

Elm Street

By

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EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT

JESS, a teen wearing a nightgown steps into frame.

A lone streetlight aids the blue moon in shining down onto the alley.

RICK (VO)  
It's all the same fucking story...

She steps into the light, cautiously turning around searching for SOMETHING or SOMEONE.

RICK (VO)  
...they fall asleep...

FREDDY'S SILHOUETTE steps into frame, Jess's back to him.

RICK (VO)  
...they see some guy in an old  
sweater...

CLOSE UP

Jess's eyes. She screams.

CUT TO BLACK

RICK (VO)  
...and then a week later, they're  
found dead...SLASHED.

TITLE CARD

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

RICK, middle-aged detective with a lot on his mind. A coffee pot sits on his desk surrounded by papers and folders scattered all about.

A cross sits over his office door.

CLOSE-UP:

Cross.

He loosens his tie, and nervously runs his hands through his hair.

CLOSE-UP:

(CONTINUED)

Coffee mug steaming.

KNOCK.

He looks up at the door.

CLOSE-UP:

Doorknob.

RICK  
It's open.

The door swings open.

STACY, an attractive women, twenties enters the office.

STACY  
It's getting late.

RICK  
I noticed.

STACY  
How long has it been?

RICK  
Since?

STACY  
Since you've slept?

RICK  
About 2 days.

He smirks.

RICK  
I've got so much paperwork left to do. I'll be staying here tonight.

STACY  
Again?

RICK  
What's it matter to you?

STACY  
I just worry...you're driving yourself crazy over these kids.

RICK  
It's a big deal.

STACY  
You can't let it consume you.

RICK  
It just doesn't make sense. These kids dying in their sleep. Getting all sliced up and shit. One right after the other, same fucking shit.

STACY  
I've heard the stories Rick.

RICK  
Don't you find it strange?

STACY  
Of course, the whole situation scares me.

RICK  
That's not even the scary part.

Rick opens a folder on his desk. He holds a paper, staring into it, not showing Stacy.

RICK  
All these kids...they all live over on Elm. And they all claim to see...this...guy weeks before they turn up dead.

STACY  
Yeah, the BOOGEYMAN, right?

RICK  
Sure, if that's what you wanna' call it.

STACY  
Well, what would you call it?

Rick pauses, sits back in his seat, looking down at some papers on his desk.

RICK  
You believe in evil, Stacy?

He looks up at her.

STACY  
Evil? Like Satan?

RICK  
Like evil. Like the kinda shit  
people have been afraid of for  
centuries. The kinda shit nobody  
really understands.

STACY  
I believe that there are good and  
bad forces at work on this Earth.

RICK  
Then you believe in evil.

STACY  
I guess.

RICK  
Well...do you think it can interact  
with us?

She chuckles.

STACY  
You're really starting to loose it.

RICK  
Maybe I am.

He tosses the picture down onto the desk, out of frame.

RICK  
I'm gonna' take a walk.

As he gets up to walk away, Stacy's eyes stare at the desk.

The photo is a sketch of FREDDY KRUEGER.

She looks over at the door.

Then down at the floor.

CLOSE-UP:

Cross on floor.

STING: NIGHTMARE THEME

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rick walks down a sidewalk smoking a cigarette. A cat limps out in front of him.

He leans down.

RICK  
Here kitty kitty.

He puts his hand out gesturing for the cat to come closer.

The cat turns, exposing four bloody claw marks going down it's side.

FREDDY'S laugh echoes.

Rick stands and looks around.

In the distance, under a streetlight, Freddy's silhouette is visible.

Rick takes a drag and blows out the smoke.

RICK  
Who...the fuck...are you?

Stacy runs into frame.

STACY  
RICK!

Rick turns, she startles him.

RICK  
Jesus Christ Stacy you scared the  
life outta' me!

STACY  
Come on.

RICK  
What's wrong?

STACY  
Another kid, Rick.

Rick throws down the cigarette.

RICK  
Shit.

The two move out of frame, we pan over to where Freddy stood.

He is gone.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Police lights fill the once darkened alley.

Rick stands over Jess's bloody corpse lying dormant on the ground.

Four huge slashes run down her back. Stacy walks up next to him.

STACY  
She like the others?

RICK  
Yeah, she is.

He leans down.

A note is gripped in Jess's hand, Rick reaches for it.

STACY  
Shouldn't you wait for evidence?

RICK  
Fuck evidence.

He grabs the note and stands back up. Rick slowly opens the note.

RICK  
1,2...Freddy's coming for you.

STACY  
Freddy?

He tucks the note into his pocket.

STACY  
Who is Freddy?

RICK  
Fred Krueger.

STACY  
The child killer?

RICK  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

STACY

He's dead, isn't he?

RICK

Yeah, a bunch of angry parents  
burned him alive years back. My  
sister was one of them.

STACY

You think this is some kind of  
copycat?

RICK

Possibly.

He yawns.

STACY

Let me handle this, a second unit  
should be here any second. Go get  
some sleep.

RICK

You sure?

STACY

You need rest, especially if you  
want to handle this case.

RICK

I've gone this far without any  
sleep.

STACY

Rick, your obsession is scaring me.

RICK

This is just all too familiar.

STACY

I know this scares you.

RICK

It's too similar.

STACY

Rick, this town is trying to forget  
about everything that happened.

RICK

Something doesn't want to be  
forgotten.

(CONTINUED)



STACY

Fred Krueger is dead. He died long ago. This is just some asshole trying to scare everyone. Think about your niece. Nancy would want you to get some sleep.

RICK

Nancy would want me to find out what the FUCK is going on.

STACY

Listen to yourself. You really believe all that bullshit about Krueger coming back from the dead to kill those kids?

RICK

My niece wouldn't lie to me...this has to be HIM...

She slaps him.

STACY

I care about you, Rick. I won't watch you do this to yourself. Now go get some fucking sleep before I have you admitted.

RICK

Sleep?

He sighs.

RICK

You're right. I should sleep.

STACY

I'll see you tomorrow, Rick.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT CONT'D

Rick enters a dark apartment, he flips on a light.

The walls are crowded with newspaper articles and sketches of Freddy.

He is obsessed.

He tosses back his coat and throws it on a couch. He sits down in a love seat, gripping his pistol in his right hand.

CLOSE-UP:

(CONTINUED)

Clock.

His eyes close...

His eyes open...

Fog fills the room, red and green lights shine in from outside.

He stands.

Freddy's glove scrapping up against metal echoes from the bedroom along with his laughter.

Rick looks down, his gun is gone.

RICK

Can't play fair you fucker?

He stands and walks towards the bedroom...

BEDROOM

...which is empty except for a little GIRL rocking in a small wooden rocking chair. Her eyes shut.

GIRL

One, two Freddy's coming for you.  
Three, four better lock your door.  
Five, six grab a crucifix.

Rick kneels down in front of her...her eyes shoot open.

GIRL

Shhhh...he can hear us.

RICK

Where is he?

GIRL

He's here. He's always here.

RICK

Where?

GIRL

All around us. He's playing a game right now.

RICK

Can I play too?

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

Ask him.

She stops rocking, and points.

Rick turns...

...Freddy's silhouette stands in the doorway, a bright light shining behind him. He chuckles.

Rick stands.

FREDDY

I've been waiting for you.

RICK

What do you want Krueger?

FREDDY

I'm hungry.

Freddy laughs.

FREDDY

This town's been too quiet for too long. It's time for daddy to come home.

RICK

These kids did nothing to you. They don't even know about you. We've forgotten all about you.

FREDDY

It's not the kids I want Rick.

He points a blade at Rick.

FREDDY

It's YOU.

GIRL

Seven, eight gonna' stay up late. Nine, ten...

FREDDY

...Never sleep...AGAIN!

He slashes towards Rick...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT CONT'D

Four slashes appear on Rick's shirt as he sleeps in the love seat. His body flies out of the seat and slams up against a far wall.

Stacy stumbles into the room.

STACY

RICK!

She grabs him.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DREAM

Rick is pinned up against a wall by Freddy.

FREDDY

I can smell her on you.

Freddy chuckles.

RICK

FUCK YOU!

Rick pushes himself away from the wall, knocking Freddy back a few steps. Quickly, he turns to face Krueger who is smiling.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT CONT'D

Rick pummels Stacy's face with punches, breaking her nose.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DREAM

Rick peers down at his right hand...the pistol is tightly gripped. He raises the pistol, aiming it towards Freddy.

Freddy steps closer to Rick, placing the barrel of the gun onto his chest.

FREDDY

Come on...do it. I don't think you have it in you.

RICK

You sick son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

FREDDY

You should have seen sweet Nancy  
run from me...and the look on her  
face when I gut that fucking bitch!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT CONT'D

Rick holds the pistol up against Stacy.

STACY

R-r-rick...please...

She can barely speak.

He fires the pistol, sending blood and meat out of her back.

INT. BOILER ROOM - DREAM

Stacy stands in Freddy's place, laughing with Freddy's  
voice, wearing his sweater.

RICK

No...NO!

STACY(FREDDY VOICE)

What's wrong Rick? Don't you want  
to FUCK me?

Stacy laughs.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT CONT'D

Stacy drops dead to the floor, Rick stands over her bloody,  
smoking corpse.

CLOSE-UP:

Pistol falling from his hand onto the floor.

POLICE SIRENS echo outside.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Rick sits on his bunk shaking and sweating.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

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

Freddy's claws are heard sliding along the hallway outside  
of his cell.

RICK

Three, four, better lock your  
door...five six grab a crucifix,  
seven, eight gonna' stay up late...

Rick's eyes shoot over to the small window on his cell door.

Freddy's claw pops up in the window. Freddy laughs...

CUT TO BLACK

RICK(VO)

Nine, ten...never sleep again.

THE END