

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

JOSHUA (21) is woken by the sound of a crying child. He tries to get back to sleep but the crying increases in pitch and volume. It suddenly stops and Joshua closes his eyes in relaxation. His eyes dart open in shock and he stands up immediately to hurry out the room.

INT. CHILD BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Joshua runs into the room and approaches the cot. As he gets closer he slows down and gets more nervous about approaching it. He slowly approaches the cot and reaches inside. He slowly peels a blanket away to be approached with what he feared; his child is dead. He picks up the blood-covered corpse of his child, the bones of the corpse jutting at strange angles as he holds it. Behind him stands HEATHER (19), long hair obscuring the face but not enough of her is showing to show her obvious anger and emotion.

HEATHER

You did this! You did this! You did this!

Her shouting descends into indecipherable screaming as the room starts to shake and a loud banging noise fills the air.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Joshua is woken by a loud banging on the door. He wakes up and goes downstairs to open it. At the front door stands a TAXI DRIVER (50).

TAXI DRIVER

Mr. Wood?

JOSHUA

Yeah, just, give me a few minutes.

TAXI DRIVER

Of course Sir, take all the time you need.

INT/EXT. TAXI. DAY.

Joshua sits in the back of a slightly upmarket car, wearing a black suit and sipping from a hip flask whilst yawning, obviously struggling to stay awake.

TAXI DRIVER
Parent?

JOSHUA
What?

TAXI DRIVER
Black suit and a sombre mood, I'm guessing it's a funeral. Is it your mother or your father?

JOSHUA
Fuck you.

TAXI DRIVER
Sorry, just asking. It's either that or this entire journey in silence.

JOSHUA
Let's do that then.

An uneasy silence falls over the two of them. "Mr Sandman" playing on the radio. The awkwardness eventually wins out.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
It's my wife.

TAXI DRIVER
Oh. I'm so sorry, I had no idea.

JOSHUA
Why would you?

TAXI DRIVER
How did it happen? If you don't mind me asking.

JOSHUA
There was an incident.

EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

A car lays on its side. It's evident it's been in a major accident. Heather and Joshua stand by the side of it, both bleeding heavily. Heather panics and tries to get back into the car.

HEATHER
Amanda? Amanda?

She's almost crying as she attempts to get into the car, she peers into it and recoils in horror.

INT. LOUNGE. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

Heather and Joshua are mid argument.

HEATHER

All you had to was put the fucking seat in properly. As far as I'm concerned you as good as killed her.

Joshua breathes deeply to compose himself before exploding in a fit of rage.

JOSHUA

None of that would have mattered if you were paying attention to the road. It was you that said you were fine to drive. "I only had one drink" you said. One question, how fucking big was that drink?

Heather is shocked into silence then walks away. A calmness fills the room as Joshua exhales, finally saying what he's been wanting to say for a while. He leans into the wall when Heathers body falls onto the ground outside from the upstairs window.

INT/EXT. TAXI. DAY.

Joshua struggles to hold back tears as he tells the story.

TAXI DRIVER

You feel guilt about it?

JOSHUA

Every day. Sometimes I wish it was me that died.

The taxi drivers fingers morph into familiar-looking blades.

FREDDY KRUEGER

That can be arranged.

Freddy pulls on the steering wheel, veering the car to the left. Joshua tries to ensure his seatbelt is correctly done up but the buckle keeps rejecting it.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

We're back at the start. Joshua is still sleeping. In an instant his body turns into a charred and broken mess, the first new victim of Freddy.

TITLE CARD: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET - DREAM ON

INT. DREAM SPACE. NIGHT

Freddy sits in front of a wall of screens, each one of them showing nothing but blackness. The only light in the room coming from the backlit screens. Freddy knocks over a chair in frustration.

FREDDY KRUEGER

No!

He paces around the room.

FREDDY KRUEGER (CONT'D)

All of them? Rewind screen fifteen.

One of the screens rewinds then goes into normal play mode. In it we see a TEENAGE GIRL (15).

INT. TEENAGE BEDROOM. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

We're now in the room with her. We see her look into a mirror with tears in her eyes.

TEENAGE GIRL

One two, Freddy's coming for you.

She sits down on a chair.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)

Three four, better lock your door.

She opens a drawer in her bedside desk.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)

Five six, grab your crucifix.

In the drawer we see a small razor blade. She picks it up.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)

Seven eight, better stay up late.

She slowly brings the blade to her eyelids. She makes a small cut then stops, wincing at the pain. She steels herself to do it again. The blade gets brought to her eyelid and she starts slicing through it, blood pouring down her face as she screams in agony. She puts the eyelid down on her desk then repeats for the other eye. Once she's done she looks at her mutilated reflection in the mirror, her skin growing paler with every second.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)
Nine ten, never sleep again.

She laughs pathetically as she passes into unconsciousness, loudly falling onto her desk. Her DAD (45) rushes into the room, the screen slowly fades to black as he screams and approaches her, tears in his eyes.

INT. DREAM SPACE. NIGHT

Freddy rages in the centre of the room.

FREDDY KRUEGER
Stupid bitch cut too deep. It's
over. All of it.

INT. BRUCE BEDROOM. DAY.

BRUCE (17) wakes up in a cold sweat. He looks like a stereotypical jock, and the decor of his room reflects that. He picks up an electric lantern and turns it on.



He nervously eyes his bedroom door as the sound of footsteps approach his room. He quickly turns off the lantern and lies back down. His eyes shudder in fear as it slowly creaks open and in walks CAROL (34), a young-looking woman who evidently still feels like she doesn't look young enough, make up plastered over her face and blonde hair dye covering her natural brown hair, which shows slightly through the roots. He closes his eyes as she approaches the bed.

CAROL

Honey?

His eyes stay closed.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Honey?

She climbs into bed with him. Her arm wraps around him, caressing his chest as he lays there, his eyes squeezed close, tears coming from them.

EXT. COLLEGE. DAY.

Bruce and Carol are in a car together. The car pulls up outside. It's barely still before Bruce opens the door and gets out. He starts walking away.

CAROL

No kiss goodbye?

Bruce pauses then reluctantly walks back to the car, giving Carol a kiss on the cheek.

He walks back up the steps and meets JAMES (17).

JAMES

Dude, your mum's hot.

BRUCE

I will cut you.

Bruce walks away.

JAMES

Am I wrong?

MOLLY (17) walks up to James.

MOLLY

What did you do?

JAMES

Nothing.

MOLLY

Did you say you wanted to fuck his mum again?

JAMES

Not....exactly.

MOLLY
Such an asshole.

JAMES
Who wouldn't want to hit that?

INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

Bruce is at the library, he gets a text from his mum:

BOSS IS RIDING MY ASS TODAY. THAT'S YOUR JOB ;)

He shudders and looks like he's about to throw up in fear. He looks at a notice board and finds a poster that says:

"Through God, you can be helped"

BRUCE
Well I've got nothing else to lose.

EDGAR WRIGHT MONTAGE:

The following scene repeats:

-Bruce reading a religious text/performing a religious act.

-Carol joining Bruce in his bed/in the shower/groping him.

-Bruce throwing something to do with the religion in the bin.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. LIBRARY. NIGHT.

Bruce is locked out of the building as it rains heavily. He pounds on the door, begging to be let in. He sinks onto the floor with his back against the door. Across the street is a STREET PREACHER (50), neatly dressed, standing behind a sign saying "Let the dream demon in". He's preaching to a large crowd of people. A thunderstorm starts overhead, lightning striking in the sky. This doesn't deter the crowd, who stand there paying attention to him, enthralled by whatever it is he's saying.

STREET PREACHER
The dream demon is here. He is here
to help you. He is here to save
you, he is here guide you. All you
need to do, is let him in.

The crowd starts chanting.

LET

HIM

IN

LET

HIM

IN

They start clapping and stomping on each syllable. Bruce turns back round to the library doors, LET HIM IN is written on them in blood-like lettering. The crowd turns towards him and starts chanting at him, slowly approaching him with the same smile on all their faces.

LET

HIM

IN

A large bolt of lighting hits an electrical pole, shutting off all the lights in the local area with the exception of one; the streetlight above the preacher, leaving him illuminated in the darkness; just him and the words "Dream Demons" on his sign.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

Bruce wakes up in an empty library. A cheerleading squad practices outside the window as a religious sermon plays on the TV. Sheepishly looking around he packs his stuff in his bag, but not before writing the words "dream demons?" On a piece of paper.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

Bruce, James and Molly are sat at the back of a room. Stood at the front of the class is VINCE (60).

VINCE

I watched all of your micro-films over the weekend. Despite them only being ninety seconds long, they felt like hours. With one exception, Mr Waltman, are you in today?

Bruce puts his arm up.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Now, I don't know where exactly you got your idea from, for all I know it came about in the middle of a cocaine binge. If that was the case, keep doing it, it was genius.

Bruce looks kind of ashamed

BRUCE

It just came to me in a dream.

VINCE

That's an excellent point.

Bruce looks confused.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You see, we take in a lot during the day, and sometimes our brains can't process it all. Because of this it sometimes seems like we can be "taught" things in our dreams. I once remember having a dream where I discussed the science of a hangover, I woke up and checked online and it turned out to be correct. Now I didn't know I knew that, but somehow I did.

MOLLY

How exactly is this relevant to us?

VINCE

You're film-makers, you're artists. So don't be scared of taking inspiration from your dreams.

Vince starts typing on his laptop, the words appearing projected onto the wall behind him. He types the following:

- "Yesterday" - The Beatles

- Frankenstein

- Theory Of Relativity

- Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde

He stops typing.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Now, can anybody tell me what these have in common?

JAMES

They're all ideas that came from dreams?

VINCE

Yes! How did you know?

JAMES

You were talking about using inspiration from our dreams, then wrote a bunch of stuff. Just kind of assumed the two things were connected.

VINCE

I suppose I did make it a little too unsubtle. But the point is this, do not be scared to use their dreams. If something haunts your nightmares, use it to haunt others. If you dream of an idea, then when you wake up look into it, you might find it's a solution to all your problems.

Bruce looks at him quizzically.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

Bruce goes up to the LIBRARIAN (46). She sits behind her desk at a computer, a phone pressed to her ear.

LIBRARIAN

And so I says to Mabel, I says

Bruce clears his throat.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

I have to go, someone needs something.

She laughs, then looks Bruce up and down.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

I hope it's not that, I'd break the poor thing. I'll call you back in a few minutes.

She hangs up the phone.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

BRUCE

I need everything you have on dream demons.

LIBRARIAN

Google it?

BRUCE

Don't you have any books on it?

She sighs. Wheels her office chair over to a filing cabinet and opens it. The door's a bit stiff, obviously having not been used in a while. Dust goes everywhere as she looks through the files. She takes a sheet of paper out and wheel the chair back over to the desk.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You know you could have just walked that?

LIBRARIAN

You know you could have just shut your damn mouth?

BRUCE

Touche.

She hands a piece of paper over to Bruce.

LIBRARIAN

These are your best options. Over to your left at the back.

BRUCE

Thank you.

He looks at the paper and walks away.

INT. DREAM SPACE. NIGHT

Freddy sits in front of the screens. There's one screen on, very faintly and airing mainly static. Freddy watches intently, monitoring the screen for any changes.

FREDDY KRUEGER

Come on, come on.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Bruce sits at his desk with a large leather-bound book. He comes to a chapter entitled "Dream Demons" and starts reading.

INT. DREAM SPACE. NIGHT

The screen starts glowing brighter.

FREDDY KRUEGER
Perfect.

He smiles.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Bruce closes the book.

BRUCE
Okay, I think I've got it.

He goes out of the room, coming back in holding a knife. He opens the book to the last page. The last page is a mixture of different brown and red dots. He takes the knife to his own hand, making a small cut, closing his eyes in pain as the blood drips onto the book and soaks into the page.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I give my nights up to those who
desire them.

He nervously opens his eyes and looks at the book, no changes. He opens the book again.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Was anything supposed to happen?

INT. DREAM SPACE. NIGHT

The screen glows bright, the static becoming shapes, the shapes becoming crystal clear black and white images. Freddy smiles. The images show Bruce's POV, him reading the book. The words become images, the words talking about demons being replaced by visual manifestations of them. The screen slowly starts to fill with colour. We pull out and see the chair is now unoccupied.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT. (DREAM)

Bruce is sat his desk reading the book when it starts bleeding, he tries to run out the door but can't open it. The blood seemingly starts flowing towards him. The walls start closing in on him until he has no space to move, the blood still flowing. He starts spluttering as it starts to drown him. Suddenly the blood starts flowing away and the room goes back to a normal size, completely spotless.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT. (DREAM)

Bruce rises out of a lake, struggling for breath. Freddy pulls him out of the lake and lays him on the ground before driving his fingerknives into him. He gets up and walks away, leaving the blades inside Bruce. Bruce goes to take them out.

FREDDY KRUEGER

If you pull those out you'll die.
Same will go if I pull them out, so
start talking about why you're
here.

Bruce painfully stands up.

BRUCE

I want to make a deal.

FREDDY KRUEGER

What do you have to offer me?

BRUCE

People.

Freddy looks intrigued.

FREDDY KRUEGER

Go on.

BRUCE

I've read about you. You need
people to be aware of you so you
can have power over them, right?
But, nobody knows who you are. I
can change that. I'll spread your
word for you, allow you access to
all of them, then you can do
whatever you want.

FREDDY KRUEGER

What do you want in return?

BRUCE

I want control over my dreams.

FREDDY KRUEGER

I can give you that. I will protect
your nightmares if you spread the
knowledge.

BRUCE

So, how does this all work?

FREDDY KRUEGER
It's all in this book.

A book appears in Freddy's hands. A book made of human flesh with small bones lining the spine and sharp teeth over the text block on the sides. The cover depicts human faces which seem to be alive, moving and screaming in apparent eternal agony. He throws the book towards Bruce and it bites down on his head, the teeth fracturing his skull and seemingly unloading venom directly into his brain. He screams in agony and tries to wrench it off but the teeth sink deeper. Freddy walks up to him and pushes him in the lake. Bruce goes under the water and sinks, the blood from his head clouding the water and obscuring his vision. The water slowly starts to clear and he regains vision, noticing that the book is no longer biting his skull, and the blades are no longer in his stomach. What's more, he appears to have no wounds or evidence it happened. He looks up through the now crystal-clear water and spots the Sun and starts swimming up to meet it.

EXT. BEACH. DAY. (DREAM)

Bruce comes up through the water at a sun-kissed beach. He swims up to the sand. The beach is full of classically good-looking people in bathing suits, all milling around enjoying themselves. A WAITER (45) comes up to him.

WAITER
Your drink, Sir.

He hands him a large colourful drink. Bruce starts the drink. Unknown to him, everybody on the beach stands perfectly still and stares at him.

BRUCE
I don't know what this is, but I
enjoy it.

WAITER
Glad to help, Sir.

Bruce looks at his glass and notices it's refilled itself.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Your car, sir.

The waiter hands a set of car keys over. Bruce grabs them and turns round to be met with a sleek sports car of his dreams, bikini-clad women in the backseat. He gets in the car and drives off, everyone on the beach still staying completely still and watching him.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY. (DREAM)

Bruce wakes up, a smile on his face. He gets out of bed and sleepily rubs his eyes. He picks up his lantern and walks out the room.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. (DREAM)

Bruce walks down the corridor lazily. He takes a look at the lantern and finds it has changed into a replica of his own severed head, the light emanating out of the eyes and mouth. He drops it in shock and runs away.

SEVERED HEAD
(in voice of Freddy)
Remember our deal!

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Bruce wakes up and immediately grabs his notepad. He starts writing frantically, not in full sentences, just bullet points:

-Freddy Krueger

-Haunts dreams.

-Die in dream=die in reality.

He continues to write in increasingly incomprehensible scrawls before finishing and throwing the notepad in a bag and rushing out the door.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

Bruce, James, and Molly are sat in class. Vince at the front. On the board behind Vince is the word "Horror".

VINCE
So far this year your scripts have made people laugh, cry, and despair. Some of you, it's mostly despair, even with the so called comedies. But for the next month we'll be working on horror. What's the best way to scare people? Any answers? What scares you?

ALEX (17) puts his hand up.

ALEX
Monsters?

VINCE
That's a rather vague response. Do
you mean King Kong, Frankenstein?
Narrow it down.

ALEX
I dunno, just big scary things.

VINCE
Okay, that's an adequate start.
Anybody else?

Bruce puts his hand up.

ALEX
Of course he'd say something.

Bruce stares at Alex.

BRUCE
People are scared of the truth.
Like Alex, he's scared of big
things because he knows the truth
is that he's physically inferior to
a lot of people.

Molly looks at him in shock. Alex picks up his chair and
throws it at Bruce, just missing him.

VINCE
Alex! Leave. You can come back
tomorrow.

Alex leaves, walking past Bruce, he turns back to him,
standing over his desk.

ALEX
You better pray you don't survive
until the weekend, otherwise I'm
going to kill you.

Alex storms off. Bruce has a smug look on his face.

BRUCE
See? Weak, and scared of the truth.

Molly looks slightly freaked out.

MOLLY
Are you, are you okay? You seem
different.