

EXT. CAFE. DAY. (DREAM)

Molly enters the dream state as Bruce and James are fighting. Bruce throws James through a wall. Molly grabs a chair and throws it at Bruce, he holds his hand out and the chair dissolves into a harmless water spray.

BRUCE

Thanks for that, very refreshing.

James runs towards him, diving to tackle him. Bruce makes a motion with his hand and a window opens, the wind rushing in and blowing James back.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You're thinking too realistically.
You guys need to approach this from
the abstract.

He picks up a plate and blades start appearing on the edge, he throws it towards Molly, who ducks at the last second causing it to just miss her head and embed itself in the wall behind her.

James picks himself off the floor, picking up a pencil. Bruce starts laughing.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What are you going to do with that?
Write me a negative review?

James throws the pencil at Bruce, who stands there with his arms spread out and eyes closed, waiting for the soft thunk of a harmless pencil. He screams, the pencil having changed into a snake mid-flight which landed on his neck and started biting him.

He wrenches the snake off him and throws it on the floor, stamping on it until it's a mush of blood. He smiles.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You're learning.

He pours some salt onto his hand and throws it at Molly and James, it expands in the air until it's a sandstorm, temporarily blinding them as Bruce runs out the room. Once they get their sight back, the two follow him through the door he ran out of.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE LOUNGE. DAY. (DREAM)

The two run in through the door into their familiar house, the same as they're used to, except upside down.

They walk along the ceiling, approaching Bruce who reaches above him and grabs a side-table, throwing it at James, who jumps out of the way at the last moment.

Molly reaches up and takes a chair cover off, she throws it over Bruce, punching him under the cover until it bursts into flames, causing her to jump off. Bruce gets out from underneath it, badly burnt but free. He limps and tries to go through a door but James is standing there, blocking him. He turns round finds Molly standing at the other door.

JAMES

Give it up, it's over.

BRUCE

If you must taunt me, must you do
it in such a cliché way?

As he says this sentence he notices the window. Once the sentence is finished he jumps through the window, smashing it. Molly and James reluctantly jump through the window.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY. (DREAM)

They land on the floor after coming through a window from the outside. Every chair has someone sitting in it, but they are not moving, all sitting completely still and facing forward, expressionless looks on their faces, like this isn't reality but a frozen snapshot of time. Bruce stands at the front of the room. Molly immediately moves a chair and blocks off the door.

BRUCE

So I guess I can't run anymore. And
look where we are, back where it
all started. I guess it makes
narrative sense that it ends here
too. You like how I set that up? I
don't get enough recognition for my
brilliance, I really don't.

James picks up a pencil and it changes into a sword in his hand. Molly picks up a keychain and it changes into a spiked mace.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Now it's getting fun.

Bruce puts some gloves on, which become metal gauntlets. His clothes change into a full suit of armour.

They start battling in the room between the students, who stay still throughout even when they get hit in the crossfire. It ends when Bruce punches James hard in the face, then picks up Molly and throws her onto the floor. He corners James against the wall.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You're just not strong enough to survive in my world.

James starts weakly laughing, coughing blood up. Bruce looks confused.

JAMES

Haven't you forgotten something?

BRUCE

What? Your sister? I'll get to her later.

JAMES

Not that, I fell asleep first.

BRUCE

So?

JAMES

So this is my world.

As one, all the other people in the room stand up and surround Bruce, they tear off his armour then attack him violently, leaving him a broken beaten mess. They disperse, leaving him alone with Molly and James, who tower over him.

Bruce bitterly spits out blood onto the floor and accepts his fate. The door blasts open and Freddy walks in, causing Bruce to smile.

BRUCE

Oh you're fucked now.

He crawls towards Freddy.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You control this, bring me back to full strength and we can beat them both.

Freddy holds out his hand, Bruce goes to grab it but Freddy changes his hand movement at the last second, impaling Bruce through the hand with one of his fingerknives. He kicks him back until he falls back onto the floor.

FREDDY
I don't associate with failures.
You disgust me.

He walks past the dying Bruce, approaching James and Molly.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
See you real soon.

He goes to exit the room.

MOLLY
No you won't. When we wake we're
going to take the pills and never
have to deal with you again.

FREDDY
But others will. I'll still be out
there, killing others. Just because
you can't see something, does not
mean it's not happening. Are you
comfortable with that?

Molly looks uneasy. Freddy places a button on a desk.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
The electric circuit back in your
world is being set back up. If you
hit this, time will pass here
immediately and the alarms on the
building you're in will turn on,
waking you up. You press this, you
both wake immediately and head back
to reality. Make your move.

Molly pauses, unsure what to do. James stands up nervously,
leaning on a chair to keep himself stable. Freddy calmly
approaches him, James tries to maintain his composure. Freddy
quickly drives his blades into James stomach. He turns back
towards Molly.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
You have five minutes before he
dies. So whatever you're doing, do
it quickly.

Freddy turns to a blackboard and brings his fingerknives down
it, causing a high-pitched screech to ring out. When he turns
back round, Molly has the suit of armour on. He smiles as she
charges towards him.

They have a short fight, Freddy having multiple chances to finish her off but not taking them as he wants to torture her more. Eventually she grabs his arm and flips him over, driving his own blades into his chest as he lands.

Molly grabs a piece of broken glass and slowly carves his own throat, covering him in his own blood, he crawls away through the door.

INT. DREAM SPACE. NIGHT

Freddy crawls into the room, Molly following behind him. The TV screens show hundreds of people's POV.

FREDDY

No matter what you do, as long as I
have these, I will stay in their
memory.

She calmly walks to the back of the screens, pushing them over and smashing them. They immediately return back to their previous state, but this time completely blank, not even a flicker of vision on them.

Freddy looks defeated as Molly walks out the room and closes the door, keeping him trapped in darkness, completely powerless.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY. (DREAM)

Molly goes back into the room, James is near death, getting weaker by the second. He nods. She nods in response, pressing the button.

INT. POLICE STATION. NIGHT.

Molly and James wake up.

MOLLY

You okay?

JAMES

Mentally? No. Physically?
Surprisingly yes.

They stand up, the alarms blaring out around them.

MOLLY

Shit, we should go.

They grab some tablets, and the paperwork, and leave the building.

FADE TO BLACK.

Caption: Two Months Later

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET. DAY.

James and Molly are slowly walking down the street.

JAMES

Do you think he's still out there?

MOLLY

Well I have a theory

JAMES

Go on.

MOLLY

Well how much can you remember of every book you've read?

JAMES

Not much.

MOLLY

Exactly. My hope is this, the people in charge who knew about him didn't read the files in years, so don't actually remember the fine details about him. We destroyed the written details of him so they can't tell anybody else, not everything anyway, so it won't work. Eventually, nobody will know the truth about him, and we'll be free.

JAMES

When do you think that will be?

Molly stops, looks over the street at a building, and smiles.

MOLLY

Not too long.

We follow her line of sight and see graffiti spray-painted on the wall. Below that is a newspaper on the floor, the headline: New Prisons Built Due To Lack Of Space.

JAMES
So we're safe?

MOLLY
Of course, like I said, we
destroyed all written records of
him.

The two walk off into the distance.

INT. FILM STUDIO OFFICE. DAY.

A rich-looking EXECUTIVE (65) is sat behind a desk reading
pages of paper.

EXECUTIVE
Crap, it's all crap.

He turns towards his ASSISTANT (41).

EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
It's all sequels and remakes, don't
we have anything original?

ASSISTANT
It's all our optioned guys are
sending us.

EXECUTIVE
Maybe it's time we gave a new
writer a chance.

ASSISTANT
Are you saying?

EXECUTIVE
Get the post. It's usually crap but
we might get something. Plus, most
people who send us stuff are too
stupid to keep a copy so can't
prove we stole it. You read through
that crap, you found anything
worthwhile?

ASSISTANT
There's this.

The assistant hands over a multiple-paged stack of papers.
The executive reads it and we see the front page: Dream
Demons by Bruce Waltman.