways, looking like an inhuman pincushion. Then he grins. His body steadies, and he suddenly poses like a body builder and flexes every muscle.

POP POP POP! The daggers shoot out of his torso and limbs, CLATTERING to the ground.

The girl in black steps back and raises her arms. SHINK SHINK! Two-foot-long sabers jut out from her forearms. They're not held by her, they're a PART of her, exiting from the tops of her wrists under her clenched fists. She crosses the blades in front of her.

FREDDY (cont'd)  
(smiling)

Ah... a girl after my own heart.

KACHINK! Freddy shoots out his finger knives and they EXTEND to double their normal size. He raises them and takes on a fencing stance.

FREDDY (cont'd)

En guard, bitch

SWOOP/CLANG! A swordfight ensues. Freddy swinging his four long knives. Blade slashing her rapier-arms. They lunge, they parry, they leap, they duck.

CLANG! They connect. SCREEEEEE. Metal scrapes metal. It's a bastardized version of an Errol Flynn movie and Blade Cop and Freddy are equally matched. Blade moves to get the upper hand.

CLINK CLINK! Blades shoot out of the girl's ELBOWS. Now when she takes a swing with her fists, another sword is right behind it on the follow-through.

Freddy gets caught off-guard. Gets slashed twice in the shoulder and twirls away. Then starts to move FASTER.

Blade counters with an equally increased intensity. Freddy ducks, SWOOPS out twice quickly. A fold of black cloth drops down on Blade's stomach, revealing naked skin and a little blood. They pause for a second.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Touche.

And Blade becomes AIRBORNE putting a Samurai to shame, twirling her legs up and out as a blade juts momentarily from her RIGHT HEEL, chopping off Freddy's left hand.

Krueger stumbles back in astonishment as green goo spurts out of the stump.

Astonishment turns to rage as the two converge again, swinging away at an incredible rate. An impossible rate.

JACOB rounds the corner. He stumbles into the action just as the battling pair are becoming an obscure swirling GLINTING MASS. Pieces of them start to drop away.

Blade's foot hits the ground. Freddy's arm plops away. A broken sword hits the asphalt under the spinning cloud, then one of Blade's arms.

CLOSE ON JACOB

as he watches, his eyes dart to try to follow the action that's moving too fast for him to see.

Then there's silence.

We PULL BACK and PAN to follow Jacob as he walks into the scene of carnage. He steps up to two piles of remains: one black and flesh colored covered with red blood, the other a heap of red and green cloth, scarred tissues, and pukish

green glop.

Blade and Freddy have literally chopped each other to bits, the two mounds of body parts steaming in the cold night air.

Jacob sees something else and walks over to it. It's Scott's body. Jacob kneels down next to the dead teenager.

JACOB  
I'm sorry, Scott.

A CRACKING sound makes Jacob stand up. Over to the now-silent bar entrance a BLACK FIST punches up through the cement. With a crumbling of granite, Power Cop rises from the earth.

Something else moves behind Jacob and he turns, then SCREAMS. Sound Cop's headless body walks into the shot, his arms held ABOVE FRAME over his neck.

Then Sound Cop's arms lower his dismembered HEAD onto his stump, push it down, twist it til it stays. With great effort, Sound Cop yanks the brick out of his mouth.

Jacob now looks OFF SCREEN at something else, something that REALLY makes his eyes widen. We get to see the shadow of what Jacob sees, projected on the wall of the bar behind him.

The shadow of the pile of body parts that was Blade Cop begins to MOVE. The pieces start to REFORM, leg to torso, arm to shoulder, head to neck. The shadow on the wall rises and we PULL BACK.

Blade Cop stands across from Jacob, whole again except for a flash of exposed flesh on her abdomen to remind her of the experience.

Jacob raises his eyebrows as the resurrected Dream Police step around him.

JACOB (cont'd)  
Okay, I'm impressed

Blade whips her visor up to reveal an upset girl's face.

BLADE COP  
You shouldn't be.

Jacob frowns as the four of them walk over to the pile of Freddy remains. But they're not remains anymore. All that's left of Freddy is a stack of CLOTH remnants.

A WIND rises and pieces of cloth blow away into the darkness. The other two Dream Police raise their visors, looking equally distraught. They all face Jacob.

BLADE COP (cont'd)



This is what we were afraid of.

SOUND COP  
He still exists.

JACOB  
What! How?

POWER COP  
We're already dead, that's why he  
couldn't destroy us.

BLADE COP  
But he's not dead. He's not alive either.  
He's something in between.

SOUND COP  
He's not entirely part of reality or part  
of dreams. He's unique.

BLADE COP  
WE can't kill him.

POWER COP  
We can wail away on each other until  
doomsday and not do any good.

JACOB  
Then who's going to kill this fucker?

SOUND COP  
YOU have to.

JACOB  
How the hell am I supposed to do that?

BLADE COP  
Krueger's power comes from his rage and  
the souls of children.

POWER COP  
You have to find the original source of  
that rage and use it against him.

BLADE COP  
This town in its present condition  
encompasses all evils from all times in  
its history. The answer is here  
somewhere...

Jacob sighs, then gets an idea.

JACOB  
I think I know where...

And he starts to run down the street.

BLADE COP

Jacob, wait. We have to find him first.

JACOB

No time. You guys find Karen!

He disappears down the road as the Dream Police snap down their visors

EXT. ELM STREET HOUSE

Karen stands in front of a rotted gate in front of a run down building with shuttered windows and a crumbling foundation. This isn't just an ELM STREET house, it's THE Elm Street house. And for some reason Karen is drawn to it. She looks to her left at the bent mailbox.

It has a name plate on it. Another one underneath it. And another. It's as if people moved in and out and instead of changing the plates on the mailbox, they just whacked a new one over the old. Karen steps closer to the mailbox.

The little sign on the top reads WILLIAMS. She touches it with her finger and it drops off, the nails holding it on rusted away to dust. A new plate is revealed. This one says THOMPSON. Karen picks lightly at it, and it swings away. The name underneath makes Karen gasp.

It reads KRUEGER.

And there's still another one under that horrible name. Karen quickly hits the Krueger plate off. The last sign reads UNDERWOOD.

Karen frowns. She turns back to the house, a determined expression on her face.

KAREN

No more...

She KICKS the gate open and walks up to the house.

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE

We've been here before, haven't we? But for Karen it's the first visit as she opens the front door and walks in. She takes in the twisted skeleton of a home for a few seconds and then begins to SEARCH it.

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Karen races through, pulling open desk drawers, rifling through shelves, flipping through books. She doesn't know what she's looking for, but she knows she hasn't found it yet.

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - KITCHEN

The intensity of Karen's quest increases as she yanks open cabinets and tosses plates to the floor. Still nothing.

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - STAIRS

Karen runs up them, a girl with a mission.

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Karen flings the door open. Nothing but a bed and a set of drawers. No hint as to the occupant's lives. She doesn't bother ransacking this one and goes on to:

INT. ELM STREET HOUSE - FREDDY'S BEDROOM

Jackpot. Karen stares through the open door at a child's room, a very twisted child's room. She slowly walks in.

A bed, a desk, a dresser. There's a Jack-in-a-box with its head torn off. A disemboweled Teddy Bear. White puffy guts hanging out of it. A clown doll with its face caved in. A hanging mobile made of strange bent shapes.

And a pile of more-than-dirty clothes.

Karen goes over to the pile and picks through it with her toe. A small pair of pants, about the right size for an eight-year-old. A black pair of shoes. And a little sweater, a RED AND GREEN STRIPED sweater.

Karen goes over to the desk. There is stack of drawings on it - a child's drawings. On one of them it looks like someone was practicing writing their name. FREDDY UNNERWOOD, FREDDY UNDERWUD, FREDDY UNDERWOOD over and over again. Until the final attempt has the last name angrily crossed out, replaced underneath by a hastily scrawled KRUEGER!!!

Another piece of paper: a set of human stick figures. A small one is labeled FREDDY. The large one is labeled DADDY. The Daddy figure is depicted HITTING the Freddy figure.

There are more drawings, all of them violent, the large figure beating away at the small one.

Suddenly a CREAKING. Karen jumps. Hides behind a bookshelf. She's nervously trying to figure out what to do when a framed picture catches her attention on the shelf. It's a picture of a tall, dark man and a little boy. Karen reaches out to grab the picture, but accidentally knocks over a glass mug with a CRASH.

FOOTSTEPS can now be heard tromping up the stairs.

Someone's coming and Karen's on the edge of panic. She looks around and finds an old baseball bat. She grabs it and runs to the side of the doorway as the FOOTSTEPS approach down the

hallway. Karen raises the bat.

And Jacob appears. Karen pulls back with the bat as Jacob jumps away from her.

KAREN

Jacob! You scared the shit out of me!

JACOB

The feeling is mutual.

KAREN

Where are the Dream Police?

JACOB

I told them to look for you. What are you doing here? Don't you know what this place is?

KAREN

I do now. Look what I found.

She starts to drag him over to the desk of drawings.

JACOB

You've got to get out of here.

KAREN

Wait. You have to see this.

JACOB

You don't understand. The Police can't kill Freddy. They literally chopped each other to pieces and he's still alive! Now I'm supposed to figure out how to get rid of him.

KAREN

But I think I found the answer. Shut up for a second and look at these.

She starts showing him the scrawlings.

JACOB

Okay, so he's a bad artist.

KAREN

No! You told me Krueger's mother committed suicide and no one knows who his father was, right?

JACOB

Yeah...

KAREN

Freddy's been pushing all our buttons with our pasts. These are HIS past.

Don't you get it? HE was a foster child,  
too!

She walks over to the bookshelf and grabs the picture of  
LITTLE FREDDY and FREDDY'S FOSTER FATHER.

KAREN (cont'd)  
Someone had to have taken care of him.  
This guy...he was Freddy's father. Those  
drawings...they were Freddy's childhood.  
This house...it's where it all happened.

JACOB  
But in reality Freddy hasn't lived here  
for decades.

KAREN  
Like you tried to tell me once before,  
this is a dream. Who knows why this is  
all here.

JACOB  
All evils from all times in history...

KAREN  
And isn't this where it all started in  
Springwood? On Elm Street?

Jacob thinks for a second. It's all starting to make sense.

JACOB  
But what does this do for us?

KAREN  
There's got to be a way to use it against  
him.

JACOB  
Okay, but we're not going to stand around  
here to figure out how. It's too  
dangerous.

He grabs her hand and pulls her towards her door.

JACOB (cont'd)  
Let's get out of this house.

They head out to

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

And Blade Cop is standing in the middle of the corridor. The  
two teenagers stop.

JACOB (cont'd)  
Thank God. Freddy's going to show up any  
minute.

KACHINK! A knife shoots out of Blade's right hand, ready for action. (but wait a minute, her uniform isn't ripped anymore...) Karen and Jacob make their way to the stairs. He turns to Blade.

JACOB (cont'd)  
Where are the others?

Blade walks up to him and stands there. Then JAMS HER KNIFE into JACOB'S GUT. Karen SCREAMS. Jacob chokes. Blade Cop shoves the knife in further until it juts out of Jacob's back. She turns.

Then BECOMES FREDDY.

FREDDY  
Time to join your mommy.

Krueger yanks his finger blades out and Jacob's limp body falls at Karen's feet. Karen shrieks and cries, dropping to her knees to hold him.

KAREN  
No no no no no no no...Jacob...

He looks up at her, slowly dying. She strokes his forehead while Freddy laughs at the sentiment.

FREDDY  
Young love...ha!

JACOB  
Karen...dream...powers....

And Jacob is gone. Karen sobs, so torn apart that she is ignoring the incredible danger above her. But not for long.

Krueger grabs Karen by the neck.

FREDDY  
It's past your bedtime, young lady.

And he starts to DRAG her, kicking and screaming, her body scraping across the floor towards the

MASTER BEDROOM

Freddy drags Karen in and TOSSES her across the room. She lands with a THUD on the bed. He saunters over to her and climbs up on the bed next to her. Gets on top.

Karen yells and hits him uselessly with her fists and it's horrible because there he is, pressing down on her, right in her face, mounting her as if he's going to rape her.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Aw, sweetheart. This won't hurt a bit.

She screams as he presses even harder.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Come on. Be Daddy's little girl.

And the last three words of that sentence seem to ECHO through the room, swirling around Karen. DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL. "Daddy's little girl." Karen twists her head away.

And Freddy's become Karen's FATHER. He looks down on her with a lecherous grin.

KAREN'S FATHER

That's my baby. That's Daddy's little girl.

Karen stops struggling. The realization grows on her face with the resurfacing memory.

KAREN

Oh no...

KAREN'S FATHER

(Freddy's voice)

Now do you remember?

She does. And she has an answer for him.

KAREN

You're NOT my father.

KAREN'S FATHER

But we're going to have the same fun!

Karen stares at him defiantly. And a HAND grabs Karen's Father, and yanks him away. We PULL BACK.

KAREN'S MOTHER is next to the bed. Furious.

KAREN'S MOTHER

That's enough!

And she SLAPS Karen's Father. He stands up, SLUGS her across the jaw. She tumbles back. Karen sits up.

KAREN

Mommy, no!

Karen's Mother gets up, a defiant look just like Karen's on her face.

KAREN'S MOTHER

You're never going to touch her again!

KAREN'S FATHER

I'll touch what I want!

BAP! He strikes her again, sending her right out the door. He follows her. Karen stands up and runs after them.

IN THE HALLWAY

CRACK! The man hits the woman down to the floor. Karen's mother stands up, just taking it. She's at the top of the stairs. Karen's Father swings his arm back, and Karen jumps on him. He shrugs her away violently.

WITH KAREN

as she hits the ground and the wall next to Jacob's body. She looks up.

WIDER

And Karen's Father is now FREDDY again. He swings his fist. SMACK!

Karen's Mother reels from the hit, falls backwards. Karen jumps up to try and help her, reaching past Freddy. But it's too late.

Karen's Mother tumbles down the stairs, head hitting, bones cracking, disappearing into darkness.

Freddy grabs Karen by the neck and lifts her. DANGLES her over the top of the steps.

FREDDY

Be honored, bitch. You're the last soul  
I need.

And Jacob RISES UP behind Krueger. GRABS him. Freddy DROPS Karen. She hits hard and rolls down the steps as Freddy turns, his knives swinging out and SLAMMING Jacob's gut one more time, IMPALING him against the wall. Jacob gasps out his final breath.

JACOB

I'll be back...

FREDDY

I'll be waiting.

Freddy pulls his blades out of Jacob and the wall. The boy's body hits the floor for the last time. Freddy turns back to the stairs and looks down them.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Where's my little pumpkin?

He strolls down the steps.



DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Freddy walks down and no one's there. Karen's Mom was just an illusion, but Karen herself, dead or alive, is nowhere to be seen.

FREDDY (cont'd)  
Play time is over, bitch.

He walks down the hallway. Eyes darting. Until a BOOMING VOICE is heard from the kitchen.

VOICE  
FREDERICK!

Freddy cocks his head and frowns.

VOICE (cont'd)  
Frederick! What have you done?

And, amazingly, a look of FEAR crosses Krueger's face. Something about that voice has struck terror in the heart of the creature that fears nobody.

Krueger turns to the kitchen door. A man steps out of the shadows, a big muscular man with a horrifying look in his eyes. A man we've seen somewhere before - in a picture.

It's FREDDY'S FOSTER FATHER - MR. UNDERWOOD. And he looks pissed beyond belief.

Freddy shrinks back, eyes widening.

FREDDY  
Daddy?

MR. UNDERWOOD  
Don't you "Daddy" me!

Mr. Underwood raises his arm and SMACKS Freddy across the skull. Krueger tumbles back into the hallway.

Freddy scrambles to his feet. Shakes with dread. Looks like a scared little boy. Mr. Underwood advances on him.

FREDDY  
No, Daddy. Please...

Freddy turns and bolts for the front door. He flings it open. Power Cop stands in his way and SHOVES Freddy back - back in front of his foster father.

PUNCH - a vicious blow from Underwood sends Krueger into

THE LIVING ROOM

where Freddy falls over a couch. Underwood stomps into the

room. Krueger scrambles up and heads for the archway leading into the dining room.

BLADE COP blocks the escape. The ripped flap of her uniform proving she's the real one. She KICKS Freddy back and into Underwood's hands. The man picks up Krueger and HITS him again. And again. And again.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Stop. You're hurting me. Stop.

Freddy wriggles away and opens a window. Sound Cop fills the window, cutting him off. Pushes him back inside.

Mr. Underwood grabs Krueger and slaps him over and over. Slugs him. Gives the beating he's got coming to him.

And Freddy MOANS and YELLS like a blubbering child. Shrinks into a corner but is yanked out for more pummeling.

Power Cop stands at the exit to the hallway. Blade Cop continues to obstruct the dining room arch. Sound Cop steps through the window and stands in front of it. The Dream Police just stare in silence.

It's not a street fight, not a punching match. Just a ruthless thrashing that would be hard to watch if it weren't for the fact that we are all cheering because no one in history has ever deserved it more.

Underwood stops the whipping and stands over Krueger who is lying on the ground whimpering, pleading for mercy.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Why, Daddy? What did I do?

MR. UNDERWOOD

You took some things that don't belong to you!

And with that, Underwood brings his fist down and JAMS it into Freddy's stomach. Right THROUGH IT. Shoving it into his very body.

Freddy SCREAMS. Underwood violently pulls his fist out and there's SOMETHING in it. A shimmering flowing thing. Crackling with unworldly LIGHT. It's a SOUL. It's Wesley's SOUL. Underwood flings his arm out and lets go. Wesley's soul flies into thin air and DISSIPATES.

Krueger's father brings his hand down again and RIPS out GINA'S SOUL. Again. JACOB'S SOUL. Freddy opens his mouth and shrieks. As Underwood raises his arms and begins to SPARKLE. FLASHES of light bounce around his body. He's changing.

And something's happening to Freddy's too. Steam is rising

from the creature. His feet are starting to flatten as he lays on the ground and BLACK GOO oozes from his pores.

He's melting. And still screaming as he watches his foster father's image turn into:

KAREN. An aura of LIGHT vanishes around her body as she lowers her arms with a victorious yet sad look on her face. Freddy DIES.

A look of horrified realization burns in Krueger's eyes as he sees Karen and CONTINUES to scream inhumanly.

His body dissolves, all of it liquefying into BLACK SLIME. Gone. Just a bubbling black puddle of gunk is left. His SHRIEK echoes through the room and everywhere else.

Then the GUNK grows and changes into a dark cloud that begins to EXPAND.

Power Cop runs up, grabs Karen and yells.

POWER COP

We gotta get outta here!

Karen, almost mesmerized by the black cloud spreading in front of her, stumbles away with Power Cop.

EXT. ELM STREET HOUSE

The Dream Police and Karen bolt out the front door and run down the street as a RUMBLE joins Freddy's thunderous SHRIEK and the entire town begins to SHAKE.

We stay with a shot of the house as the noise and vibrations continue.

And the Elm Street House EXPLODES. The BLACK CLOUD punches out the roof and the walls, sending wood and debris flying everywhere.

The rubble flies into the air, hangs there for a beat, then falls to the ground.

All is SILENT. And the dark cloud turns WHITE. The milky fog spreads out.

EXT. ELM STREET INTERSECTION

Karen falls to her knees on the pavement, not looking back at the destruction one block away.

The Dream Police stop running to turn to face her. Karen hangs her head and cries.

Blade steps forward.

BLADE COP

It took a human touch. It took knowing  
HIS nightmare. Goodbye, Karen.

Karen raises her head as the Dream Police turn away.

KAREN'S POV - THE DREAM POLICE

walk off into the distance. Just as they are about to vanish  
into the darkness, a FOURTH FIGURE appears and joins them in  
formation. Then they all disappear.

ANGLE ON KAREN

Her mouth drops open at what she's just seen. What she  
DOESN'T see is the white cloud swooping down the street  
behind her. She just closes her eyes as the ivory mist  
envelops her and the SCREEN GOES WHITE.

FADE IN FROM WHITE TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Karen lies sleeping on the bench amongst the grass and trees.  
Her eyes open and squint at the bright light. She sits up  
and tries to get her bearings. Some hair falls into her face  
and she brushes it away. Only then noticing that she's  
holding something in her hand.

She opens her hand and looks down.

KAREN'S POV

It's an ID bracelet. A band of gold with a larger plate  
dangling from the middle of it. Karen's hand turns it over.  
This time the printing reads JACOB.

WITH KAREN

she chokes back the tears. We hear a PANTING O.S. Then a  
woman's voice.

WOMAN

You okay, honey?

Karen looks up as we PULL BACK. A pleasant-looking woman, no  
longer a mutant, is walking her cute dog. She looks  
sincerely concerned. Karen nods.

KAREN

Yes. I'm alright.

WOMAN

I've never seen you around. Are you new  
in town?

KAREN

Sort of.

WOMAN

Well then...

(she smiles)

Welcome to Springwood.

The woman continues on her way. Karen sighs and puts the bracelet on her wrist. She stands and our SHOT PULLS UP AND AWAY as the pretty young girl starts walking through a town she's never seen - except in her dreams.

FADE OUT.