

FEVER DREAMS .

By

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INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The moon light ruptures through drawn curtains, stirring a flood of darkness and silence. Plaster walls are lined with heavy metal and horror movie posters and the carpet floor is adorned with dirty clothes and paper balls.

TED stirs in his bed, pale and clammy as he wrestles with his blanket. He mumbles words of concern while his eyes roll in their sockets, dazed and confused.

The door creaks on its hinges and an array of light slithers through - the path for a girl, JENNY. She walks with graceful strides, cradling two pain relief tablets and sits on the foot of his bed. Gently, she shakes him out of his daze.

JENNY

Hey, how you holding up?

TED

I'm not.

JENNY

Oh common, you'll live. It looks like your fevers going down anyway.

A lie is present in her tone of voice. She reaches over and feels he's head with an open palm. Ted's voice remains sickly. Almost pathetic.

TED

Feels the same.

JENNY

Well it could be worse. Remember when I went to hospital for my appendix? I was there for a week but I'm still kicking.

TED

Maybe you should take me to the hospital.

JENNY

Trust me, you don't want to go to the hospital. It's like a POW camp there. But I snagged some of these off mum, they'll make you feel a bit better.

(CONTINUED)

TED

My teacher said that those are bad for you. They can deteriorate your stomach lining in the long run.

JENNY

What teacher said that?

TED

Mrs Page.

JENNY

Well Mrs Page is a liar. Besides, it'll get better in the short run so down as many as you can.

She reaches beside his bed and next to a bucket finds a half empty bottle of 'pump'. She unscrews the lid and offers it to Ted. He denies.

TED

No, I'd rather die than have my stomach rot away.

JENNY

You might yet.

TED

The flu can't kill you Jenny.

JENNY

I'll bet you your entire will.

TED

I don't have one.

JENNY

Why not?

TED

Cause I don't need one.

She leans in.

JENNY

You've never heard of Dewey Heyes have you?

TED

No.

JENNY  
Do you want to?

TED  
Do I have a choice?

JENNY  
No.

CUT TO

INT.DEWEY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

The room is clean and orderly, not a single item out of place. The walls stand as blank as the carpet floor. Like Ted's room, only moonlight breaks the darkness. DEWEY lays sprawled on his bed, shivering in the heat of a bitter fever. He stirs as he shakes in and out of consciousness, his skin pale and damp.

DEWEY  
No. No.

A few distinct murmurs and something incomprehensible.

JENNY  
(V.O)  
Dewey Heyes, the *perfect* boy with a *perfect* family in a *perfect* house. Brought up on Christianity and neglect. But one night, Dewey got sick. Just a fever, similar to yours. As he *stirred* in he's sheets, he had visions. *Fever dreams* if you could call them that.

FLASH SEQUENCE

The picture is dark. Gritty, disturbing.

OVER. CHILDREN'S THEME - KEVIN MACLEOD

Two young girls stand facing each other, covered in blood. They CLAP hands as they recite nursery rhymes.

A man stands shrouded in the darkness of a long, narrow hallway. At his feet a boy lays still, his eyes open and his skin turbid and stiff. The man holds him by the wrists as he drags him, not noticing Dewey who has his back to us.

(CONTINUED)

The dead body of a girl lays still on bloody ash felt, surrounded by a chalk line. She stands and approaches the camera slowly, her skin pale and a gash in her head seeping with blood.

He follows the man into a small room illuminated by moonlight, but finds that he is now alone. The door CREAKS shut and Dewey's eyes widen in panic. A CLAP of thunder gloves the room in darkness for a moment. When the light returns, the rooms walls are covered in the same grisly message - -

CATCH EM' AND KILL EM'

A bathtub is filled to the top, a young boy struggling in the depths of the water. His hands and feet are bound tightly, his eyes and lips clenched as a final breath escapes him. A woman sits on the ledge smiling. As the boy slowly dies, she reads to him from an old book - -

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

A photograph of the family, Dewey in the middle. A shaky hand begins to scribble out the faces with a black marker. All except Dewey's face.

In a hasty panic, Dewey tries for the door knob to find it is locked. To no avail, he begins to SCREAM as he BANGS with an open palm.

A boy stands surrounded by shadows, his head bowed. At his side he brands a kitchen knife, bloody at the tip.

Dewey continues to SCRATCH, his finger nails now bloody. He takes a few steps back, clenching the roots of his scalp in a violent fit of distress. We hear a CREAK and Dewey turns slowly on he's heel. In fast motion, the door flies on its hinges. In the hallway a hooded figure is stooped over, sobbing.

A cross hangs upside down on the wall. Beneath it stands a double bed, where the family lies pale and cold. Only Dewey is absent.

Dewey slowly approaches the figure. He outstretches he's hand and places it gently on the figure's shoulder. The figure turns sharply, its mouth pouring blood, and Dewey now finds himself looking into his own empty eyes.

DEWEY  
KILL THEM.

The sequence finishes with a fast-motion scan through of the writing on the walls.

INT.DEWEY'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Dewey's eyes flicker abruptly. He peels the sheets from his body and hastily touches floorboards with his bare feet.

FLASH SEQUENCE

Two cold, dead hands grasp his ankles tightly and then release.

END SEQUENCE

His insanity rises as he heaves on the roots of his hair. Thinking. Deciding.

Dewey slowly makes his way down a flight of indoor stairs, shadows eating at the walls.

JENNY

(V.O)

The kid actually believed that he's family were a bunch of demons. One after the other, he visited their rooms, and *slaughtered* them like cattle.

A sharp SCREAM echoes through the background.

P.O.V

Dewey with a kitchen knife, butchering as he cries. Droplets of blood shower him before he drops the weapon and begins to punch. A pillar of rage.

JENNY

(V.O)

When the cops showed up, they found his two younger sisters shackled back to back to chairs, *burnt to a crisp* ...

A still photograph of the two girls seen in Dewey's dream. They are horribly disfigured and charred to the bone.

JENNY

(V.O)

... his older sister buried in a shallow grave, *eaten alive* by the neighbours dog ...

A still photograph of the other girl seen in Dewey's dream. She too is horribly disfigured, her flesh ridden with dirt and bloody bite marks.

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

(V.O)

... his mother tied to a post out  
back, and stabbed numerous times in  
the chest and face ...

A still photograph of the mother in Dewey's dream. She is  
fixed upright to the post with gruesome knife wounds  
covering her body.

JENNY

(V.O)

... his brother *hanging* from the  
ceiling fan ...

A photograph of the boy's feet hanging loosely above the  
carpet.

JENNY

(V.O)

... and lastly his own father,  
*disembowelled* and *drowned* in the  
bathtub.

A photograph of the father seen in Dewey's dream. He is on  
his knees, his head in a bathtub tainted with blood.

CUT TO

INT.TED'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Ted's blanket now rests just under he's chin. His eyes are  
wide and although sick, he seems alert.

TED

So what happened to Dewey?

JENNY

Well, they found him in his dads  
shed crying. They took him to a  
psychiatry ward and locked him into  
isolation.

FLASH SEQUENCE

Dewey sits at a table, his face blank and his appearance  
grungy. He is cuffed at the wrists.

He stands angrily and kicks over the table, screaming and  
heaving at the roots of his scalp.

END SEQUENCE

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JENNY

(cont'd)

After a month and a half, he began to starve himself in a desperate plea of guilt. Eventually the wardens found him dead in his cell.

A clap of lightning. Jenny smiles.

JENNY

And now they say, that the family are still angry. They've come back to take their revenge. And their starting with *kids like you*. Sick little degenerates filled with germs. So if I was you, I'd be taking those tablets, while you still have the chance.

A pause. Neither Ted nor Jenny move.

TED

I don't believe in ghosts.

JENNY

Well, maybe its time you start. But hey, suit yourself. I'll just leave these here if you change your mind.

She places the tablets and the bottle of water onto the bedside table.

JENNY

Sweet dreams Ted.

She smiles, kisses two fingers and places them on his forehead before vacating the room. The door folds shut, revealing the young girl behind it. Dewey's sister, pale and wrapped in shadows.

DEWEY'S SISTER

Sweet dreams Ted.

Ted panics. He kicks the sheets from his body and feels around for the tablets. He quickly places them in his mouth, but it is too late. He opens his mouth to shed a scream, but instead begins to gag for breath. He blinks once. A river of blood pours from the open seam in his throat.

He lays there, bleeding and convulsing. His eyes are wide with horror. The tablets slide from his mouth as his final breath escapes him.

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CUT TO BLACK

SUPER. CENTRE SCREEN, END CREDITS

OVER. SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THESE - MARILYN MANSON