

A Nightmare In Springwood

written by

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FADE IN:

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

SPRING 2004

A young couple sits on a couch covered in blood.

KRISTEN (early 20's) is sobbing, curled in a fetal position.

Her boyfriend TOM (20's) consoles her. He spaces out, 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.

KRISTEN  
It's all my fault. I shouldn't have brought them in.

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

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Tom and Kristen compose themselves.

A man and woman in their 30's BARNES and SLATER walk in. Detectives. The Mulder and Scully type - blazers and all.

BARNES  
Hello?

TOM  
(clears his throat)  
Yeah, come in.

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

INT. APARTMENT - INTERVIEW

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

SLATER

Kristen? 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

Neither of you are in any trouble. You're not detained, you're not under arrest. But I do have to read you something, since we're going to be asking you questions.

Barnes clears her throat. She begins reading them the Miranda Rights.

Kristen's eyes widen. She begins to speak, but Tom whispers something that stops her. She nods reluctantly.

They agree to speak to the detectives.

BARNES (CONT'D)

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

KRISTEN

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.

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?

Kristen composes herself.

KRISTEN

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?

KRISTEN

Who told you that?

TOM

Okay , fine. Yes. This is true.

KRISTEN

(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. I-

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

TOM (NODS TO KRISTEN) (CONT'D)

(To the detectives)  
All of us have been having nightmares, and we decided to keep each other company.

SLATER (IGNORING TOM)

Don't what, Miss Parker?

KRISTEN

Sorry, I - umm... It's just some of the dreams are personal and I - I guess I'm just private with certain things.

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.

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

BARNES

But were you getting along?

TOM

Yes. It was just -

KRISTEN

Confusing.

TOM

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 was scared. How do you figure he snapped?

KRISTEN (DEFENSIVE)

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

BARNES

By who?

Tom and Kristen 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 Kristen look at eachother. Both terrified.

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

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

TOM

Oh fuck...

KRISTEN

WAKE US UP!

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

The child's giggle responds to her cries. 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, Kristen 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  
Kristen.

VOICE

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

Slater and Barnes combust into Ash.

TOM

Fuck!

The apartment door opens. The hallway lights flicker.

VOICE

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

Slow footsteps are coming down the hall.

Tom and Kristen back away.

KRISTEN

Leave us alone, God damn you!

TOM

We gotta get outta here!

KRISTEN

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!

Kristen looks toward the hallway and sees two silhouettes of figures holding hands.

She heads to the window with Tom.

When they jump out, a group of kids are 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

EXT. ELM STREET - NIGHT

Kristen and Tom just jumped out of their apartment window.

They ignore the group of kids jumping rope and run down the street.

KRISTEN

They might be alive.

TOM

They would have woken us up by now.

The 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 college age, stand over Tom and Kristen who are sleep on the floor, in sleeping bags.

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, various food wrappers and half eaten meals.

There are other 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. Kristen 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.

Kristen is shaken. So is Tom, but more reserved.

Tom gives Brian a huge hug.

TOM  
We thought you were dead.

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

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

KRISTEN  
You woke us up before we saw him.

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 Kristen are in a trance.

The TV static gleams in their eyes. As if they're being hypnotized.

TOM (TO KRISTEN) (CONT'D)  
Kristen? 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.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darkness.

A muffled chorus of commotion awakens the light beyond the  
darkness.

Kristen opens her eyes, squinting at the brightness of the  
lights.

Her eyes are blackened, mouth bloody. She looks down at her  
bloodied, bandaged torso.

A gloved hand puts pressure on the wound.

2 nurses in scrubs, wearing surgical masks are beside her.

A man in a white lab coat pushes the stretcher she is on -  
DR. FOSTER.

All are at a sprint. Panicked.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Medical equipment echoes through the hall.

The doctor notices she's conscious.

FOSTER  
She's awake! Let's go! (Looks down  
at Kristen) Hang in there honey.  
Hang in there!

Her eyes flutter, struggling to stay awake.

She turns her head to the side. The hospital rooms in view.  
Every door is wide open.

It appears every room is dark with the side-silhouette of a  
figure laying in bed.

As the stretcher speeds by each room, the same figure slowly  
rises from the bed.

The speed makes each room appear as a frame of animation or film, with the figure eventually sitting up, and then standing.

He grabs something from the floor, and lifts it up. Dragging the rest of the baggage behind it.

We see that he's dragging a dead body by its leg.

He looks at Kristen, and walks through The walls of each room, alongside the stretcher. Dragging the body with him.

His face still hidden in the darkness, both himself and the body remaining a silhouette.

The stretcher stops at an operating room. The figure is in there...waiting ...

He puts on a fedora. Then taps the brim with a blade that is attached to his right index finger.

His left hand clutches on the leg of the body, but then releases it onto the floor.

He puts his right hand to his side, dangling it just below his waist like a gunslinger. Revealing a glove with knives for fingers - human claws.

DR FOSTER turns the stretcher toward the man in the room.

The figure charges toward the stretcher.

Kristen attempts to cry out, but her mouth is covered by an oxygen mask.

The figure utters a dry, rusty cackle.

The light in the room turns on. The figure immediately disappears.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Kristen is recovering from surgery in her hospital room.

Dr. Foster stands beside her, holding a clipboard.

She looks up at him. He smiles.

FOSTER  
How are you feeling, Kristen?

She groggily looks around the room.

KRISTEN

Did anyone survive? Tom?

Dr. Foster sighs and shakes his head.

FOSTER

I'm afraid not. I'm so sorry.

Kristen sobs.

KRISTEN

I can't be the only one! Please  
tell me I'm not the only one!

FOSTER

I know this is hard for you.

KRISTEN

That bastard did this!

FOSTER

Brian Alberson?

KRISTEN

No! It was...

She trails off.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

It wasn't Brian. (Sobs in her  
hands)

Dr. Foster turns toward the door and waves somebody in.

An older woman in her 50's - DOCTOR ELIZABETH SIMS enters,  
holding a folder.

She is escorted by a police officer, who stands silently in  
the corner.

SIMS

Miss Parker, I'm Doctor Sims. I  
understand you and your friends,  
have been having nightmares?

KRISTEN

Yes. We all dreamt of the same man.

SIMS

I see. I'm afraid those nightmares  
have been manipulated by Brian  
Alberson.

KRISTEN

What are you talking about?

SIMS

Miss. Parker, have you ever heard of the drug - Ascension?

KRISTEN

No...

FOSTER

It's a street hallucinogenic that manipulates your dreams and reality. The person who gives it to you is 100% in control of what you perceive, real or not. Awake or sleep.

KRISTEN

I don't understand.

SIMS

Alberson was obsessed with a serial killer who used this drug on his victims, in the early 80s. He used it to create the dream demon you and your friends saw.

KRISTEN

I know what I saw! It's not Brian! There's no way!

SIMS

He would sneak into your house, spike a drunk and then wait for it to kick in. When it does, you think you're having a nightmare, but you're awake. Brian would taunt you until it wore off or someone else woke up. He would blame it on the ghost of the killer.

Kristen is stunned. She doesn't speak at first. She could only cry.

KRISTEN

There's no way. It was Fred Krueger. I know it was.

SIMS

Okay. Who told you that?

KRISTEN

Brian.

SIMS

Exactly, my point. He planted that in your head, Tom's head and Cami's. He can create images and plant them in your minds, with that drug.

Sims opens the folder and takes out a crime scene photo.

SIMS (CONT'D)

I know this is hard to see, but it's important. He brought you and your friends together tonight with the purpose of a murder suicide.

The photo shows Brian's dead body, laying on the floor. He's noticeably wearing the glove with knives for fingers.

She slams her eyes shut and turns away. Sims takes the photo back.

KRISTEN

I-I swear... I-

FOSTER

I know it seems real. I mean, it technically is real...to you. It just takes time to for the drug to get out of your system, and correct your perception.

KRISTEN

What can I do?

SIMS

You're going to have to be monitored at Weston Hills psychiatric facility. You'll be prescribed a drug called Hypnocil. It'll correct what Ascension destroyed.

KRISTEN

Can I do some outpatient program, instead?

SIMS

It's not that simple. The effects of Ascension could make you violent. You can end up harming yourself or others. Until we have a quicker method, I'm afraid this is the only way.

KRISTEN

This is ridiculous! I have a life.  
What am I supposed to do?

FOSTER

I'm sure your family will take care  
of your affairs. Right now, you  
need to focus on getting better.

The police officer steps forward, and speaks.

OFFICER

It's not optional, Miss Parker.

She glares at him. He gives a cold stare in return, unfazed.

SIMS

You're not the only one going  
through this. There's a group of  
people around your age at Weston,  
that are coming off of Ascension.  
Dr. Gordon and myself have been  
working closely with them. We also  
hired a new team that specializes  
in pattern nightmares, and will  
assist with your rehabilitation.

Kristen sobs and shakes her head.

FOSTER

It'll be 30 to 60 days tops. Your  
toxicity levels are nowhere near as  
high as they could be. Regardless,  
you're not going anywhere anytime  
soon with those wounds. They're not  
going to heal overnight.

CU on Kristen's bandage.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dr. Foster and Dr. Sims are having a conversation outside of  
Kristen's room.

Sims stoically looks at Foster.

Foster shakes his head.

DOCTOR FOSTER

She's the 8th we sent to you. The  
8th!

SIMS

I don't care if there ends up being  
30. We'll do what we have to.

FOSTER

We can't keep hiding this forever.

SIMS

What are we going to do, Dr Foster?  
Go to the media? Tell them that a  
dead serial killer is killing  
people in their dreams?

Foster doesn't say anything. Just stares at the floor,  
defeated.

SIMS (CONT'D)

The lieutenant won't stand for that  
nonsense anyway.

FOSTER

This town knows who Krueger is. I  
don't understand his issue.

Dr. Sims stares daggers at Dr. Foster.

SIMS

Fred Krueger killed his son, and  
kidnapped his daughter. He's been  
dead for 20 years. We don't need to  
stir up that hysteria again.

FOSTER

Thompson is the police lieutenant.  
It's not like he's the only one  
who-

SIMS (INTERRUPTS, CHANGES SUBJECT)

I expect a medical update on  
Kristen Parker, as soon as you get  
it. Let us know when she's  
discharged. We will get her room  
set up at Weston.

Foster sighs in frustration.

SIMS (CONT'D)

We don't need every teen and 20  
something in this town thinking  
they're being hunted in their  
dreams.

Sims begins to walk away, but Foster has another word.

FOSTER

8 different people dreamed about  
the same man, Elizabeth. Now 3  
people are dead.

She shrugs, defeated and exhausted.

SIMS

You weren't there 20 years ago. I  
was.

She continues walking away. Foster doesn't hold her up any  
further.

He peers through the glass on the door, to see Kristen  
asleep.

The distant sounds of metal scraping on metal, followed by a  
muffled cackle concludes the scene.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

SPRING 1984

LAUREN YOST (20s) sets a glass of water down on the end table  
next to her bed.

The shower runs in the background.

She walks away, but a CU shot remains on the glass.

A door closes. The sound of the shower slightly mutes.

Moments later, a soft creek of another door opens. Followed  
by slow, heavy footsteps that progressively get louder.

The footsteps stop.

Slow, gravely breathing is heard.

The shot is still on the glass of water.

3 clear drops of liquid enter the glass.

A black leather gloved hand enters frame, stirring the glass  
of water with a tiny spoon.

The hand exits frame.

Heavy footsteps return, stopping after a few steps.

A creaking door opens and shuts.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

CU on the glass of water.

The shower running in the background, stops. Leaving distant sounds of breathing, audible.

A door opens, and the breathing stops.

Quick, light footsteps ascend toward the glass of water.

Lauren's hand enters frame, and picks up the glass. We can hear her drink it O.C.

She puts the empty glass back down on the end table.

We pan out, and see her settling in bed. Getting under the covers.

Next to the glass, is a TV remote. She picks it up and turns on the TV.

As TV drones on, Lauren begins to doze off.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CU on Lauren's closed eyes, rapidly moving from side to side.

She winces slightly.

There is darkness, with a slight hum in the background. Slow, shallow breathing is heard. Heavy rain sets the tone.

She opens her eyes.

The first glimpse is a blur. Through the darkness is a dreamlike haze, with the popcorn spots on the ceiling barely visible.

Subtle shapes, waves and designs flow through the haze.

The haze mixed with the ceiling popcorn create red and green spots.

Something seems off with how the room looks. The architecture is...strange.

The walls have a slight angle to them, like a wide lens camera.

Lauren is sweating profusely.

Her eyes dart around the room in a panic.

A cackling is heard. Subtle, but present. No one is visible in the room.

Hearing this, she tries to sit up but is unsuccessful. Her head only slightly moves.

Her arms flex, but don't move. She grunts as she continues trying, but remains unsuccessful.

Her fingers slightly bend, but stiffen. Unable to clutch the covers.

Her breathing intensifies, but is overpowered by someone else's. Someone right beside her. Someone she cannot turn her head to see.

A chorus of whispers echo through the room. As if hundreds of people are talking at once.

The blanket slowly lifts at chest level. It pitches a tent, but only darkness can be seen.

Ice blue eyes glow through the dark; as a bluish, white face emerges.

It's the face of a middle aged woman. She is expressionless, emotionless - like a mannequin. No sign of life what so ever.

Lauren's mouth opens to scream, but nothing comes out.

The woman's face gets closer, then stops as if to examine Lauren.

The breathing continues beside her. It's not coming from the the woman.

LAUREN (BARELY A WHISPER)

M-mom?

She slowly rises toward the ceiling. A body doesn't follow, only a black mass. It evaporates as it reaches its ascension.

The contrast in the room gets darker and grittier, like a black and white film.

The whispers turn into disemboweled bellows and squeals, yet still subtle.

A slow creak interrupts.

The breathing continues...

A shadow of the bedroom door opening reflects off the wall.

Lauren still cannot move her head enough to see beyond the shadow, or whoever is next to her. Neither do we.

A figure wearing a fedora hat, and trench coat enters the room. Like the door, we only see a shadow.

The breathing intensifies...

Slow, heavy footsteps echo, but in a dreamlike state. Its presence seems to suck the sound out of the room. Nothing but dull, emptiness; like being under water.

The figure stands at the foot of the bed. We can still only make out his silhouette.

His right hand is a glove with knives for fingers. He takes the blade from his index finger and slightly drags it along the foot of the bed.

He softly cackles.

What follows looks like waves and apparitions flowing around the room, above the figure.

Several hands come up from under the bed and grab Lauren.

Animalistic growls and hisses, along with moans seem almost out of sequence.

FIGURE (WHISPER)  
See you soon.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The morning sun shines through the bedroom window.

Birds chirp, optimistic a hopeful day awaits.

A scream rips through the peaceful morning air.

Lauren thrashes around her bed, screaming. Then shoots up like a shark victim breaching water.

Her deafening screams dry up into a choking gasp.

She looks around the room, and takes a sigh of relief. It was just a dream.

The TV is still on from the night before. It's the morning news.

## NEWSCASTER

The body of a young woman was found near Springwood Creek, early this morning. Police believe she was mauled by a wild animal.

She walks up to the TV and turns it off.

A framed photo of her and an older woman, rests on the end table next to the TV. The woman is the same emotionless face from the dream.

Lauren forces a sad, nostalgic smile as she looks at the photo.

She exits the room.

CU on the foot of the bed. Slack of a shredded sheet slightly dangles, and folds. With a 6-in tear just above it.

## INT. THOMPSON HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

We are in the middle of a chaotic morning at the Thompson residence.

D.J. (10) sits down at the breakfast table.

He pours himself a bowl of cereal. He finishes off the box, shaking the empty contents.

MARGE (early 30s) multitasks around the kitchen while arguing with the electric company on the phone.

## MARGE

What for? (Pause) No! That's ridiculous. How could you-

She holds the phone in front of her face, shocked and annoyed.

## MARGE (SARCASTIC) (CONT'D)

...or just hang up on me.

She glances at DJ.

## MARGE (CONT'D)

Deej, save some cereal for your...

Her voice trails as she notices him shaking the empty box.

## MARGE (CONT'D)

...father.

DJ (CRINGES)

Sorry!

Marge laughs and shakes her head.

A baby begins to cry. Marge rolls her eyes and sighs.

2 year old NANCY cries in her high chair. Her face is covered in scrambled eggs, as her hands pound on the near empty plate.

As she heads over to Nancy, someone else gets to her first.

DEPUTY DONALD THOMPSON SR. (Mid 30) Smiles at the crying child, and picks her up. Rocking and soothing her.

DONALD

I know, baby. I know...

He winks at his wife. She smiles in return.

MARGE

I just got off the phone with the electric company.

DONALD

Let me guess? They want more money?

MARGE

Does the sun shine on a cloudless day?

He snorts and nods.

DONALD (JOKING)

That's it! From now on, we're living like the Amish. (To DJ) That means no more TV, DJ.

The boy gasps, taking his father seriously.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Well, maybe not. I wanna watch the Superbowl. You need electricity for the coffee pot to work too, huh? Nevermind! We're not going to be Amish.

DJ sighs in relief. His mother smirking in the corner.

DONALD (LOOKING AT THE EMPTY BOX OF CEREAL) (CONT'D)

Finish the box, Bud. I'll grab some donuts at the station.

He winks at his son, and DJ smiles in return. Very much the same as him and Marge, a moment before.

MARGE

A cop eating donuts? You don't say?

This makes DJ bellow with laughter.

DONALD

This is why I married your mother,  
Deej. She's a smart ass!

Marge jokingly blows him a kiss. DJ continues to think his parents are hilarious.

Nancy finally calms down. She's busy fiddling with her father's earlobe.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I wish I can be as easily amused as  
you, Miss Nancy Pants.

She giggles.

The phone rings, interrupting the moment.

Donald hands Nancy to Marge, and answers it.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Thompson Pizza! 20 dollar minimum!  
How may I help you?

Marge and DJ laugh.

MARGE (TO A GIGGLING NANCY)

Is daddy being silly?

Donald's smile fades into a stoic gaze.

The voice of a man speaks on the other line, but is muffled.

DONALD

Yes, sir. I'm on my way.

He hangs up the phone, and takes another look at his family.

MARGE

Everything okay?

He sighs.

DONALD

Another bear attack.

She nods.

MARGE

I think I saw something on the news earlier.

DONALD

Yeah. Which reminds me... DJ? Do me a favor? If you hang out with your friends after school, don't go near the woods. Okay?

DJ (NODS)

Okay.

DONALD

Thanks, bud. Just until we figure out what's going on with these bears.

MARGE

All of the old farmland turned into woods. It's no surprise that bears are starting to show up around here.

DONALD (SMIRKS)

And yet, another reason I married you. You're smarter than me.

They kiss.

DJ cries out in disgust, not unlike most children his age when they see parents kiss.

Donald says goodbye to his family, and heads out the door.

DONALD (O.C.) (CONT'D)

DJ! Bus is coming!

DJ shovels a few more bites of cereal and gathers his coat, and backpack.

He kisses his mother and sister goodbye, and runs out the door like his father.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE SCHOOLBUS - MORNING

The bus is pulled over to the side of the road. DJ is rushing toward it.

Donald's patrol car has already exited the driveway, heading down the opposite side of the road.

He beeps and waves his arm out of the window. DJ smiles, and waves in return.

The bus door opens.

A smiling, skinny man in his early 40's is the bus driver. He charismatically greets DJ with the same enthusiasm as a game show host.

BUS DRIVER (CHEERFUL)  
Good morning! Good morning! Hop on  
in, DeeJ!

DJ runs onto the bus. The door closes behind him.

The bus drives down the road.

EXT. PARK BENCH - AFTERNOON

A man and a woman are sitting on a park bench, drinking coffee.

The woman is LAUREN. She forces a smile, but is clearly exhausted.

WALT (20s) gently grabs her hand and pulls it toward him.

WALT  
You'll do great.

LAUREN  
I hope so, but I look like a mess.

WALT  
Maybe that'll add to the  
performance?

LAUREN  
Maybe.

WALT  
You said the character is a drug  
addict, right?

She glares at him, attempting to hide a smirk.

LAUREN (TEASING)  
What are you saying? I look like an  
addict?

Walt catches on to her ball-breaking.

WALT

Har-har-har. Yes, you're such a  
dope head!

She laughs and takes another sip of her coffee.

WALT (CONT'D)

Really, though. Just haven't been  
getting sleep?

Her smile fades.

LAUREN

Not really. I keep having those  
paralysis nightmares, or whatever  
they're called.

WALT

What do you mean?

LAUREN

You ever have a nightmare where you  
open your eyes and you're laying in  
bed, but you can't move?

WALT

No, but I heard about something  
like that in school.

LAUREN

Well, that's been happening to me  
quite a bit, lately. It's hard to  
go back to sleep after something  
like that. It's worse than a  
nightmare.

WALT

Here, I was going to suggest taking  
a nap before your audition.

They both laugh.

LAUREN

The one I had last night was  
probably the worst. My mom was  
there and there was somebody next  
to me. I don't know. It was scary.  
Everything felt weird. Then there  
was a guy in a hat and the next  
thing I remember is being pulled  
through my bed. Then I wake up.

WALT

Well that's just freaky! So it's like being half awake, but still dreaming?

LAUREN

Pretty much. I've had it here and there before, but it's been really bad lately.

WALT

I'm sorry to hear that. If it keeps happening, you may want to get checked out by a doctor?

LAUREN

Who do I even go to for something like that? Some sleep specialist?

EXT. UNDER THE TREE - DAY

A man leans on a tree roughly ten yards behind the park bench. He watches the unaware couple.

We can only see the back of him, from the neck down.

CU on his right hand. A lit cigarette butt is held between his thumb and index finger. A patch of scarred, burned skin is etched on the back of his hand.

He flicks the cigarette and walks away.

We follow him to a beaten down sedan in the parking lot, still only showing the neck down.

The hand scar being a major focus.

INT. CAR - DAY

The car door opens and closes.

A duffle bag lays on the floor of the back seat.

The scarred right hand opens the bag and takes out a notepad, and a pen.

He opens to a page with the heading of LAUREN, on top of the white lined paper.

Several notes are scribbled about her life, and personality.

He begins jotting down the words:

ACTRESS, AUDITION, JUNKIE, NERVOUS.

He closes the notepad and puts it back in the duffle bag.

The man speaks barely above a whisper.

MAN

Tonights the night, my dear. (Looks  
at watch) Back to work.

The edges of two rusty blades attached to fingertips of what  
appears to be a glove, lays next to the notepad in the bag.

He zips up the duffle bag and turns the ignition.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The man is walking down a hallway.

The shot is still only the back of him, from the neck down.

Commotion is heard in the background, giving the impression  
it is a place of business.

He stops at a bulletin board, with a punch clock. He grabs  
his card with his scarred right hand, punches in and puts it  
back.

We don't see his name, we only see - BREAK 2: 12:30pm.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - AFTERNOON

DJ is talking to his friend CHARLIE. Both of them go back and  
forth about videogames, like middle aged men with politics.

DJ

You have to shoot the mothership at  
a certain time, or it won't work!

CHARLIE

That's a myth! My brother told me  
it doesn't matter.

DJ

Some high school guy at the arcade  
told me. He beat every game there!  
He knows what he's talking about!

CHARLIE

Yeah, yeah - whatever! Come over  
later and we'll find out?

DJ  
I have to ask.

The bus stops. The screeching airbrake lets the boys know it's time to depart.

DJ (CONT'D)  
I'll call you when I'm done with my homework and talk to my mom.

CHARLIE  
Okay!

They high-five.

DJ runs to the front of the bus with a couple of other kids. They exit one by one, saying goodbye to the driver on the way out.

DJ smiles at the already smiling driver.

DJ  
Bye FRED!

DRIVER - FRED KRUEGER grins even wider.

His right hand is placed on the lever that opens and closes the door.

We see that it's the same scarred right hand from the man stalking the couple at the park.

FRED (ENTHUSIASTIC)  
Bye DJ!

DJ is the last to exit the bus. Fred closes the door.

The bus drives down the road to the next stop.

A small group of children are jumping rope on the front lawn of one of the homes.

FADE OUT.