

A Nightmare In Springwood

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TOM AND ERICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A young couple sits on a couch covered in blood. ERICA (18-20) is sobbing, curled in a fetal position. Her boyfriend TOM (18-20) consoles her, but stares off into nothing. Shocked and exhausted.

Red and blue lights reflect off of Tom's glasses, and the walls of the apartment. Empty soda, Iced Coffee cups and energy drink cans scatter along the coffee table in front of them.

TOM
(monotone)
Don't close your eyes, babe.

She cries a little harder in response.

ERICA
It's all my fault.

TOM
(kisses the top of her
head)
It's not. He tricked us.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Tom and Erica compose themselves, as a man and woman in their mid 30's BARNES and SLATER walk in. The Mulder and Scully type - blazers and all.

BARNES
We're ready for you.

TOM
(clears his throat)
Yeah, come in.

The detectives have a seat on the couch adjacent to Tom and Erica.

INT. APARTMENT - INTERVIEW

Barnes and Slater quickly skim through their paperwork. Even though Erica has stopped crying, her shock is evident. Tom is more "alert".

SLATER

Erica? Tom? Hi, um I'm Detective Slater, and this is Detective Barnes. We're with the Springwood PD.

They awkwardly nod a hello.

BARNES

I can only imagine what you both must be going through, but we just need to ask a couple of questions about what happened tonight.

SLATER

First off, are you sure neither of you need medical attention?

They both shake their heads.

TOM

It's their blood.

SLATER

I see. I'm so sorry for the both of you. I really am.

BARNES

We'll be in and out of here as quick as possible.

TOM

That's fine.

Barnes clears her throat.

BARNES

What time did you arrive at Brian Alberson's apartment?

TOM

7, 7:30 tonight.

The detectives take notes as they speak.

SLATER

You both carpooled?

TOM

Yes.

SLATER

What was the occasion? Just hanging out?

TOM

Yeah. We have been doing this every weekend for about a month.

The detectives look around the unkempt apartment. Most notably, at the empty cans and cups. Especially Barnes.

SLATER

That's good. Close with Brian and Cami Halus, I take it?

This makes Erica cry a little. Tom rubs her back, whispers something in her ear and kisses her on the side of the head.

ERICA

Cami...

TOM

I know, baby. I know.

The detectives look at one another.

TOM (CONT'D)

(to the detectives)

Yeah, they were our best friends. Since college starts back up for most of us next month, we figure we'd spend as much time together this summer as we can.

Barnes is still looking at the cans.

BARNES

You know that stuff will kill you.

TOM

Hmm?

BARNES

I know you both are young, but those energy drinks will turn your insides into mush.

Tom snorts.

TOM

Yep. It sure will.

Barnes looks at the both of them.

BARNES

From the looks of it, it's kept you up at night. You been sleeping?

TOM
Not really, no.

BARNES
Why not?

Erica composes herself.

ERICA
Why does that matter?

Barnes gives a cocky nod, while going over paperwork.

BARNES
I'm afraid it's relevant to what
happened tonight.

SLATER
From what we understand, all of you
have been trying to stay awake for
days, maybe even a week at this
point. Is that right?

ERICA
Who told you that?

TOM
Okay , fine. Yes. This is true.

ERICA
(shocked)
What the hell? Why did you-

TOM
We have nothing to hide.

She scoffs, shakes her head and folds her arms.

TOM (CONT'D)
All of us have been having
nightmares. Okay?

SLATER
Nightmares?

TOM
Yeah. It's been bad for all of us,
so that's another reason we get
together.

BARNES
Afraid to sleep alone or something?

TOM
You can say that.

BARNES
Did you all have the same dream or
is it just that you all been having
nightmares in general?

TOM
That's where it gets tricky. It's
not necessarily the same dream,
but...

He looks at Erica who shakes her head. She mouths "don't".

TOM (TO ERICA) (CONT'D)
You're right.
(To the detectives)
It's really just nightmares in
general. We found it weird we've
all been having them. Especially as
bad as they've been.

SLATER (IGNORING TOM)
Don't what, Erica?

ERICA
Sorry, I - umm... It's just some of
the dreams are personal and I - I
guess I'm just private with certain
things. I didn't want him to
expose-

SLATER
I see. Despite all of this, have
you guys been getting along? I mean
not sleeping in days must make you
at each other's throats, no?

TOM
We've all been best friends since
middle school. Honestly they're the
only people I felt the safest
around.

Erica holds him tighter. A tear drops, reminiscing the loss
of friends.

BARNES
But were you getting along?

TOM
Yes. It was just -

ERICA

Confusing.

TOM

Yeah. To say the least. Brian was having a rough time with the nightmares. More so than the rest of us.

BARNES

Is that why he snapped?

This catches both of them off guard.

TOM

He didn't snap. He was scared. How do you figure he snapped?

ERICA (DEFENSIVE)

Neither him or Cami had anything to do with it. They were both murdered.

BARNES

By who?

Tom and Erica are silent. They don't know how to respond. What they experienced is something unique and can't be put into words.

TOM

We don't know.

SLATER

Who else was with you? Just woke up and found them dead?

A playful giggle of a child is heard coming from outside. This catches everybody off guard. Especially since it's late at night.

TOM

Y-yeah. We all fell asleep and-

They're interrupted once again by a child's giggle.

Barnes looks down at her phone.

BARNES

It's 2am, why are there kids outside?

Tom and Erica look at each other. Both terrified.

Barnes and Slater abruptly stand up and exit the apartment. Slamming the door behind them.

As soon as they leave, Tom and Erica begin to panic.

TOM

Oh fuck....

ERICA

Oh my God, wake us up! WAKE US
UP!!!!

She screams into the sky as if someone's listening.

The child's giggle responds to her cries. This time the sound is coming from outside the door.

The door flings open. SLATER and Barnes rush in with their hands at their holsters.

SLATER

What happened? What's wrong?

Two young kids run by the apartment giggling. Barnes yells at them to go home.

Although relieved it was a false alarm, Erica breaks down crying.

TOM

Nothing! Nothing! Sorry! We
thought-

An angelic, soft voice interrupts. It's as if the person is in the room, but they're not. It's the voice of a child.

The moment the voice speaks, fear fills the eyes of Tom and Erica.

VOICE

1....2.... Freddy's coming for
you....

Slater and Barnes combust into Ash.

The apartment door opens. The hallway lights flicker.

VOICE (CONT'D)

3.....4.....better lock your door.

Slow footsteps are coming down the hall.

Tom and Erica back away.

ERICA
Leave us alone, God damn you!

TOM
We gotta get outta here.

ERICA
Where? It's a dream!

The footsteps get closer.

Tom heads to one of the windows and opens it. They're on the bottom floor.

TOM
Come on!

Erica looks toward the hallway and sees two silhouettes of figures holding hands. They're about to be at the apartment any moment.

She heads toward the window with Tom. As they jump out, they notice a group of kids jumping rope roughly 20 yards away.

The red and blue lights from the emergency vehicles are still on, but no one's around. No first responders. Just the kids.

VOICE (coming from one of the little girls on the jump rope)
5....6.... Grab your crucifix

Although they hesitate, they jump out anyway.

EXT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

Erica and Tom just jumped out of their apartment window. They ignore the group of kids jumping rope and run down the street.

ERICA
They might be alive.

TOM
They would have woken us up by now.

As they run, two figures holding hands emerge from under the street lights less than a block ahead of them. Several shadows surround them.

VOICE
7....8....gonna stay up late.

A subtle but horrid sound of metal scraping and screeching adds to the horror.

TOM

No...

A gruff, raspy snicker of a man cackles into the night

BEEEEEP!!!! BEEEEEP!!!! BEEEEEP!!!!

MALE VOICE (submerged, echo)
Wake up! Come on! Wake up!!!

INT. BRIAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

A male and female both in their late teens, early twenties stand over Tom and Erica who are asleep on the couch.

An old school alarm clock beeps over and over.

The living room is a bit of a mess. The coffee table is covered with energy drink cans, coffee cups and various food wrappers and half eaten meals.

There are sleeping bags sprawled on the floor.

The man and woman are Brian and Cami. They are alive, after all. Both panic as they shake the sleeping couple vigorously, yelling at them to wake up over and over.

Tom is the first to wake, but Erica immediately follows. Both gasp for air and sit straight up, coughing violently. Their friends sit beside and support them.

BRIAN

Jesus, we thought he got you!

The two women embrace each other and cry. Erica is very shook up. So is Tom, but more reserved.

Tom gives Brian a huge hug.

TOM

I'm so glad you're alive. We thought you were dead.

BRIAN

We couldn't wake you up! We've been trying for like 10 minutes. You just wouldn't budge!

CAMI

Are you guys okay? Did he hurt you at all?

ERICA

You woke us up before we saw him.
You saved our lives.

TOM

What happened? How did we all fall
asleep?

The TV turns on. It's white static. Everybody stops talking
and looks at it. Mesmerized.

The only one that isn't is Tom. He's more nervous and afraid.

TOM (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Cami, Brian and Erica are in a trance. The TV static gleams
in their eyes. As if they're being hypnotized.

TOM (TO ERICA) (CONT'D)

Erica? Ba-

A distorted voice coming from the TV interrupts. The same
voice from before.

The lights turn off, but the TV stays on. The three of them
face Tom simultaneously. Only their silhouettes visible.

VOICE

9....10....

They begin to walk toward him. He backs away.

Behind him is another silhouette. A tall figure wearing a
fedora.

Tom slowly backs into the figure.

The figure speaks. A gruff, malevolent, haunting tone. Barely
above a whisper.

FIGURE

Never sleep again....

The figure extends his right arm. His hand spotlit by the tv.
A hand with knives for fingers.

Before Tom could scream, the bladed hand crashes down on him.

FADE OUT: