

WELCOME TO ELM STREET

Written by

Matt Thompson

Based on characters created by Wes Craven

FADE IN:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A table-side radio plays old Bing Crosby ("*Did you ever see a dream walking? Well, I did...*").

The room is a mess. Papers stacked everywhere in foot-high piles. Pictures of children pinned to the walls. A placard identifies this as the desk of SHERIFF RIVERS, hefty and older. He's writing a note.

He drops the pen and reaches for his gun. Retrieves it and sets it on the desk.

Rivers looks at the photos on the wall. All children, none older than twelve. Smiling faces. But there's something eerie about it, something that's not quite right. Note tags are pinned to the bottom of each photo... date-of-birth -- date-of-death...

Rivers takes his gun.

A SMILING CHILD

looks out from a frame. Her date of death reads that she was eleven.

A gunshot rings out. Blood splatters the frame.

EXT. ELM STREET - DAY

Victorian homes loom on both sides of the street. Well-groomed lawns and a few children playing in the streets.

American of yesteryear.

EXT. FALLON HOUSE

A small U-Haul sits in the driveway with its gate open. MIKE FALLON (30) backs out holding a large box. Sweating profusely as he carries it to the front door. Closed. Fallon struggles.

FALLON

Ally.

(no response)

Ally, come out here and open the door.

Footfalls approach. The door opens revealing ALLY (9), very pretty. She doesn't look happy.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Hold it open for me please.

She does. He slides through the doorway and

INSIDE

where it's completely bare, save for a sofa and a television. She follows.

FALLON

Did you think if you didn't answer the first time I'd forget you were in here?

ALLY

No.

But her eyes say different. Ally parks herself on the sofa as Fallon heaves the box down into an empty space.

Fallon cracks his back into place.

FALLON

You know, Ally, you're constantly telling me how old you are. Maybe you're right. At nine, I think you're old enough to unpack the truck while I sit in here and watch cartoons.

She glares.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Or not.

(wipes sweat away)

Don't get too comfortable, sweetie. We have to make a stop.

INT. U-HAUL - DAY

Fallon climbs into the cab. He pulls forward a box and looks inside. Clothes and the like.

He reaches for a jacket and brings it out, laying it flat upon the pile. A police officer's badge is pinned to the chest.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A small precinct. Fallon's car rolls into a parking stall. He exits and takes Ally's hand as she gets out.

FALLON

This'll be quick. Just have to introduce myself to the folks in charge.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - DAY

Fallon enters with his daughter. There's a front desk and then a small hall that leads to various offices.

Nobody's at the desk.

FALLON

This probably isn't the best way to start a job, is it?

ALLY

I don't think so.

There's a scribbling sound down the hall. Fallon leads Ally towards the sound, which comes from an office -- the door is open.

OFFICE

They walk in. An officer -- THOMPSON (34) -- is seated at the desk, hidden behind stacks of paperwork.

THOMPSON

I'm sorry, I didn't hear the door. Can I help you?

FALLON

Name's Fallon. I requested a transfer from Chicago.

THOMPSON

Ah, right. Mike?

He rolls his chair to a file cabinet, yanks open a drawer, and retrieves a folder marked "transfers."

FALLON

That'd be me. Bit of an empty nest around here.

THOMPSON

We've been spread a little thin lately. When it happens, I tend to get stuck with the paperwork, as you can see with your own two eyes.

(re: Ally)

Is this your daughter?

FALLON
 Yep. Say hi, Ally.

ALLY
 Is this place always this boring?
 (Fallon glares)
 Sorry. Hi.

THOMPSON
 Not always, unfortunately.
 (stands)
 Mike, as the official welcome wagon
 I'd be amiss if I didn't invite the
 both of you to dinner at my house
 tonight.

FALLON
 By amiss, do you mean 'the wife will
 castrate me if I don't'?

THOMPSON
 Something like that.

FALLON
 Then I guess we have to accept.

EXT. ELM STREET - DUSK

The sun sets on Springwood.

EXT. SIDEWALK / THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Fallon and Ally are dressed better than they were at the
 station. They walk side-by-side toward the Thompson house.

ALLY
 Are we having Spaghetti-Os?

FALLON
 I doubt it, Ally.

ALLY
 Then can we have them when we go
 back home?

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARK (15) is the spitting image of Thompson. He watches
 through an open curtain as Fallon and Ally approach.

DOWNSTAIRS

The doorbell bing fades as MARGE (32) opens the door, smiling at Fallon and Ally.

ALLY

Promise me your food's not gross.

Fallon sheepishly smiles.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Ally snoozes on Fallon's shoulder, a dab of spaghetti sauce on her chin. Mark toys with his fork as Thompson nurses a beer.

THOMPSON

So, why Springwood?

FALLON

I've lived in big cities my whole life. I just wanted a shot at the quiet life for a change.

THOMPSON

It's been anything but quiet lately.

FALLON

Really? That's surprising.

Marge crosses from the kitchen and sits beside Thompson.

MARGE

You haven't heard? Nobody's told you what's going on?

THOMPSON

Marge...

MARGE

I just assumed with Sheriff Rivers' suicide that he would've been told.

FALLON

I did hear about the sheriff and I'm sorry for that. But what am I missing here?

Thompson and Marge exchange a glance and a quick nod.

MARGE

Mark, could you take Ally upstairs?

MARK
 (no arguments)
 Sure.

He nudges Ally on the shoulder.

ALLY
 (yawns)
 But I'm... not... sleepy...

MARK
 We're just going to visit my little
 sister, okay?

She groggily stands. Mark leads her up the stairs and out
 of sight.

FALLON
 So, what's so wrong it brings about
 a dramatic child exodus?

Marge walks to the closet.

THOMPSON
 I'd assume with Rivers' suicide your
 transfer was approved pretty quickly,
 am I right?

FALLON
 Took maybe a day for approval.

THOMPSON
 (nods)
 We've been running short on uniformed
 cops for awhile now. Most of 'em
 just packed up and moved away.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The weather-beaten bridge stands twenty feet over the river.
 A pick-up truck rolls to a stop at the curb. Ominous.

FALLON (V.O.)
 Why?

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Marge drops a pile of newspaper clippings in front of Fallon.

MARGE
 They were terrified for their
 children.

(MORE)

MARGE (CONT'D)
 (indicates a headline)
 Read this.

The clipping features a photo of a little girl on the front page. Headline reads: "SECOND CHILD FOUND DEAD IN AS MANY WEEKS. MANHUNT FOR SLASHER CONTINUES."

EXT. BRIDGE / INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME (INTERCUT)

ON THE BRIDGE

a gaunt man wearing a long coat and fedora looks over the side. He smokes a cigarette. This is FEDORA.

He tosses his cigarette and walks to the back of the truck. Looks into the cab and is happy with whatever he sees. Only a bit of white cloth is visible.

LIVING ROOM

THOMPSON
 There've been over a dozen
 disappearances. It's been on-and-
 off for almost three years. We call
 him --

FALLON
 The Springwood Slasher. I've heard
 the name but I thought he moved on.

THOMPSON
 So did we. It was quiet for a year.
 We thought the sick fuck had just
 quit. Too dangerous, you know?
 (sighs)
 Then two months ago it started again.

BRIDGE
 Seventy pounds of dead weight in a
 cloth hits the pavement. Fedora
 drags it to the edge of the bridge.

LIVING ROOM

MARGE
 Look at the date.

FALLON
 Three weeks ago. Why are you still
 here? I mean, Mark --

MARGE

-- will be okay, just like Ally, as long as he's watched after.

THOMPSON

We know the risks, Mike, but we can't leave. We're undermanned as it is, and someone has to give this town hope we'll catch him.

BRIDGE

Fedora heaves the heavy thing over the side. It crashes hard into the river.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens a crack and Fallon looks in. Mark holds baby sister NANCY in his arms as Ally rubs her stomach.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

If it were any other day I'd tell someone in your position to get the hell out of Dodge.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The clothed thing glides along the current. A zipper on the bag is tugged open and something falls out -- a hand. Very young, with a plastic ring on the index finger. A child.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

But we need the help.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. FALLON HOUSE - MORNING

Mark shoulders his back-pack as he walks to the porch, where Fallon knots Ally's shoe lace.

FALLON

Mark's going to walk you to and from school everyday, okay?

ALLY

Okay.

They stand up.

FALLON

Thanks for this, Mark.

MARK

No problem. It's not out of my way.

FALLON

(to Ally)

Well, it's a new school and new friends. You should be excited.

ALLY

Not if there's still homework.

FALLON

There's always homework. Even for me there's homework.

ALLY

But yours is fun. You catch bad guys.

FALLON

I try.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A few cubicles are set up past the hall. Fallon and Thompson approach them, where a few COPS handle desk work.

THOMPSON

This is our full roster.

FALLON

I guess I don't have to worry about speeding tickets if there aren't enough cops to set up traps.

THOMPSON

(dry)

That's one way to turn a frown upside down.

Thompson opens an office door.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Case loads are generally pretty light. Most of our attention is focused on this.

They walk into

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

which is as it was before, but cleaner. Tidied up, so to speak.

THOMPSON

This was Sheriff Rivers' office.

FALLON

Is this where he...?

THOMPSON

Yes. Four weeks ago. It's been cleaned, of course.

Fallon runs his finger across the desk and looks at it. A single drop of blood. A little disgusted, he wipes it away.

Fallon sees:

FALLON

What's that?

The children's photos are pasted to a giant map of Springwood.

THOMPSON

Abduction points. It hasn't been updated in two weeks, but it won't make much of a difference. His pattern is completely random.

FALLON

Every one of these kids in a three year period?

THOMPSON

Yes.

Fallon looks at a single picture. Lyla Holmes.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Lyla was taken last year. Her mother's a teacher. Still thinks her daughter is going to show up at her doorstep okay.

(thinks)

The Jacobi River runs through the center of town. Bodies tend to wash up downstream.

Fallon studies the map and the long river that runs through the center of town.

FALLON
How many access points are there to
the river? Bridges and such?

THOMPSON
We've covered --

OFFICER (O.S.)
Sergeant?

They turn to see an OFFICER peeking in through the door.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
There's a call for you, sir. They
found something at the riverbank.

Thompson knows what it means.

EXT. RIVERMOUTH - DAY

Fallon's car rolls to a stop. He and Thompson exit as the four COPS in trailing patrol cars follow suit.

Thompson leads Fallon down the slope. A UNIFORMED COP waits for them. He stands beside a heavy-set FARMER in overalls who looks like he's just seen a ghost.

UNIFORMED COP
Got another one, Don.

THOMPSON
I got the call. Any idea who it is?

UNIFORMED COP
Body's too -- well, we haven't been
able to get an I.D. yet. Al here
thought it was a goddamn alien when
he found it.
(looks)
It's definitely his work.

Thompson's eyes find the sheeted body that has washed ashore.

THOMPSON
(to Mike)
Stand back.

FALLON
I need to see it.

THOMPSON

Just trust me.

Fallon takes a step back as Thompson leans over the body and slowly pulls the sheet away.

His face falls as the dead eyes of LYLA HOLMES stare out.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Lyla...

Fallon inches closer and gets a good look at the body.

FALLON

Oh fucking Christ!

He doubles over and vomits into the river. Thompson rises and puts a hand on his shoulder.

THOMPSON

Welcome to Springwood, Mike.

INT. SCHOOL - THIRD GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

THIRD GRADERS are seated in a circular formation, leaning over drawings. The teacher, MRS. HOLMES, paces along the perimeter, examining their work.

MRS. HOLMES

We've only got about ten minutes left, but if you're not quite done, don't worry. You'll have some time during tomorrow's class to finish.

KATIE (8) grabs a crayon and scribbles to finish her picture. Ally looks over from the next desk.

ALLY

(whispers)

She just said you don't have to finish it now.

KATIE

I know, but I want to get it done so I can show it to my mom and dad.

Ally leans in to look at the drawing:

A mother, a father, and a daughter standing outside of their house. The father in a Christmas sweater.

ALLY

That's really nice.

KATIE

(smiles)

Thanks.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

A CORONER heaves Lyla's covered body onto a cold table. Fallon and Thompson watch from the side as the Coroner tears through the long white sheet, pulling it open to reveal Lyla's naked body. Quick, indistinct looks.

A scarred message is scrawled across her chest.

THOMPSON

(reads)

'Piggy twenty-three.'

FALLON

This is sick.

Fallon uses his hand to block his nose from the smell.

THOMPSON

You don't have to be here. This part tends to be my line of work.

FALLON

I had to see my wife's head for twenty minutes after someone put a bullet through it before help arrived. I'll live.

(sees)

Does he strip them all naked?

THOMPSON

Yes.

Fallon notices the ring on Lyla's finger.

FALLON

How about that? Did he put it there?

THOMPSON

He probably just missed it.

Fallon looks closer. Something on the fake gem gleams in the harsh light.

FALLON

There's blood. She cut him.

THOMPSON

I'll be damned.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The bell rings. STUDENTS of all ages pour into the hallway. Some hurry to their lockers, others bolt for the front doors.

Third graders spill out of their room. Ally pauses just outside the door, looking around. Katie stops beside her.

KATIE

What are you waiting for?

ALLY

I'm supposed to walk home with a boy.

KATIE

A boy?!?

ALLY

He's not that bad. There he is.

She points at Mark, who's standing at a locker with SARAH, his age. Chatting aimlessly.

KATIE

Why is she talking to him? That's weird.

Ally slings her backpack and walks to Mark.

ALLY

Hi. Are you ready to go?

MARK

(turns)

Just a second. Let me finish what I'm talking --

FALLON (O.S.)

It's fine, Mark. I'll take Ally.

Fallon approaches, still in uniform. The hall has emptied a bit.

MARK

You sure?

FALLON

Yeah. I'd just be more comfortable doing it today.

Mark nods and goes back to Sarah. Fallon scoops Ally off the floor and holds her.

FALLON (CONT'D)
Who's your friend?

ALLY
Katie. She lives down the street
from us.

FALLON
Nice to meet you, Katie.

KATIE
Hi.

Ally's teacher stands outside the classroom door, watching
the last few students dissipate.

FALLON
Is that your teacher?

ALLY
Yep. She was nicer than I thought
she'd be. Less homework.

Fallon walks to Mrs. Holmes and extends his hand.

FALLON
Hi, I'm Mike. Ally's dad. She just
paid you the highest compliment she's
ever given a teacher.

MRS. HOLMES
(shakes his hand)
Thank you. Based on one day, I'd
say she's a very good student.

FALLON
We all learn something new everyday.
Mrs... ?

MRS. HOLMES
Holmes.

Fallon's face falls.

FALLON
Holmes?

She smiles at drifters finally leaving the classroom. Fallon
just stares.

ALLY
What's wrong?

FALLON

Nothing, sweetie.

He takes her hand and leads her down the hall. They pass an IMPORTANT-LOOKING MAN striding towards Mrs. Holmes. Fallon cranes to see. The man takes her by the arm, looking terrible.

Fallon keeps walking.

FALLON (CONT'D)

None of this is fair.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Mrs. Holmes, draped in black. Her HUSBAND and SON comfort her. Many tears.

A PRIEST reads from the Bible before a large group of mourners. Pulleys lower a small casket into the ground.

PRIEST

Jesus said, "Let not your hearts be troubles. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you."

Thompson and Marge sit in the back with Mark. Fallon and Ally behind them, looking a little uncomfortable.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

"I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself. That where I am, there ye may be also." The pulleys finish.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

People stand around, exchanging small words. Mrs. Holmes remains in her seat as a line of grievors waits to express themselves.

Fallon stands off to the side, waiting for Marge and Thompson as they leave the poor woman, looking very sullen. Mark follows as they meet Fallon.

MARGE

The poor woman.

THOMPSON

She's handling it better than some of the others. Sandra Torrie didn't even cry for six months.

An uncomfortable silence.

MARK

Where's Ally?

Fallon points to the line, where Ally and Katie are gabbing together.

FALLON

Considering how fast she made friends with that Katie girl from school, I think I would've been impeding if I said she couldn't go talk to her.

Ally follows Katie and her parents, now the front of the line. LORETTA quickly takes Mrs. Holmes' hand.

LORETTA

I'm so very sorry, Emily. If there is anything we can do, anything at all --

Loretta's husband steps forward. FREDDY KRUEGER is a thin man in his mid-40s.

FREDDY

You be sure to let us know, alright? They'll catch whoever did this.

MRS. HOLMES

Thank you. Both of you.

Freddy smiles warmly. Loretta holds Katie's hand as they move towards the back. Freddy offers his hand to Ally, who takes it. They stop as Freddy meets Fallon.

FREDDY

I think this little girl might belong to you.

FALLON

That she would.

Ally lets go of Freddy's hand -- he grimaces, the hand is bandaged -- and walks to her father. Fallon notices Freddy's pain.

FALLON (CONT'D)

You okay?

FREDDY

Damn boilers at the plant. Never cool as quick as they should.

(looks at Mrs. Holmes)

You'll catch the bastard who's responsible, won't you?

THOMPSON

We're doing our best, Fred.

Freddy smiles, exits with his wife and daughter. Fallon takes another look at the grieving family, then the filled plot in the ground.

FALLON

All of them wash up in the same river?

THOMPSON

The ones we found.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Fallon tears the Springwood map off the wall and grabs a pen. Thompson and four other Officers watch as Fallon indicates a few dozen red markers positioned around the riverbank.

FALLON

My guess is that these represent where bodies wash up, right?

OFFICER #1

Right.

FALLON

So it's the same river and they're washing up in roughly the same places. The currents have to be similar, so we're looking at a pretty consistent time of day for the dumpings.

THOMPSON

We've looked at this, Mike.

FALLON

(on a roll)

How many bridges cross the river?

OFFICER #2

Three.

FALLON
Alright, we have to --

THOMPSON
Mike, we've covered this.

Fallon stops.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
We had officers on those bridges in eight-hour shifts for weeks. He never showed.

FALLON
Put 'em there for longer. He'll turn up.

THOMPSON
It's just as likely -- shit, it's more likely -- that he's just dumping them at the banks.

FALLON
Nope.

Fallon points at the indicators on the map.

FALLON (CONT'D)
Every single one of these kids turned up within this radius. If the Slasher just slides them in, one or two are bound to get caught up in something. It's a straight drop into the river. Has to be.

THOMPSON
Then why didn't he show before?

FALLON
Because it's a game to him. He's not ditching bodies to eliminate any kind of evidence. He's taunting us and the town itself.

THOMPSON
For the fear.

FALLON
He wants to terrify us. It's what this whole thing is about.

INT. BOILER ROOM - BACK ROOM

Tight on a desk, with a thick ledger laying open. A grimy hand flips the page. Dozens of photos are pasted in place -- children's faces. Like an odd reverse of the police department's Springwood map.

Another hand reaches in and gently caresses a child's face. A bandaged hand. There's an empty space with a word scrawled below it: "Lyla Holmes." The hands take a picture of Lyla and put it in place, making sure it's still.

Freddy smiles eerily. He slams the book shut.

INT. THOMPSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Thompson rolls into his driveway, Fallon in the other seat. He kills the ignition.

THOMPSON

That was pretty impressive. One week and you figured this out.

FALLON

It doesn't solve our biggest problem.

THOMPSON

Which is?

FALLON

We need to turn the tables -- make him scared of us.

THOMPSON

That's how we catch him in the act. Any ideas on how to make that happen?

FALLON

None whatsoever.

INT. SCHOOL - FRESHMAN CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. SHAYE drearily scribes a term on the chalkboard: DREAM DEMONS. Mark scribbles notes as the class dozes.

MR. SHAYE

It's rather ironic then that Artemis, God of the Hunt, created the dream demons to purify the dreams of her followers.

(MORE)

MR. SHAYE (CONT'D)

The demons were drawn to the night and rebelled, preferring to poison the inner-thoughts of mankind. Hence, the first nightmare was born.

Mark barely keeps up. He keeps finding himself distracted by Sarah, who's three seats away from him. Her eyes catch his.

MR. SHAYE (CONT'D)

There was a great war between the demons and their God. Weaklings compared to their former master, the demons preferred to merge their strength with a warrior who could --

The BELL RINGS. Students hastily collect notebooks and bolt before Mr. Shaye can get another word in.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mark struggles to catch up with Sarah.

MARK

Am I a glutton for punishment or what, staying awake through that?

SARAH

I was up for half of it, so I might have a death wish myself.

MARK

I'm impressed.

SARAH

So was I.

Mark sees Ally and Katie standing outside their classroom. He joins them, Sarah following.

MARK

Anyway, I have to walk this little lady home. I'll see you later?

SARAH

I guess...

MARK

(nervous)

Unless, well, you'd like to come with us? She lives on Elm.

SARAH

I don't know, Mark. That's a long way from where I live.

He starts to turn, disappointed and a little embarrassed.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Are you dumb or something? Of course I want to.

Smiles.

ALLY

She's coming too? Why?

INT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Fallon yanks open file drawers, digs through miles of folders. Thompson leans back, arms crossed.

THOMPSON

There's nothing there.

FALLON

There has to be. We need something, Don! Anything!

He slams the drawer shut in frustration. Runs his hand through his hair as he thinks.

FALLON (CONT'D)

I am not just going to sit here on my ass waiting for another little kid to turn up dead in that goddamn river.

(pauses)

How many children are still missing?

THOMPSON

Only one. Danny Mason.

Fallon glances at the map, thinking. He sees Lyla Holmes' picture...

FALLON

The ring... We kept the ring on Lyla's finger in evidence, right? It wasn't buried with her?

THOMPSON

We have it.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Fallon pulls open a steel slab. Retrieves a clear plastic bag with a ring inside and shows it to Thompson.

FALLON

From the blood, we know that at some point she managed to cut him. But we can't match a blood sample without anything on file, right?

THOMPSON

Last time I checked.

FALLON

When I saw the ring on her finger, it was in a typical 'up' position.

But I'd bet next year's salary that she had turned it around in order to cut him.

THOMPSON

Meaning?

FALLON

What if he's the one who turned it back?

Fallon tosses Thompson the bag.

THOMPSON

We'll get it checked for prints.

EXT. ELM STREET - DAY

Mark, Sarah, Katie, and Ally pace down Elm Street, dodging sprinklers.

MARK

I'm just saying, I'd rather study Greek monsters and demons than math and all that other shi --
(re: Ally)
-- stuff.

Ally eyeballs him, nobody's fool.

SARAH

Yeah, but at least you can figure math out. It's consistent.

MARK

But you can't lie and fake your homework, which I'm pretty good at in Shaye's class.

SARAH

Touche.

Mark looks ahead.

MARK

This is your house, right Katie?

KATIE

Yep.

The mailbox reads: 1428 - Krueger.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Thompson taps his foot. Fallon leans back in a cubicle, his wallet open. Looking at a picture: himself, Ally (younger), and his wife. Pretty and happy.

The phone rings. Thompson and Fallon reach for it -- Thompson wins.

THOMPSON

(into phone)

Yeah, this is Don. Uh-huh... Who?...
Alright, fine. I'm tired of this
suspense bullshit. We'll be there
in ten.

He hangs up.

FALLON

What's the verdict?

THOMPSON

They found a partial match.

EXT. CRIME LAB - DAY

Thompson's car rolls to a stop. He and Fallon get out.

FALLON

Why's your crime lab at a different location?

THOMPSON

We didn't have enough space to fit the computer.

Fallon walks -- Thompson reaches an arm out and stops him.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Regardless of how this goes, a partial print isn't going to hold up in court. It's not necessarily going to be his.

FALLON

Let's see what we find, then we'll decide the next move.

INT. CRIME LAB - DAY

A small room that's 95% taken up by a massive computer. KERSH, 30 and British, waits for them. He smokes a cigarette.

THOMPSON

So what's the word, Kersh?

KERSH

You lucked out, that's the fucking word. No felonies or anything of that sort. We've only got the print on file because of a domestic battery charge filed a few years ago that was eventually dropped.

(smokes)

Either way, I'm not complaining. It's about time I got a little work in this piss-pot town.

THOMPSON

Then go back to the mother country.

KERSH

That's Germany. I'm English, you dolt.

FALLON

I'm sorry to interrupt the scholarly session, but we're working with a timeframe. Who is it?

Kersh rolls his chair to the computer and types in a few commands. A screen flashes up as Thompson and Fallon watch.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Who's the son-of-a-bitch I'm playing twenty questions with?

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Black.

A light bulb clicks on. Fallon and Freddy are halfway down the basement stairwell.

FREDDY

Sorry for the walk. But if you want to talk, it's best we do it down here with some privacy.

FALLON

This'll be fine.

They reach the room itself, which is fairly bare -- a desk in the corner and a few leather items scattered around. Freddy slides an extra chair to Fallon and then sits at the desk.

FREDDY

So, you said something about a few basic questions. What about?

FALLON

Well, Mr. Krueger --

FREDDY

Fred.

FALLON

(never breaking stride)

Fred, we're interviewing people with a known criminal record in regards to the Springwood Slasher killings.

FREDDY

Known record? I'm as clean as a preacher's sheets.

FALLON

Four years ago you were charged with domestic abuse, yes?

FREDDY

Never convicted.

FALLON

Regardless, your name came up and here I am.

FREDDY

My tax dollars at work. You're at least making some headway?

Fallon digs into his pocket --

FALLON

We hope so.

-- and retrieves the evidence bag with the ring. He sets it on the desk, nonchalant.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Sorry, it just gets a little annoying having that hang around in my pocket all day.

Freddy looks at it. Long and hard, but it's hard to get a read on his thoughts. Fallon lets the long moment last. Then --

FALLON (CONT'D)

Can you give me your whereabouts on the night of September 13?

FREDDY

I was working at the plant.

FALLON

Can someone verify that?

Freddy taps his finger on the desk.

FREDDY

Am I some kind of suspect, Mr. Fallon?

FALLON

We're just trying to get our facts straight.

FREDDY

The overnight security guard, Russell Burke. I check in and out with him every night.

FALLON

What would you think if we went to talk to this guy to verify that?

FREDDY

Knock yourself out, chief.

Fallon feigns a smile. Something catches his eye on the desktop -- an eight-inch piece of steel. Rigid. He leans over and takes it off the desk. Studies it in the light.

FALLON

What's this for?

FREDDY

I'm planning to put together a little something for a hunting trip.

FALLON

(weighs it)

Pretty heavy. What are you hunting?

FREDDY

Pigs.

INT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

Fallon leans over a file marked "Krueger, Frederick M." Thompson looks at it.

THOMPSON

It'll make one hell of a headline if true. "Springwood Slasher a member of the PTA!"

FALLON

Why can't I just arrest him and let the courts settle it out?

THOMPSON

Justice. This town's out for blood, Mike. At this point it doesn't matter who's arrested. To the people, they're guilty.

FALLON

He said he was hunting pigs.

THOMPSON

'Piggy twenty-three'?

FALLON

Yeah.

THOMPSON

I'll check out his alibi tonight.

If it doesn't hold, we'll nail him.

FALLON

And if it does? Are we back to square one?

(stands)

Put cops on two of the bridges. I'll take the third, all-night. If I panicked him into doing something, maybe we can avoid this due-process bullshit.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark puts pencil to paper on a report at his desk. A thick textbook is just to the side. He titles his report "The Dream Demons."

LIVING ROOM

Ally is sprawled out on the sofa, struggling to stay awake in front of the TV. Marge has the phone pressed to her ear, cradling baby Nancy in her arms.

MARGE

(into phone)

No really, it's okay. She'll be fine here, and if you're not back by morning I'll make sure Mark gets her to school okay. Good luck.

She hangs up the phone.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Ally, your dad has to work late, so you're going to sleep here tonight, okay?

ALLY

(yawns)

She's already asleep.

EXT. TREE GROVE OVERLOOKING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Peering through the branches, the bridge is visible. Fallon is perched on a branch, hard to make out in his dark fatigues. His eyes are fixed on the bridge.

And so he waits.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The massive structure is a hive of smoke stacks and silos. The front door is solid steel with a placard that reads: "NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT I.D. CARD."

Thompson walks to the door and knocks -- three loud clangs. A moment's pause as he shivers, then the door lurches open revealing BURKE, an impossibly huge security guard.

THOMPSON

Holy shit.

BURKE

Can I help you?

THOMPSON

(cool)

As a matter of fact you can. Name's Thompson, Springwood P.D.

He pulls his badge from his pocket.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Does this work as an I.D. card?

Because I'd like to ask you a few questions

BURKE

If my ex-wife sent you the skanky bitch is lying.

THOMPSON

No, nothin' like that. I just need an answer or two regarding the attendance of a certain employee over the past few weeks.

BURKE

You can ask as I make my rounds.

Burke closes the door behind Thompson.

EXT. TREE GROVE OVERLOOKING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Fallon is perched on a branch. Eyes dropping. Fighting it. Finally succumbing...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - DREAM

Dark and dreary. Part of a big city with realistic structures, but definitely a dream. Fallon walks, drenched with rain. Somewhere, a child cries. He sees a figure laying still at the end of the alley. Hurries to her.

FALLON

Chris?

He kneels. CHRIS is facing the other way, still unresponsive.

FALLON (CONT'D)
Christine? Baby? What are you...

Thunder sounds. Fallon's head jerks up, where a figure looks down at him from the top of a building. Lightning flares, silhouetting the figure -- wearing a coat and Fedora cap. His right hand is some kind of monstrous claw.

Fallon tugs at Chris' arm.

FALLON (CONT'D)
Chris, c'mon! We gotta go now!

We have to get out of here before --

ALLY (O.S.)
Mommy?

Fallon turns to see Ally beside him, looking at the woman. He looks back at Chris --

Who now stares at him with black, soulless eyes. She smiles and blood pours out of her mouth, through teeth. Fallon gasps and jumps up. He turns to take Ally's hand --

And bumps into the SILHOUETTE FIGURE, a demonic form of someone who's oddly familiar.

SILHOUETTE
(dark voice)
All the little piggies come home.

EXT. TREE GROVE OVERLOOKING BRIDGE - NIGHT

Fallon snaps awake. He takes a second to collect himself, making sure everything's solid. His eyes focus --

An old pick-up truck with lights beaming is parked at the end of the bridge. Engine rumbling. Waiting for something. Fallon is still... does the driver see him?

The headlights die. The pick-up backs up and turns around.

FALLON
Shit.

INT. POWER PLANT - HALLWAY

Burke leads Thompson through a door marked

BOILER ROOM

They follow a winding catwalk that splits off between each of the room's massive boilers.

BURKE

What kind of information did you need?

THOMPSON

Attendance records for Fred Krueger.

BURKE

Do I look like his friggin' kindergarten teacher?

THOMPSON

It's important. Anyone who works here has to sign in and out, right?

BURKE

Goddammit!

Burke charges down the stairway. Thompson follows him to one of the boilers, which is chugging loudly. Steam billows out.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Bastard needs to calm 'em down before he leaves!

Burke looks at the boiler gauge -- it's red-lining. He takes the wheel and struggles to turn it left. Finally he succeeds.

BURKE (CONT'D)

If it was up to me, your boy Krueger would've been fired a year and a half ago.

THOMPSON

Yeah, well, do I look like his friggin' boss?

Burke's eyes narrow.

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The dead calm of night. Fallon approaches the front door and knocks --

The door slides open. Mid-step, Fallon notices something down the street. A rusted old pick-up, parked. He shakes off an obviously odd feeling and walks

INSIDE

where it's obvious that everyone is asleep. Marge lays out on the couch.

Fallon gently nudges her shoulder.

MARGE

Hmm?

FALLON

Hi, Marge. Is Ally upstairs?

MARGE

(half-asleep)

In our bedroom.

FALLON

Thanks.

She's asleep even as he walks to the stairs.

UPSTAIRS / MASTER BEDROOM

Fallon rounds the last stair and turns. The master bedroom door is open. He walks inside. Ally sleeps face-down on the bed.

The window is open a crack. A wind gust spills in. Fallon approaches to close it, notices something -- the old pick-up truck outside. A figure is striding through the Thompsons' front yard, towards the truck...

FALLON (CONT'D)

No...

Fallon runs to Ally, gasping. He turns her over, stirring her a bit --

Her pajamas have been slashed up the middle, four long claw marks from stomach to neck. Not breaking skin. A crude note is held between two pieces of cloth. He grabs it, reads: BACK OFF.

He crumples the note and dives to the open window, through it and

OUTSIDE

smashing hard into the lawn. He hobbles to his feet, pulls his gun --

The man, Fedora, wears the cap and coat seen before. His face is masked, only eyes visible. He hurries to the pick-up.

FALLON

Freeze!

Fallon fires a shot into the driver's side door. Fedora freezes.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Hold it right the fuck there.

Lights flash on in nearby houses.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Welcome to the real world, where
assholes like you get caught in the
act and live out the rest of your
days in an eight-by-ten box.

(grimaces)

Now, hands up.

Fedora raises his hands. His right wears an odd, very crude glove with blades extending from each figure (not quite the final design, however). Fallon digs a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket and cautiously approaches...

FALLON (CONT'D)

You so much as breathe wrong while I
put these on and you won't even
realize how fast a bullet can cause
a head to cave in.

He pushes a cuff towards Fedora's hand --

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

What's goin' on out here?

The NEIGHBOR peers out through his front door.

FALLON

Sir, go back inside. This isn't
something you want to see --

Fedora lunges at Fallon with his razor-glove! Slashes him across the chest. Fallon drops his gun in pain. Fedora kicks it away, bolts for the truck --

Fallon grabs the gun, fires --

Right into Fedora's side as he struggles to close the door. Fedora gasps in pain, then slams the door shut.

Fires up the engine and bolts away.

Fallon's unconscious on the pavement.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Burke walks Thompson outside.

THOMPSON

You're sure about the sign-in dates?

BURKE

If it's on the list, it's the best
I've got. Best of luck to you.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - NIGHT

Fedora charges through the front door, ripping off his mask,
coat and cap. Freddy.

He charges upstairs.

BATHROOM

Freddy hurries into the bathtub and tears the shower curtain
closed. He rips off his shirt and turns the bath nozzle.

A bullet is lodged just shy of the kidney area. Freddy takes
one of the razor-glove's blades -- his eyes squeeze tight --
and he stabs the blade into his side. Grimaces. Turning
the blade into flesh, circling the shell.

Finally there's a pop and the bullet flies out. Blood circles
the drain.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Fallon sits shirtless on a hospital table as a YOUNG NURSE
wraps a bandage around his torso. Thompson watches.

YOUNG NURSE

You're lucky it wasn't too deep.

FALLON

Not as lucky as I'd like.

She finishes.

YOUNG NURSE

Take it easy for a few weeks.

FALLON

Will do.

She exits.

FALLON (CONT'D)

(pained)

Does Krueger drive a rusted-to-shit
pick-up truck?

THOMPSON

He drives a Caddie.

FALLON

What'd you find out at the plant?

THOMPSON

His alibi holds up. Seven day work
week, accounted for every time.
Unless he dumped Lyla's body in broad
daylight...

FALLON

Was there an eclipse on the thirteenth
that I happened to miss out on?

INT. BOILER ROOM - BACK ROOM - DREAM

Freddy's ledger is open on the desk. He flips to the final
page, which ends with Lyla's pasted picture. He takes a
pencil and writes something under the next space to the right:
"Alison Fallon."

He drops the pencil and runs his finger along the page.
Across the faces of the pictures boys and girls.

FREDDY

My children.

INT. BOILER ROOM - MINUTES LATER - DREAM

Freddy exits the back room, sliding into his jacket. He
walks between two chugging boilers, steam hissing. It's
strangely ethereal as he walks up the steps to the second-
level catwalk.

He stops, hearing --

WHISPERING VOICE

Freddy...

Creepy and distant. Freddy turns, spooked.

FREDDY

Who's there?

WHISPERING VOICE

An artist, like you. There was a
time, Krueger, when pain was music.

It's echoing now. Where's it coming from?

WHISPERING VOICE (CONT'D)

Those like us would continue the
beat, making sure the symphony had
its full turn.

KATIE

steps out from behind a boiler. But this isn't the innocent
little girl -- her eyes are pitch-black, vacant holes. The
voice is ageless.

KATIE/DEMON

But some didn't like our tune, and
we were cast away from our home.
Over the centuries, others have sewn
their songs. Others like you.

Katie/Demon circles Freddy. It's impossible to get a read
on his face.

KATIE/DEMON (CONT'D)

You take up your instrument and
further the beat. Little by little
the song takes shape, and the sound
is like razors on flesh.

FREDDY

What do you want?

Katie/Demon laughs -- the boilers shake and rumble. Finally
one of the boilers explodes and steam vents into the room.
Freddy shields his eyes. A figure is visible in the steam,
oddly familiar... the Silhouette from Fallon's dream.

He runs his razor fingers across a boiler.

SILHOUETTE

Krueger, how would you like to turn
up the volume?

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Freddy snaps awake. Loretta's next to him, still asleep.
He catches his breath, grimacing. He looks at himself...

The bandaged gunshot wound bleeds through the cloth. He
holds it for a moment, pressuring it to stop.

Finally it does. He sighs, unsure of what the hell just happened. Finally he rests his head back on the pillow --

KATIE/DEMON

is staring at him with those dark eyes. The slightest hint of a smile forming on her lips.

INT. SCHOOL - FRESHMAN CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Shaye paces between desks, throwing glances at the students' homework.

MR. SHAYE

As you might remember -- and judging from what I'm seeing, only half of you did -- your reports on the dream demons and their effects on the human psyche are due today.

Mark flips through his six-page report, proud.

MR. SHAYE (CONT'D)

Keep them. Because I like my entire class to participate, we will be doing an oral pop quiz. Those of you who did the assignment have already guaranteed yourself a perfect grade by turning them in, and any questions you might be asked will go towards extra credit.

Mark smiles, sees Sarah -- they lock eyes for a beat. He looks away... and instead meets the face of Mr. Shaye.

MR. SHAYE (CONT'D)

Mr. Thompson, that's an impressive-looking report. We'll start with you.

MARK

Uh, okay.

MR. SHAYE

Explain the vessel and its purpose after the demons were cast out of Greece.

MARK

They fought Artemus, the Goddess. She stripped their powers away, so they were weak alone.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

But when they got together they were still pretty powerful. They'd choose a person and let him use their colle--

(struggles)

The person could use all of their powers, and by doing that they could enter dreams.

MR. SHAYE

Why did they do this?

MARK

To spread fear. The book says they fed on it.

Sarah looks at Mark, impressed.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Mark and Sarah leisurely walk around the building.

SARAH

You did a lot better than I did.

MARK

It's the first time in my life that I actually did the homework. Nice feeling, actually.

SARAH

Good enough to get you to do it on a daily basis?

MARK

Are you nuts?

They stop.

SARAH

I wondered if you could help me with it. I completely need this grade or my parents are going to turn me into chopped liver. Do you think you'd be able to 'tutor' me?

There's a long look...

SARAH (CONT'D)

(quickly)

And if you can think of a better way to say that feel free, 'cuz this is really awkward.

MARK

I won't lie, I'd like to -- tutor you, that is. But I have to stay with Ally tonight until her dad's off work.

SARAH

Please?

Mark thinks, torn.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Fallon sketches the Fedora persona's image on a sheet of paper. Thompson's head is in his hands.

FALLON

The nightly security guard verifies that Krueger was on duty each of the nights he could've dumped the Holmes girl's body. That still leaves us with the question of how did his print end up on that ring.

THOMPSON

In the grand tradition of being a nay-sayer I'll tell you to come off it.

FALLON

Maybe his breaks? No, wouldn't give him enough time. Unless he's keeping them in the boiler room itself.

THOMPSON

Somebody'd notice if he was walking in and out with a hundred pounds of dead weight.

FALLON

I'll talk to this Burke character tomorrow. I want to see Krueger's log sheet.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Mark sit back, into the comfortable sofa. Textbooks lay open in front of them.

SARAH

You just dropped her off?

MARK

Yeah. I made sure to lock the door
and everything.

He drinks from a glass on the coffee table.

MARK (CONT'D)

Now, here's the rule for the class,
and you should remember it very well:
you can bullshit your way to an 'A'
in Shaye's class as long as you use
names from the glossary.

SARAH

Bullshit 101? That's the key?
Thanks, Mark.

MARK

I do what I can.

INT. FALLON'S CAR - NIGHT

Rolling down Elm Street. He slows as he passes Krueger's
house -- 1428 Elm. There's no car in the driveway.

FALLON

Get over it, Mike. You're wrong.
Get over it.

He steps on the gas.

EXT. FALLON HOUSE - NIGHT

Fallon exits his car and walks to the front door. Takes a
second to register the fact that the lights are off. He
takes his key out and inserts it into the lock -- the door
opens before he turns the knob.

He walks --

INSIDE

where it's dark and quiet. No sign of life.

FALLON

Ally? Mark?

He starts upstairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Fallon approaches Ally's bedroom door.

FALLON

Mark, if this is your idea of a joke,
it's really not funny. And Ally, if
it's yours, we're going to have a
talk about your sense of humor.

Still nothing. He pushes open the door --

Sees something. Something that horrifies him.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marge nurses baby Nancy. Thompson nurses a beer. The phone
rings. Thompson grabs it.

THOMPSON

(into phone)

Yeah?

FALLON (V.O.)

Don, get over here.

THOMPSON

What is it? Are you okay --

Click. Thompson looks at Marge.

MARGE

What's wrong?

EXT. FALLON HOUSE - NIGHT

Thompson and Marge bolt through a rainstorm. Thunder and
lightning. They push through the open front door --

THOMPSON

Mike? Where are you?

The only light comes from a beam upstairs. They follow it.

ALLY'S BEDROOM

Thompson pushes the door open.

Fallon sits on the floor like a child. Trembling. Not all
there. A sheet of paper is half-crumpled next to him.

MARGE

Mike?

He doesn't even acknowledge her. She leans down and picks
up the sheet. There's some kind of ink -- no, it's not ink.

It's a child's bloody handprint, and beside it a message:
"WELCOME TO MY WORLD, BITCH!"

Marge drops the note, frozen. Thompson reaches to grab it.

Somewhere, a police siren wails.

EXT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

Four police cruisers sit outside the Fallon house, lights flashing. A few neighbors poke their heads out.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Through the window, Marge watches the police cars light up the night.

Thompson rocks back and forth on the sofa. Freezing.

MARGE

You'll find her. You two came so before. This time you'll nail the son of a bitch.

THOMPSON

No doubt, what with the bang-up job we've been doing so far.

MARGE

Mike almost got him last night.

THOMPSON

You're right, Marge. And you know what that accomplished? A blood-stained note and his daughter gone. Of course, I guess it's an even trade-off considering we learned this guy likes hates and drives a pick-up truck. We'll be right on top of it once everybody but the Slasher trades in for a newer model.

MARGE

You don't mean that. Once you calm down you'll look at the case file and put everything together --

THOMPSON

(exploding)

There's nothing to put together!

Thompson stands, his face beet red. This is something he's wanted to say for a long time.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

We look and we look. Three years as bodies wash down that river. Three years of having to call their mothers and tell them they'll never be able to hold their children again. Of having to lie to them and say they'll find justice soon. Meanwhile, that cocksucker has the audacity to walk into a cop's house and kidnap his little girl.

(sighs)

What do we get out of the deal, Marge? You go across the street and look at that note and tell me it's worth it.

MARGE

He'll make a mistake. He did last night!

THOMPSON

How long until he shows up here, Marge? Until he walks up those stairs and takes our little boy? Or Nancy...

Marge stands eye-to-eye with Thompson, every bit his equal.

MARGE

He won't because you'll do your job and catch him before he ever gets the chance!

THOMPSON

And what if I can't? What if there's another three years of dead children in Springwood?

MARGE

What are you saying?

THOMPSON

I'm saying we leave as soon as we can! Pack up and move some place where we'll feel safe raising our son and daughter.

MARGE

We can't.

THOMPSON

Why not?!? Don't you see what's happening here?!

MARGE

I do.

(cold)

But I also remember that man wanting to leave and you asking him to stay and help, Donald. You owe it to him to catch his daughter's killer.

Thompson falls back onto the couch, the memory hitting him like a train wreck.

Marge's face softens. She sits and puts his head to her chest, comforting him and his tears. The lock turns and the front door opens as Mark walks into the house. Sees his parents, their expressions.

MARK

Mom, what happened?

EXT. KRUEGER HOUSE - DAY

The mailbox: 1428 Elm.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Loretta stirs in bed. Wakes up. She yawns and turns... the bed is empty.

LORETTA

Fred?

DOWNSTAIRS

Loretta crosses into the living room. Katie flips through television channels. Dressed for school.

LORETTA

Katie, have you seen your father?

KATIE

He wasn't upstairs with you?

INT. BOILER ROOM - BACK ROOM

Freddy sits at the desk, sketching something onto paper. A tattered work glove sits just above the sketch pad. It's dirty with four shivs taped to the fingers.

He takes a drag on his cigarette. Applies the finishing touches to the drawing -- a leather glove with long blades extending outward from each finger except the thumb. Freddy smiles.

He stands and slithers into his jacket.

BOILER ROOM

Freddy exits the back room and walks past the first boiler. Behind it is a row of lockers set against the wall. He moves to the third locker down and enters the combination. Pulls it open.

Ally is stuffed inside, bound and gagged. Drying tears.

FREDDY

Ah, a little uncomfortable? I'm sorry your father had to be such a fuckin' gumshoe. But I ain't totally heartless.

He rips the sock out of her mouth.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Now don't you go anywhere.

He slams the locker shut. She screams.

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY

Freddy charges through the front door and out --

BURKE (O.S.)

Wait.

Freddy freezes as Burke marches toward him from the side of the building. They look at each other for a long beat.

BURKE (CONT'D)

At it again, Krueger?

FREDDY

Don't you ever sleep?

BURKE

You know the rules. Storage is extra. Pay up.

Freddy sighs. Digs into his pocket and retrieves a wad of cash. He hands it to Burke.

BURKE (CONT'D)

Pleasure doin' business.

Freddy trudges through the mud and behind a huge oak tree. A pick-up is parked there, concealed from plain sight.

He leans in through the window and tosses a pair of keys onto the seat.

Freddy turns back to the main lot, where his Cadillac is parked and waiting.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Thompson sighs and pins Freddy's note to the "Elm St." portion of the Springwood map.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

Some of you already know this, most of you don't.

MAIN STATION

Thompson addresses a dozen cops seated at their desks. Some of the faces are new, others not.

THOMPSON

Last night, the Slasher kidnapped Mike Fallon's daughter.

Gasps. Stunned looks.

OFFICER #3

He's swiping kids from goddamn cops now?

THOMPSON

It was retaliation for our little ambush. If you want to run away, this is the time to do it and I won't blame you none --

OFFICER #3

(stands)

The hell with this then.

THOMPSON

-- but if you do, you're telling the mothers and fathers you see every Sunday at church to fuck off and handle it themselves.

Officer #3 pauses for a second, thinks, and then barrels through the front door.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Anybody want to follow his lead?

They all exchange glances. Nobody stands.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - DAY

Freddy slides in through the open door. He softly closes the door and turns into the living room...

Where Loretta glares at him, arms crossed.

LORETTA

Where have you been?

FREDDY

I fell asleep at the plant.

LORETTA

Again? That thug's supposed to make sure you're gone before he leaves.

FREDDY

Supposed to. Generally doesn't.

He walks past her. She grabs him by the side to stop him -- he grimaces.

LORETTA

What's wrong?

FREDDY

Nothing. I just cut myself last night.

She lifts his shirt to reveal the scar of Fallon's bullet wound.

LORETTA

What the hell happened?

FREDDY

I told you, I cut myself. I'll give you the gory details later.

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY

Walking towards the plant. An unknown person. Getting closer to the door, strangely dangerous.

It's Fallon.

He knocks. Once more. The door lumbers open. Burke gives Fallon the once over.

BURKE
Who the hell are you?

FALLON
Cop.

BURKE
I already talked to one of you. You
ain't gettin' in without I.D.

Fallon pulls his pistol and pushes it to Burke's neck.

FALLON
Does this work?

He leads Burke inside to the

MAIN HALLWAY

where there's a reception desk.

FALLON
I want to see the employee log-in
sheets for the last two months.

BURKE
I told you, there was another cop
here already who took a look at it--

FALLON
(pulls hammer)
I'm hoping to give a second opinion.

BURKE
Jesus Christ, fine. Let me grab it.

Fallon pulls back, giving Burke some space. He reaches behind the desk and pulls out a file drawer. Retrieves a notebook.

BURKE (CONT'D)
There.

Fallon skims the numbers. Takes a long look, putting something together.

FALLON
Well, Don was right. Krueger was
here for all seven days the week of
the June 13th. Can you guess what
the problem with this is, Burke?

BURKE

I get paid by the hour, man. I'm
hardly in the know.

Fallon flips through pages, all bearing the name "Fred
Krueger."

FALLON

According to this, Krueger's worked
full-time every day for the past two
months. He's either the biggest
workaholic I've ever seen, or
someone's fudged these books. Any
ideas?

BURKE

No.

Fallon releases the hammer. Tosses Burke the notebook.

FALLON

If you're involved in this I'll kill
you.

INT. SCHOOL - THIRD GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Katie sits at her desk while Mrs. Holmes lectures. She looks
at the desk next to hers -- Ally's. Empty.

She looked around, confused.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The bell rings. Katie steps into the corridor, dodging
oversized teenagers.

Mark sees her from the other side of the hall. His face
falls. Finally he approaches her -- getting closer --
conflicted...

Katie turns to Mrs. Holmes.

KATIE

Where was Ally today?

MRS. HOLMES

I don't know, Katie. Maybe she's
sick.

He turns and disappears into the sea of students.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Freddy descends into the basement, the same tattered room as earlier. He walks to a door with a dead-bolt. Reaches into his pocket and pulls a key. He inserts it into the lock and opens the door --

WORK ROOM

Freddy enters.

Macabre is the only way to describe it. Like a life-size version of the ledger. Photos of children everywhere. Premature versions of the razor-glove hanging from hooks in the ceiling. Madness.

The newest glove sits on a work table. He pushes the (unattached) blades away. Slips the glove onto his hand... the palm has been torn away... he flexes his fingers. Snug. He chuckles.

BASEMENT

Freddy exits the work room and pushes the door closed --

Stops. Turns. Fallon is standing at the bottom stair, a look of murder in his eyes.

FREDDY

What are you doing here?

Fallon pulls the evidence bag and ring out of his pocket. Holds it up so Freddy can see.

FALLON

Funny thing about this ring, Fred. We found a partial fingerprint on it. Yours, actually.

FREDDY

Bullshit.

FALLON

Not-so-much. Did you hear what happened with my daughter?

FREDDY

No.

FALLON

She was kidnapped last night. By the Springwood Slasher.

Fallon tucks the bag away. He pulls out his pistol and clicks the hammer.

FALLON (CONT'D)
By you, I think.

FREDDY
I didn't touch her.

FALLON
You have an alibi for where you were last night, Fred?

FREDDY
At the pl --

FALLON
You weren't at the power plant, don't lie. Where were you?

Long pause. Freddy thinks -- Fallon raises the gun.

FALLON (CONT'D)
Last chance. Your alibi or your life. Where is my daughter?

LORETTA (O.S.)
He was with me.

Fallon looks. Loretta looks down from the top of the stairs. She descends, stands next to Fallon.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
He was with me all of last night.

FALLON
Are you sure, Loretta? I believe you're a good woman. But if you're lying to cover his ass, my daughter is dead.

She takes Freddy's hand.

LORETTA
I swear on my daughter.

Fallon sees Katie looking on from the top of the stairs. Fights back tears...

FALLON
Fine.

He lowers the gun and starts up the stairs, looking at nobody. Until he passes Katie, managing to give her the weakest of smiles.

Freddy hugs Loretta.

FREDDY

Thank you.

LORETTA

You didn't hurt anybody, did you, Fred?

FREDDY

I swear to you, no.

He pulls her close. She can just see through the open crack in the door the work room. The pictures... the claws...

The door latches shut.

INT. FALLON HOUSE - DAY

Fallon pours himself a drink at the coffee table. There's a knock at the door. He sets the bottle down. Opens the door.

It's --

FALLON

Mark.

MARK

Mike, I just... I, uh... I wanted to say --

FALLON

Come in. Take a seat.

There's something strange about his voice. Mark walks in, closing the door behind him.

Fallon downs his drink.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Do you remember, when we first talked about you walking Ally home from school, that we agreed you'd stay with her at all times?

MARK

Yes, but --

FALLON

Do you remember why we made that agreement?

MARK

Safety.

FALLON

Exactly. Do you know what happened to my daughter at your house two nights ago? The fucker who's responsible for all of this slashed through her pajama shirt as a message to me. Now, knowing that...

Fallon approaches Mark. Very close. His voice is calm (for now), but dangerous:

FALLON (CONT'D)

(deliberate)

Why the fuck did you leave her here with nobody to watch her?

MARK

There -- there was a girl. And if my parents knew I was there by myself...

FALLON

Why didn't you take Ally with you?

MARK

If something happened...

FALLON

I see. My daughter being there would've inconvenienced you as you were getting yourself off. Is that it?

MARK

That's not what --

Fallon grabs Mark by the throat! He shoves him hard against the wall, Mark unable to break away.

FALLON

I trusted you, Mark! I trusted you with my daughter's life and because of you I'm never going to see her again!!

MARK

(gasping)

I... didn't... I didn't --

Something changes in Fallon's face. Softens. Realizes what he's doing. He lets go of Mark, who can't contain himself. Cries.

MARK (CONT'D)

I didn't know! I didn't know what happened with Ally! If I'd known what was going to happen I'd die before I made the choice again!

Fallon gently takes Mark and hugs him. Both struck with grief.

FALLON

I'm sorry, Mark. I'm so sorry.
It's not your fault, boy.

Mark can't stop sobbing.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Not your fault.

INT. BOILER ROOM - LOCKER

Ally bashes her feet into the locker. Over and over again. It doesn't budge.

ALLY

Help me! Help me, please!

No response.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - BASEMENT - WORK ROOM - DAY

Freddy spills a bag of dirty fishing blades onto the table. He matches each blade to a finger on the dirty work glove.

At the side of the desk is a drawing of the finished product. Disturbingly detailed. Freddy looks at it, then back to the work-in-progress. Smiles. Perfect fit.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

It wasn't his fault, Mike.

EXT. FALLON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Thompson and Fallon lean against a tree in the front yard. Observing life on Elm Street.

THOMPSON

He would've gotten her one way or another. Maybe at school, maybe somewhere else.

FALLON

I know it, I just have to believe it. I'm so sorry, Don.

Thompson nods, acknowledging.

THOMPSON

We're working hard to find her.

FALLON

I'll be back at work tomorrow. Have to.

THOMPSON

It's probably a little soon.

FALLON

I need to make sure we find her so Ally can get a proper funeral someday.

Fallon leaves and goes back in the house. Thompson watches him, stunned.

EXT. KRUEGER HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Freddy exits the house through the patio door. Katie lays belly-first on the porch, coloring a picture.

She hums an innocent tune.

FREDDY

What are you humming?

KATIE

Just a song me and Ally made up.

FREDDY

I like it.

KATIE

We don't have any words yet.

Freddy kneels and looks at Katie's drawing -- a girl on a swing.

FREDDY

Is that...?

KATIE

Ally. I'm going to give it to her
when she feels better.

FREDDY

Sweetie, I don't think that's such a
good idea.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - SAME TIME

Loretta watches through the patio door, smiling.

Her eyes drift and spot the basement door, open a crack.
She risks one last look at Freddy and Katie, then walks
through the door and descends out of sight.

EXT. KRUEGER HOUSE - BACK YARD

Freddy kneels over Katie, now laying on her back.

KATIE

I think she'll like it, though.

FREDDY

I hear she's really, really sick.
It could take a very long time.

KATIE

That's okay. Maybe I should cut her
some flowers.

Freddy smiles, lunges at Katie, tickling her belly. She
laughs and squirms.

FREDDY

I think that's the perfect thing to
do!

She twists herself free and launches away, sprinting through
the back yard.

INT. WORK ROOM

Loretta inches toward the desk. Freddy's ledger is visible
on top of it. She takes it and opens the front cover. Blank
page. She scans a few pages, keeps flipping as her face
becomes a portrait of shock.

She drops the ledger and screams.

EXT. BACK YARD

Freddy reaches for Katie --

Loretta's scream echoes. Freddy spins like an animal on the hunt. The cellar doors fly open. Loretta manages to crawl out, in shambles. Katie looks on with a face of extreme confusion.

LORETTA

You... you lied to me... all those people...

KATIE

Daddy, what's wrong with her?

FREDDY

Nothing. Go inside, honey.

Loretta watches through tear-streaked eyes as Katie disappears back into the house. Freddy slowly approaches her. A vulture. Each stride its own form of malice.

She drops to her knees.

LORETTA

Fred, what have you done?! What have you done!!

FREDDY

We need to have a little talk, Loretta.

She tries to rise -- Freddy kicks her hard across the gut. She crashes down, stunned, trying to catch her breath.

LORETTA

(struggles)

What are you... what are you --

FREDDY

Did I not tell you never to enter my personal space without my explicit permission? Don't you need trust in a marriage?

LORETTA

Fred, please!

He smacks her across the face, right back down to the ground.

FREDDY

I just don't think this little union of ours is going to make it without the trust, babe.

LORETTA

Fred, I won't tell! I won't tell!!

He caresses her face lovingly. The hint of a smile forms on her lips... he slams both hands against her throat and strangles the life out of her!

She struggles, tries anything, but can't break his iron grip. No sound escapes when she opens her mouth to scream. Finally she goes limp. Freddy drops her crumpled form and it falls to the grass.

FREDDY

I should be a marriage counselor. A solution to every problem.

He laughs.

KATIE

watches from just outside the patio door.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark sits on the sofa, Marge and Thompson standing over him.

MARK

He was right. He took it back, but he was right. It's my fault.

THOMPSON

No, Mark, it's not. He didn't know what he was saying.

(sits)

It's just -- when a parent loses a child, it's so unbearable that you just can't see yourself living. I can't even consider the idea of you or Nancy being taken away from us.

MARK

But if she'd been over here he never would've been able to take her!

MARGE

Mark, I swear to you that if he hadn't shown up last night and taken that little girl, he would've tonight or tomorrow. Or the next day.

THOMPSON

It wasn't your fault.

MARK
I'm still sorry.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - DAY

Katie bites her nails. She's alone and the door to the basement is wide open. She steps through it...

BASEMENT

A few more difficult steps... even at her age, she has an idea of what's coming... the work room door is lodged open. By an arm. Katie pulls the heavy door open with all her might, revealing --

WORK ROOM

Loretta spread out on the carpet, flailing limbs, eyes wide in terror.

KATIE
Mommy?
(kneels)
Mommy, get up!

Loretta's frozen still. Katie pushes her, shakes her... does everything to shake her awake.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Please wake up, Mommy! Please!
Wake up!

But she doesn't wake up and Katie knows why. She cries, hugging her mother and pressing her head to Loretta's chest.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Don't go, Mommy... don't go...

INT. BOILER ROOM - DAY

Freddy rips open the locker.

FREDDY
Wakey, wakey.

Ally stares at him with groggy, terrified eyes.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for putting you in there,
but it's all part of the game we've
been playing.

ALLY
This isn't a game!

FREDDY
Oh yes, girl, it is a game. And now
it's time to play.

He takes Ally's hand and pulls her out of the locker. Slams
the door shut.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Here's the game, little girl. Hide
and seek. Anywhere in this room is
in-bounds. But if you try to leave,
you're -- disqualified. Okay?

ALLY
What do I get if I win?

FREDDY
I'll let you go.

ALLY
I want my Dad...

FREDDY
Tick-tock, tick-tock. Better get
going, Ally.

INT. FALLON HOUSE - DAY

Fallon sleeps -- or tries to -- on the couch. Dark.
Silent... then there's a soft knock at the door.

He sits up and collects himself. Shuffles to the door and
opens it. Katie is standing there, her face filled with
tears.

FALLON
Katie? What's wrong?

KATIE
Is Ally here?

FALLON
Katie -- there's something that I
have to tell you --

KATIE
It's my Mom. My Daddy hit her hard
and she's not waking up.

She sobs. He registers.

FALLON

Take me to see her, okay?

INT. BOILER ROOM - BACK ROOM

Freddy leans over the glove schematic, final inspection. He smiles. Slides his hand into the tattered glove, but there's something different about it: it's finished. Six-inch blades on each finger.

He flexes the razor glove.

INT. BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Freddy enters from the back room. Studies his surroundings: venting boilers, rattling catwalks. No sign of his prey.

He hums Katie's innocent tune.

INT. KRUEGER HOUSE - WORK ROOM

Katie leads Fallon in. He's stunned as he catches sight of Loretta. He kneels and places his fingers to her throat. Nothing.

FALLON

Now, what happened? Did you see it?

KATIE

I saw them arguing and then Daddy was hitting her and then he brought her downstairs...

FALLON

Where is he now? Did he tell you where he was going, Katie?

KATIE

No. He just left and said Mommy had to take her medicine.

Fallon stares into the dead woman's eyes.

FALLON

Katie, you're coming with me and I'm going to take you someplace safe.

Something catches his eye --

The room. The dirty gloves and photos of children. And on the desk, Freddy's ledger. He approaches the desk, rips open the cover. Turns the pages. Horrified. Comes to the "ALISON FALLON" inscription.

His face goes cold, blank. White pupils instead of eyes.

FALLON (CONT'D)
 Never mind what I just said. Go to
 Mark's house and leave a message for
 his dad, okay?

INT. BOILER ROOM

Freddy paces between boilers, hiding the razor-gloved hand behind his back. Eyes darting back and forth.

FREDDY
 Ally, come out and play.

He continues.

ALLY

ducks behind a boiler. She looks around the corner -- Freddy is there! She bolts the other direction, footsteps echoing on the grating. Freddy's head turns --

But Ally is gone. His eyes follow the trail up the staircase. He follows the path, each step slow and deliberate. The gloved fingers flex in anticipation.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 I don't think you're going to make
 it to the end of the game, girl.
 Nobody ever does.

Clank! A railing bar crashes to the floor. His eyes dart to the spot -- Ally's there, trapped between two boilers.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
 Uh-oh. I see you, piglet.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Knock. Mark, alone, opens the door. It's Katie. She's crying.

MARK
 What's wrong?

INT. BOILER ROOM

Ally presses her back against the wall -- nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. Freddy approaches with flexing claws.

She cries.

FREDDY

What a waste of good tears.

He raises the glove --

EXT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

Rain pelts pavement. Thunder booms. Freddy's Cadillac roars down the street.

EXT. KRUEGER HOUSE - NIGHT

The Cadillac rolls into the empty driveway. Freddy gets out and hurries to the front door, opens it. Walks

INSIDE

and tosses his jacket away. It's pitch-black and silent. Oddly quiet.

FREDDY

Katie, are you here? Where are you,
baby?

He crosses into the living room --

Lightning flashes -- Thompson is sitting on the stairs!

Freddy turns into the dining room and flips on a light. Looks at the basement door, which is wide open.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Katie?

Nothing. The door sways a little bit, squeaking...

A figure peers out from the darkness -- the Katie/Demon. A figment, created by shadow. Looking anxious...

There's a scream and Fallon flies out from behind the basement door, crashing into Freddy and sending them both to the floor. Fallon punches and kicks, beating the living shit out of Freddy.

Thompson turns on the living room light and casually walks toward the men.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(defends)
What the fuck, Don! What the fuck
is this?!

THOMPSON

This, Fred? To me, this is you
resisting arrest.

Fallon stands and smashes his foot into Freddy's gut. Pummels
into his stomach.

FALLON

Where is she?!

FREDDY

Where's who?

Fallon decks him.

FALLON

Tell me where she is or I'll beat
you to death, I swear to fucking
Christ!

FREDDY

(weak)

I don't... appreciate... blaspheming
in my house...

FALLON

Did you hurt her?

Fallon kicks into Freddy. Very hard.

He walks to the kitchen -- Freddy's too weak to even move --
and grabs a knife from the butcher block.

THOMPSON

Mike?

Fallon brandishes the knife.

FALLON

What'd you do to her, you sick fuck?
Did you touch her?

FREDDY

Fuck you.

FALLON

Big words from a man who can't even
do it.

Freddy looks --

Fallon slashes the knife across Freddy's crotch, drawing
blood! Freddy screams in pain!

The Katie/Demon giggles in the corner. Ecstatic. Incredibly elated as --

Fallon stabs the knife into Freddy's leg -- turns it in towards the crotch -- drives it in further!

Fallon tosses the knife away and pulls his pistol --

FALLON (CONT'D)

You tell me where she is right now.

No response. Fallon bashes Freddy's head in.

FALLON (CONT'D)

Where did you put her, you psychotic fuck?

FREDDY

I imagine she's in Hell right about now.

FALLON

Open your mouth. Open your fucking mouth.

Fallon rips Freddy's mouth open and stuffs the barrel of the pistol in. Pulls back on the hammer.

Thompson rushes in --

THOMPSON

Don't do this! Mike, don't become the thing that killed your daughter!

Freddy's glare is intense, almost daring Fallon to fire. He tugs on the trigger, dangerously close...

He releases the hammer.

FALLON

(harsh whisper)

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

Thompson finally breathes. He drops to Freddy, takes his wrists and slaps on a pair of handcuffs.

Fallon backs away, slumps against a wall. Katie/Demon disappears into the shadows.

FALLON (CONT'D)

You have the right to an attorney.
If you cannot afford an attorney,
one will be presented to you...

EXT. KRUEGER HOUSE / ELM STREET - NIGHT

Two UNIFORMED COPS escort a handcuffed Freddy out of his house. He scoffs at a crowd of ONLOOKERS who gawk from the sidewalk. Lights are on all down the street. Adults look on from their front porches. Most gaze with shocked expressions.

One cop lowers Freddy's head and puts him in a parked cruiser. The siren blares. It takes off down the lane.

INT. BOILER ROOM

Fallon sprints between boilers -- bolts right, left, everywhere. Finally he sees --

ALLY

crumpled against the wall, back to us as though sleeping. Almost like Fallon's dream. He rushes to his daughter and takes her in his arms. Screams in agony. Thompson follows, slowly. Slides against the wall.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Sterile white walls. Maybe twenty square feet with a single steel table in the center. Freddy on one side, bruised and battered, but with a weird kind of smile on his face.

Thompson enters. He tosses a thick file onto the table and sits.

FREDDY

Where's the grieving father?

(no response)

He really should be thanking me.

First no wife, now no kid. Free to start free and fuck anyone he wants.

THOMPSON

Is that all life is to you? A series of opportunities to fuck people over?

FREDDY

Everyone needs a hobby.

THOMPSON

Good luck with that in jail.

Thompson scans the file. Freddy leans over the desk, sees: a crime scene photo. Ally's dead eyes.

FREDDY

It's strange, seeing 'em like that. You'd be surprised knowing how they act... just before. Understanding. They don't tell themselves it isn't real or beg God to save them. They just -- stand there. Knowing damn well what's happening.

Thompson locks eyes with Freddy. He balls his fist under the desk. Freddy continues, fascinated.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

The first time, I was fifteen. She squirmed and squirmed. I was too nervous to relish it, so I just cut. I sliced her arms, her legs, her pretty little face. She went limp so quickly.

Blood trickles through Thompson's fingers...

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Her blood hit my face. Have you ever tasted someone else's blood? It tastes like sex. After I dumped her in the river -- God, she was heavy -- I watched her float away. I thought of her smile and I thought of her screams, and I wanted to butcher and violate her again. At that moment, I knew exactly what I wanted to do for the rest of my life.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Groomed mourners watch as a small casket lowers into the ground. Fallon sits a foot away, Thompson with a hand on his shoulder. Katie's two seats down, tears running. Mark glances at Sarah across the lawn -- guiltily. She shies.

A Priest reads from his Bible.

PRIEST

Though her own was cut short, she brightened the lives of so many others. And though we entrust Alison Marie Fallon to the earth, let us take solace in the fact she now ventures in the Kingdom of God.

The Bible snaps shut.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Katie drops a bouquet of flowers onto the casket. Whispers something.

Fallon watches her with Thompson and Marge.

FALLON

What'll happen to her?

MARGE

They're putting her up in the local orphanage.

FALLON

Another notch on Krueger's victim list.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Two GUARDS escort Freddy down a long line of cells. One of them slides open a gate.

GUARD #1

In you go.

Freddy looks at him, grunts. Takes a step in and sits on the rock-hard bed. The Guards slide the gate shut. Clink. Lights out -- eerily dark. Freddy's eyes observe his surroundings with a maddening calm.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - DREAM

Ally's coffin, still in the ground. The lid slowly pulls itself open... it's empty.

Fallon stands there, all in black. Wind sweeps his hair. A shadow rushes across the lawn and down into the coffin. The lid slams shut.

SILHOUETTE (V.O.)

(whispers)

All the little piggies come home...

The lid snaps open -- a claw shoots out! --

INT. BOILER ROOM - DREAM

Fallon stands between two boilers. There's a strange whoosh sound coming from the other side of the boiler...

ALLY (O.S.)

(sing-song)

One, two, Freddy's coming for you...
 Three, four, better lock your door...
 Five, six, grab your crucifix...
 Seven, eight, gonna stay up late...

As she sings, Fallon follows the sound around the boiler to find a little girl in a party-dress jumping rope.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Nine, ten, never sleep again.

FALLON

(reaches out)

Ally...?

She turns and smiles innocently.

ALLY

Thank you, Daddy.

Suddenly her eyes bleed... trickling down her cheeks until finally the eyes themselves disappear -- torn out. Bloody geysers pour out of her sockets and down her face.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Thank you so much for protecting me.

She reaches out to him --

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Tick, tock. An audible clock on the wall.

Thompson idly doodles on a sheet of paper. Fallon slouches at a cubicle, dozing. He snaps awake. Takes a second to collect himself, looking around. Letting the real world in.

FALLON

This is what it was like before Fred Krueger?

THOMPSON

It was nice. Peaceful, you might say.

FALLON

I bet.

Tick... tock...

THOMPSON

Krueger's preliminary hearing is in two hours. Are you going?

FALLON

No. I expect there will be enough people there to make up for me.

THOMPSON

What are you going to do after the trial? Are you sticking around?

FALLON

I don't know.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

A hundred people surround the exit. Angry as hell. Grieving parents.

INT. JAILHOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Claustrophobic. A Guard escorts Freddy in and sits him opposite his LAWYER.

FREDDY

Who the hell are you?

LAWYER

Michael Hayes, I'm your attorney. How are you?

FREDDY

Thanks for showing up the day of the hearing.

LAWYER

I'm sorry I haven't been in here to speak with you. I've been spending my time looking into the method of your arrest.

FREDDY

It wasn't pretty.

LAWYER

I'm well aware. But some good news might've come out of it.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

Two cops escort Freddy out of the jailhouse by the arms. The angry mob swarms -- enclosing the troupe.

ANGRY FATHER

You son of a bitch! You're going to
burn in hell!!

Freddy looks at the man and manages the smallest of smiles --

The Father pounces, crashing to the ground with Freddy --
wrapping his hands around his throat --

ANGRY FATHER (CONT'D)

Every goddamn thing you did to my
boy I'm going to do to you, you
pathetic fucking freak --

One of the cops pulls the Father off of Freddy, who takes a
second to catch his breath. He's pulled to his feet by the
other officer. Doesn't look at all disturbed. In fact, he
looks amused.

The cops open the back door of a cruiser and sit Freddy in.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

ON THE TELEVISION

Freddy is escorted up the courthouse stairs and into the
building. A robed man, JUDGE HENSLEIGH, cheerily smiles for
the cameras and an army of REPORTERS.

FALLON

isn't impressed. He nudges Thompson.

FALLON

Who's this jerk-off?

THOMPSON

Judge Hensleigh. He loves that
goddamn camera. Probably thought
Christmas came early when he got the
case.

FALLON

Is he going to play for the camera?
Extend it out?

THOMPSON

I won't lie -- it's a possibility.

But he'll do right in the end.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Judge Hensleigh bangs the gavel to attention. It's a packed house -- whispering everywhere. Freddy in the defendant's seat next to his Lawyer.

JUDGE HENSLEIGH

Silence. We're gathered here on this date of September the 29th, in the year --

He stops -- Freddy's Lawyer has risen and is approaching the bench.

JUDGE HENSLEIGH (CONT'D)

(taken aback)

What the hell is this? I don't appreciate showboatin' in my courtroom.

The Lawyer cockily lays a document on the bench.

LAWYER

This courtroom won't be filled much longer, sir.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Fallon eases the Springwood map off the wall with Thompson's help. They proceed to take it apart, piece by piece.

FALLON

Did you know that I came face-to-face with my wife's killer?

THOMPSON

I didn't.

FALLON

We found him easily after he killed her. Just some guy. Nobody important. Fate happens and I end up in the same room as this guy, with a thirty second window where it's just us.

THOMPSON

What happened?

Fallon pauses. Sees Ally's photo on the map, then looks back at Thompson with a strange clarity.

FALLON

I put a gun to his temple and pulled
the trigger.

They stare -- the phone rings. Beat. Thompson picks it up.

THOMPSON

Yes, Mr. Haynes?

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Thompson and Fallon march down the hall.

FALLON

Who is Haynes?

THOMPSON

District Attorney. It's more than a
little unsettling he asked for us
specifically while a hearing is in
session.

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. HAYNES is sitting at his desk, flipping through a massive
stack of papers. A placard reads, 'District Attorney'.
Thompson and Fallon enter, sit. Cautiously.

MR. HAYNES

We have a major problem, Don.

THOMPSON

Meaning?

MR. HAYNES

Everything regarding Krueger's capture --
the arrest, the evidence -- it's all
inadmissible.

FALLON

What?

MR. HAYNES

You never filed a warrant, sir.
Meaning everything you found in
regards to that arrest can't be used
against him. Not even the body of
your own daughter.

(stands)

Do you realize how embarrassing this
is? Your recklessness is going to
let a murderer walk --

FALLON

Free? You're just going to let him walk.

MR. HAYNES

There's nothing I can do! Your lack of understanding regarding something called 'due process' instigated this entire goddamn mess.

Mr. Haynes walks to the door and opens it.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)

Anything he does between now and the time we legitimately catch him is blood on your hands.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thompson sits next to Marge, her mouth agape. Fallon paces.

MARGE

They're letting him walk free?!

FALLON

It's the law. And Katie goes with him.

MARGE

This can't happen. We have to do something. Something that'll stop him from hurting other people.

THOMPSON

Wait, what? What we do is wave goodbye and pray he doesn't come within five hundred miles of Springwood again.

MARGE

I'm not letting him take that little girl, Donald.

FALLON

The minute Krueger walked out of that courthouse it became my responsibility to make sure he never hurts anyone again.

THOMPSON

You can't be thinking -- no... You'll be killing another human being!

MARGE

I have a hard time caring.

THOMPSON

Christ...

FALLON

We'll need help.

MARGE

The parents. All of them. Everybody who's lost a child to that monster.

FALLON

You know the neighborhood better than I do. Can you set up some kind of meeting? For tonight even?

Thompson stands, stares Fallon in the eye.

THOMPSON

What do you think Ally would think of all this, Mike? She waits in Heaven while her father rots in Hell --

FALLON

I'm already in Hell.

MARGE

Nobody's forcing you to be a part of this.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy crosses into the

BACK ROOM

He kneels and presses a palm to the cement floor. Runs his hand across until satisfied. He slides a loose block free and reaches in --

Retrieves a dirty bag. Spills its contents: the tattered razor glove. Freddy slides his hand in and flexes the fingers menacingly.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Freddy pushes through the night. Looking pissed as hell --

Burke's body is massacred on the ground, sliced hundreds of times. The corpse's face is a bloody mess.

FREDDY

Showtime.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark rises from the bed, stretches. He walks to the window and gazes through the curtain, watching his mother cross the street.

EXT. FALLON HOUSE - NIGHT

Marge knocks. Fallon opens the door and invites her

INSIDE

where she's stunned by what she sees: it's packed to the brim with ADULTS. Standing room only. Some have been seen before: Mrs. Holmes and the Angry Father are among the group.

MARGE

Oh, God.

FALLON

I made a few calls myself.

She joins the group. Fallon breathes, addresses the crowd:

FALLON (CONT'D)

There really isn't a subtle way to say this. I'm asking everyone in this room to assist in the murder of a human being.

(quiet gossip)

We're going to kill Freddy Krueger.

EXT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

Freddy strides down the lane, eerily reflecting moonlight in his claws.

He stops, looks at something with sadistic glee. The Thompson house. A light is on in Mark's bedroom.

FREDDY

Time to play.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thompson leans over Nancy's cradle and rubs her face. He turns and leaves the room.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Thompson enters. Mark puts pen to paper on another assignment.

MARK

Hey, Dad.

THOMPSON

How goes the homework?

MARK

I'm not... I'm not really --

Thompson leans in and looks at the paper, which is three-quarters full of writing.

THOMPSON

(reads)

"Dear Sarah..."

(to Mark)

Ah, the lucky girl who caught my son's affections?

MARK

It's not that. I just haven't really been able to talk to her since... well, you know. Ally.

I'm just worried she's taking it worse than I did.

THOMPSON

That's very grown-up of you. I'm proud of you, Mark.

They can hear the door opening downstairs.

DOWNSTAIRS

Thompson takes the stairs two at a time. The door is wide open, the screen blowing back and forth. He slams it shut and locks it.

There's nobody in the living room.

THOMPSON

Marge? You home?

No response. He paces into the dining room, passing the closet -- light gleams on a pair of claws inside.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Where are you?

Still nothing --

Freddy springs from the closet! Backhands Thompson across the face before he can react. He slams head-first into the refrigerator. Unconscious.

Freddy leans over Thompson.

FREDDY

Hell hath no fury like Freddy scorned.

He looks upstairs and grins.

INT. FALLON HOUSE - NIGHT

Marge has taken the floor beside Fallon. The adults listen attentively.

MARGE

The trick is to catch him completely off guard.

FALLON

I take all the blame. If something goes wrong, point the finger at me.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Freddy flips the light switch. Darkness. He smiles, presses a razor finger to the bannister and slices a three-inch crevice.

FALLON (V.O.)

We pull this off and after you put flowers on your own kid's grave, you'll be able to spit on Krueger's.

Freddy repeats the slicing motion as he moves up the stairs. Someone peers up from the pitch-black living room -- the Katie/Demon figure. Black eyes reflecting Freddy's ascent. Her voice is now a child's:

KATIE/DEMON

(sing-song)

One, two, Freddy's coming for you...
Three, four, better lock your door...

FREDDY

winds the last stair and slices the final bit of bannister. The carvings line all the way to the bottom. He moves into the

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

and sees Mark's bedroom, door half-opened.

KATIE/DEMON (V.O.)

Five, six, grab your crucifix...

Seven, eight, gonna stay up late...

MARK'S BEDROOM

Freddy pushes the door open slowly, quietly. Peers in. Mark's still writing his letter. He finally drops the pen. Sighs. He stands, stretching his arms --

The light goes out.

Mark turns...

KATIE/DEMON (V.O.)

Nine, ten, never sleep again.

As the last word finishes --

Freddy springs on Mark! He brings a blade to Mark's cheek.

FREDDY

Sorry to interrupt. Were you writing
a letter to that special someone?

He tosses Mark against the wall. The boy hits hard, slides back. Freddy drags him up again and covers his mouth so that he can't scream.

Freddy brings the blade to Mark's chest.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Here's some advice for when you're
alone with the little lady, kid.
First you tease her with one finger --

Freddy draws a line with the claw, scraping... He tugs the boy close --

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(harsh whisper)

Then you drive in the whole fist!

Mark's eyes go wide --

Freddy impales him with all four blades. Blood trickles. Mark's eyes roll back and Freddy lets his body slump to the floor.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Don't go so early next time.

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Marge pops the key into the lock and turns. Walks into the

FOYER

and closes the door behind her. Lights off. She slips out of her coat and tosses it onto the stairs. Takes a look around.

MARGE

Don?

Nothing. Something upstairs catches her eye -- a light. Mark's bedroom.

She takes the first stair -- feels something. The sliced bannister. Her eyes lock on the twisted wood. She follows it with every step, spooked.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Marge turns into the hall. Still dark with a frame of light peaking through Mark's door.

She pushes the door open --

MARGE

Don? Mark? Where are you?

MARK'S BEDROOM

Walks in. She's horrified by what she sees --

Mark's chest is a bloody mess as Thompson cradles him in his arms. He doesn't even seem to register Marge's presence.

MARGE

(crying)

No... no... no...

She reaches a hand out for Mark but can't make it. Collapses. She turns her head, lost, spots something on the wall.

Scrawled in pasting blood, the message: **"YOU ARE ALL MY CHILDREN NOW."**

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - DAY

Fallon approaches the door, sullen. Hesitates, then knocks. No answer. Finally he just opens the door and walks in.

LIVING ROOM

Thompson's head lies in Marge's lap. She strokes his hair.

FALLON

(struggles)

I just... I just wanted to say how
sorry I am for what happened last
night.

The clock ticks away. Tick.

FALLON (CONT'D)

If there's anymore I could say, I'd --
It's just...

Tock.

FALLON (CONT'D)

If you need anything --

MARGE

Tonight.

FALLON

What?

MARGE

We do it tonight. In the name of
God he's going to suffer.

THOMPSON

There is no God.

INT. BOILER ROOM - BACK ROOM - DAY

Freddy opens to the final page in his ledger. One final space. He takes a pencil and writes a name: "Mark Thompson." Grins.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Fallon trashes the remnants of the Springwood map. Strikes a match and tosses it into the bin. Children's faces burn with the map.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Marge opens the door and exits the driver's side of Thompson's car. He's the passenger. She gloomily walks towards the entrance -- sees that Thompson hasn't moved.

She walks back and speaks to him through the open window.

MARGE

We need to go in there, Donald.

THOMPSON

Why?

MARGE

To see our son. I know this hurts so badly, but we have to face it and keep going, baby.

Thompson just stares at her, lost.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A large crucifix looks down at Mark, laying still in an open casket. Marge enters, alone. There's an odd quiet to the place. She approaches, fighting back tears. He looks peaceful.

She sits beside the coffin. Thinking.

The door opens and a man enters. Marge doesn't seem to register. He stands beside her.

MAN

I'm sorry.

MARGE

Thank you.

MAN

I don't think you understand. I'm sorry --

That voice is familiar... Marge turns, looks... it's

FREDDY

with the cruelest of smiles on his face.

FREDDY

-- I didn't gut the fucking piglet.

Her eyes well up. Somehow she keeps her composure. Stands. Looks at her dead son's face, then back to Freddy.

MARGE

Kill me.

FREDDY

Aww. Where'd the fun be in that?

MARGE

Just get it over with, you gutless bastard.

Freddy reveals the razor glove. Brings the blades to Marge's face.

FREDDY

That's more heart than your little prodigy showed. You've got fire, Marge, which is something most of the sons-of-bitches in this town can't say. Those eyes, the hate in them.

(smiles)

Do you want to make me bleed, Marge?

MARGE

No. I want to make you scream.

His smile fades. Freddy brings both hands up and pushes Marge hard against the wall. She crashes into the crucifix, sending it flying.

FREDDY

Bring it, bitch.

INT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

Fallon stands at the main desk, which is vacant. He looks at a wall decorated with finger-paintings and drawings. Artwork depicting hopeful families.

An ELDERLY WOMAN comes from the hall, leading Katie along.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Here you are.

FALLON

Thank you.

(she leaves)

How are you, Katie?

KATIE

I'm good.

FALLON

I just came by to see how you were before I left town.

KATIE

You're leaving? Why?

FALLON

You wouldn't understand. I hope you never do.

KATIE

Is it because of Ally?

FALLON

Yes, but also other things.

KATIE

Please don't go.

FALLON

I have to. I can't stay here with everything that's happened.

(drops to a knee)

But you deserve a thank you, young lady. Thank you for being my daughter's best friend.

She hugs him.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Thompson clutches a sheet of paper. He takes a deep breath, knocks. Sarah opens the door. Shocked.

SARAH

Um, h -- hello, sir. I'm sorry for what... for what --

THOMPSON

Mark wanted you to have this.

He hands her the sheet: Mark's letter.

SARAH

(takes it)

Thank you.

She reads the first few lines. He manages a weak smile and leaves.

EXT. ELM STREET - DUSK

The sun sets.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thompson holsters his revolver.

MARGE

Thank you for doing this.

He looks at a picture of the family -- himself, Marge, Mark, and baby Nancy -- on the wall.

THOMPSON

How could I not?

MARGE

You're sure he'll be at the plant?

THOMPSON

He didn't return home. And because of your -- incident -- we know he didn't skip town.

MARGE

Then it's all over in a few hours.

THOMPSON

It'll never be over. He's already won -- just so happens nobody's realized it yet. Every time we look at Mark's grave we'll be reminded of him.

(looks)

What's more powerful than memory?

They look at each other. There's a knock at the door. Thompson rises and answers it. It's Fallon -- calm, resolute. Knowing what has to be done.

FALLON

We're set.

EXT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

Lights flicker on all the way down the lane, setting the street aglow.

INT. ORPHANAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Three KIDS are bunked together. The Elderly Woman leads Katie to a free bed in the back.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You're going to be sleeping here
from now on.

KATIE

Can you read me a story?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'm sure you know every story I can
tell.

KATIE

Any story. I just want to hear one.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Alright.

Katie makes herself comfortable on the bed. Pulls the sheets
up.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Once upon a time there was a starving
family that lived in the woods. A
mother and a father and their two
children: Hansel and Gretel.

EXT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

Doors open and silhouetted adults march out of their homes.
Some carry gasoline containers and long bottles.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

Though they loved their children,
the mother and father were forced to
lead them into the woods because
they couldn't survive with all four
living under the same roof. So the
next day, the mother led them into
the forest and left them there.

INT. BOILER ROOM - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy observes the last page, now featuring Mark's picture.
It's completely filled. He closes the ledger and slides it
away.

INT. ORPHANAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katie's drifting.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hansel and Gretel were very smart children and they were determined not to get lost. So they left a trail of bread-crumbs to lead them back home.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The group approaches the towering complex. Fallon and Marge exchange a glance.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

Meanwhile their father began to grieve for what he'd done. Sometimes, Katie, adults don't think rationally when their children come to harm.

Thompson studies his gas can.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Who knows what they're capable of?

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy exits the back room and walks to the lockers. Pops one open and reaches in -- retrieves a brand new ledger.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

The children came upon a house made of gingerbread and candy. Inside, though, they found a wicked, nasty old witch.

Freddy flips through all the empty pages.

FREDDY

Time to start all over again.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

MR. KINCAID holds a Molotov cocktail bottle. He looks at the others -- at Fallon and Thompson.

The other adults look on.

MR. KINCAID

How do we do this?

THOMPSON

I'm open to suggestion.

MARGE

We send a group inside with the gasoline. Run it along everything. Then we light the cocktails and watch the place burn.

THOMPSON

The boiler room's right in the heart of the place. If there's a back exit he might have enough warning to escape.

MR. LANE gruffly adds:

MR. LANE

I used to work at a place like this. If someone gets into the boiler room they can set off one of the boilers. With all that gas the entire fucking place will come down.

(chuckles)

Like to see the fucker try and escape that.

FALLON

I'll do it.

THOMPSON

And I'm coming with you. Make sure nothing goes wrong.

MARGE

Donald!

THOMPSON

Help the others with the gasoline. We'll make sure he doesn't get out.

MARGE

You'll be trapped in there with him!

THOMPSON

He won't get out.

INT. POWER PLANT - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fallon leads Thompson in. Behind them, Marge, Kincaid, and Mr. Lane carry gasoline containers.

The door slams shut.

THOMPSON

Alright, the end of that hallway splits off.

FALLON

The three of you run gasoline all the way down the hall and as far past that as you can get. We'll go into the boiler room.

MARGE

How long do we wait?

THOMPSON

Fifteen minutes. You get outside, strike a match, and watch the whole place burn.

MR. KINCAID

Sounds nice as hell to me.

THOMPSON

Get going.

The three trail off down the hall. Thompson and Marge lock eyes one last time -- then he and Fallon disappear through the door marked "BOILER ROOM."

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The remaining adults are anxious. They look at each other nervously -- expectedly.

INT. POWER PLANT - SIDE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Marge opens her container and trails the thick fluid along the hall as she walks. Spills it across the walls.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Fallon and Thompson come upon a heavy steel door, red boiler room embers visible in the window.

FALLON

So this is it. Promise me something, Don.

THOMPSON

Anything.

FALLON

You'll bury me next to my daughter.

THOMPSON

What -- ?

Fallon decks Thompson hard across the jaw, knocking him cold.

FALLON

You don't need to do this.

He slides the door open.

BOILER ROOM

Fallon closes the door. He silently moves across the catwalk. Peers over the massive boilers and sees --

Through a window, Freddy at his desk in the back room.

FALLON

continues down the stairwell.

BACK ROOM

Clank! Something from outside. Freddy spins.

BOILER ROOM

One of the catwalk railings has given away. Fallon bolts and disappears between two boilers.

FALLON

Shit.

FREDDY

exits the back room and studies the area, suspicious. Hurries up a set of stairs onto the catwalk where the railing still hangs. He walks to it and re-sets the rail.

FREDDY

The hell?

His eyes dart.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marge drains the last of her gasoline. She takes one last look at the "BOILER ROOM" door and then exits.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Fallon approaches a chugging boiler. There's a valve-wheel and a gauge. He takes the wheel with both hands and turns.

It's hard as hell.

FALLON

Come on... come on...

The wheel turns. Locks. The gauge needle approaches red...

A shadow crosses past the boiler. Fallon doesn't notice.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The adults form a perimeter around the plant.

Marge holds a ready Molotov cocktail. She strikes a match and lights the sheet. Takes a deep breath, fire gleaming in her eyes -- hurls the flaming bottle through a window.

Everyone follows suit.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Flaming bottles smash into walls. Fire catches gasoline. An inferno burns.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Fallon watches the gauge read critical. He turns --

FREDDY

shoots out from the darkness. Grabs Fallon.

FREDDY

Miss me?

FALLON

Go to Hell.

Fallon reaches for his gun -- Freddy raises his razor glove and slashes. Slices Fallon's arm. He stumbles. Freddy takes the claw and licks the blood off the blade, eyes never leaving Fallon.

FREDDY

Always the most important part of a nutritious diet.

Fallon rips his gun free and aims --

Freddy lashes out and claws Fallon's wrist. The gun flies away. Fallon backs away from the approaching Freddy, clutching his wound.

The boiler rumbles. Freddy looks at the gauge. Overloaded. He reaches for it --

Clank! Freddy looks. Fallon's gone, a locker swinging on its hinge.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Come out, come out wherever you are,
piglet.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Thompson stirs.

INT. BOILER ROOM - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Fallon slides into the room. Sees the ledgers on the desk. He reaches for one --

FREDDY

dives in, tackling Fallon into the desk. The ledgers fall. They stare at each other --

Freddy has embedded each of his razor claws into Fallon's stomach!

FREDDY

Guess I get to finish the job after
all.

Fallon collapses.

BOILER ROOM

Freddy hurries to the chugging boiler. Tries to force the valve back into place. No luck.

FREDDY

Shit.

BACK ROOM

Fallon clutches his stomach. Blood pours through his fingers. Not much time left.

He sees the fallen ledger, open against the wall. Ally's smiling face looks out at him. His face shows new resolve as he struggles to his feet. Pulls open a drawer in the desk and sees something of use...

BOILER ROOM

Freddy hurries past the catwalk and up the stairs. He drags the heavy steel door open --

THOMPSON

is there, gun trained on Freddy.

THOMPSON

Welcome to my world.

He fires a shot into Freddy's kidney. Bam! Into his leg. Thompson pulls the trigger again -- click. Freddy wheels back to the railing... keeps his balance. He looks at Thompson, hate in his eyes.

Freddy stumbles forward, struggles, raises his claw to strike out --

FALLON

charges head-long into Freddy.

He impales four sharp fishing blades into his stomach -- keeps moving -- they fly over the rail and fall twenty feet!

Thompson sprints down the catwalk and to the boiler room floor. Freddy is sprawled out, the blades jutting out of his stomach. Fallon, on his last breath, drags himself to Freddy... flops down on the blades, driving them in further.

Freddy screams in pain.

FALLON

See you soon.

He goes limp. Freddy forces him off and feebly tries to pull the blades free --

Thompson reaches down and takes Fallon's pistol. Aims.

FREDDY

Are you going to shoot me, pig?

An explosion rings out. Pieces of door and rail rain down as a fireball erupts from the hallway.

Thompson holsters the gun. He leans down and hoists Fallon's body onto his shoulders.

THOMPSON

Why make it that easy when you can
scream awhile?

Freddy, paralyzed, can only watch as Thompson limps up the catwalk. His jacket shields his face and, with one final charge, he bursts through the open door and into the flaming hall.

FREDDY

Coward! Fucking coward!

There's a rumble... he looks... a chunk of ceiling collapses, inflamed. The embers cover Freddy's legs, roasting him. He screams.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

The adults watch as the second floor window explodes. Chunks collapse and implode part of the building.

Marge watches in horror.

MARGE

Donald, where are you?

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy's legs burn. He's in agony. He tries to drag himself along the grating...

KATIE/DEMON (O.S.)

Well, well.

Freddy looks --

The Katie/Demon is standing beside the overloaded boiler. She looks at Freddy and smiles.

KATIE/DEMON (CONT'D)

Doing awfully well for yourself,
aren't you?

FREDDY

What do you want?

KATIE/DEMON

Your final answer. Now.

FREDDY

I don't know what the fuck you're
talking about.

He pulls himself free of the burning debris. His legs smoke.

KATIE/DEMON

Spare me, Krueger. We know what you want.

FREDDY

Me? I want everything. I want it all.

KATIE/DEMON

Of course you do.

She presses her hand flat upon the boiler, indifferent to the heat.

KATIE/DEMON (CONT'D)

This is your last chance for what we're offering. Turn it down and you'll die in this boiler room.

Freddy hobbles to his feet.

FREDDY

What if I say yes?

KATIE/DEMON

You will live forever.

A tense pause -- then Freddy grins.

INT. POWER PLANT - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Engulfed in flame. Thompson hides behind his jacket and -- heaving Fallon's body -- runs blindly through walls of fire.

The door looms ahead.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Katie/Demon touches Freddy's face. Her dark eyes flash red. The boiler rumbles like mad. Moments away...

Freddy awaits the inevitable, oddly calm.

KATIE/DEMON

Give yourself to us and usher in a new era.

Her hand tightens on his face. He doesn't react --

The boiler explodes! A shockwave flashes out and a flaming tower envelopes the room, engulfing Freddy and Katie/Demon!

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

They wait. Marge paces. Suddenly there's a massive boom and the power plant's roof caves in. Dust billows into the air, mixing with smoke.

Marge's face falls --

THOMPSON

bursts out of the doorway. Coughing and running without direction. He collapses.

Marge rushes to him. Embraces him as he lets Fallon's body rest. She looks and sees.

MARGE

Oh, no.

THOMPSON

(exhausted)

It's what he wanted. This whole time, I think it's what he really wanted.

MR. LANE

Did you see him burn?

THOMPSON

I left him there. If I hadn't I wouldn't be here.

MR. LANE

You're sure he couldn't --

A scream rings out as --

FREDDY

charges out from the power plant! Enveloped by flames, the human torch makes a bee-line for Thompson, claws ready to strike! The adults watch, stunned, nothing to do now --

A gunshot echoes. Then another. Freddy collapses inches away from Thompson. Dead.

MARGE

aims Thompson's revolver, still training on Freddy's corpse. She fires another shot into the burning husk.

Thompson looks at Marge, stunned and relieved.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

And it was Gretel who managed to
trick the witch, getting her to step
into her very own oven.

INT. ORPHANAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katie's eyes are only open a crack.

ELDERLY WOMAN

As quickly as they could they locked
the oven door shut and ran as fast
as they could through the woods and
back home. And they --

Katie's asleep. She snores softly. The Elderly Woman smiles,
stands, and tucks Katie in.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

They had sweet dreams until the end
of their days.

EXT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

Adults return to their houses. The lights inside go out.

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marge closes the door, flips on a light and follows Thompson
to the sofa. Sits. An uncomfortable silence, then:

THOMPSON

Can you see it?

MARGE

See what?

THOMPSON

Fred Krueger walking into Nancy's
bedroom while we sleep and doing to
her what he did to Mark.

MARGE

No, I don't see it.

THOMPSON

You're lucky. I don't think I'll
ever see anything else.

MARGE

It's finished, Donald.

THOMPSON

(stands)

Oh, Krueger's dead alright. Made sure of that. But we murdered a man who, for better or worse, has a daughter who's very much alive. What does that make us?

MARGE

Better than him.

THOMPSON

Why?

MARGE

Because we're not kill --

She stops herself. Realizes.

THOMPSON

See?

He walks to the window. Opens the curtain and lets the moonlight spill in.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

So do what you have to, Marge. Do whatever it takes to convince yourself everything's fine and happy and you'll never hear his name again.

MARGE

That's not how I see it. But I'm not going to just --

THOMPSON

Remember?

He looks at her and she shies. Thompson walks to the staircase and disappears upstairs. Marge sighs. She digs into her pocket -- retrieves Freddy's charred razor glove. Stares at it with grim resolve.

MARGE

Remember? Always.

MARK'S BEDROOM

The wall has been scrubbed clean. There isn't a hint of what happened in here. Thompson looks in, devastated.

He turns and closes the door.

MASTER BEDROOM

Nancy sleeps peacefully. Thompson flips on the light, walks to the cradle and kneels. He gently rubs her face.

THOMPSON

I'll try to do better with you, little girl.

She turns. Thompson rubs her shoulder one last time and stands back up. He turns off the light and moves into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Nancy turns again in her cradle. Peaceful. Nothing wrong at all --

The shadow of four claws passes across her face.

CHILDREN'S VOICES

One, two, Freddy's coming for you.

FADE OUT.

THE END