

NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET: DREAM REUNION

written by

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OVER BLACK

Riotous APPLAUSE and the sound of a MARCHING BAND leading a familiar football charge almost drown out the sound of a thumping HEARTBEAT.

BUMP-BUMP. BUMP-BUMP. BUMP-BUMP.

And then, the long and piercing hiss of a RINGING IN SOMEONE'S EARS.

FADE IN:

**EXT. PENNSBORO HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT**

The beautiful green eyes of CLEO FORD (17), black girl, curly hair, shabby chic -- suddenly burst open.

On the FIFTY YARD LINE.

Cleo is out of breath...out of sorts...and totally unaware of her surroundings. She wears a wild homecoming dress with a pair of equally wild leggings.

A full crowd of hometown spectators CHEER HER ON from the tall bleachers before her.

Standing near Cleo, looking equally confused, is RANDY DYER (17), tall, thin, black eyes. A real burnout. He is in a simple basketball jersey and jeans.

Randy stares over at --

STEPHEN "STEP" LOWERY (18), all star jock, football hero and class stud. Step is in his football uniform and leans on a crutch due to a broken right leg. But this is news to Step as he stares down at his cast with confusion.

Step stares back at --

HARLEY BODEN (17), pink hair, Harley Davidson jacket over a pair of homemade denim shorts. Just like her hair, cut about three inches too short.

Harley, Step and Randy all stare back at Cleo who is dead center of the action and the only one wearing proper homecoming attire.

Cleo shakes her head, pleading ignorance as she stares back at the rowdy crowd in the stands growing rowdier by the second.

Suddenly...

A STREAK OF LIGHTNING cracks above the heads of our four students and lights an otherwise black sky.

A DOWNPOURING OF RAIN is an unexpected surprise.

Cleo looks up...turns...faces the opposite, visiting side bleachers where she spots A NUN IN AN ALL WHITE HABIT standing on the metal steps.

Cleo turns back, faces an almost empty home side bleachers.

FOUR ADULT COUPLES, all sitting in different sections, stand and applaud the four students on the field.

One of the couples are BLACK. Cleo's parents.

MR. FORD

Go, Cleo!

Cleo watches them as she desperately uses a hand to keep the rain out of her squinting eyes.

Harley also spots her parents. As do Randy and Step.

MR. DYER

Wait to go, Randy boy!

MRS. LOWERY

We love you, Stephen!

After a few moments of applause, the parents all start filing out of the bleachers...down the steps...and through the chain link gate below.

All but THE FORDS. As the other parents leave, The Ford's applause grows louder.

MRS. FORD

You got this, Cleo!

Randy turns to Cleo.

RANDY

What the hell's going on?!

Cleo shakes her head.

She turns her attention to the bleachers and notices her parents have also left the stadium.

THE NUN now stands at the top of the hometown bleachers and stares down at them.

All of the sudden, Cleo is holding a bouquet of flowers and wearing the queen's crown.

Randy, Harley and Step all watch with confusion.

THE NUN dips inside the PRESS BOX as LIGHTNING continues to strike and light up the skies.

Cleo loses patience, drops the flowers and crown and chases through the chain link gate and --

-- up the steps of the bleachers.

CLEO

Wait! Sister, come back!

Cleo stops, stares into the windows of the press box.

Nothing but darkness. As lightning strikes, THE NUN becomes visible inside.

Cleo stares back, down at the field near the fifty yard line. No one there.

Harley, Step and Randy now gone.

Cleo moves up the steps toward the press box. The rain now pouring harder than ever. Her vision blurred as she approaches the door.

She opens, rushes inside. Pure darkness.

**INT. PRESS BOX - NIGHT**

A pitch black void of nothingness. Cleo stares out the window and down at the field below. Almost invisible due to the pouring rain.

CLEO

Hello? Sister? Is anyone there?

Cleo manages to find another door and opens.

**INT. WESTIN HILLS ASYLUM - NIGHT**

As the door swings open, Cleo now enters the dark, unlit halls of Westin Hills.

Nothing but the LIGHTNING STRIKES pouring in from outside to light this otherwise dark path.

CLEO  
Is anyone here?! Talk to me!

Cleo's call for help signals an outpouring of agonizing SCREAMS and CRIES OF DESPERATION.

CLEO (CONT'D)  
Oh my God.

RANDY (O.S.)  
Cleo!!! Help!!!

HARLEY (O.S.)  
Help us!!!

Cleo races down a side hall, toward the source of her friends cries for help.

CLEO  
I'm coming!

As she turns a tight corner, she is grabbed by a couple of blue scrubbed ORDERLIES.

ORDERLY #1  
Easy does it, Cleo.

CLEO  
What're you doing?! Get off of me!

ORDERLY #2  
Just take it easy.

Cleo spots what she believes to be the NUN IN WHITE HABIT walking her direction. She is hidden in shadows.

CLEO  
Sister, help us! Please!

The NUN slowly morphs into --

A FEMALE DOCTOR in WHITE SCRUBS carrying a syringe. A fluid squirts from the needle.

FEMALE DOCTOR  
Hold her still!

CLEO  
Fuck off!

Cleo elbows them both in the gut and chases down what seems to be an endless hall. The SCREAMS of hundreds of restless teens cry out to her from behind the locked doors.

BLOOD GUSHES OUT from under the cracks. THE ARMS OF TEEN PATIENTS CRASH THROUGH WINDOWS.

Cleo barely dodges the flying shards of glass and slips on the gushing blood. She falls face first to the hard white floor. As she looks back --

The three hospital workers close in on her. Ignoring the onslaught of teen arms reaching out through the shattered windows of their cells.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Don't let her get away!

Cleo looks forward, spots a large metal door at the end of this long corridor. She manages to stand, rushes toward it and opens just in time.

**INT. QUIET ROOM - NIGHT**

Cleo slams the door shut behind her. Stares through a glass cubicle at one of the Orderlies -- fuming mad, pounding on the door and screaming profanities.

HARLEY (O.S.)

What're we doing in here?

Cleo turns, spots Harley, Step and Randy all stuck in the quiet room with her.

Four padded walls surrounding them.

RANDY

Cleo. It's you. But how...?

HARLEY

(to Randy)

Never mind that.

(to Cleo)

Where have you been?

STEP

We've been locked in here for hours.

Cleo shakes her head. She is frantic. Panicked. Confused.

CLEO

No. I just saw you guys. Like a minute ago.

Randy looks at Step. He's no longer in uniform. He's in a t shirt and running pants.

RANDY

Your leg. It's not broken anymore.

All four of them watch Step. No longer on a crutch.

The eerily familiar LAUGH OF FREDDY KRUEGER ECHOES through the halls of Westin Hills.

HARLEY

What is that?

They all stop, listen, trying to locate the source of this otherworldly cackle.

TEEN PATIENT (O.S.)

Help...meeee....

Harley is creeped out and steps backward, into the pitch black corner, away from the others.

HARLEY

Oh my God. Did you hear that?

And out of the darkness reaches AN ARM.

A BLOODY HAND with a SLIT WRIST grips Harley's forearm.

Harley SCREAMS OUT and jerks herself away.

Out of the dark corner walks a TEEN PATIENT who looks like she hasn't slept in months. Both her wrists slit open.

TEEN PATIENT

Help...meeee....

All four students stare back at the suicidal patient as they collectively move for the door.

HARLEY

Get us out of here!

Randy tries the door. Locked.

And suddenly...

FREDDY'S CLAW bursts through the patient's chest.

The four friends SCREAM in a panic and try to break open the metal door entrapping them.

Cleo manages to get it open. They flee the padded room.

Harley watches as Freddy's claw is jerked back through the patient's body cavity. Before the corpse can drop face first to the floor...

**EXT. WESTIN HILLS ASYLUM - NIGHT**

Cleo, Randy, Step and Harley all run out the door and into what looks like the courtyard of Westin Hills.

It's once again pouring rain. The water falling so hard it's obscuring their view of dozens of MENTAL PATIENTS in white gowns moving in on them.

HARLEY

What're they doing?!

Cleo spots one of them moving closer and closer. A teen boy with two black holes where his eyes used to be. Just an empty void with blood pouring from each socket.

ALL OF THE PATIENTS are missing their eyes and carrying bloody sutures and other sharp instruments.

STEP

(to Cleo)

Get us out of here!

CLEO

I can't!

The zombie-like swarm of teenagers in white gowns begin to close in on the four teens.

RANDY

Try!

THE NUN IN WHITE HABIT watches them from the top of an old cathedral. The same tower where Philip plunged to his death some thirty years ago.

CLEO

Sister!

THE NUN quickly ducks out of sight.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Help us!

Harley, Step and Randy all form a tight circle as the teen zombies move in on them.

RANDY

Hurry up!

Cleo stares down a sidewalk on the east end wing of Westin Hills and spots the TOWERING SHADOW OF FREDDY KRUEGER reflected off a building.

He stands from a distance. His facial features HIDDEN IN SHADOWS and SILHOUETTED by a bright STREET LAMP.

He slowly and methodically moves in on them.

Cleo squeezes her eyes shut. She re opens. Freddy chases toward them at full speed.

She once again shuts her eyes. Re opens.

Freddy's SHADOWY FIGURE slowly morphs into A FEMALE FORM.

THE NUN runs toward Cleo and stops some ten or so feet before her. Her face obscured by the heavy rain.

THE NUN

Wake up!

The zombie teens are seconds from taking over the three teens huddled in a circle.

HARLEY

What do we do?

Randy spots Cleo staring back at THE NUN on the sidewalk.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls a stainless steel ZIPPO LIGHTER.

He runs to Cleo, grabs her hand and LIGHTS THE FLAME just under her palm.

RANDY

Wake up!

Cleo SCREAMS OUT.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLEO'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Cleo jumps up, out of the nightmare. In a crazy tie-dye t shirt and wild earrings. She rubs just under her right elbow at something sore.

Bends her elbow and spots what appears to be a MINOR BURN caused by Randy's lighter.

**INT. SOUND BOOTH - RADIO SHOW - NIGHT**

DON REDDY (30s), black, flashy clothes, beret, sits behind the mic while to his left sits guest NANCY THOMPSON-KELLER (50s), aged, cold, lifeless eyes.

DON REDDY

Guess what time it is, my Philly friends? That's right. What I wanna know is...are you ready? Cause I know I am. This is your tour guide Don Reddy and I'm ready to get this started. We got a hot show tonight. If you're just now joining us, we have a very special guest with us this evening. The author of Springwood Secrets: The Untold Story of Fred Krueger is with yours truly tonight. Miss Nancy Thompson-Keller.

Nancy barely cracks a smile. A very lukewarm way about her. Not the Nancy we remember.

DON REDDY (CONT'D)

The book is now sitting at number five on The New York Times Best Seller list. Is this correct?

NANCY

Number four actually, but who's counting?

Don Reddy has a good laugh.

DON REDDY

Oh my bad. Number four on The Best Seller list. Excuse me. Now, before break we were talking about how this book actually came about.

(to Nancy)

Because The Krueger case was what? Over forty years ago or something like that, right?

NANCY

Forty Five.

DON REDDY

Forty five years. Goodness. So. Miss Keller...

NANCY

Please. Call me Nancy.

DON REDDY

Nancy. What was it that finally pushed you to share your story? Because this book has gotten a lot of slack since it hit the shelf. There's a lot of people out there that say it's nothing but a pack of lies. And a lot of those people are from your neck of the woods.

Nancy cracks a nervous smile.

DON REDDY (CONT'D)

They're saying this isn't the Nancy they remember. What do you have to say to those people?

NANCY

I would say that I'm not the same person that I was back then. The Nancy a lot of people in Springwood choose to remember was just a kid. A really scared, confused kid who had a lot of crazy stories.

DON REDDY

So, in a way, this book is your way of finally setting the record straight that you were not, in fact, crazy back then. Just confused.

Nancy laughs.

NANCY

In a way. I guess you could say that.

DON REDDY

Because if you read the book, you're admitting that you made up some pretty crazy stories about this guy Krueger. Some things that most sane people would call ridiculous. Out of touch with what we know as reality.

NANCY

Not necessarily made stories up about him. I'd say that, at the time, it was my mind's way of dealing with some pretty horrible truths.

DON REDDY

Which were...?

NANCY

What happened to me. As a child. Terrible things that my mind couldn't process. Didn't know how to process.

DON REDDY

And those weren't the only secrets you were struggling with either. Fast forward to Chapter Seven. Fred Krueger's murder. Not an accidental death but murder as you call it in the book.

NANCY

That's correct. It took me years to fully accept how it was that my parents could have taken their own life. But as I grew older and became an adult, it all became very clear.

DON REDDY

What became clear?

NANCY

What they had been dealing with for all those years. What they were carrying around inside them.

DON REDDY

Which was?

NANCY

The same thing I was carrying. Guilt. Repression. Trying to erase memories too painful to accept.

DON REDDY

What memories are you referring to exactly?

Nancy pauses. Almost too embarrassed and ashamed.

NANCY

The murder of Fred Krueger.

DON REDDY

Not just murder but the murder of an innocent man according to you.

NANCY

Yes.

DON REDDY

Pretty big accusations. Especially for the daughter of Springwood's Police Chief.

NANCY

Well, after Krueger's death, Springwood lost another fifteen kids. And that's just that we know of. You do the math.

DON REDDY

In the book, you make claim that the infamous Springwood Slasher was never caught. Do you still believe after all these years, he's still out there?

NANCY

I don't know. I couldn't tell you. All I know is that it couldn't possibly have been Krueger.

DON REDDY

(to his fans)

And there you have it, people. Miss Nancy Thompson-Keller. Author of Springwood Secrets. One of the craziest stories ever told just got a lot crazier tonight.

Don Reddy punches a button on a switchboard.

DON REDDY (CONT'D)

We got Alice on line one. What's going on, Alice? You got a question for Miss Keller?

ALICE (V.O.)

Hello, Nancy. How's the book doing? Real well I hope.

Nancy loses her smile. A worried look about her.

DON REDDY

Alice, you got a question for Nancy?

ALICE (V.O.)

I got a question. How do you live with yourself?

**INT. TWO CAR GARAGE - NIGHT**

ALICE JOHNSON-SPECTOR (48), blonde, wears a cooking apron and grips a spatula as she paces the dark room like a woman boiling over with pent up rage.

ALICE

Maybe you should be asking your guest the real reason she wrote that book.

DON REDDY (V.O.)

And what would that be?

ALICE

Could it be the fact she sunk every red cent into her father's security firm only to put it into bankruptcy. And because every bank in Springwood thought she was a nut she couldn't get a loan.

**INT. SOUND BOOTH - RADIO SHOW - NIGHT**

Don Reddy stares back at Nancy, growing angrier and more nervous by the second.

ALICE (V.O.)

So her new editor boyfriend gets her to write this book so people would finally quit accusing her of being a basket case. All the while turning her back on her real friends who actually know the truth about what she's been through.

DON REDDY

And what is the truth, Alice?

ALICE (V.O.)

The truth is he's real. And not only was Fred Krueger a filthy child murderer, he's still a filthy child murderer. Nancy says she was too scared to face the truth back then. I say she's still too scared.

NANCY

Well, Alice, if you have proof of that, I'd like to see it.

Don Reddy smiles back at his switchboard operator and producer MILES.

DON REDDY

Ouch. It's getting a little hot in here. I think we'll cool things down with a break. Back with Alice and Nancy Thompson-Keller after these messages.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOME OF ALAN AND ALICE SPECTOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Alice storms back in, apron tied to her waist. Her husband ALAN SPECTOR (50s) grabs a tray of burnt chocolate chip cookies from an oven rack.

ALAN

Baby, where were you? This timer's been going off for over a minute.

ALICE

Where was I? Where were you?

ALAN

In the bathroom with the door shut. I'll save the details.

Alice unties her apron, tosses it on an island countertop. Her face flushed and tense. Her conversation with Nancy still upsetting her.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What's with you?

ALICE

Nothing. I'm fine.

ALAN

You know, I was calling and calling you. Jake called. He said that show just came on with your friend. Seven o'clock. I was supposed to remind you. And Jacob was supposed to remind me in case I forgot. Well I did. Sorry.

Alan dishes up some burnt cookies.

ALICE

Oh. That. I think her spot got cancelled last minute. Anyways, it's not a big deal.

Alice grabs the plate of cookies out of Alan's hand and heads for the living room. Alan watches her with concern.

CUT TO:

**EXT. RADIO STATION - DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA, PA - NIGHT**

Nancy and her boyfriend DENNIS (40s), hot shot editor, stuffy sweater and tie, race from the tall building's front doors and down a set of steps.

NANCY

They're supposed to screen those calls.

DENNIS

I'm sure they did.

NANCY

Oh, bullshit, Dennis. You think it was just coincidence she was the first caller?

DENNIS

I don't know. I guess it would help if I knew who she was.

Nancy rushes up a sidewalk. Dennis hurries to keep up.

NANCY

Alice. As in Chapter Five Alice.

DENNIS

Oh, that Alice. I wouldn't worry about it if I were you. She came off as a complete nut job. You come clean about a forty year old cover up and she wants to talk about the boogeyman.

Nancy stops in her tracks. Faces Dennis with a very stern and serious look in her eye.

NANCY

Look. Don't talk about her like that.

DENNIS

Okay. I'm sorry. Look, I'm on your side here.

NANCY

I should've never let you talk me into this.

DENNIS

Talk you into what? Telling the truth? Getting thirty years of pent up hate and shame off of your chest? You're talking crazy.

Dennis rubs down her arms, offers her a warm smile.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Look. How about we head on over to Anton's. Listen to some jazz piano. Have a glass of wine. Try to relax a little.

Nancy cracks another lukewarm smile as Dennis throws an arm around her shoulder and walks her up the sidewalk.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You know, I've never heard you use profanity like that before. You've been a potty mouth this whole time and didn't even know it.

**EXT. PENNSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - STUDENT DROP OFF - MORNING**

A supped up Harley with ape hanger bars swings around a curb at high speed and slows at the bus stop.

Harley crawls off the back. Her boyfriend TEDDY (20s), hard case biker type, behind the bars.

TEDDY

High school. The longest five years of my life.

HARLEY

Yeah. Must've been hell cutting all those classes.

Harley grabs her bag, heads for class. Teddy grabs her arm.

TEDDY

What? No kiss?

HARLEY

No. No kiss. And by the way.  
We're done.

TEDDY

You think you could've told me this  
before I picked your ass up?

HARLEY

Then how would I get to school,  
dummy?

Teddy lowers his shades, gives Harley a sharp stare.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Now get lost.

Harley heads to class. Teddy smirks with disgust, puts his  
shades back on.

TEDDY

Bitch.

He revs his engine and off he goes.

**INT. MR. ARNOLD'S CLASS - FIRST PERIOD CALCULUS - MORNING**

MR. ARNOLD (50s), short sleeves, clip on tie, a pocket full  
of pens and pencils, strolls the mostly bored looking class  
as he hands out the previous day's exams.

Lots of Ds and Fs. A couple Cs here and there.

MR. ARNOLD

It's become painfully clear to me,  
judging by these test scores that  
most of you have no idea what  
you're doing.

Cleo races in wearing a pair of denim overalls absolutely  
covered in collector's pins and buttons. Her hair just  
as curly, cute and quirky as her clothes.

Mr. Arnold hands Cleo her exam. A C minus. Cleo rolls her  
eyes as she takes her seat near the front.

MR. ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Some of you may have memorized your  
way through Algebra 1 and 2.  
Learned all your Xs and Ys. Barely  
creeped your way through Geometry.

Cleo stares across the room and spots an empty desk where Randy typically sits.

MR. ARNOLD (CONT'D)

And some of you may have thought that Calculus is simply the next step. Something you can master on your own time. Or copy off of your classmate's sheet. Without having the arduous task of paying attention in my class. Well, let me stop you right there. With Calculus, as in the real world, there are no constants.

Mr. Arnold lays down Randy's "F". Cleo shakes her head.

MR. ARNOLD (CONT'D)

No straight lines or short cuts from point A to point B. Just a series of endless complexities and hurdles. Calculus, much like the real world, requires your utmost attention, focus and most of all, patience. If you don't have it...I can't help you. Only you can help yourself.

Mr. Arnold stops near the front of class. He takes a moment. Stares out at his students. Something is wrong.

MR. ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Who are we missing?

Cleo stares back and forth between Mr. Arnold and Randy's empty desk.

MR. ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Where is Mister Dyer? Anyone?

Nothing but silence and under the breath snickering from the students.

MR. ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Speak up now.

Someone rips a long fart. An eruption of laughter.

MR. ARNOLD (CONT'D)

That's real cute now. Real cute.

OVER THE INTERCOM:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Would Cleo Ford please report to  
 the main office? Cleo Ford please  
 report to the main office.

MR. ARNOLD  
 Miss Ford. Go on.

Some of the class "ooh" and "ahh" as Cleo makes her way out  
 with bookbag in hand.

CLEO  
 Oh, shut up. Dumbass.

Some more laughter from the back of the room.

**INT. PENNSBORO HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Harley chews and snaps a piece of bubble gum. An office  
 referral in hand. Her head dips, almost drifts off.  
 She catches herself.

She sits up, stares through the window behind her and down at  
 PRINCIPAL FINDLEY (50s), fitted shirt and tie. Before him  
 sits a tired looking Randy.

**INT. PRINCIPAL FINDLEY'S OFFICE - MORNING**

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY  
 I don't get it. Pennsboro High's  
 biggest math wiz flunks his third  
 straight Calculus exam.

Randy holds up his face with the palm of his hand. His elbow  
 rested on an chair arm. Uninterested.

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY (CONT'D)  
 Not to mention you look like hell.

RANDY  
 I'm not using drugs if that's what  
 you think.

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY  
 I didn't say that. And I wasn't  
 going to ask. But thanks for  
 clearing that up.

RANDY  
 You're welcome.

Principal Findley walks to a coffee pot, pours himself and Randy a large mug.

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY  
So you're not on drugs. And it's  
not because you don't know what  
you're doing. So what is it?

Principal Findley hands him a hot mug of fresh coffee.

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY (CONT'D)  
You look like you could use some.

Randy takes a generous swig.

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY (CONT'D)  
Careful now. It's hot.

Randy downs the mug. Principal Findley watches in awe.

RANDY  
Well, Mister Findley. I honestly  
think the problem is my attitude.

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY  
Is that right?

RANDY  
I think as punishment, I should be  
sent home immediately.

Principal Findley laughs.

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY  
Oh, no. No, I don't think that's a  
good idea at all.

He takes his seat at the desk.

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY (CONT'D)  
I've called your parents. We're  
gonna get together. Today. After  
classes are over. And we're gonna  
figure out what's wrong and try to  
fix it. Frankly, they're just as  
concerned as I am. Your mother  
says she's barely seen you in days.

RANDY  
And what if I don't know what's  
wrong?

PRINCIPAL FINDLEY

Then we can blame it all on puberty  
and send you back to class. Fair  
enough?

Randy barely musters up a grin.

RANDY

Fair enough.

**INT. PENNSBORO HIGH - MAIN OFFICE - MORNING**

Harley still in chairs as Randy opens Mister Findley's office door and steps out. The two students catch eyes.

RANDY

You.

HARLEY

You.

Cleo opens the main office door, steps inside. She instantly spots Randy and Harley staring back at her.

RANDY

What the...

HARLEY

Hell.

The two watch Cleo. Dumbstruck.

And through the door walks Step. In his varsity football jersey and blue jeans. A referral in hand.

Cleo turns, faces him.

CLEO

Step.

Step looks over Cleo's shoulder at Harley and Randy.

HARLEY

No fucking way.

STEP

Okay. This just got officially weird.

**EXT. PENNSBORO HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY**

Cleo, Harley, Step and Randy all file out of the main building's double doors.

STEP

Where are we going? Findley's gonna nail all our asses with Saturday school if we don't get back in there.

HARLEY

What do you care? It's not like you're gonna miss any games.

Step shoots her a long and hard stare.

STEP

Suck my long one, biker chick.

HARLEY

Eat me, second string.

STEP

I already had breakfast, thanks.

CLEO

Everybody just shut up. Follow me.

Cleo rushes toward the football field. Through the open gate that officially enters the stadium area. The others rush to keep up with her.

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

All four students cross the center of the field.

Cleo sucks down a red bull. Randy pops a couple Adderall and Harley sparks up a smoke.

Step watches all of them. Paranoid. Impatient. He stares all around them. Searching the halls and sidewalks for passing teachers and administrators.

STEP

You guys not in enough trouble?

HARLEY

Hey, getting busted by Findley is hardly our biggest problem right now.

RANDY

Fuckin A.

STEP

(to Harley)

You still talking about that stupid dream? Just a coincidence.

HARLEY

Yeah, right. Just like all of us being late for class the last four days in a row. Why don't you cut the shit and just admit you had the same dream as the rest of us.

STEP

Admit that I'm as crazy as all of you? Not gonna happen. I'm out of here.

(to all)

Good luck, weirdos.

Step backtracks it toward the main building. They all stop, watch him as he humps it back to class.

CLEO

(to Step)

Where are you going? Findley's already called our parents. The way I see it, we can stick around and get nowhere with them or we go figure this out on our own.

Step stops in his tracks, huffs in protest as he turns and faces the others.

RANDY

I can't face my parents. Not now. Not without knowing what's going on. They're gonna think I'm nuts or on drugs or something.

HARLEY

You are on drugs.

RANDY

Yeah, but they don't need to know that.

Step laughs at them.

STEP

That's it. I'm outta here.

Step walks across the remainder of the field. And then across the track, toward a chain link gate that leads into a student parking lot.

CLEO  
Where are you going? Class is that way.

STEP  
I'm going home.

CLEO  
This isn't just about you, Step!

Step flips them all the bird. He keeps his eyes down and doesn't notice --

ALICE

Moving up the track toward him.

He looks up and there she stands. Waiting. Her arms crossed.

ALICE  
Going somewhere, Mister Lowery?

Step is at a loss for words. He stares back at the others.

CLEO  
Miss Spector. Look. This isn't what it looks --

ALICE  
Yes. It's exactly what it looks like. And I know exactly what's going on.

They all turn, stare back at one another. Not following.

STEP  
(to Alice)  
You do?

ALICE  
All of you need to come with me. Right now.

**INT. PENNSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Cleo, Randy, Step and Harley sit in the first few rows of this otherwise empty auditorium.

Alice stands before them.

ALICE

My first job was a guidance counselor with Springwood High. I was twenty three. Barely out of school myself. But by then I was a mother. I'd already lived a life fuller than most people twice my age.

All of them super focused on Alice. All but Step who kicks his feet up and lays his head back. Not interested in hearing her war stories.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'd gone to Hell, faced the Devil and lived to tell about it. You see, I was blessed, or some may say cursed, with a very unique ability.

Randy and Harley stare back at Cleo.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I had this friend once. A real close friend who was like my sister. She could pull people into her dreams. When she died, she left me this same power.

Alice laughs, shakes her head.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What she called a power, I called a burden. Sometimes all I have to do is think about that other person and they're in my world. In my dreams. Seeing what I'm seeing. Most of the time there's no rhyme or reason to it. But not like this.

(to all)

You're special. All of you.

Step raises his hand.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What is it, Mister Lowery?

STEP

Will this be on the test?

The others roll their eyes at him.

ALICE  
Joke if you want. But this is as serious as it gets.

CLEO  
(to Step)  
Why don't you just shut up and listen to her.

RANDY  
Yeah. Let's at least hear what she has to say first.

STEP  
Whatever.

CLEO  
(to Alice)  
So it wasn't me that pulled them in? It was you? You were there?

Alice nods. Cleo suddenly lights up.

CLEO (CONT'D)  
You were The Nun. You were warning us.

RANDY  
Warning us from what?

ALICE  
Not a what. A who.

Randy, Harley and Cleo all share a look.

Step also sits at attention.

STEP  
A who? What kind of who?

ALICE  
Fred Krueger.

RANDY  
Fred Krueger. As in Fred Krueger, The Springwood Slasher?

STEP  
(to Randy)  
Allegedly. Read a book, would ya?

Alice walks to Step, stares at him very matter of factly.

ALICE

No. Contrary to what you may have heard in the press, Krueger was guilty. And very, very real.

Step rolls his eyes, not interested and not believing a single word.

RANDY

That place. In the dream. There were kids. Teenagers, just like us. Hundreds of them.

ALICE

Westin Hills Asylum. It was a place where Springwood sent their children to be reprogrammed. Brainwashed. The authorities called them suicides. Because they were too scared to face the truth head on.

CLEO

What was the truth?

STEP

(to Cleo)

That Freddy came back from the dead to exact his revenge. Haven't you been listening?

ALICE

That's right.

STEP

Right. Well. This has been real educational. But I got some beer and pain pills waiting for me at home so...

Step stands to leave, grabs his bookbag.

ALICE

How's the leg, Stephen?

Step stops, stares back at her in silence. A bit shocked.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Since your accident, you've been carrying a lot of anger inside of you. He knows that. He knows your weaknesses.

(to all)

All of them. He'll exploit them.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Exploit you. And just as all of  
you have weaknesses, you all have  
special strengths. Gifts.

This hits home with Cleo. She nods.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I found mine. I defeated him twice  
already. It's important that you  
find yours. Before it's too late.

Step heads for the door. They all watch him leave.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
We have a lot of work to do,  
Stephen!

STEP  
You're a case, lady! Stay away  
from me!

Step crashes through the double doors as they slam shut  
behind him. Alice fights a tear in her eye as she  
knows Step is done for.

**EXT. PENNSBORO HIGH - STUDENT LOT - DAY**

Step heads to his Camaro parked somewhere in the middle of  
this maze of student cars. He pops his trunk, tosses his  
bookbag in, heads for the driver's side.

**INT. STEP'S CAMARO - DAY**

Step cranks his engine, blasts the air conditioner and pops  
the lid off a cooler in his backseat. He snags himself an  
energy drink, pops it open and chugs.

He cranks the stereo. Bops his head and sings along while  
slapping himself in the face.

STEP  
Come on! Snap out of it!

Step chugs the rest of his drink and leans his head back for  
a moment's rest. He snags a pack of smokes from inside his  
glove box, sparks one up.

A nice, long drag.

STEP (CONT'D)  
Come on, Stevie boy. Wake up.

Step nervously flicks his lighter on and off. On and off. A nervous habit.

STEP (CONT'D)  
There is no Freddy. You're just  
crazy. No big deal.

Step dips in and out -- unable to keep his head up. All the while still playing with his lighter. He finally gives in. Asleep in seconds.

**EXT. STEP'S HOUSE - POOL DECK - NIGHT**

A booming pool party with all the hottest girls in school in skimpy bikinis. All with beers in hand.

The entire CHEERLEADING SQUAD, skirts and pom poms, do their routine from the other side of the pool.

Step realizes he's sitting in a deck chair. His broken right leg in a cast and rested on a second chair.

RANDOM GIRLS run up to him, sign their names on his cast and quickly re join the party.

RANDOM GIRL #1  
Bye, Step!

RANDOM GIRL #2  
Bye, Step! Love you!

The girls all take off their tops and dive in the deep end with the rest of the football team.

PLAYER #1  
Now it's a party!

PLAYER #2  
That's what I'm talking about!

STEP  
(to Girls)  
Wait. Where are you going? Hey.

Step struggles to stand up. He pushes himself off the deck chair and hobbles his way to the pool.

But the deck is wet.

Step slips, trips face first into the deep end. SPLASH!

**INT. SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT**

Step resurfaces only to find himself inside the school's interior pool. The lights out, after hours.

Some giggling is heard near the door. Step looks to the other end of the pool and spots --

TWO GIRLS in bikinis quietly ducking out the exit. A heavy door CRASHES SHUT behind them.

STEP

Hey!

Step makes it to the ladder and steps up. He is back in his school clothes. No broken leg, no cast.

STEP (CONT'D)

What the...

CLEO (O.S.)

Step! Where are you?! Please answer me!

STEP

Cleo! Hello?! Is that you?!

CLEO (O.S.)

I'm in here!

Step hurries around the pool and toward the door. He quickly heads after the sound of Cleo's voice.

**INT. PENNSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - INNER HALLS - NIGHT**

Step enters the hallway. He hears some singing from the other end of the wing. A full chorus reciting --

"One Two...Freddy's Coming For you"..."Three Four...Better Lock Your Door"

STEP

No way.

Step cautiously moves up the hall, toward the source of the morbid song.

STEP (CONT'D)

Okay, Miss Spector. I get the point. You can wake me up now.

Step ducks his head in the choir room:

SCHOOL CHOIR  
 "Five Six...Grab Your Cru-ci-  
 fix..."

The students turn to him in unison. Their eyelids sewn completely shut.

STEP  
 Shit!

Step tumbles backward, tripping and landing on his ass in the outer hallway. He grabs his barely healed right leg in anguish.

He spots FREDDY'S SHADOW along the far end of the hall. An all too familiar laugh echoes the building.

FREDDY (O.S.)  
 How's the leg, Step? Healing up nicely, I hope.

Step moves for the choir room but THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

He looks over his shoulder -- spots CLEO towering over him.

CLEO  
 We've gotta get out of here. He's coming.

STEP  
 You again?

CLEO  
 Look. We don't have time for this. Let's go.

Before Step can get upright --

FREDDY KRUEGER appears behind Cleo. His face is dark, hidden in shadows, but grisly and wet, as if the burns and facial scars were all too fresh.

STEP  
 Watch out!

Before Cleo can turn around --

Freddy grabs her, THROWS HER against the opposite wall. Knocking her out.

STEP (CONT'D)  
 Cleo!

FREDDY

There's ten seconds on the clock,  
Step. Time's running out.

Step looks to a CLOCK ON THE WALL. The second hand reaching the ten second mark.

Freddy tosses Step a football. He catches it.

Suddenly, a pair of double doors SWING OPEN at the end of another long hallway. A BRIGHT BLINDING LIGHT fills this otherwise dim hallway with hope.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Your fans are waiting.

CHEERING FANS (O.S.)

Step! Step! Step! Step! Step!

The same cheerleaders from the pool party have gathered near the open doors, doing a special cheer for Step.

CHEERLEADERS

Step, Step! He's our man! If he  
can't do it, no one can!

Step cups the football under his arm as he struggles to get upright. He checks the clock as time is quickly running out on his life.

He charges toward the double doors at full speed.

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT**

Step is nailed hard from the side by the opposing team's brutish defense.

He quickly eats grass.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PENNSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - INNER HALLS - NIGHT**

Step struggles to stand up as his time is almost up. He once again charges toward the double doors as the sound of his adoring fans chant his name.

CHEERING FANS (O.S.)

Step! Step! Step! Step!

Step picks up speed now. Once again a champion.

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT**

Step moves the ball further up the field and is TACKLED RIGHT AT THE KNEE, bending it backwards and sending him immediately to the ground.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PENNSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - INNER HALLS - NIGHT**

Step is THROWN BY AN INVISIBLE FORCE into a glass trophy encasement. He lands on a hallway bench.

His leg now in terrible pain. A bone poking out, just below the knee. An old injury now haunting him.

STEP

Fuck!

Freddy LAUGHS IT UP from the other end.

FREDDY

Poor Step. Back on the bench again.

The double doors SLAM SHUT -- just inches from Step's face.

The cheerleaders now gone. Vanished.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Tough break, kid!

Freddy slowly moves up the hallway -- taking his time with unholy relish.

Step's leg is bent completely backwards as he barely drags himself into a nearby classroom.

**INT. PHYSICS LAB - NIGHT**

Step drags himself across the floor and attempts to hide himself behind a tall lab table.

Freddy enters from the hall. He slowly drags his steel claw across a blackboard. SCREEEEEECH!

STEP

Wake up, wake up, wake up.

Freddy throws a steely glance at a gas faucet.

It turns itself ON.

And then another. It also turns itself ON. He motions to every tap in the room as they ALL TURN ON.

FREDDY

Hey, Step. Why all this fighting?  
Whadd'ya say we...clear the air?

Freddy laughs it up.

Step still hidden by the lab table. He hears the LEAKING GAS pouring from the faucet.

STEP

No.

He crawls toward the emergency exit. Freddy snags him by the leg, pulls him back, reaches into his pocket and pulls out his trusty BIC LIGHTER.

Freddy smiles as the room fills with GAS and he gleefully holds the lighter high.

STEP (CONT'D)

Please, God!

FREDDY

Tell him I said Hi.

Freddy flicks the lighter as THE ROOM ERUPTS in a MASSIVE EXPLOSION that fills the outer hallways.

**INT. STEP'S CAMARO - NIGHT**

Step suddenly awakens as he's being ENGULFED IN FLAMES. His BIC LIGHTER rested in his ash tray along with a burning cigarette.

He SCREAMS in agonizing pain.

**EXT. PENNSBORO HIGH - STUDENT LOT - NIGHT**

The interior of the Camaro on fire now. After a few moments, the entire vehicle EXPLODES.

It's after hours. No other car left in the barren lot.

CLEO watches from across the lot. Still in nothing but a t shirt and hair in berets.

CLEO

Step!

Freddy appears from behind the burning wreckage. He walks out, into the open.

FREDDY

Awww, my sweet Cleo. Don't cry. I guess it's true what they say. The first time always hurts the most.

CLEO

Fuck you.

FREDDY

So hostile. You should play nice. We're gonna be spending a lot of time together, you and me.

CLEO

No. It's not true. You're not true.

Freddy LAUGHS.

Cleo squeezes her eyes shut. Re opens. Freddy nowhere to be found.

CLEO (CONT'D)

Alice!

Cleo slowly backs up, away from the fire, now scared to death. She unknowingly bumps straight into Freddy.

She quickly turns.

FREDDY

Bring me more!

**INT. CLEO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Cleo jumps out of the nightmare. Still in her t-shirt and hair in berets. She struggles to catch her breath.

She heads for the door, opens --

**EXT. 1428 ELM STREET - SPRINGWOOD, OH - NIGHT**

Cleo steps out, through a portal of sorts and onto a quaint residential sidewalk. Before her stands --

The old Thompson/Walsh residence. It has been refurbished and repaired with all new paint and an updated look. But the same old bright red door remains.

CLEO  
Hello? Harley! Randy!

Cleo turns back to the door but the portal has now closed. She's once again stuck in the nightmare.

As she faces 1428 Elm, she spots RANDY. Standing in the middle of the street and staring at the home.

CLEO (CONT'D)  
Randy, what are you doing? Where  
is this place?

Cleo almost doesn't notice the STEEL CLAW fitted to Randy's right hand. He turns and gives her a sinister grin.

CLEO (CONT'D)  
Let him go, Krueger!

A HONKING of a CAR HORN and TWO BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS distract Cleo as she turns and faces --

A CAR coming HEAD ON.

**INT. CLEO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Cleo once again jumps up in bed just as the LOUD HORN of a passing vehicle blares outside her window.

After composing herself and catching her breath, she's hit with a terrifying revelation.

CLEO  
Randy.

**EXT. 1428 ELM STREET - NIGHT**

All is quiet on the home front. A WOMAN walks her dog up the sidewalk in front of the white picket fence that guards the infamous property.

**INT. 1428 ELM STREET - RANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Randy tosses and turns under his sheets. His exposed chest and forehead are beaded with sweat. He grows frustrated and slaps the mattress.

RANDY

Fuck, it's hot.

Randy flips his pillow over for the hundredth time but to no avail. It's boiler room hot in this place.

He finally sits up, feet to the floor.

His television is still on. An episode of "THE JESSE WALSH SHOW" already in progress.

JESSE

Believe me. As someone who's also gone through a personal awakening. Dealing with struggles of inadequacy. Sexual identity. All of it. Your mind can blur the line between fantasy and reality. You can create alternate realities, if you will. Other worlds and planes of existence that don't actually exist. Only in your mind.

GUEST

Jesse, you of all people should understand that possession is real. Demons are real. The Devil is real.

Jesse grins back at his audience, as if to play along with them in mocking his guest.

GUEST (CONT'D)

I didn't come face to face with Satan himself because I had trouble quote...fitting in...with society as we know it. I was handpicked by Lucifer himself.

JESSE

For what reason?

GUEST

Because I know things. I know his secrets. That makes people like me a threat.

Randy can't tear himself away from the program. He's locked in on this strange late night talk show.

GUEST (CONT'D)

And I know things about you, Mister Walsh. Things not even your television audience knows.

JESSE

That's...very interesting.

GUEST

Go on. Make fun. You don't think I know what went down in that house on Elm Street between you and that Freddy Krueger guy.

Jesse loses his cocky grin.

RANDY

Elm Street?

The television flickers in and out with static. And then nothing but WHITE NOISE.

He desperately slaps the TV. Tries to get it back on.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Hey! Come on, you piece a shit!

FREDDY (O.S.)

(whispers)

Kill for me.

Randy faces his open bedroom door. The outer hallway still pitch dark.

RANDY

Who goes there?

He slowly moves into the --

HALLWAY

and heads for the stairs. Down he goes.

**INT. 1428 ELM STREET - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Randy heads straight for the coffee pot and pours himself yesterday's cup. He sucks it straight down. Ice cold. A face-twisting grimace.

RANDY  
I'm losing it.

FREDDY  
(whispers)  
Randy.

Randy looks to the basement door. It's cracked open a bit as an ORANGE LIGHT flickers downstairs.

He heads for the door, opens and looks down.

RANDY'S POV:

The ORANGE LIGHT crackles and flickers off the boxed up contents of an overcrowded basement.

RANDY  
Dad?! You down there?!

Randy heads down.

**INT. 1428 ELM STREET - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Randy approaches an old CAST IRON WOOD STOVE with the door left wide open. A fire brewing inside.

The sweat now pouring from Randy's face and chest.

He turns, faces the steps.

RANDY  
Dad?!

He turns back around just as --

FREDDY'S CLAW shoots out of the burning flame and straight for his face.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
NOOOO!!!!

**INT. 1428 ELM STREET - RANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Randy re opens his eyes and is suddenly back in his bedroom and standing at the foot of his bed.

Laying before him is a much younger JESSE WALSH (17), blonde, bone thin, pale skin and dark eyes that haven't seen a wink of sleep in days.

A crew of local ADULT NEIGHBORS join hands as A PRIEST performs an exorcism.

MR. AND MRS. WALSH are among them. One on each side of their son, firmly holding his arms to the bed.

Jesse jerks and screams like a person completely taken over by an invading spirit.

PRIEST

In the name of Jesus Christ, we  
cast you out, unclean spirit!  
Leave this boy! Leave his mind  
and his soul! You are not welcome  
in this house! As we pray  
together...

ALL

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be  
your name. Your kingdom come, your  
will be done, on earth as it is in  
heaven. Give us this day our daily  
bread, and forgive us our debts, as  
we also have forgiven our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil. For thine  
is the kingdom, the power, and the  
glory forever. Amen.

Jesse almost comes clear off his mattress as FREDDY'S SPIRIT  
POURS FROM HIS MOUTH LIKE A WHITE MIST.

Randy and the other parents watch in awe as THE WHITE MIST  
shoots straight THROUGH RANDY'S BODY.

**INT. 1428 ELM STREET - BASEMENT - MORNING**

Randy has somehow sleepwalked into the basement and is  
standing before the empty cast iron stove. The small  
door still swung open.

Randy's father MR. DYER (50s) comes down the steps and slowly  
but cautiously approaches his son.

MR. DYER

Randy?

He grabs his arm. Randy turns his head -- a down right evil  
grin on his face as he raises his right hand, now fitted  
with Freddy's STEEL CLAW.

He whips it straight into his father's gut as Mr. Dyer drops  
to his knees and collapses.

**EXT. 1428 ELM STREET - EARLY MORNING**

A couple of UNIFORM COPS in SPRINGWOOD POLICE JACKETS rope off the perimeter with yellow crime scene tape.

Lots of FLASHING BULBS as news vans and other media are arriving in drones.

CHIEF SCOTT PARKER (40s), brother of Kristen Parker, opens the white picket gate while ignoring an onslaught of reporters shoving microphones in his mug.

REPORTER #1

Chief Parker! A statement please!

CHIEF PARKER

Not now!

The bickering amongst the reporters turns to gibberish as Chief Parker enters the residence.

**INT. 1428 ELM STREET - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Chief Parker watches as a couple CORONERS wheel out the covered body of William "Bill" Dyer.

CHIEF PARKER

Hold it a sec.

The coroners stop. Chief Parker jerks back the white sheet covering Mr. Dyer. Four large holes in his bloody shirt suggest the familiar work of Freddy Krueger.

Chief Parker's lead homicide DET. KOVAC (40s), white shirt and tie, notepad in hand, greets him.

DET. KOVAC

That look familiar?

CHIEF PARKER

You find the murder weapon?

DET. KOVAC

The neighbors called in a complaint around Six AM. Apparently the Dyer kid was standing in the middle of the street wearing it before PD finally picked him up. Get this. He was covered in blood.

CHIEF PARKER

What the hell do you mean he was wearing it? Wearing what?

Det. Kovac checks to see if anyone's watching. He pulls Chief Parker aside, in a more quiet part of the room.

DET. KOVAC

It looks like this Randy kid found a little something hidden in the stove downstairs.

CHIEF PARKER

Something? Like what? Would you spit it out, Danny.

DET. KOVAC

What do you think I mean? What else was Thompson keeping in that stove?

Chief Parker nearly comes out of his shoes but composes himself as CSI TECHS walk in and out of rooms.

CHIEF PARKER

(whispers)

Shut up about that.

DET. KOVAC

Hey, you asked, I told you.

CHIEF PARKER

He was supposed to have melted that fucking thing forty years ago.

DET. KOVAC

Yeah, well. Apparently he kept himself a souvenir.

CHIEF PARKER

Who else besides the neighbors saw the glove?

DET. KOVAC

Me. Torres. Carlson. McCray. Maybe the coroner.

CHIEF PARKER

What do you mean maybe?

DET. KOVAC

I mean a lot of people have been in and out of this house since this morning, boss.

Chief Parker stares through the front window at the growing crowd of spectators behind the picket fence.

CHIEF PARKER

Alright. Get back with the neighbors. You make it crystal clear to them that we already have the murder weapon in custody. I don't want any mention of a glove hitting the six o'clock news. It'll bring out every fruit and conspiracy nut just looking to make an example out of us.

DET. KOVAC

I'm on it.

Det. Kovac heads for the door. Chief Parker grabs him.

CHIEF PARKER

Remember. There is no glove. No matter what they think they saw. Beat it into their brains if you have to.

DET. KOVAC

Got it.

He jumps to it. Chief Parker rubs his tired face.

**INT. HOME OF NANCY THOMPSON-KELLER - MORNING**

Nancy chews what's left of a cream cheese bagel and sips her coffee while the morning news break on television.

NEWS ANCHOR

It is truly A Nightmare On Elm Street once again. As seventeen year old Randy Dyer has brutally taken the life of his father William Dyer.

Nancy stops chewing, all eyes on the report: The News Anchor sits before a green screen still shot of 1428 ELM.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The once Pennsboro residents made the move to Springwood just under three weeks ago. A pill that some Springwood residents find hard to swallow. Some have gone so far to ask...was the urban legend surrounding the soul of serial killer Freddy Krueger truly a legend? Traci Savage joins us live at the scene.

Field reporter TRACI SAVAGE strolls the sidewalk before 1428 Elm Street. A mob of protestors ready to burn down the house and be done with it.

TRACI

This was the spot almost thirty five years ago where then teenager Nancy Thompson claimed to have been stalked by a razor clawed madman named Freddy Krueger. A madman who had incidentally died years earlier in a suspicious fire. A fire, according to Nancy, that was started by Thompson's own father. Then Chief of Police Donald Thompson.

Nancy steps closer to the television. Her eyes wide and tense and never leaving the set.

NANCY

This isn't happening to me.

TRACI

One thing's for certain, Pat. Nancy Thompson's gotta be asking herself...why is this happening to me? Why now of all times? With a book all but exonerating Fred Krueger as The Springwood Slasher, the timing couldn't be worse.

Nancy, now worked up and pissed off, tosses the TV clicker across the room.

**INT. PENNSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - ALICE'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Alice stands at a copy machine. She lays a copy of Nancy's book "Springwood Secrets" face down on the scanner.

She shuts the lid and presses START. Several copies of underlined passages shoot into a tray.

In the office storms Cleo. She shuts the door behind her.

CLEO

You didn't bring us into that dream. It was me.

ALICE

How do you know?

CLEO

Because he told me. Because I was there. When Step died. When Randy killed his father. I brought them both into my dream.

She cries.

CLEO (CONT'D)

It's my fault. He's using me to get to the others.

ALICE

I know. Somehow I always knew. I sensed it in you. You have the gift. Like me. Like Kristen.

CLEO

Well I don't want it. This is all your fault. You gave this to me, well now you can take it back.

ALICE

It doesn't work that way, Cleo. You've had this gift long before I was around. Since you were born. He's gonna try to use it against you but you have to find a way to use it against him.

CLEO

How? I don't know if you noticed or not but we kind of had a bad night.

Alice is at a loss for words. She walks in a circle, trying to form some sort of game plan.

ALICE

Why now? Why is he coming back now? He's been dormant for years. Not one word about Krueger. Not since...

Alice thinks it all over. And the answer comes to her. Cleo watches her closely.

CLEO

Since what?

ALICE

Come on. I'll tell you on the way.

Alice grabs Cleo's hand, walks her to the door as the two quickly head out. The school SECRETARY watches them with a growing suspicion.

**INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB - DAY**

A LAB TECHNICIAN holds a vile of blood over an examination table featuring FREDDY'S CLAW - the murder weapon - and a random KITCHEN KNIFE.

Chief Parker watches as he carefully drips blood specs onto the second knife.

**INT. TV STUDIO - THE JESSE WALSH SHOW - DAY**

Jesse stands before a live studio audience. A teleprompter scrolls his final thoughts. He reads them.

His guest, A TRANSGENDER STRIPPER, remains seated. He wipes his tears with a tissue.

JESSE

Social media addiction is affecting millions of lives. An addiction no better or worse than alcohol or drugs. And like alcohol and drugs, the internet has skewed our perceptions of the world. We now feel a grand sense of entitlement. Entitled to our opinions even when they're not requested. Insulted when they're not taken as gospel. But what is that driving force that's pushing us to become more and more divided as a nation? Tomorrow's guest has one theory. A theory that could very well change how we view social media, the world as a whole and our very existence. Tomorrow on The Jesse Walsh Show. Good night and good health.

Jesse waves goodbye to his audience. He shakes his guest's hand as the audience applauds.

Alice, Cleo and Harley stand off stage, out of view. They watch as Jesse removes a small collar mic.

HARLEY

Who does he think he is? Fuckin Frasier?

The crew roll their cameras off set. That's a wrap.

JESSE  
Good show, people.

Jesse steps down, off the sound stage and is immediately confronted by Alice.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

Cleo and Harley behind Alice. Neither looking very happy with Jesse.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Hell are you doing here?

ALICE  
I think you know. That kid's been in a jail cell, begging to speak with you and you've ignored him.

Jesse looks over Alice's shoulder. Cleo and Harley growing angrier by the second.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Ignoring him won't make the problem go away any faster.

JESSE  
I'm not ignoring anything.

Jesse stalls.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

Jesse quickly walks the opposite direction, off the sound stage and behind a curtain. Alice follows.

BACK STAGE

Jesse passes a slew of dressing rooms while a busy production crew wrap for the day. He uses a wet wipe to clean the makeup from his face.

He turns, spots Alice in hot pursuit. He rolls his eyes.

ALICE  
You can't keep walking away from this. Away from him.

Jesse tries his best to ignore Alice. He shakes a few hands on the way to his office.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Randy Dyer needs you. You're his only ally. Don't turn your back on him when he needs you the most.

JESSE

He doesn't need me. He needs a lawyer. He's a sick kid. Just like thousands of other sick kids in this country. Afraid to face their problems head on and blaming the voices in their heads for their own conscious actions.

Jesse ducks out a metal door marked EXIT. A sign over the door says LOBBY with an arrow pointing down.

Alice follows.

**INT. STAIRWELL - DAY**

Jesse hurries down the steps. Alice tries like hell to keep up in loafers.

ALICE

All those years you stayed quiet. You and Nancy. All those people in Springwood. Krueger never disappeared. You all just pretended he didn't exist.

Jesse grows super annoyed, stops, stares up the steps at the persistent and borderline pestering Alice.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Well pretending he's not real won't keep him from slaughtering hundreds of other children. Whether you wanna admit it or not, he's still out there. And more powerful than ever.

JESSE

Look. Miss Johnson.

ALICE

Spector. And it's Alice, Jesse. It's me. Alice. Don't you remember?

JESSE

Alice. I know Fred Krueger's the flavor of the month.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

With Nancy's book. This new murder. But I'm not interested in playing. It's frankly got nothing to do with me.

Cleo and Harley walk up the stairs and block Jesse in from the other end.

CLEO

It's got everything to do with you.

JESSE

I don't know you, young lady and this is none of your business.

HARLEY

It's all her business. And mine. Because he's after us now.

Jesse smiles and laughs.

JESSE

Okay. I'll bite. Krueger is real. He's come back from the dead to wreak havoc on the living. Fine. What the hell do you want me to do about it?

ALICE

What you should've done a long time ago. What we all should've done.

JESSE

And what's that?

ALICE

Tell the truth. Go public with the truth about Krueger. Tell the whole world Nancy Thompson is a fraud and a liar. These kids sanity and lives are at stake.

JESSE

You all need help. That's what I think.

Jesse nudges passed Cleo but Harley grabs the railing and blocks his path.

HARLEY

You walk out on Randy now, he's as good as dead. Are you willing to live with that?

Jesse takes pause. He's affected by Harley's words. At a crossroads.

**INT. COUNTY JAIL - HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Randy awaits in a special holding cell for visitors. He paces the floor, shaking his hands, making tight fists and mumbling to himself.

The heavy metal door swings open and in walks Jesse. Randy can hardly believe it. A real sense of both shock and relief on his face.

RANDY

You. It's really you.

JESSE

Yeah. It's really me.

Randy moves closer to get a better look at his visitor. He gives him a good once over.

RANDY

I haven't slept in days. Where the hell have you been, man?

JESSE

Yeah, well, I'm sort of hard to get a hold of these days.

Jesse offers Randy a piece of chewing gum. He accepts.

RANDY

I saw your show. Well. Sort of. It was in my dream.

JESSE

What do you think?

RANDY

It's a piece of shit.

Jesse laughs, leans against the wall.

JESSE

Yeah, well. Everyone's a critic.

RANDY

So what's the deal, Walsh. Am I crazy or not? I mean, I heard the stories. I know all about you and Krueger. Just tell me. Is it true or isn't it?

JESSE

I guess that all depends on your perception of reality.

RANDY

You know what they're telling me? They're saying I stabbed him with a kitchen knife. Just like I wasn't there. Like I have no idea what I was doing.

JESSE

Did you?

Randy looks offended by the question. He gets uncomfortably close to Jesse's face.

RANDY

Look. I didn't mean to kill him. He was my father. But that bastard made me do it. He put that glove on my hand. I saw it with my own eyes.

This hits close to home for Jesse. He looks lost in thought.

RANDY (CONT'D)

But these cops. They're putting words in my mouth. Trying to get me to admit doing something I didn't do. Like that glove was never a factor.

JESSE

Of course. No one's gonna believe the soul of Freddy Krueger invaded your body. Why would they?

RANDY

Yeah, maybe not now. No thanks to you and that other chick. What's her name? Nancy. Now everyone's gonna think I'm crazy.

Randy pounds his fists against the wall. Jesse walks up behind him -- ever so carefully.

JESSE

Maybe that's a good thing, Randy. It could be what gets you out of here.

Randy laughs.

RANDY  
Yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't  
you, Walsh? Keep your name out of  
it.

Randy turns to him.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
No. I'm not going about this on my  
own. I'm not signing any deals  
until all of you come clean. You  
can tell the cops that too.

JESSE  
Come clean about what?

RANDY  
Don't bullshit me, man. I know why  
you're really here. Because you  
feel guilty. Well I don't need  
your guilt. I need you to tell the  
truth. About what he did to you.

Jesse slowly comes around. He halfheartedly nods in  
agreement.

**EXT. SPRINGWOOD COUNTY JAIL - DAY**

Jesse exits the building where he is greeted by Alice, Harley  
and Cleo waiting on a bench. They all stand.

JESSE  
They buried the glove. Just like  
it was never there.

HARLEY  
It's a fuckin cover up.

CLEO  
What does that mean? I mean, what  
happens now?

ALICE  
They're gonna make him sign a  
confession.

JESSE  
Most likely.

CLEO  
Well, we can't let him do that.

Jesse thinks it all over. They all stare back at him, awaiting his direction.

JESSE  
You're right. And we're not going to.

ALICE  
What do you mean?

JESSE  
There's one person who knows the truth about what happened to Fred Krueger. And it's past time she talked.

**INT. BARNES AND NOBLE BOOK STORE - DAY**

Nancy is the special guest book signer as she sits at the helm of a long fold out table near the front end.

She signs one after the next. And then another.

NANCY  
Thank you very much. Enjoy.

She smiles and looks up. The book belongs to none other than a very tired and pissed off Jesse Walsh.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Mister Walsh.

JESSE  
Miss Thompson. Long time.

NANCY  
Yes. A very long time. You look good.

JESSE  
You don't. You look tired. Like you got a lot on your mind.

Nancy observes her fans behind Jesse. All watching the awkward exchange.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Love the book. The ending could use some tweaking but other than that.

Nancy looks down. Ashamed.

NANCY  
I saw the news. Pretty terrible.

JESSE  
Yes it is. So why are you still  
sitting here signing books?

Nancy huffs with exhaustion. She slowly wilts and nods in agreement.

Nancy's boyfriend DENNIS intervenes, bends down and whispers quietly in her ear.

DENNIS  
Nancy, honey. The line's getting a  
bit long. You think you and your  
friend can catch up later?

Nancy and Jesse stare back at one another.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Is that a yes?

Nancy slams Jesse's book shut.

NANCY  
I've gotta go.

Nancy leaps from the table, grabs her purse. Jesse's smile is ear to ear.

DENNIS  
Honey, you can't just go. There's  
over two dozen people in line.

NANCY  
You always have the answer, Dennis.  
I'm sure you'll figure something  
out.

Nancy heads to the door with Jesse.

CUT TO:

**INT. COUNTY JAIL - RANDY'S CELL - NIGHT**

Randy rubs his sore eyes and paces back and forth until his feet can no longer take the punishment.

He slumps down on a steel bench. The iron gate swings open and in walks Chief Parker. He's holding a paper form of sorts in his hand.

He takes a seat next to Randy.

CHIEF PARKER

Been talking with your lawyer.  
Along with The Judge presiding over  
your case. It seems your mother's  
convinced us all to place you under  
psychiatric care. Given your  
squeaky clean record. Your grades.  
No history of prior violent  
behavior.

Randy snags the papers out of Chief Parker's hand.

RANDY

What is this?

CHIEF PARKER

It's a full confession. Pretty  
much everything you've told us in  
writing.

RANDY

Minus a few details.

CHIEF PARKER

Such as?

RANDY

The murder weapon of choice. I  
mean, I saw it with my own eyes,  
Chief. He made me watch while I  
drove it into him.

Chief Parker stands, checks the halls to make sure him and  
Randy are completely alone.

CHIEF PARKER

You know this town. It's history.  
Why'd you wanna stir all that up  
again? What good would that do?

RANDY

And no one will ever know the  
truth.

CHIEF PARKER

Well, son, some people can't handle  
the truth. Just like the movie  
says.

He shoves the papers in Randy's face.

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)

Look. You do what you want when you leave this place. But the only way you're leaving this cell is by signing that form.

Randy nods in agreement. He grabs the papers and pen from Chief Parker.

**INT. HARLEY BODEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Harley sneaks in way past her curfew. She is shocked to see that waiting in her living room are her PARENTS along with PRINCIPAL FINDLEY and DET. KOVAC.

Mr. Boden almost runs over Principal Findley on his way to chew out Harley.

MR. BODEN

Harley! Hell have you been?! It's after midnight!

HARLEY

With friends, Dad. Don't have a stroke.

He cracks her dead in the mouth. The whole room watch in complete shock.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Dad, what the fuck?!

MR. BODEN

Watch your mouth!

Mrs. Boden grabs her husband, nudges him aside. She takes point with Harley.

MRS. BODEN

Mister Findley said you left school yesterday afternoon and nobody's seen you since. Is that true?

HARLEY

Hey, I don't know if you noticed or not, but there's some seriously weird shit going down. Sorry if I'm just trying to process it all.

MR. BODEN

What did I tell you about that mouth?!

DET. KOVAC  
Mister and Mrs. Boden. If I may.

Harley's parents back off a second. Det. Kovac takes point.

DET. KOVAC (CONT'D)  
I'm just gathering a bit more information on this Randy Dyer case. According to eyewitness reports, you were the last one seen with him before the murder.

HARLEY  
So what?

DET. KOVAC  
I also hear you've been spending a lot of time with Alice Spector. Not just you, but Cleo Ford and Randy Dyer. Is this correct?

HARLEY  
Why? Is that a big deal?

DET. KOVAC  
Well. It may be. I hear she's been filling Randy's head with some pretty bizarre stuff. Specifically about the Fred Krueger murders.

HARLEY  
Who told you that? Randy?

DET. KOVAC  
I can't divulge that information.

HARLEY  
Yeah, well. Neither can I. Excuse me.

Harley heads upstairs. Her fuming mad parents chase up the stairs after her.

MR. BODEN  
Get your ass back down here!  
Harley!

**INT. HARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Harley slams the door shut behind her and deadbolts it. Her parents banging away on the other side.

MR. BODEN (O.S.)  
Harley! Open this door!

HARLEY  
Go away!

BUMP-BUMP-BUMP! Three hard pounds of his fist almost take the door off the hinges.

Harley grows tired of the noise and throws on her wireless headphones. A hip hop jam blasting in her ears.

HARLEY (CONT'D)  
I can't hear you, Dad!

She slumps down on her mattress and squeezes the headphones to her head. The loud BUMPING of her father's fist still audible behind the music.

HARLEY (CONT'D)  
Go away. Just go away.

Harley squeezes her eyes shut. The sounds of her father's angry tirade slowly begin to fade away.

After a few moments, she opens her eyes.

**INT. COUNTY JAIL - RANDY'S CELL - NIGHT**

Harley is now laying on a steel bench inside the jail cell. She sits up, spots Cleo hovering over her.

CLEO  
I'm sorry. I wasn't gonna bring you in. But we don't have a choice.

Harley looks past Cleo and spots Randy sleeping like a baby on the opposite bench.

CLEO (CONT'D)  
Krueger's using me to get to the two of you. You've got to get out of here. Take Randy and let me deal with Krueger.

HARLEY  
Are you crazy? You sound just like Randy. I'm not leaving you here.

ALICE (O.S.)  
Me either.

Cleo and Harley turn and face Alice. Seemingly appearing from out of thin air.

CLEO  
You made it.

ALICE  
Like I said. We're in this  
together. All of us.

Harley spots FREDDY'S SHADOW on a wall at the far end of the outer hallway.

HARLEY  
Oh, shit. He's coming.

All of the sudden, the iron gate enclosing them slides open. As if Freddy is daring them to run.

CLEO  
(to Harley)  
Hurry. We're running out of time.  
Take Randy and run. It's the only  
way he stands a chance.

ALICE  
(to Cleo)  
You're going with her. Let me  
worry about Krueger.

Cleo shakes her head in protest.

CLEO  
No. You're only here because of  
me. I pulled you into this.

ALICE  
We don't have time to argue.

Alice aggressively grips Cleo's arms. Pulls her in closer.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Are you listening to me?

HARLEY  
(losing patience)  
Yeah. No shit. Listen to her.

ALICE  
You'll have to trust me. Do it.

Alice makes a run for it, out of the open cell door and toward the sinister laughs of Freddy.

CLEO  
 (to Alice)  
 Good luck.

Alice gives Cleo one last smile before she disappears around the sharp corner.

CLEO (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Goodbye.

HARLEY  
 Hey, are we in a hurry or not?

Cleo and Harley attempt to wake up Randy. He isn't moving an inch. Harley gives him a good slap across the face.

HARLEY (CONT'D)  
 It's like he's sedated or something.

CLEO  
 They must've given him something.  
 He can't talk to reporters if he's out cold. We'll have to carry him.

Cleo and Harley each wrap an arm around their heads and drag a limp Randy through the open gate.

**INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING AREA - NIGHT**

Alice moves out of the detention area and into what looks to be the main booking area. The old precinct looks to have burned in a fire years ago.

Black, ashy walls heavily damaged now painted over with GRAFITTI and GANG SIGNS.

Random furniture strewn about. Couch cushions. Chairs flipped over. Old police files and paperwork charred and left behind.

Alice feels a CRUNCH just under her feet. She looks down at what appears to be hundreds of OLD POLAROIDs. All of young children. All sad, under nourished. Filthy.

FREDDY moves down the steps of a nearby staircase -- slowly, methodically toward his old nemesis.

She stares up at him. No real surprise in her eyes. No real emotion at all.

FREDDY

You didn't think you'd seen the last of me. Did you?

ALICE

I hope you're not looking for a fight, Krueger. Because I'm not interested.

Freddy loses his sly grin. An all too serious and purely evil gleam in his eye. He moves down the steps, getting closer and closer.

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's right. If you want me, come get me.

Cleo and Harley drags a halfway conscious Randy toward the front double doors.

RANDY

What...what are you guys doing?

Freddy spots them. Alice also turns, faces them.

ALICE

Get him out of here! Now!

Freddy leaps off of the stairs and lands just feet from intended victim Alice.

CLEO

Shit.

Cleo spots a SHOTGUN RACK in the corner and kicks in the encasing. CRASH!

HARLEY

What are you doing?!

She grabs a twelve gauge -- racks one in the chamber and aims straight at Freddy.

CLEO

Get away from her!

The old weapon covered in spider webs and LIVE TARANTULAS that crawl up Cleo's arm.

She drops the shotgun on the dust covered marble floor as a LIVE ROUND leaves the barrel --

BLOWS OUT a WINDOW behind Freddy's head.

ALICE  
Run, Cleo! Both of you! Go!

Harley pushes a still out of it Randy through the front door. Cleo is unsure but eventually follows.

The door SLAMS SHUT behind them. Freddy LAUGHS.

FREDDY  
Alone at last.

Freddy creeps up behind Alice. With her back turned --

Alice spins around, surprises Freddy with a CRUCIFIX made of large mirrors. Freddy sees his own image as the outline of the Cross is branded into his forehead.

He SCREAMS OUT.

The CROSS OF LIGHT burned into Freddy's head is so bright it nearly blinds Alice.

ALICE  
Damn you to Hell! You evil fucker!  
Die!

Freddy grabs her wrist and BENDS IT BACKWARD.

Alice SCREAMS IN AGONY and drops the mirrored crucifix on the police station floor.

It SHATTERS INTO PIECES.

Freddy forces her to her knees. Alice stares up at him. Her final moment.

Freddy smiles down at her before DRIVING HIS STEEL CLAW UNDER HER CHIN and --

THROUGH THE BACK OF HER NECK.

Alice slowly chokes on her own blood.

FREDDY  
Oh, Alice. My dear, sweet Alice.  
Parting is such sweet sorrow.

Freddy rips out his glove as --

Alice falls limp to the floor. Dead.

Freddy turns in a circle, WHIPS HIS GLOVE toward a GAS CAN parked in the middle of the floor. It tips over, spills over the immediate area.

He then STRIKES HIS GLOVE across the floor as if to strike a match. The floor CATCHES FIRE.

**EXT. SPRINGWOOD POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Harley and Cleo rest a very weary Randy against a chain link fence across the street from the old precinct.

RANDY  
Where the hell is this place?

Cleo spots a SIGN in front of the precinct that reads SPRINGWOOD POLICE DEPARTMENT.

They watch the old, run down and severely burned building once again CATCH FIRE from the inside out.

GLASS WINDOWS EXPLODE showering the streets in front of the precinct house.

CLEO  
We have to wake up. He'll be coming for us.

Cleo pulls Randy's lighter from her own pocket this time.

Out of nowhere --

FREDDY

stands over them.

FREDDY  
Surprise.

Cleo grabs Randy's and Harley's wrist. LIGHTS a FLAME under all three of their arms at once.

**INT. CLEO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Cleo at her computer desk. Out of the nightmare.

CLEO  
Alice.

**INT. HARLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Harley awakens on her bed. Her headphones still on.

**INT. COUNTY JAIL - RANDY'S CELL - NIGHT**

Randy jumps out of the nightmare. Back in his cell and on the cold bench.

**EXT. SPRINGWOOD CEMETERY - DAY**

A funeral for Alice comes to an end as students, teachers and staff of Pennsboro High head to their cars.

MR. JOHNSON (70s), rests a single flower on Alice's casket as he also begins out of the graveyard.

Only Cleo and Harley are left standing. They turn and spot Nancy and Jesse walking toward them. Both properly dressed for a funeral.

CLEO

Oh my God. It's really her.

Jesse joins the two teens, pats them both on the back as --

Nancy watches Alice's casket get lowered into the ground. A look of sincere regret on her face.

CLEO (CONT'D)

We need to go.

JESSE

Give her a moment.

Nancy moves past Alice's burial site and further into the graveyard.

She approaches a couple of markers. ROLAND KINCAID and KRISTIN PARKER. Just behind these stones --

NANCY THOMPSON. 1964-1987

Nancy wipes a tear from her eye.

Cleo, Harley and Jesse quietly walk up behind her.

HARLEY

Is that her own headstone?

JESSE

That's right.

HARLEY

Okay. Now I'm really confused.

Nancy finishes her memory lane number and joins the others.

NANCY

So. Which one of you is the prodigy?

CLEO

I guess that would be me.

NANCY

I'm sorry about your friend Randy.  
(to Jesse)  
Has he been remanded to Westin Hills yet?

JESSE

They're moving him first thing Monday morning.

NANCY

In that case, we better get going. We still have a lot of work to do.

HARLEY

Right.

They all file out of the cemetery together.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Wait a minute. What exactly are we doing again?

**INT. SPRINGWOOD LIBRARY - READING ROOM - DAY**

Cleo, Harley and Jesse sit at a conference table, waiting. Nancy charges in with an old newspaper. She slams it on the table: "SPRINGWOOD POLICE STATION LOST IN FIRE"

JESSE

What's this?

NANCY

(to Cleo)  
You said the police station looked like it had burned down, right?

CLEO

Right. What does that mean?

NANCY

It wasn't just an accident you saw it in your dream. You put it there.

CLEO

Me? How?

Nancy pulls Springwood Secrets from her coat pocket, opens it near the middle. Where it's bookmarked.

NANCY

Because you read about it in my book. Chapter Eight. Where you left off.

Harley snags the book from Nancy before Cleo can take it. She gives it a look.

HARLEY

Trippy shit.

CLEO

What happened? I only got through part of Chapter Eight.

NANCY

After Krueger died, the murders continued. For a long time. When word got out the police burned an innocent man alive, the Springwood community let them know what they thought about it.

HARLEY

The city burned it down?

NANCY

(to Cleo)

These collective dreams all of you have been having are yours, Cleo.

CLEO

But. It's his world, not mine.

NANCY

No. It's your world. Your The Dream Master. Like Alice. Like Kristen before her. You have powers greater than you can ever imagine.

HARLEY

Yeah, that's what Miss Spector used to say. But what I wanna know is how do we actually use them to stop this guy?

NANCY

Well. I have one idea. It may sound a little crazy to you but based on my experience battling Krueger I think it's our best shot.

HARLEY

What? What is it? At this point I'm ready to try anything.

CLEO

Yeah, no kidding.

Nancy isn't so sure but nods just the same.

NANCY

Alright.

**INT. COUNTY JAIL - PROCESSING - MORNING**

Chief Parker and TWO OF HIS DEPUTIES walk a fully dressed Randy, back in his own clothes, to a processing window to pick up his belongings.

A WOMAN behind the small window hands him a manila envelope. He opens and spills out a wrinkled five dollar bill and a gold chain with a crucifix.

He grips it tightly.

CHIEF PARKER

Look. Randy. I know it may not seem that way now. But we all want what's best for you. I just want you to know we're all gonna be praying for you.

Randy turns to him, not buying it.

**EXT. SPRINGWOOD COUNTY JAIL - MORNING**

Chief Parker and The Two Deputies walk Randy to a special van with bars on the windows. Randy stops.

RANDY

(Chief Parker)

Aren't dangerous criminals like me supposed to be in cuffs?

CHIEF PARKER  
 You gotta second chance at a real  
 life, Randy. If I were you I'd  
 stop asking so many questions.

Randy gives him a smartass look and crawls in the back of the white van.

Chief Parker shuts the doors for him.

**EXT. 1428 ELM STREET - SIDEWALK - DAY**

NEWS VANS and TV PRODUCTION CREW set up cameras and boom mics as Nancy and Jesse step from the back of Jesse's Mercedes.

They walk hand in hand toward the white picket fence, about to enter their old residence for the first time in thirty some years.

Jesse's CAMERMEN use handhelds to follow them up the sidewalk and onto the property.

Nancy and Jesse turn to each other, a big smile. Jesse spots a familiar face in the crowd.

Nudging her way through a MOB OF PROTESTERS is none other than Jesse's long lost love LISA WEBBER (50s), red hair, an ear to ear smile.

They meet each other halfway. Nancy watches their long overdue embrace.

LISA  
 I told you I'd always be there for  
 you. No matter what.

JESSE  
 I know. Glad you could make it.

LISA  
 Are you ready for this?

JESSE  
 Probably not.

They hold each other's hands. An awkward silence.

LISA  
 So. How's the love life?

JESSE  
 Smartass.

They share a nice laugh before Jesse re joins Nancy at the picket fence. FLASH BULBS a plenty as these two urban legends of local folklore are about to make history.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Here we go.

NANCY

Yeah. Here we go.

They hold hands as they slowly move up the cement path toward the bright red door. Or what used to be their personal gateway to Hell.

JESSE

God help us.

**INT. RANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Nancy and Jesse are let into Randy's bedroom by MRS. DYER (40s), tears in her eyes, still a wreck.

Nancy and Jesse both stand in awe as they face the painful memories of their youth.

A small, tight knit CAMERA CREW record the epic moment.

NANCY

It still looks the same.

JESSE

Yeah, it does. Do you feel anything?

NANCY

So many things.

Jesse nods toward their old closet. Nancy follows his look.

JESSE

You think it's still here?

Nancy moves for the closet. Mrs. Dyer watches as she digs around Randy's clothes.

MRS. DYER

What're you looking for exactly?

NANCY

It's gotta be in here.

Nancy reaches in the top, left hand corner of the closet and checks her secret hiding space.

She comes back down with her OLD DIARY.

Jesse smiles.

JESSE

Bingo.

MRS. DYER

What's that?

NANCY

The book I should've written years ago.

**EXT. 1428 ELM STREET - DAY**

Nancy and Jesse stand before the now huge crowd of citizens, protestors, neighborhood rubbernecks and television personalities.

FLASH BULBS are popping like Fourth of July.

Nancy moves closer to a hot microphone while Jesse stays behind and watches.

NANCY

It's been thirty years since I last saw 1428 Elm Street. A place I swore I'd never return to again. It was a place of memories so painful and so tragic that my mind chose to reject them.

Jesse and Lisa catch eyes. She cries for him.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Since leaving Springwood, I have never been able to fully accept the idea that what happened behind these walls was real. For me, the easiest answer was to walk away. Turn my back on it. Turn my back on him.

Several REPORTERS behind the picket fence are holding their own microphones in Nancy's face. Others jot down her comments on notepads.

NANCY (CONT'D)

My greatest regret today is lying to the public. I've led all of you to believe that Fred Krueger was innocent.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

A pawn in a much greater conspiracy. This decision was based purely out of anger. Anger at my father. And mother.

Jesse tears up at the mention of her parents.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I blamed them for ruining hundreds of lives. Including mine. I thought by shifting the blame on them, and the others responsible for Krueger's death, that his rampage would finally come to an end. I was wrong. Because Fred Krueger was...and still is...the very definition of evil.

**INT. WESTIN HILLS ASYLUM - CAFETERIA - NIGHT**

A hopping mad Chief Parker can't stand still as he paces in between the dozens of empty dining tables.

Sitting at one of the tables is the hospital's chief director DR. WALLACE PARNELL (60s), stern and stuffy. Dr. Parnell impatiently checks his watch.

DR. PARNELL

(to Chief Parker)

Just what is this about?

Lost of FLASH BULBS and REPORTERS in the outer hallway as Nancy ducks inside.

CHIEF PARKER

(to Nancy)

What the hell have you done?

NANCY

Set the record straight. It's time you did the same, Scott.

DR. PARNELL

What is she talking about?

Chief Parker turns his back, ignores him.

DR. PARNELL (CONT'D)

(to Nancy)

Set the record straight about what?

CHIEF PARKER  
Doc, could you excuse us for a  
minute, please?

NANCY  
No. No more lying and no more  
secrets.

Chief Parker angrily kicks a chair to the floor and stuffs  
his finger in Nancy's face.

CHIEF PARKER  
Shut the hell up!

DR. PARNELL  
Chief, really! That's not  
necessary!

CHIEF PARKER  
Doc, no offense. But I'm gonna  
need you to get the hell out of  
here.

DR. PARNELL  
Excuse me?

NANCY  
(to Dr. Parnell)  
It's okay. Give us a few minutes.  
But I do need to speak with you.  
It's very, very important.

DR. PARNELL  
Come find me when you're finished.

Dr. Parnell leaves them to it. Chief Parker waits until the  
door shuts behind him.

CHIEF PARKER  
First you throw your own father  
under the bus. Then my father.  
And now you've just accused me of  
tampering with evidence on live  
television.

NANCY  
Look at yourself, Scott. You're  
driving yourself crazy. You've  
been living with this secret for  
thirty years. Isn't that enough?

CHIEF PARKER

Is that why you're here? To  
cleanse us all from the sins of our  
past?

NANCY

How many have died? A hundred? A  
thousand? When we turn our back on  
him we're turning our backs on  
them. Every kid who's ever gone  
face to face with Krueger.

CHIEF PARKER

You're not a cop, Nancy! You don't  
understand what my father and your  
father were faced with! What I'm  
faced with! You can't tell these  
kids parents that their child was  
taken by the boogeyman! It's no  
answer!

NANCY

No, because that would be crazy.  
Just like me, right?

CHIEF PARKER

Nobody made you go on camera after  
thirty years and spill your dirty  
laundry.

Nancy walks to a window, stares out at the barrage of News  
Vans and Reporters showing up in drones.

A SIGN reads WESTIN HILLS ASYLUM. The famous tower where  
Amanda Krueger roams visible from this window.

Nancy opens a wallet. Stares down at a photo of her father  
Don Thompson and best friend Sgt. Dan Parker from Nightmare  
Part 1. Kristen and Scott's father.

NANCY

Thirty years ago, everyone in  
Springwood was waiting for me to  
pull out of a coma. So they could  
publicly crucify me for what I did  
to the kids at this hospital. Your  
father helped bury me so I could  
disappear. Have a chance at a real  
life that didn't involve Fred  
Krueger.

Nancy shuts her wallet, turns to Chief Parker.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm grateful to him for his help,  
but the facts are I turned my back  
on a lot of people.

CHIEF PARKER

Like who?

NANCY

Like these kids. Your sister had a  
gift. Just like Cleo and Alice.  
They can't be the only ones, Scott.  
I know there's more. And Krueger  
is using them to bring in his  
victims. It's how he's still able  
to kill after all these years.

CHIEF PARKER

What do you want me to do? Go on  
television like you and that other  
fruitcake? Clear the air?

NANCY

No. I think I've done enough  
talking for all of us.

CHIEF PARKER

Yeah, well, at least we agree on  
something.

Chief Parker wilts in defeat and takes a chair. Nancy hovers  
over him. A sincere look in her eye.

NANCY

But what I do need is your help.

CHIEF PARKER

What is it?

NANCY

I need the records of every patient  
at Westin Hills on hypnocil.

CHIEF PARKER

Hell are you talking about? Hypno  
what? You mean that shit you put  
Kristen on?

NANCY

Cleo's been dreaming about this  
place for weeks. She knows its  
secrets. All the kids just like  
her that have gone down as  
suicides.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

You've turned your back on them.  
And so have I. Well it all ends  
today.

CHIEF PARKER

You know he won't agree to this.

NANCY

Your the police. Make him  
understand.

**INT. DR. NEIL GORDON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Cleo sits before a large, pull down projector screen. A series of Westin Hills PATIENTS are on a slideshow.

NEIL GORDON (60s), full beard, a bit grayer than the last we've seen him, hands Cleo a pair of headphones.

DR. GORDON

In a minute, you're gonna put these  
on.

Cleo grabs them, about to put them on.

NANCY

In a minute he said.

Cleo stops.

DR. GORDON

Now, what you're looking at are a list of patients at Westin Hills currently on hypnocil. All who've claimed to have a face to face with you know who.

CLEO

Okay. And what are we doing?

NANCY

Just listen, Cleo. It's important.

DR. GORDON

I've got their images playing on a loop. When you put the headphones on you'll hear their names being called, one at a time. Each time you hear a name, I want you to say it out loud.

Cleo turns to Harley for answers. A stumped look.

HARLEY

Don't look at me. I'm still on  
Nancy's grave.

DR. GORDON

Look, it's word association. What  
you're in fact doing is locking in  
a name with a face. Now when you  
go to sleep, you'll be reciting  
these names over and over until you  
can see their images in your mind  
without looking.

Harley livens up, a giant smile. She snaps her fingers.

HARLEY

I got it. I figured it out.

CLEO

Good. Because I'm still lost.

HARLEY

You want Cleo to bring these kids  
into her dream. So they can all  
gang up on this fucker together.

Dr. Gordon looks just as stumped.

DR. GORDON

I don't know.  
(to Nancy)  
Is that what we're doing, Nancy?

NANCY

It worked with my book. Cleo  
brought my pages to life. I don't  
see this as any different.

HARLEY

Hey. What do we have to lose?  
Other than our lives.

Dr. Gordon smiles politely but doesn't find it funny at all.

Nancy grabs her old boyfriend by the arm, drags him away for  
a quick minute alone.

**INT. DR. NEIL GORDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Nancy and Dr. Gordon watch Harley and Cleo from behind a  
kitchen countertop.

NANCY

This is crazy, isn't it? What we're doing.

DR. GORDON

Look. I know you've been carrying around a lot of guilt when it comes to what happened before. Just take comfort in knowing we're probably fucked either way.

Nancy laughs.

NANCY

I never thought of it that way.

DR. GORDON

Krueger's been around this long. I don't see him going away any time soon. No matter what we do.

Nancy thinks this over. Long and hard. She loses her chipper smile.

NANCY

Yeah. Me either.

DR. GORDON

All we can do is...keep fighting the best way we can. Whatever happens happens.

NANCY

I don't like the sounds of that. Sounds really prophetic.

DR. GORDON

It's kind of how I feel about it anymore, Nancy.

Nancy nods. She stares up at him. As if for the first time in thirty odd years.

NANCY

I'm sorry. For leaving like I did.

DR. GORDON

That was a long, long time ago. And you've got other things to worry about now.

Nancy sighs.

NANCY

Yeah.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHIEF PARKER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Chief Parker takes off his police jacket, throws it over a chair and slumps down on his couch for a brief rest.

He grabs his remote, flicks on the tube and channel surfs before stopping on a NEWS REPORT.

Nancy and Jesse in front of 1428 Elm.

NEWS ANCHOR

As you can see, the crowd is all the way up the street in both directions. Some showing up to lend their support. Others, as you can see, ready to burn this house to the ground and be done with it. One thing's for sure. Today, they were witness to quite the historic moment.

Chief Parker leans his head back, ready for bed. He fights the urge to shut his eyes.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Both Nancy Thompson and Jesse Walsh rather infamous figures in the town of Springwood. Going back over thirty five years when both came forward with rather bizarre tales concerning the long dead serial killer Fred Krueger. Or Freddy as he's later become known...

Chief Parker is all the way out now. After a few moments, his eyes open. The News Report turns to WHITE NOISE.

He tries the clicker. Every channel the same. He grows frustrated and shuts down the TV.

His focus shift to his BADGE on the coffee table. He gives it a long hard look.

CHIEF PARKER

(to himself)

You asshole.

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT**

Chief Parker flips on the light. He sifts through a huge set of KEYS until he finds the right one.

Unlocks a large WIRE GATE that separates the evidence room from the check out line. He enters the --

BACK ROOM

-- where he comes upon a metal box. He uses a separate key to unlock. He pulls out an EVIDENCE BAG with none other than Freddy's STEEL CLAW.

Suddenly...

The LIGHTS TURN OFF. Chief Parker uses a FLASHLIGHT to find his way to the door.

CHIEF PARKER  
Who goes there?

After a few moments, the LIGHTS TURN BACK ON.

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)  
Hello?

FREDDY'S LAUGH. Chief Parker now scared. He looks down and notices the evidence bag is empty.

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

He chases toward the front wire gate. It SLAMS SHUT in his face, locking him in. He shakes the gate, trying to break it open.

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)  
Krueger!

FREDDY (O.S.)  
Looking for someone.

Chief Parker spins around. Freddy now directly in front of him with a shit eating grin.

He slowly puts on his famous steel claw.

CHIEF PARKER  
Just get it over with.

FREDDY  
Not so fast.

**INT. CHIEF PARKER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Chief Parker jumps out of the nightmare. Completely out of breath and out of sorts.

CHIEF PARKER  
Sonofabitch!

He slumps forward, sweat beading from his face. He stares down at the coffee table and spots the STEEL CLAW.

He jumps up. Hears FREDDY'S LAUGH somewhere in the home.

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)  
What do you want from me?! I  
stayed quiet! Just like you asked!  
I did what you wanted!

FREDDY (O.S.)  
Nothing worse than a bad cop.

Chief Parker's HANDCUFFS fly from the coffee table, across the room and finally attaching itself to his wrist and a kitchen countertop rail.

He tries to break himself free.

CHIEF PARKER  
You sonofabitch!

Chief Parker stares down at the glove on the coffee table. It turns on its own. Now aiming directly at him.

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)  
No.

The STEEL CLAW shoots straight for his stomach.

A DIRECT HIT.

Chief Parker drops to his knees. His arm still dangling from the railing.

The STEEL CLAW pulls itself out of his stomach and disappears somewhere in the room.

Freddy LAUGHS.

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)  
Why? We had a deal.

FREDDY (O.S.)  
Hasn't anyone ever told you? Don't  
make deals with The Devil?

CHIEF PARKER  
 Fuck you! Motherfucker! Just get  
 it over with!

And the STEEL CLAW shoots from the opposite direction this  
 time, catching him off guard and --

SLICING OFF THREE OF HIS FINGERS

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)  
 You bastard! You fucking bastard!

Chief Parker once again falls to his knees.

The STEEL CLAW returns to an end table, just under a lamp.

It gets itself into position. Aiming right at Chief Parker's  
 face now. The steel blades extending out.

CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry, Nancy.

FREDDY (O.S.)  
 I'll send her your regards.

And the STEEL CLAW shoots straight for him.

Ending up IN HIS EYES. He goes into convulsions before  
 finally giving out. He goes limp.

The figure of A MAN stands over Chief Parker, watching him.  
 The figure is revealed as --

JESSE

wearing none other than Freddy's steel claw. He is in a  
 trance like state. Out of it. And covered in blood.

Jesse slowly awakens, stares down at his blood soaked clothes  
 and the all too familiar steel claw.

JESSE  
 What the fuck?

He stares into a FULL LENGTH MIRROR and finds Freddy staring  
 back at him and shaking his finger.

FREDDY  
 Shame shame. Now look what you've  
 done.

JESSE  
 No. How?

Freddy LAUGHS IT UP.

Jesse takes off the glove and, just like before, throws it against the mirror. Freddy all but disappears behind the long cracks of the glass.

Jesse spins around, searches for the now missing Freddy.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Where are you?! Show yourself!

Jesse spots the RED and BLUE LIGHTS of POLICE CARS coming to a swift halt in front of Chief Parker's house.

**EXT. CHIEF PARKER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Nancy watches from the front lawn as Det. Kovac and a UNIFORM COP walk Jesse out in handcuffs. He looks done. No emotion. Nothing left.

Nancy nods to the two officers to stop.

NANCY  
I need a minute alone with Mister Walsh.

They huff in protest.

DET. KOVAC  
I think you've done enough, Nancy.

NANCY  
Just two minutes! Please!

Det. Kovac and the other officer back down. They give Nancy and Jesse their space.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
What do you remember?

JESSE  
Chief called me at home. Asked me if I could come over. He said he had something that belonged to me.

NANCY  
Something?

JESSE  
He said he couldn't discuss it on the phone. But it was something he thought I should have.

Nancy looks over Jesse's shoulder as a second UNIFORM COP hands the murder weapon over to Det. Kovac. The STEEL CLAW in an evidence baggie.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You're right, Nancy. Just like old times.

NANCY

I don't know what to say.

JESSE

Just stay with them. Those kids. No matter what happens. Just stay with them.

DET. KOVAC

Time's up, Thompson.

Nancy gives him the nod. They grab Jesse and head to a squad car parked at the curb.

**INT. WESTIN HILLS ASYLUM - HALLWAY - DAY**

Dr. Parnell walks with Dr. Gordon, Nancy and new patient Randy down the long and cold corridor.

DR. PARNELL

I have to tell you, given both of your histories with Westin Hills, let me go on record as saying I do not condone your presence here today.

DR. GORDON

Yeah. Kind of figured that. But thanks.

DR. PARNELL

Some low blow stunt you pulled, going to the press. Sad truth is, they seem to be going along with your crazy stories.

NANCY

Maybe that's because they know the truth as well as I do. That Fred Krueger is still out there.

DR. PARNELL

Or maybe you and Mister Walsh make a good front page story.

They approach the group therapy room. The same one Dr. Gordon used to hold his sessions.

DR. PARNELL (CONT'D)

Look. You meeting with them is just about the only thing they'll all agreed on in months.

Nancy and Dr. Gordon share a smile.

DR. PARNELL (CONT'D)

Since this whole mess is no longer my problem, I'll leave you to it. Just try not to make a mess like last time. Or you won't have to fake your death, Miss Thompson. This town will beat you to it.

He excuses them both. Huffing in protest down the hall.

NANCY

Ouch.

Dr. Gordon slaps Randy on the back.

DR. GORDON

You ready for this, Randy?

RANDY

No. Not really.

DR. GORDON

Me either.

He opens the door for Randy and Nancy. They all three file into the therapy room.

**INT. WESTIN HILLS ASYLUM - THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT**

Cleo, Harley, Randy sit amongst an entire room of similarly exhausted looking TEENAGERS. A healthy mix of girls and boys. A new generation of dream warriors.

NANCY

If you're in this room, it means you've seen him. You've come face to face with Fred Krueger and lived to tell about it. You're the new generation. And Krueger's used some of you to bring in his victims.

Cleo cracks a nervous smile for the group. Harley rubs her shoulders in support.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Some of you have threatened with  
the idea of hurting yourselves.  
Some of you may actually have.  
You're tired. Desperate. And out  
of options.

We slowly go around the room -- looking into the tired and lonely eyes of each teen patient.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Half the town thinks you're crazy.  
The other half don't want people to  
know the truth. For some of you,  
the faces in this room are all you  
have.

The teens all stare back at one another. All shaking their heads in agreement.

NANCY (CONT'D)

The last time I was in this room I  
made some promises I couldn't keep.  
People died. I had to live with my  
mistakes for a long time.

Dr. Gordon is sad for her. His eyes heavy. He rubs her back in support.

NANCY (CONT'D)

The truth is...I don't know how to  
stop Krueger. But thirty two years  
ago, six of us gave him a run for  
his money. One thing's for sure,  
we can't just give up. Don't do  
like I did.

CLEO

You didn't give up. You're here  
now.

HARLEY

Yeah. We're all here. Together.  
No more fear. No more shame.

RANDY

The way I see it...no matter what  
happens...nobody's ever gonna look  
at me the same again. What else do  
I have to lose?

Dr. Gordon stands, walks to Randy and pats him on the shoulder.

DR. GORDON

This morning, I asked all of you if you could jot down the things you're most gifted at. The things you can do better than anything. Or anyone.

GIRL PATIENT #1

Yeah. Why was that again?

DR. GORDON

What we're about to do is very dangerous. It's gonna require your best. The best that you can give of yourselves.

BOY PATIENT #1

We're gonna fuckin die, aren't we?

Dr. Gordon checks with Nancy. She gives the boy a stern look.

NANCY

No. Because Freddy Krueger is about to be in for the surprise of his life.

RANDY

I'm ready. Let's do it.

Nancy smiles. They all collectively begin smiling back at one another.

CLEO

Let's do it.

HARLEY

Fuckin A.

Harley's excitement drowns down a bit. She now looks more confused than anything.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

(to Dr. Gordon)

How exactly are we doing this again?

LATER THAT NIGHT

The whole room of tired teenagers are still in their chairs and watch on as Cleo lays down on a stretcher dead center of their group.

Dr. Gordon hands her the headphones.

DR. GORDON

Remember. Just like we practiced.

CLEO

Got it.

HARLEY

See you on the other side, Cleo.

Cleo lays down on the stretcher. She throws a thumbs up to Randy smiling over at her from his chair.

She places the headphones on her ears. Begins reciting various names, over and over.

CLEO

Darius Mitchell...

MITCHELL

Hey. That's me. What is she doing?

CLEO

Sarah Miles...

SARAH

What's happening?

DR. GORDON

(to Sarah)

Don't worry about her.

(to all)

Everybody face the front of the room.

They all turn, face Nancy at the helm.

NANCY

We're gonna try a little group hypnosis. When we wake up, we'll be together. One group. One force against him. That thing Dr. Gordon talked about this morning. That one thing that you can bring to the table. You bring it like you've never brought it before.

WE SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK

**INT. 1428 ELM STREET - NANCY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Nancy awakens in her old bed. Same bedspread. Same posters on the wall. Same leather chair in the corner.

She spots an old blue telephone with the cord unplugged and wrapped around itself rested at the foot of her bed.

It RINGS.

NANCY

Stay strong, Nancy. You're all they have left.

She answers the RINGING PHONE.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Hello?

RANDY (O.S.)

Nancy?

NANCY

Randy, where are you?

Nancy jumps out of bed.

RANDY (V.O.)

I'm not sure. I'm in bed. Someplace. Somewhere other than my room. I don't recognize it.  
(panicked)  
Nancy, I'm scared.

NANCY

I know you are. But you have to stay strong. It's the only way we'll defeat him.

The LINE GOES DEAD. She presses the receiver, over and over and nothing.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Randy???

She throws the phone down, on the bed. It RINGS AGAIN. She stares at it. And then to her window. Hit with a sudden realization.

She walks to the window and stares across the street. Her old boyfriend Glen Lantz's bedroom light is on.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Randy.

She answers the phone.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Randy?

FREDDY (O.S.)

I'm your boyfriend now.

He LAUGHS IT UP. An all too familiar TONGUE licks Nancy's face from the end of the receiver.

She throws the phone to the floor and races from her room.

**INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

Nancy chases down the steps in a hurry for the front door.

**INT. 1428 ELM STREET - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Nancy tries like hell to open the door.

NANCY'S MOM (O.S.)

Locked. It's locked.

Nancy stares into the living room at A SKELETON on the couch sprouting remnants of RED HAIR. A bottle of VODKA rested on the table before her.

A CENTIPEDE crawls through the open jaw of her dead mother's remains.

Nancy still can't get the door open. All the while -- DOZENS OF TEENS CRY OUT NANCY'S NAME all at once.

NANCY

I'm trying!

**INT. GLEN LANTZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Randy walks the room in boyfriend Glen's old half shirt and sweat pants. He is very confused, anxious.

RANDY

Nancy, where the fuck are you?

The lights suddenly turn AN OFF KILTER RED HUE. As if death itself looms in the air.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Krueger!

Freddy appears in A LARGE MIRROR before Randy.

FREDDY  
She's gonna be a little late.

Randy spins around. Freddy grabs him, tosses him like a ragdoll onto Glen's bed.

RANDY  
Shit! Nan-cee!

Freddy SHOOTS OUT a series of TONGUES from his mouth which lock Randy's hands and feet to the bed posts.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck???

Randy looks up and Freddy is gone.

All the sudden, the entire room turns in a ninety degree angle until Randy is now standing upright -- but still tongue tied to the bed.

All Glen's furniture suddenly goes airborne. Floating freely around the bedroom on their own. Including Glen's --

TELEVISION SET

-- which floats directly in front of Randy's face.

The live broadcast of Nancy and Jesse in front of their old home already in progress.

JESSE  
It's time the people of Springwood  
knew the truth.

Jesse stares straight at Randy.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
All of you are fucked!

Jesse LAUGHS LIKE FREDDY.

And the television SLAMS INTO RANDY'S FACE -- sending a shockwave of BLUE ELECTRIC CURRENT down his body.

**EXT. 1428 ELM STREET - THE STREET - NIGHT**

Nancy is finally able to break open the door and runs into the street where she meets with the others from group.

They all rush to her for guidance.

CLEO  
Where's Randy?

NANCY  
I've gotta get to him.

Nancy rushes toward The Lantz's house across the street.

HARLEY  
Wait a minute! What do we do?!

Suddenly...

Out of Glen's bedroom window crashes RANDY'S BODY.

He and the shattered television tumble onto the rooftop below  
and finally --

-- onto Elm Street.

Nancy rushes toward him. His skin is burnt to a crisp, just  
like Freddy himself.

In fact -- it IS FREDDY. He smiles up at Nancy as he shoves  
the battered television out of his way.

Nancy backs up.

NANCY  
(to the others)  
Run! Spread out!

FREDDY  
So. How's it feel being back on  
the old stomping grounds, Nancy?

NANCY  
How's it feel knowing you're about  
to burn in Hell, Krueger?

Freddy LAUGHS.

FREDDY  
Been there, done that.

JESSE (O.S.)  
Hey, asshole!

Freddy turns, faces Jesse -- standing some distance down the  
street and IN SILHOUETTE.

He moves into the light. His face slowly revealed.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
I don't remember hearing no bell,  
Freddy.

FREDDY  
Go on, Jesse. Kill her.

Jesse stares back at Nancy with hate in his eyes. He fights  
Freddy's direction.

NANCY  
Don't listen to him, Jesse! He  
can't control you anymore! He  
knows he can't take us all!

All of the sudden --

Freddy's STEEL CLAW is now fitted to JESSE'S HAND.

He stares down at it, confused.

FREDDY  
She ruined your life, Jesse. She  
ruined all of your lives. Kill  
her!

JESSE  
Noooo!!!!

Jesse charges Freddy head on -- stabs the STEEL CLAW into his  
side, quickly releases as Freddy collapses.

Jesse smiles back at Nancy. So emotional he breaks into  
tears of joy.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
I did it. I got him. I got the  
bastard!

NANCY  
Get away from him!

Jesse looks at his hand. The steel claw is missing.

Back on Freddy's hand as he DRIVES IT INTO JESSE'S STOMACH.

He stares back at Nancy. Eyes full of tears. He's just been  
killed and he knows it.

Jesse collapses on the street.

Freddy stares down at his handy work. Proud. He has a nice  
long LAUGH. He looks up, down the street.

Behind Nancy stands about A DOZEN OR SO DREAM WARRIORS ready to kick some Freddy ass.

He loses his cocky grin.

Cleo and Harley split up, walk around Nancy.

CLEO  
Take a breather, Nancy. We got  
this.

Cleo and Harley begin spinning a LARGE JUMP ROPE.

They sing an old school ground favorite.

Several of the dream warriors jump in -- jumping rope and trick styling like they're back on school grounds.

HARLEY  
Here we are Freddy! Come and get  
us!

Nancy watches them. A bit confused.

NANCY  
What are they doing?

Freddy has a good laugh. Before he can get to the warriors jumping rope, all three of them --

Jump out and run out of his path.

Cleo and Harley then TOSS THE ROPE around Freddy and trip him up. They jerk the rope back as it ties itself around both Freddy's legs and feet.

CLEO  
That's it! We got him! Come on!

The entire crew of dream warriors each grab an end of the rope. Some on the right. Some on the left. They play a game of tug of war with Freddy's legs.

He SCREAMS IN AGONY.

The crew on the right tie the white cord around a STREET LAMP and join back up with Nancy.

HARLEY  
Darius! Get your ass in that car!

DARIUS, a black teen, races his way to a car parked at the curb. He uses a special tool to jimmy the lock and break into the driver's side.

IN THE CAR

Darius rips open the ignition and HOT WIRES this beast within seconds.

DARIUS  
Yeah, baby. Come on now.

Some of the others wrap the JUMP ROPE around the rear bumper of the car as Darius CRANKS THE ENGINE.

NANCY  
(to Darius)  
Do it! Go! Go!

HARLEY  
So long, asshole.

Darius guns it. The car takes off...

Freddy is literally RIPPED IN HALF. He spits blood from his glistening mouth and stares at his own torso.

His lower half some ten feet away.

The whole crew of dream warriors hover over him. All of them carrying knives and various weapons.

CLEO  
Let's finish this.

They all go to town on him, tearing what's left of Freddy into obliteration.

Nancy watches as a bystander. All of the sudden...

The STREET LAMPS explode -- one by one. The entire street grows dark as if Freddy is just toying with them.

The dream warriors turn their attention to the street lights. All of them shattered and broken.

Harley turns back to Freddy. He's long gone. Not one ounce of blood anywhere on the asphalt.

HARLEY  
Oh, shit.

The entire street goes PITCH BLACK. The dream warriors all panic, screaming each other's name.

NANCY (O.S.)  
Just stay together! Don't move!

**INT. SPRINGWOOD HIGH GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

The lights SWITCH ON. Nancy and her dream warriors are all joined in the middle of a basketball court.

CLEO  
Where are we?

Nancy spots several SPRINGWOOD HIGH BANNERS of various state championships hanging from the walls.

NANCY  
My school.

TINA (O.S.)  
Nan-cee...

Nancy turns her attention to the GYM DOORS. One on each side of the room. In the outer hallway, on the other side of these doors are TWO BODY BAGS.

Tina in one. Her bloody corpse in the half unzipped bag. Spiders and other insects claiming her body.

And on the other end of the gym, and in a second bag is none other than Alice.

She reaches out to Cleo. As if begging for help.

ALICE  
Help me, Cleo. Please.

CLEO  
Alice?

She runs toward her.

NANCY  
Don't do it, Cleo. It's a trap.

Cleo runs toward Alice --

As she draws closer, the outer hall LIGHTS GO BLACK.

Tina and Alice lost somewhere in the darkness.

CLEO  
Alice!

The crew of dream warriors slowly move closer to Cleo. All the while keeping an eye on the room.

Through the large windows separating the gymnasium from the outer halls...CRASHES none other than FREDDY.

Cleo is showered with glass fragments and dives for cover.

NANCY  
Get away from her!

Cleo re joins the warriors.

He stares at the RETRACTABLE BLEACHERS on both sides of the gymnasium.

They SWING OPEN and CLOSE IN on the scared teens.

Nancy makes a run for it, through the opposite door, into the outer hallway.

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come and get me, Krueger!

Freddy smiles as the DREAM BLEACHERS grow longer and longer and the warriors are forced to CLIMB THE STEPS.

HARLEY  
Shit. What do we do?

CLEO  
Try to live.

Freddy gives in. He re enters the outer hallway, in pursuit of his greatest nemesis.

CLEO (CONT'D)  
We have to go after her.

Cleo heads for the door. Harley grabs her arm.

HARLEY  
No. Not yet. Remember the plan.

**INT. SPRINGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nancy walks the eerily familiar hallways. The same red and yellow tint in the air. A strong wind blowing partial old newspapers across the floor.

She picks one up. It reads: NANCY THOMPSON RETURNS TO ELM STREET.

FREDDY (O.S.)  
Oh, how I love a good stroll down memory lane.

Nancy spins around. Freddy behind her. He SLAPS his steel claw into a LAMP dangling from the ceiling.

The bulb SHATTERS as the hallway GOES DARK.

Nancy takes off down a side hall.

She finds a door marked BOYS LOCKER ROOM.

Through the door she runs. Freddy taking his time as he closes in on her.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
No running in the halls, Nancy!  
School rules!

Nancy shuts and LOCKS the door behind her.

**INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Freddy BURSTS his steel claw through the fogged out window. He pokes his head in. It's Jesse's face.

JESSE  
Are you ready to die like me,  
Nancy?

NANCY  
Fuck you, Krueger! Come on!

Freddy rips Jesse's flesh from his burnt face. He LAUGHS hysterically as he reaches down and opens the door.

Nancy takes off, into THE SHOWER ROOM.

**INT. BOYS SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT**

Nancy runs from shower to shower, turning on the water at full blast. The hot water quickly fills the entire boy's locker room with THICK STEAM.

Freddy appears behind the white cloud. His facial features hidden in darkness.

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

IN A SHOWER STALL

Nancy attempts to make a run for it. She's met with a solid tile wall where the door used to be.

NANCY  
Oh no.

She turns around. Nothing but wall on all four sides.  
Trapped in the shower. Nowhere to run.

The SPRAYING SHOWER HEAD QUICKLY FILLS THE ROOM.

Before she knows it, Nancy is knee deep in WATER.

She stares overhead. A low hanging ceiling. Trapped.

The WATER SWALLOWS HER UP. Nancy holds her breath as she  
treads in a full blown panic.

She turns, spots the blurred stature of FREDDY watching her  
from the comfort of the locker room.

**INT. BOYS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Nancy falls through the wall of water and drops face first  
onto the floor. Choking, dripping wet.

She crawls forward. Looks up. She's in between TWO ROWS OF  
BOYS LOCKERS.

Freddy watches her from across the room. He SWIPES HIS GLOVE  
in the direction of the lockers.

They ALL FALL INWARD like dominoes. Down to the last few  
lockers --

Nancy barely dodges them in time. The final locker's door  
BURSTS OPEN and out run a PACK OF WILD RATS.

Nancy SCREAMS OUT.

**INT. SPRINGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Nancy re enters the school halls. The lights still low as  
she barely finds her way.

And then --

The lights TURN BACK ON.

Freddy blocks her path.

FREDDY

Boo!

He LAUGHS hysterically as Nancy bolts the opposite direction.

He chases after her.

Nancy reaches the front double doors of the main building. The main exit to freedom. She tries to open and doesn't notice the CHAINS wrapped around the door handles.

Freddy LAUGHS as he stops, just before Nancy.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Dear, Nancy. It's been fun. But all good things must come to an end.

Cleo suddenly appears. Freddy loses his cocky grin.

CLEO

Harley, Corey, Michael!

All three warriors pop up around Freddy. Out of thin air. Summoned by The Dream Master herself. Cleo.

NANCY

You're dead, Krueger!

Cleo, Harley, Corey and Michael (the other two), grab a hold of Freddy.

Cleo holds AN ALARM CLOCK in Freddy's face.

CLEO

Time's up, asshole!

It goes off at exactly 12 AM. BUZZZZZ!

**INT. WESTIN HILLS ASYLUM - THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT**

Cleo awakens on the bed. Still in the middle of the room. Harley, Corey and Michael on different sides of her.

And they are all three grabbing a hold of FREDDY who is on top of Cleo. Pulled out of the dream world.

Nancy runs up to them.

NANCY

Get him off of her!

The room full of warriors grab a hold of Freddy and THROW HIM across the room.

He tumbles over some fold up chairs. He manages to compose himself and stands upright. His hat now missing somewhere on the floor.

Freddy stares back at some seriously angry and fed up faces. All of them now branding FIRE AXES.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Surprise, Freddy.

Freddy lunges his steel claw in Nancy's direction.

He's met with the swift swing of Cleo's AXE.

Freddy's ARM CUT OFF at the elbow.

The STEEL CLAW drops to the floor.

As Freddy stares down at his own arm --

Harley SWINGS HER AXE --

-- taking of Freddy's left leg at the knee.

HARLEY  
That's for Step, asshole!

Freddy collapses to his one knee. He stares up at Nancy. And walking up behind her is none other than --

JESSE. He holds out NANCY'S DIARY. A thick and heavy book with the battle scars of Freddy's claw torn through the middle. His one and only savior.

FREDDY  
(to Jesse)  
You.

Jesse reaches down, picks up Freddy's claw and places it back on his right hand.

JESSE  
Figured I'd try it on for size,  
Freddy.

FREDDY  
Kill her.

Jesse stares back at Nancy who is no longer scared. He gives her a sly smile. She smiles back.

JESSE  
Tell you what, Fred. I'll sleep on  
it.

Jesse swipes the claw under Freddy's chin as THE FOUR BLADES SHOOT from the back of his neck.

He spits blood and slowly chokes to death.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Alice says Hi.

He yanks the four blades from his throat. Nancy grabs the AXE from Cleo's hands.

NANCY

This one's mine.

Nancy SWIPES DOWN and takes off Freddy's head.

The crew of dream warriors all stand in silence. Tired. All tuckered out. Enjoying the first moment of peace in a very long time.

**EXT. WESTIN HILLS ASYLUM - NIGHT**

Nancy and her dream warriors, along with Jesse, Dr. Gordon and Dr. Parnell stand a safe distance from the hospital as they watch it burn to the ground.

DR. GORDON

Burn, you bastard. Burn.

NANCY

He's gone, Neil.

DR. GORDON

I wasn't talking about Krueger.

**EXT. SPRINGWOOD CEMETERY - DAY**

Nancy, Jesse, Cleo and Harley all stand before Alice's brand new headstone -- ALICE J. SPECTOR. 1970-2019

CLEO

(to Alice)

You did good, teach. Real good.

JESSE

She'd be proud. I know it.

CLEO

She is proud. She told me.

Harley stares at Cleo. A bit spooked out.

Jesse stares up at the sky. A big, stupid grin.

JESSE

Yeah. Me too.

Nancy smiles at Jesse as she heads off, toward the back of the graveyard. She stares down at the graves of ROLAND KINCAID and KRISTEN PARKER. Next to Kristen's grave is her brother SCOTT PARKER. And behind them --

DANIEL PARKER. MARGARET THOMPSON. DONALD THOMPSON.

And next to Donald's grave --

A headstone has been removed. Just a flat, dead piece of grass where a marker used to sit.

Nancy smiles.

FADE OUT.

THE END

