Elm Street

By

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Characters Created By Wes Craven
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)
Continent:

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.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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.
CONTINUED:

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.
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:
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: 10.

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)
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