

FREDDY VS. JASON

by

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(c) 2000 New Line Cinema

*Our dreams are a second life. I have never
been able to
penetrate without a shudder those ivory or
horned gates which
separate us from the invisible world.*

Gerard de Nerval,

Aurelia, pt. 1, ch. 1, 1855

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Trees rise from the earth like the gnarled limbs of a petrified corpse. LIGHTNING scorches the sky and peels of THUNDER crash against mountains on the horizon. Owls screech warnings to all below...

IN THE THICK OF THE WOODS, a YOUNG WOMAN, ruby-lipped and raven-haired, clutches a bundle to her breast. As she hurries down a stone path, hard-pounding rain pelts her face and she can barely see three feet ahead. Her gown and cape are soaked with water, but nothing can keep her from pressing on...

A CACKLE OF DARK LAUGHTER echoes through the tree. The woman glances over her shoulder and accelerates her pace. She nearly stumbles and the sound of a BABY CRYING emanates from her bundle. As the laughter continues, now clearly coming from *behind* her, the woman's eyes scan the trees on either side of the path and find GHOSTLY APPARITIONS - all young children wearing featureless white MASKS - observing her with dispassion. The frightening image disturbs her so she becomes disoriented...

A magnificent CRASH bombards her senses as a large-oak is split in half by a lightning bolt. Appearing from within the now-burning tree is an ELFIN DEMON. He is tall, sinewy, and, dressed in grim, black armor. He wields a lethal-looking sword and a bizarre crown sits between his pointed ears. He HISSES when he sees the woman and slinks low to the ground, like a cat stalking its prey...

All she can do is *run*. She desperately holds tight to the bundle as she pushes through thorny bramble. She runs and runs and runs, the SOUND of the demon's pursuit filling her ears...

A COTTAGE. Sanctuary. Just ahead... Talon-like thorns scratch her hands and cheek as she breaks through the thick brush and hurries to the door. She reaches for the handle, but it is locked. She pounds her fist against the thick wood, but no one comes to her aid. She again tries the handle, but this time her fingers find a slithering SERPENT in its stead. She SCREAMS and the thing drops into the mud. Something whistles past her...

And the demon's SWORD imbeds itself into the door, just inches from her head. She panics and the bundle falls from her arm... She reaches for it, but it's too late...

A PORCELAIN DOLL falls onto the stone path. Not a human child, after all. Merely the painted glass figure of a baby boy...

But when it SHATTERS, its insides are the blood and organs of a real child... The young woman screams with torment and tears fill her eyes...

The demon laughs, berating and mimicking her. As he moves closer, he reaches into his cloak and withdraws another weapon... A chain-mail GLOVE to which are attached long glistening BLADES... When the girl looks up, she appears different, dressed in more contemporary clothes and hairstyle... The demon smiles, sticks his nose in her face and speaks to her in German...

DEMON

Vas iss los, mein fraulein?

His elfin visage mutates into something more recognizable - the burned-flesh face of FREDDY KRUEGER.

FREDDY

Everything falling to pieces?

Freddy raises his razor-gauntlet and prepares to swoop down... The young woman SCREAMS...

INT. BEDROOM - RACHEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Waking from this nightmare is RACHEL DANIELS. She does not scream, just bolts upright and hyperventilates. Her boyfriend, JIM TURNER, opens his eyes and tries to solace her, but Rachel flails her arms and he backs off. She pulls the covers to her naked body, rocks back and forth, and catches her breath.

JIM

You okay?

Unconvincingly, she nods, puts on a robe, and rises from her futon to the BATHROOM, where she splashes cold water on her face.

RACHEL

(at herself in the mirror)

I'm fine.

(convincing herself)

I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine..

INT. KITCHEN - RACHEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rachel's apartment is decorated in grad student chic - hip thrift store furniture, cheap South American artifacts, hundreds of books on handmade shelves, posters for Portishead and Death In Vegas, and prints featuring artwork by Mark Rothko and Lucian Freud.

As Jim sits at a small table drinking coffee, Rachel stands at the kitchen counter proofreading a thick paper for the thousandth time. Although she's only 20, Rachel possesses a wisdom older than her years (evidenced by her inclusion in a Ph.D. Program at such a young age). She's a keenly intelligent, emotionally sensitive woman who possesses a unique, flattering sense of style. Much to her chagrin, she's hauntingly beautiful, too (she often thinks her looks affect people's perception of her intelligence).

JIM

For god's sake, Rachel, it's perfect.
It's brilliant and it's perfect.

Rachel "shushes" him with her finger and deeply concentrates. With a red pen, she circles a comma and tells herself...

RACHEL

This should be a semicolon...

JIM

You are such a Virgo.

RACHEL

Thank heaven for that...

She moves to her power book, makes a correction, and prints out a corrected page.

RACHEL

...There is nothing wrong with
perfectionism.

JIM

Unless it gives you an ulcer at age 20.

Rachel doesn't respond - or doesn't want to. She just anxiously waits for the page to print and checks the clock...

RACHEL
(later than she thought)
Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck.

JIM
You have *two hours*.

Instantly filled with anger, Rachel snaps at him...

RACHEL
I STILL HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE SLIDES.

Jim finishes his coffee and notices the answering machine is blinking with a new message. He presses the PLAY button and Rachel angrily scolds him...

RACHEL
Is that *yours*?

Jim doesn't appreciate her anger and kids around...

JIM
Hiding calls from your other boyfriend?

WOMAN'S VOICE ON MACHINE
Rachel... Pick up, pick up, pick up...
PICK THE FUCK UP...

JIM
Jesus, who the hell is that?

Rachel pushes past him, but the message plays on...

WOMAN'S VOICE ON MACHINE
Rachel, it's ME for fuck's sake...

JIM
(concerned, curious)
Who *is* that?

Rachel pulls the answering machine plug from the wall.

RACHEL
(oddly out-of-control)

None of your business.

That's it for Jim. He puts on a jacket and heads for the door.

RACHEL
(calming down)
I'm sorry... Jim...

She takes his arm and kisses him. He briefly smiles, but breaks away and tells her...

JIM
I have to meet with "The Killer" at nine.

RACHEL
Stay.

JIM
To fuck? Or help you with slides?

She doesn't want to tell him. But he knows the answer. And slams the door behind him as he exits. Rachel wishes she could have said something, but... She looks at the answering machine and wishes it would disappear. Mentally obliterating everything but her work, she moves back to her paper and continues proofreading...

RACHEL
(reading aloud to herself)
Every culture creates Monsters...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Juggling her slides, books, and papers, Rachel makes her way to her beat-to-shit Ford Escort.

RACHEL V.O.
They manifest themselves as vampires,
werewolves, goblins, devils, ghosts, and
psycho killers.

INT. FORD ESCORT - DAY

Rachel sits behind the wheel, trembles, takes a deep breath, and turns the key. It takes a good four tries before the engine finally turns over.

RACHEL V.O.
They appear in fairy tales, folk songs,
ancient myths, and urban legends...

EXT. LUCADE COLLEGE - DAY

As we drift pass a sign reading THE MICHEL LUCADE GRADUATE
SCHOOL OF PSYCHOLOGY, the small car searches for a spot in the
student PARKING FACILITY.

RACHEL V.O.
But which came first? The monster or the
myth? The killer or the legend? The
chicken or the egg?

Once parked, Rachel exits her Escort and rushes toward a
specific building. She's much too preoccupied with a tray of
slides to see the STRANGE MAN, about fifty years old, sitting on
a corner wall, waiting for her, watching her...

RACHEL V.O.
Does fear create the fiend? Or the fiend,
fear?

As Rachel makes her way up the steps of the Psych Department
structure, the Stranger calmly, silently follows. He wears a
sheepskin jacket, a rough leather hat, jeans and cowboy boots.
As he lights a pipe, we see his face has the physiognomy of the
Australian Aborigine.

INT. PSYCH BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Every member of the graduate school student body exhibits hyper-
intelligence, quirkiness, dedication, and a bit of intellectual
elitism. Rachel stands out not only because of her good looks,
but also for the fact that she's at least five years younger
than the next youngest person here. Competition is fierce at
this institution and her brains, beauty, and youth engender
resentment from her peers.

RACHEL V.O.
For example, throughout history, society
has had to confront the reality and power
of infant mortality.

Eyes follow her and whispers are whispered. They know and she
knows that a lot rides on the delivery of this paper. Tucked

into a corner is a young couple feverishly making out. One of them - AMELIA - sees Rachel pass and she breaks the embrace, calling out...

AMELIA
Rache!

Despite her preoccupation, Rachel stops and smiles at her friend.

RACHEL
Hey Meelie.

Amelia's lover turns and we see she is a woman, her lesbian lover, GRETA.

RACHEL
Hi Greta.

GRETA
(German-accented)
We came to wish you luck...

AMELIA
...And whistle at your cute little ass.

RACHEL
Thanks.

As Rachel moves on, Amelia wolf-whistles. Letting us know she's not uptight, Rachel gives her derriere a sexy shimmy...

RACHEL V. O.
From the fiefdoms of the Middle Ages to rural Appalachia, from the remote villages of the African bush to any American suburb, the unexpected death - through natural causes, accident, or murder - of a healthy, happy child is unfortunately common and emotionally devastating for the families involved

Blending in with the crowd, looking like an eccentric visiting professor, is the Stranger...

INT. PSYCH BUILDING - LECTURE HALL - DAY

About thirty people - grad students, Amelia and Greta, professors, teaching assistants - sit in the "audience" as Rachel stands at a podium, reading from a lectern, and with a remote device, controlling the projection of SLIDES on the large screen behind her.

RACHEL

In 1789, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe wrote the poem, "Der Erlkonig," or "The Erl King." King of the Elves.

Rachel presses the remote and a slide of Goethe appears onscreen.

RACHEL

In the poem, Goethe describes the panicked ride of a man desperate to get his young son safely home.

The slide changes to a Durer-like etching of a devilish elf not dissimilar to the demon of Rachel's dream...

RACHEL

The child fears that they are being pursued by the Erl King, a demon who thrives on taking children's souls. The demon tries to tempt the boy, then threatens him, but the child stays at his father's side.

In the corner, silently wishing her encouragement, is Jim. He is seated next to the potentate of Lucade's Psych program, HENRY "THE KILLER" KILLIAN. Mix Sigmund Freud, Ernest Hemingway, and Mike Wallace - you get Killian. He is utterly unreadable, viewing every student's work with a calculated detachment.

RACHEL

In the climax, just as the relieved father reaches the sanctuary of his house, he looks into his arms and sees that his son is already dead. The Erl King has won.

The slide changes to the face of an Irishman...

RACHEL

In the poem, "The Stolen Child," by

William Butler Yeats, /faeries/ lure a child away from the world of mortals because it is a "world more full of weeping than he can understand." From the perspective of the faerie, "life," with all its persecutions, hardships, and torment is not worth living at all.

Rachel sneaks glances around the room, checking her audience. *Forget Killian, he's stone.* Jim is smiling, Greta and Amelia give her the thumbs-up. Her fellow students actually appear respectfully intrigued... *This is going good, Rachel, don't fuck up...* Her eyes then settle on the Stranger, whose intense gaze is unsettling to say the least.

RACHEL

(momentarily flustered)

But are... But... are these tales merely a play to wacate...

(corrects herself)

Way to placate...

There's LAUGHTER in the auditorium, but one look from Killian to those gathered stops it cold. Rachel regains her composure and continues, actually fortifying her intensity because of the blunder...

RACHEL

Are tales such as these merely a way to placate those affected by grievous loss? Does "pinning the blame" on a *monster*, elf, faerie, whatever - give the family of the victim, or society as a whole, a simple solution to a complex problem?

Killian leans forward and rests his chin on his hand. To the students who know his behavior well, this is amazing. It means he's really interested in what she's saying... Good or bad, he's *interested*.

New faces appear on the screen. The faces of SERIAL KILLERS.

RACHEL

(energized)

Is the "goblin who eats babies" really any different from Wayne Williams, John Gacy, or Fred Krueger? The latter

examples committed actual crimes and possess human faces, but hasn't, the current culture turned /them/ into "monsters"? The embodiment of evil?

Slides show countless newspaper headlines, magazine covers, and press photos regarding stories about child abduction and child murder.

RACHEL

Media attention to such crimes and killers reaches such hysterical proportions that one has to wonder if such overexposure feeds the fire of such fears. Every parent is afraid that their child could be kidnapped, tortured, molested, raped, killed...

Statistical figures appear on the slide screen.

RACHEL

But statistics show that the chances of such a crime occurring to a family are slim. Yet the *fear* of parents in every household, on every block, in every neighborhood in this country is palpable. Perhaps we need to ask if this fear is creating more harm than good. How does it damage the psyche of a child raised in a household in which such fears are manifest?

TWO FACES appear side-by-side on the slide screen - FRED KRUEGER and JASON VOORHEES.

RACHEL

In recent memory, perhaps no two serial killers better exemplify mass social fear than Fred Krueger and Jason Voorhees. Although their actual crimes were committed over fifteen years ago, each has achieved the status of "evil legend."

The Stranger's face becomes grim and worried as Rachel ventures into this territory.

RACHEL

The iconization of the two has generated awareness of them as "villains" that is significantly greater today than it was at the time of their first appearance.

Police archival shots of the killers and their "tools" fill the screen...

RACHEL

Children wear Jason's hockey mask and carry plastic machetes as Halloween costumes. As well-known as "Twinkle, twinkle little star," is the sing song chant, *"One, two, Freddy's coming for you. Three, four, better lock your door. Five, six, grab a crucifix. Seven, eight, gonna stay up late. Nine, ten, never sleep again."*

The Stranger is silently boiling in his chair. His thick, stubby fingers dig into the wood of the desk top...

Slides showing tabloid newspaper stories of unsolved crimes fill the screen...

RACHEL

The power of these "legends" is so great that unsolved murders are often attributed to them by the tabloid press. Even though each has been dead for years, whispered rumors suggest that Freddy and Jason are still at work, still hunting...

The Stranger stares at Rachel with violent intensity. Oblivious to him, Rachel begins to feel rather disoriented... Her vision blurs as she tries to read what's on her paper... The slides return to the faces of Jason and Freddy.

RACHEL

In doing this... Aren't we... Aren't we cooperating in the construction of new, powerful monsters? Monsters whose feeding ground is the Collective Unconscious?

The Stranger cannot take it any longer. Causing quite a commotion, he abruptly stands and storms down the center aisle

to the exit door. All eyes turn to him and Killian reprimands him...

KILLIAN

You, sir, have no right to disrupt this class. I...

The Stranger glances at Killian and the big man just *stops* talking. He looks at the slide projector and exits. As Killian shakes off whatever just hit him, he addresses Rachel...

KILLIAN

Please continue, Miss Daniels....

But as we turn to Rachel, we see she is frozen, trembling, and glassy-eyed. Losing control of her body, she collapses. Killian, Jim, Amelia, and Greta rush to her aid, no one really noticing the small electrical fire in the slide projector, nor the effect it has upon the visages of Jason and Freddy - twisting and bubbling until they are *monstrous* in appearance...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KILLIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel's unconscious face is before us...

JIM'S VOICE

Rachel?

Her eyes flutter open. A PEN LIGHT is shone into them...

KILLIAN'S VOICE

Rachel?

Rachel can see Jim and Killian standing over shining a light into her eyes.

KILLIAN

What is your full name?

RACHEL

Rachel Tabitha Daniels.

KILLIAN

Do you know who I am?

RACHEL
The Killer... Doctor Killian...

He nods.

KILLIAN
Do you know where you are?

She shakes her head no.

KILLIAN
This is my office. Where would that be?

RACHEL
School... Lucade...

KILLIAN
Good.

Jim squeezes her hand as Killian shuts off the light.

JIM
Hi.

Rachel smiles and Jim sneaks a kiss to her forehead. As she sits up and takes in her surroundings (very sparse, the only books those authored by Killian himself), Rachel sees Killian open a file and jot down notes...

KILLIAN
Are you taking medication?

She nods. That's news to Jim. And very slowly, his hand pulls away from hers.

KILLIAN
Do you mind telling me what it is?

Rachel shakes her head no...

RACHEL
Hytonexoft. Forty milligrams...

Killian raises his eyebrows. Impressed? Disturbed?

KILLIAN
That's quite new. Who's your doctor?

RACHEL
Donna Villa-Lobos.

KILLIAN
(admiringly, respectfully, with
recognition)
Senora Donna...
(matter-of-fact)
You should see her. Soon. I'll call her
if you'd like...

RACHEL
(shakes her head no)
I'll do it.

KILLIAN
Promise?

Rachel nods.

KILLIAN
Good.
(more professorial)
It will take me a few days to prepare my
response to your paper, but I will tell
you this much right now...
(critically)
Your grammar and sentence structure is
atrocious. Buy "The Elements of Style,"
dear girl. The authors are Strunk and
White.
(continuing)
Your opinions are entirely too personal,
the research sorely lacking, the
arguments poorly presented...
(smiling)
But...
(proud of her)
It is a thoughtful, passionate, and
intriguing presentation of ideas. Thank
you for alleviating a small degree of my
perpetual boredom.

Tellingly, Jim appears jealous of Killian's kind words.

KILLIAN

But how far are you willing to go with your premise? Are you ready to be challenged? To challenge yourself? Do you believe what you say?

He can see that she's still rather disoriented and eases up.

KILLIAN

Later tonight, I shall telephone Dr. Donna Villa-Lobos. If my gifted colleague informs me that she has not spoken to you... I will be severely disappointed.

RACHEL

I'll call.

There's a KNOCK at the door and Amelia and Greta appear as they push it open...

KILLIAN

(familiar with them)

Ah... Visitors from the Isle of Lesbos.

Amelia sticks out her tongue at him and asks...

AMELIA

(to Rachel)

You doin' okay?

Rachel nods and Amelia hugs her tightly, annoying Jim. Rachel stands and Amelia lends her support as they escort her out of Killian's office.

RACHEL

Professor? Thank you.

He waves them off. And as the door closes, his face shows honest, deep concern for Rachel's well-being...

INT. PSYCH BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Much to Amelia's annoyance, Jim "takes over" as Rachel's support, and places his arm around her. Rachel wants no part of his territoriality and gently breaks off for the women's rest room.

RACHEL

I have to pee...

AMELIA
I'll come with...

RACHEL
I'm fine, Meelie...

GRETA
(to Amelia)
We have class...

RACHEL
Really, I'm okay.

Reassured, Amelia gives her a hug and she and Greta take off. Jim waits near a water fountain as Rachel enters the women's room...

INT. WOMEN'S REST ROOM - DAY

Rachel sits in a stall, looking at her hands. There are slight uncontrollable tremors in her fingers and the sight of the affliction is both familiar and unsettling to her.

RACHEL
Get it together, Rachel...

She rises from the stall, washes her, face in the sink, and looks at herself in the mirror...

RACHEL
Get it to--

The face of the *Stranger* appears in the glass. Rachel spins and finds him standing in a corner, calm, cool. Watching and waiting. There are no other women in the room and it fills with an eerie silence. Rachel pulls a WHISTLE from a cord around her neck and blows, but no sound is emitted.

THE STRANGER
You don't realize what you've done, do you?

He speaks with a rich, articulate, haunting cadence. Not moving toward her, he instead fills his pipe with tobacco and lights up.

THE STRANGER

Silly girl. You write about the power of ideas and yet you fail to comprehend the horrible power of your own.

Rachel forgets about the whistle, grabs her keys, and clenches her fist around them, each key tip forming a sharp point between each knuckle.

The Stranger reaches into a worn leather pouch and produces a sheaf of papers.

THE STRANGER

When you put something like this into the world, so hundreds, thousands, millions have access to it...

RACHEL

(recognizes her paper)
Where did you get that?

THE STRANGER

My printer. One button gives me a copy of anything I find of value on the Internet...

RACHEL

That can't be right... It's not...

THE STRANGER

Your ideas are not original, just dangerous.
(significantly)
They'll come for you. Are you ready for that?
(threateningly?)
What will you do when they come?

He moves around her, blocking her path the door. He steps toward her, raising his hand as if to strike! Rachel SHOUTS at the door...

RACHEL

HELP ME!

INT. PSYCH BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Jim is at the fountain, drinking. The machine makes an ungodly noise as it pumps water to the spigot. *Is this noise real or somehow distorted specifically for Jim?* Unfortunately for Rachel, the halls are otherwise deserted...

INT. WOMEN'S REST ROOM - DAY

The Stranger smiles and steps back, regarding her shaking hands and pale face...

THE STRANGER

Look at you. Terrified. Poor thing... You know nothing of terror.

RACHEL

HELP ME!

INT. PSYCH BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

This time Jim hears her and rushes for the rest room door...

INT. WOMEN'S REST ROOM - DAY

The Stranger sets the copy of her paper on the edge of the sink and dons his hat.

THE STRANGER

You are forewarned. Be *en garde*. They'll be looking for you. Your *monsters*...

He exits. Rachel becomes dizzy and eases herself to her knees, using the sink as support. As she does, the sheaf of papers spills to the tile floor. Fighting the feelings of disorientation, she focuses on the pages... And can see the words she just presented in Killian's class...

Jim pushes into the women's room and hurries to Rachel's aid.

JIM

What happened?!

RACHEL

Did you see him?!

JIM

See who?

RACHEL
He just left...!

JIM
Who?

Rachel-clutches her knees and starts rocking back and forth.

RACHEL
The one... The one from before... The man
from class...

JIM
There was nobody...

RACHEL
IT WAS HIM!

She gathers together the fallen pages and presents them to Jim
as "evidence."

RACHEL
See?! He had this! He had my paper! How
did he get my paper?

Jim tries to comfort her...

JIM
Baby, anybody could have gotten that...

She shoots him a look - "*How?*"

JIM
I posted it on the school website a
couple days ago...

RACHEL
You *what*?

JIM
I do it all the time with the papers from
Killian's class...

RACHEL
This was ME. Did I say it was all
right...?

JIM
Babe...

RACHEL
Don't fucking "babe" me.

He touches her, but she violently pushes his hand away, stands, and storms out of the room...

RACHEL
You go to hell.

INT. CAMPUS POLICE STATION - DAY

A FEMALE CAMPUS COP takes down information given to her by Rachel, who proves an excellent witness...

RACHEL
...about forty years old, black hair, dark brown skin, broad face, bright blue eyes... He's Australian, an Aborigine, but he may have been educated here or in England. The accent was strange... About five-five, a hundred and forty pounds, jeans, sheepskin jacket, smoked a pipe...

FEMALE CAMPUS COP
Okay, okay. I think that's enough.

RACHEL
Sorry. It's just very vivid for me right now...

FEMALE CAMPUS COP
You did great, Rachel. We're really trying to crack down on these dicks who hang around the ladies' rooms... Friggin' pervs.

RACHEL
I don't think he's like that...

FEMALE CAMPUS COP
'Scuse me?

RACHEL

It was *me*. He was trying to scare *me*.

FEMALE CAMPUS COP

(not getting it)

Tellin' you you were special, that kind of thing?

RACHEL

This wasn't sexual, it...

FEMALE CAMPUS COP

It's *always* sexual with these creeps.

(doubting her?)

You didn't do nothin' to lead him on, did you?

RACHEL

Excuse me?

FEMALE CAMPUS COP

Nothin'.

Rachel feels another wave of dizziness and sees her fingers tremble.

RACHEL

Can I have some water?

The Female Cop procures her a glass as Rachel empties a couple of pills from a prescription bottle. As she drinks them down, the Female Cop inquires...

FEMALE CAMPUS COP

What's that you're taking?

RACHEL

What difference does it make?

FEMALE CAMPUS COP

Well, if...

RACHEL

I'm going now.

Rachel stands, steadies herself, and makes her way out structure, and from her point-of-view, its fluorescent ceiling lights abnormally glow and buzz...

FEMALE CAMPUS COP
(skeptical)
We'll keep an eye out for your
Aborigine...

EXT. CAMPUS POLICE STATION - DUSK

Rachel fumbles with the keys to her car and tries to stay focused...

RACHEL
(like a mantra)
Keep it together, keep it together...

She looks up and sees swirling clouds turn crimson from the last rays of the setting sun...

EXT. WOODS NEAR CAMPUS - NIGHT

Deep in a heavily wooded area, hidden from roads or trails, is the Stranger. He sits at a campfire, eating a simple, healthy meal. He is surrounded by Aboriginal totems, charms, and artifacts. They hang from branches, rest on stones, and rise from the earth. A small tent has been pitched and a sleeping bag unrolled. Incongruously present are a satellite phone, power book, and modem. The Stranger stokes the fire and begins to sprinkle the contents of a pouch around the perimeter of his campground. He too notices the blood-colored sky and begins to CHANT in his native tongue...

EXT. APARTMENT~BUILDING - NIGHT

Rachel exits her parked car and heads up the stairs to her apartment. She slows down when she hears LOUD MUSIC and VOICES coming from behind *her* door... She shuts her eyes and exhales, *knowing* what - or who - she's going to find inside...

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel is first met by the sound of feedback-drenched Sonic Youth pumping through her overburdened speakers, followed by the strong scent of marijuana smoke...

IN THE LIVING ROOM... She finds Jim partying with a skinny junkie punk - MORRIS - and his scary/intense girlfriend, PEGGY, who just happens to be Rachel's sister. Peggy rises and opens her arms for a big hug...

PEGGY
Hey little sister!

Peggy stumbles across the room and forces Rachel into a too close embrace.

PEGGY
(stoned, drunk)
Little Rachel, Little Rachel, Lit-Uhl Ray-Chul...

Rachel pulls away and drastically turns down the volume on the stereo.

MORRIS
(complaining)
Heeeeeyyy!

RACHEL
If you don't like it, Morris, you can leave.

MORRIS
(to Peggy)
Cunt.

RACHEL
(sarcastic, to Peggy)
I'm so glad he's still in your life, Peggy. You must be so happy.

MORRIS
Cunt-cunt-cunt.

PEGGY
(to Morris)
Shut the fuck up, dickhead.

MORRIS
She treats us like shit. Every time.

RACHEL

And why would that be, Morris? Maybe
'cause the last time you were here you
stole five hundred dollars from my purse,
then trashed my car and left it in a
ditch?

Morris takes a deep bong hit and blows the smoke at Rachel.

PEGGY
(tries to make nice)
That was a year ago... `Lots happened in
a year...

RACHEL
(to Jim, angry)
Can I talk to you? *Privately?*

Pretty stoned, Jim moves to the kitchen. As Rachel join him,
Peggy whispers to her...

PEGGY
(re Jim)
He is *fine*. Fuckin' *fine*. Bet he's
got a goddamn donkey dick... Does he?

RACHEL
Give me a minute, Peggy.

Peggy nods, smiles, and falls into the lap of Morris, who blows
pot smoke into her mouth and french-kisses her.

IN THE KITCHEN, in hushed tones, Rachel lets Jim have it...

RACHEL
Who said you could come in here?! And I
don't even want to talk about letting
them in...

JIM
She's your *sister*.

RACHEL
It's my decision, not yours.

JIM
(explaining himself)
I came here to see you, to apologize,

okay? When I got here, they were ready to break.. your door down, so I used my key. I thought it was best.

RACHEL
Okay, okay...

Coming from her bedroom, Rachel hears what can only be a BABY CRYING and her face goes pale...

RACHEL
No. Please. No...

Rachel pushes past Jim... And IN HER BEDROOM she finds Peggy nursing a two-month-old INFANT from her breast. Rachel is stunned. Honest-to-goodness shocked and saddened. Oblivious to her sister's reaction, Peggy bouncily makes introductions...

PEGGY
Jake, this is your Aunt Rachel. Aunt Rachel, this is little Jake...
(explains)
He is two months, two days old. I had him in Texas, when we were in Austin... Don't tell Morris, but it's not even his.

Peggy laughs and lights a cigarette. Rachel looks like deer caught in headlights.

RACHEL
You think you should be doing that?

PEGGY
What?

RACHEL
Breast-feed him.

PEGGY
(defensively, drunk)
Oh, Rachel, I'm pretty fuckin' clean now. I only had a couple beers and a quick hit... I don't do the hard shit no more. `Sides, he seems t'be okay... Don'tcha little fucker? My cute little fucker...

RACHEL

Don't call him that.

PEGGY
He don't know what I'm sayin'...

RACHEL
What do you want Peggy? Why are you here?
Peggy returns Jake to his makeshift crib
and covers her
breast.

PEGGY
We need a place to crash for a few days.
Morris's got some special shit to sell a
guy comin' in from Toronto...

RACHEL
I can't have that kind of thing here. No
way. You know that.

PEGGY
(calculatingly)
We got no place to go, little sister.
/Your nephew/'s got no place...

Rachel knows her sister is manipulating her, but doesn't care.
She moves to a specific book on a shelf, pulls out three hundred
dollar bills, and hands them to Peggy.

RACHEL
Go to a motel.

PEGGY
Thanks, baby. You're a doll. I'll pay you
back...

Rachel shoots her a look - "*Yeah, right.*"

PEGGY
No, really... This stuff Morris scored,
it's the next fuckin' wave. Acid, Ex,
Crystal - it's all bullshit. From this
moment on...

RACHEL
I don't care.

She starts to walkout, but Peggy asks...

PEGGY

Hey Rachel? You wouldn't want to watch
Jake for a few days, would you?

Rachel startles us with her cool response...

RACHEL

He's your baby, Peggy. Not mine. Your
responsibility.
(checks the time)
I have to go somewhere, but I'll be back
by nine. When I come back, I want you and
Morris gone.

PEGGY

Okay, okay, I get it...

RACHEL

Good.

And with that, Rachel exits.

PEGGY

Rachel? Love you...

But Rachel's already gone.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CAMPUS - NIGHT

The Stranger sits in a circle-within-a-circle he's mapped out on
the earth. He has stripped down to a loin cloth and has painted
himself white with a lizard on his chest. Outside the circle,
the woods are engulfed in FOG, tree limbs barely
recognizable... But what strikes us as truly spooky, however,
are the SOUNDS. Distorted, disjointed sounds. Like hellish
beasts out for blood, the earth ripping open, human cries of
anguish...

But there is nothing to be seen.

Trying to stay calm, but clearly concerned, the Stranger fills
his pipe with a weird mixture of herbs, inhales the smoke and
continues his CHANT. As his eyes roll back into his head, we see
within the circle, in a place of prominence, his leather

satchel. As his eyes come back to front, they are crimson with bright white centers.

FREDDY O.S.

Are we ready for my entrance?

The fog swirls around the circle and becomes blood red in hue. The SOUNDS intensify and, trembling with terror, tears fall from the Stranger's eyes.

FREDDY O.S.

Ladies and gentlemen, without further ado... The maestro of malevolence, the dean of demonhood, the captain of creepology...

The fog swirls into a funnel cloud. It splits trees, tears up earth, and howls with rage... Instantly, it settles. And standing right outside the Stranger's circle is none other than...

FREDDY KRUEGER.

FREDDY

Me. Widdle old me.

He grins, hisses, and extends his arm, revealing the gleaming razor-sharp talons of his leather glove.

FREDDY

(to the Stranger)

You look scared Tommy. Do I scare you?
Hmm?

Freddy SLASHES with his glove, but when the razors approach the Stranger, it's as though they strike an invisible wall rising from the circle. SPARKS FLY and Freddy steps back.

FREDDY

Oh, you're good. You're really good. Brah-Vo.

Freddy tips his hat and seethes. As if his life depended upon it, the Stranger desperately continues his chant.

FREDDY

(mimicking him)

Blah-blah-blah-blah-bluh-bluh-bluh...
(improvising his own chant)
I'm so scared, gonna wet my pants, I'm so
scared, gonna wet my pants...

Freddy starts to dance a ring-around-the-rosie, holding hands
with *himself* as he circles the Stranger...

FREDDY
(malevolently)
Ring-around-the rosie, a pocketful of
posies...
chants...

The Stranger is terrified. He chants and chants and chants...

FREDDY
...Ashes, ashes...

Freddy's movements form a cyclone of blood-red fire around the
Stranger's circle.

He's so scared, the Stranger stops chanting. Freddy stands
still, becoming a single entity, storms the invisible "wall" and
breaks through! Vein-like flashes of energy try to ensnare his
neck, but Freddy pushes forward, until he's nose-to-nose with
the Stranger...

FREDDY
We all fall down.

The poor Stranger SCREAMS as Freddy grins and raises the razor
glove...

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Rachel's car is parked outside a small, trendy, upscale office
complex. Only a few lights are burning at this hour.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rachel sits on a sofa across from her doctor and therapist,

DR. DONNA VILLA-LOBOS. Donna is a wise, brilliant, handsome
woman in her mid-fifties. Candles burn and incense glows. Donna
favors natural fabrics, folk art, and never lets you escape her
probing eyes... Which is what Rachel's trying to do right now.

DONNA

... Do you remember your last thought
before you passed out?

Rachel shakes her head "no." Donna doesn't relent.

DONNA

Hank Killian told me it was something
about Jason Voorhees and Fred Krueger...

RACHEL

(amused)

Hank?

DONNA

Students still calling him "The Killer?"

Rachel nods.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Well I remember when he was "Little Hanky
Panky."

Rachel laughs. A welcome relief from her current stressed-out
state.

DONNA

Don't tell him I told you that, okay?
He's liable to tell you about me.

RACHEL

(answering her question)

I was talking about Monsters. Before I
blacked out...

DONNA

Your thesis.

Rachel nods.

DONNA

(familiar with her premise)

The harm imaginary monsters can do to the
psyche... Especially a child's...

Rachel's eyes drift away, her focus and attention span seemingly disjointed...

DONNA

Rachel, where are you right now? What are you thinking of?

RACHEL

Peggy... Peggy's baby...

DONNA

You worried about him?

Rachel kind of shrugs. Unwilling to commit to a response.

DONNA

Isn't what you told Peggy right? The child is *her* responsibility? That's what you believe, isn't it?

Rachel's eyes lose focus, her hands shake, and she starts to shiver... For a moment, it looks like she's going to pass out again, but Donna cracks open a capsule under her nose and Rachel regains clarity. Donna eases Rachel back onto the couch, rests her head on a pillow, and fetches a glass of water. As Rachel drinks, Donna asks...

DONNA

On a scale of one to ten, how bad was that?

RACHEL

Five... Six.

DONNA

Still thinking about Peggy's baby?

Rachel shakes her head and explains...

RACHEL

The man... From the seminar...

DONNA

The man who accosted you?

RACHEL

He was here... He...

DONNA
It's a borderline hallucination,
Rachel... It's part of you...

RACHEL
(inaudible to Donna)
He's dead. He's dead. He's dead...

Rachel begins rocking back and forth. Worried, Donna readies a syringe and injects Rachel with the contents. Within moments, Rachel is clear, level-headed, and calm.

RACHEL
(greatly relieved)
God. What`is that???

DONNA
It's what I want to try next. I don't
think the Hytenexoft is working...

RACHEL
Neither do I...
(sits up, eager)
I want this.

Donna shows her a container of pills.

DONNA
It's called Somnazac. We just received
approval for trial and I want you to be
part of the study.

RACHEL
Sign me up.

DONNA
Look, I just gave you a very potent
dose... It doesn't work this quickly
every time.

RACHEL
I don't care.

DONNA
Okay. But it works differently than what
you're used to... Hytenexoft suppresses

the disturbing dreams...

RACHEL
Ineffectively.

DONNA
For *you*, yes.
(significantly, re the drug)
Somnazac encourages them...

RACHEL
(frightened)
What? Donna, you know what they do to
me...

Donna takes Rachel's hand and calmly explains...

DONNA
It's okay. You're a hyper-vivid dreamer,
right? If this were 2000 B.C., you'd be
looked at as a visionary. Prophesying the
future. But this is 2000 A.D. and all it
means is that you've got a lot of
repressed shit in there. The problem is
it's not happy staying in dreamland. It
keeps reminding you it's there even when
you're awake.

RACHEL
Then why add fuel to the fire?

DONNA
Good analogy, really... You know how in a
forest fire, they'll start backfires to
control the one they're trying to stop?
Rachel nods.

DONNA
That's what Somnazac allows you to do.
You can intentionally generate dreams to
help stop the demons.
(re the vial of pills)
It creates and magnifies a state of
intense lucid dreaming. When you're
asleep, you'll know when you go into
dream state. And you'll have at your
disposal the entire breadth and width of

your imagination. An arsenal of thought.
(reassuring her)
And if the seizures come when you're
awake... it switches you into a lucid
"control mode." You can literally think
think away the attack.

Rachel accepts the vial of Somnazac from Donna.

RACHEL
(curious, intrigued)
What about side effects?

DONNA
Weight loss...

RACHEL
Aw, too bad...

DONNA
...Dehydration - you have to drink a lot
of water - extra sensitivity to taste,
touch, smells... And complete loss of
hair from the body.

Rachel looks at her with dread.

DONNA
Just kidding.
(shares a smile with Rachel)
There's only one thing you have to be
extremely careful of...
(makes sure Rachel's listening)
You have to stop *all other* medication. The
hytenexoft, the
birth control pills, the allergy
capsules.... All of it. No
over-the-counter stuff, either. And if
you're taking vitamins
or herbal supplements, I want a list.

RACHEL
Jee-sus.

DONNA
This is serious stuff, Rachel. Treat it
with respect. I want you to call me twice

a day, every day. Morning and evening.
And we'll see each other three times a week.

RACHEL
Whatever you say.

DONNA
Good girl.

RACHEL
Can I start tonight?

Donna hands her a sheet with the drug protocols on it.

DONNA
We should wait for the Hytenexoft to be out of your system, but... Let's get you started. It'll just take longer for you to gain full control of the lucid state. Tomorrow morning take the first ten milligrams.

RACHEL
Nothing tonight?

DONNA
No, sweetie, I'm sorry. Just... try too get a good night's sleep. Simple words. But they fill Rachel with dread...

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A filthy van sits outside a small room in the rear of the motel compound.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A simple, functional, clean place with two twin beds, cable TV, and a bathroom. Beer bottles and butt-filled ashtrays litter the floor. As Peggy sings to baby Jake, Morris and Jim sit on the edge of one of the beds, sharing a joint. Laid out in front of them are a selection of pills, tablets, powders, rocks, and capsules.

MORRIS

(hawking his wares)
... Good old-fashioned blotter acid,
crystal meth, some excellent uppers -
just-like the old Black Beauties - real
honest-to-goodness `ludes...
(saving the best for last)
...And the shit they'll all be talking
out next year - *Meskie-Mex*.
You heard it here first, Jim. Ted Koppel,
Mike Wallace, Jane Pauley... They'll all
be
on the fuckin' TV askin', "Where did this
new drug scourge come from?" *Me*. Morris
Oliver Wilson, that's who. Importer
extraordinaire.
(proudly)
/Mescahedraline Anthropophylax./ A
hallucinogenic so strong you're fucking
one-hundred percent convinced the shit
you see is *real*. I'm not talkin', "Wow!
Look at the colors!," I'm talking *Alice*
In Wonderland time. And you swear to
god, you are Tweedle-Dee.

JIM
(apprehensive)
Sounds scary...

PEGGY
(an advocate, helping the sale)
Oh no, dude. It's like living in a
fuckin' *dream*.

MORRIS
No after-effects, no hangover... And they
don't even know what to look for in a
urine test! I met this ex-con down in
Oaxaca, aid he turned me onto this crazy
old doctor livin' in the jungle. Swear to
god, *livin' in the uncle*. This is his
baby. I'm just the ambassador.

JIM
What're you asking?

MORRIS
Well, Jim, my man, tomorrow I meet with

this dude who's gonna take over all northern and eastern distribution. You buy from him, it's at least five hundred a gram.

JIM
Shit.

MORRIS
For you, though, buddy? Two bills.

PEGGY
And you only need, like, an eighth to get really fucked-up.

The baby starts crying and Morris looks at Peggy with annoyance. Unperturbed, Jim pulls out a money clip.

JIM
Give me two grams.

MORRIS
You want to make it three for five hundred?

JIM
Done.

MORRIS
Fuckin' A. You're gonna see things you've never even imagined, dude. This shit is monster.

Like an expert pharmacist, Morris counts out twelve small tablets.

MORRIS
(a serious warning)
Whatever you do, don't break these down to shoot it or snort it. Just swallow the fuckin' pill. The body needs time to absorb this sucker. Otherwise...

JIM
What?

MORRIS

Reeeeeaaaaalllllly bad trip, dude, take it from me.

And Jim hands over five crisp hundred dollar bills...

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

As Jim drives off, we realize we are watching the motel from the nearby WOODS, our perspective that of something specific...
Someone specific. Watching, waiting...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

As the television set broadcasts in-room porn and a boom box blasts Nine Inch Nails, a stoned Morris stares glassy-eyed at the emotionally devoid sex acts on the tiny video screen. He's in briefs and a "Just Say No" t-shirt. On the other twin bed, baby Jake sleeps as a barely alert Peggy swallows another Quaalude and chases it with a beer.

POUND-POUND-POUND! An angry neighbor pounding on the wall? Morris pays it no heed. POUND-POUND-POUND!

PEGGY
(speech garbled)
...'s gonna wake th' baby...

Morris POUNDS right back...

MORRIS
(screaming at the wall)
IT'S TWENTY BUCKS A NIGHT, ASSHOLE. WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

Baby Jake immediately starts crying, but Peggy's barely able to keep her eyes open, let alone comfort him.

PEGGY
Ssshhh... Ssshhh...

But Jake cries and cries...

MORRIS
Shut that maggot up, y'hear me, Peggy?!

PEGGY
Sssssshhh... Y'make Morris mad...

POUND-POUND-POUND! It comes from the opposite wall. POUND-POUND-POUND! This time from the ceiling! Morris looks every which way as the SOUND of the pounding emanates from everywhere and nowhere. It stops, but is soon followed by a TAP-TAP-TAP at the door. Morris stumbles to the peep-hole and bellows...

MORRIS
Go th'fuck away!

But when he peers through the peep-hole, no one is there. Morris pulls back the curtain and checks the window... The parking lot is empty. He moves to a suitcase, pulls out a HANDGUN, hides it behind his back and opens the door. He looks left, looks right... Nothing. He shuts the door, bolts, and locks it.

He rests the gun on the television set and covers his ears to drown out the sound of Jake's cries. When he notices Peggy has passed out, he regards her with disgust and the baby with extreme annoyance.

He retreats to the BATHROOM where he takes a piss, washes his face, and stares at himself in the mirror... JAKE'S CRIES go on and on...

MORRIS
This is a nightmare. My life is a fucking nightmare...
(an outburst to the other room)
PEGGY, SHUT THAT KID UP!
(sinister, to himself)
Or I'll do it myself.

When he returns to the SLEEPING AREA, Peggy is utterly unconscious and the baby still desperate for attention. Morris sneers at little Jake, then glances at the gun...

MORRIS
Hey, Jakey, let's play a little game...

He steps toward the weapon... SOMETHING FLASHES IN FRONT OF HIS FACE! It takes us - and Morris - a moment to realize what it is...

The gleaming blade of a MACHETE. It's a millimeter from Morris's nose, the tip imbedded in the wall. Morris looks left, and sees

A BIG, POWERFUL MAN, face and body in shadow, holding the handle.

MORRIS

Jesus Fuckin' Christ!
The Man pulls the machete from the wall,
steps into the
light, and gently shakes his head "no."
Not Jesus Fuckin'
Christ...

JASON VOORHEES. Wearing dark coveralls, boots, and signature HOCKEY MASK.

Interestingly, Baby Jake has stopped crying...

Morris lunges for the gun! Boy, that machete is sharp. It chops off Morris's right hand like a hot knife through butter. He barely has a moment to register the sight of his bloody stump or the severed hand on the floor before JASON SWINGS, like a golfer teeing off, and SLICES Morris's left leg at mid-calf. Morris instantly drops to the carpet. SWISH! His right foot comes clean off. MORRIS SCREAMS AND SCREAMS! *Just like a baby...*

In shock, rapidly losing blood, Morris makes a desperate attempt to grab the fallen gun. *That was stupid.* THWACK! Off comes the other hand.

Morris's shivering, pale form lies on the floor like a doll who's lost most of its parts. Standing over him, Jason takes the machete and cuts open the BAG OF DRUGS. Using the tip of the blade to force open Morris's mouth, Jason begins to insert the contents of the bag down Morris's throat.

PEGGY O.S.

Baby... Wha'sss wrong?

On the other bed, Peggy's drug-altered eyes come into focus... *And find Jason.* If it's at all possible to convey, his hockey-masked face regards her with contempt. The machete is raised... And Peggy doesn't even have time to scream. As we listen to the horrific sounds of Jason's machete at work, we linger on the helpless form of baby Jake...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sleeping alone, Rachel is clearly in the throes of a troubled, nightmare-filled sleep... IN A SERIES OF DISSOLVES, we watch her toss and turn, A SERIES OF SUPERIMPOSED IMAGES PASSING BY... Jim, Killian, Peggy, Morris, Donna, the Stranger, baby Jake... And finally the slide projector images of Jason and Freddy....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rachel bolts upright in bed, sweating, shivering. She hurries out of bed, searches for her PURSE, finds the vial of SOMNAZAC PILLS, and eagerly swallows her first dose. There is a KNOCK at the door and Rachel wearily, shakily asks without opening...

RACHEL
Who is it?

MAN'S VOICE
Rachel Daniels?

RACHEL
Yes...?

MAN'S VOICE
Miss Daniels, it's the police. Would you open the door, please?

Rachel unlocks the door, but not the chain latch. She looks out and sees a kind-faced, middle-aged DETECTIVE standing outside her door. Behind him is a UNIFORM COP. The detective, JOHN NEWELL, smiles and shows her his i.d.

NEWELL
Miss Daniels, I'm Detective Newell, this is Officer Rice.

Rachel is beginning to sense that something awful has happened...

NEWELL
Do you have a sister named Margaret?

A FLASH IMAGE OF GRISLY BUTCHERY invades Rachel's consciousness. She steps back, loses all sense of balance, and passes out, hitting the floor hard.

NEWELL
Miss Daniels?! Rachel...?
(turns to Rice, hands him keys)
I got a pair of bolt cutters in my trunk.
Grab `em.

As Rice runs to the car, Newell watches Rachel's body spasm on the floor...

NEWELL
(worried reassurance)
You hang in there, Rachel... You're gonna be okay...

And just as quickly as it came, the seizure ends. Rachel regains consciousness and sits up. Just as Rice returns, she rises and undoes the chain...

NEWELL
(not sure what to make of that)
Thank you...

Rachel leans against the wall and stares blankly ahead...

RACHEL
She's dead.

Newell freezes. He sure as hell doesn't know what to make of Rachel at all...

INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Officer Rice waits at the door as Newell and Rachel have coffee.

Newell takes meticulous notes and often asks himself silent questions before speaking them aloud (a character tic)...

NEWELL
Did you know your sister was a drug dealer?

Rachel's eyes are red from crying.

RACHEL
Morris was the dealer. Peggy was just along for the ride.

NEWELL
Do you take drugs?

RACHEL
I never have and I never will. I don't even drink.

There is something so matter-of-fact about what she's said, Newell knows she's telling the truth.

NEWELL
Good for you.

Instinctively, Newell likes Rachel, but he's concerned for her and suspects there's more to her than meets the eye...

NEWELL
We found another man's fingerprints on a beer bottle inside the room...

RACHEL
They were expecting a dealer... From Toronto... But that wasn't for a couple of days...

NEWELL
I doubt it was him...

Rachel looks at Newell - "Why?"

NEWELL
This was murder, plain and simple. Probably a revenge killing. They may have pissed off the wrong person. Pardon my language.
(explains)
The killer didn't take the drugs. They were force fed down the boyfriend's throat. He was still alive for that...

RACHEL
What did he do to Peggy?

NEWELL
This was a really brutal attack. Cruel. Like a... *punishment*.

RACHEL
Tell me.

NEWELL
(hesitant, but feels she has
the right to know)
The killer cut your sister open...

Newell gestures at his own body, miming a cut from his sternum
to his crotch.

NEWELL
Deep. Then he...
(this is difficult for him)
He... took the baby and put him inside
your sister's body. Like he wanted to put
it back. We're lucky somebody heard the
screams and called the cops. Jake could
have drowned in his own mother's blood.

Rachel trembles at the thought... But doesn't move into seizure-
mode. The new medication is already working. A CELL PHONE RINGS
and Newell answers...

NEWELL
This is Newell.
(listens)
Where?
(listens)
You confirmed that with campus security?
(listens, instructs)
Contain the scene. I'll be there in
fifteen minutes.

Newell hangs up and chooses his words carefully...

NEWELL
Rachel? Is it all right if I call you
Rachel?

She nods.

NEWELL
I'd like you to come with me.

She looks at him curiously.

NEWELL
Another body was found.

RACHEL
Who?

Newell wants to get moving...

NEWELL
We'll talk about that on the way...

EXT. WOODS NEAR CAMPUS - DAY

A HANDFUL OF COPS and the COUNTY CORONER have cordoned off the remote section of forest where the Stranger was killed by Freddy. Newell's car parks on a nearby service road. He and Rachel exit and they have to trek through thick brush to reach the site. They're greeted by OFFICER MICKLIN, who fills in Newell...

OFFICER MICKLIN
Forest ranger saw smoke from a campfire
and went to check it out...
Micklin steps under the CRIME SCENE tape
and leads Newell
toward a tarp-covered BODY. Newell
instructs Rachel to wait
outside the taped area...

NEWELL
You wait here for me, okay?

Rachel nods and surveys the scene, something about it chilling her to the marrow...

Inside the cordoned-off area, we see what gives this crime scene a distinctly peculiar feel - a twenty-foot wide circle of SCORCHED EARTH surrounds the corpse, the burned area beginning and ending with razor-sharp precision.

OFFICER MICKLIN
You ever see anything like this?
Newell shakes his head "no," kneels, puts
on gloves, and
pulls back the tarp, revealing the corpse
of the Stranger.

FIVE DEEP WOUNDS have eviscerated him from his gut to his neck, nearly decapitating him in the final stroke.

NEWELL
Holy God...

The female coroner, JACQUI DUPREE, shakes her head and confers with Newell...

JACQUI
Three murders in one night, John. I left this kind of shit back in New Orleans.

NEWELL
Hi Jacqui.

JACQUI
Hi yourself.
(re the corpse)
His name is Thomas Ezekiel Smith.
(motions toward a pile of evidence bags)
They found his passport. Australian.
Arrived in New York three days ago. Don't ask me nothin' more, 'cause I don't know nothin' more.

Newell has plenty to ask...

NEWELL
What kind of weapon does that?

JACQUI
Knives. Long, thin, razor-sharp.

NEWELL
(emphasizing the plural)
Knives?

JACQUI
If I were a betting woman - and Vegas knows I am - I'd say the cuts occurred simultaneously... Like five knives moving at once...

NEWELL

(thinking out loud)
/Maybe some kind of ritual thing...?/

JACQUI
(nods at Rachel)
Who's she?

NEWELL
A link.

Newell covers the Stranger's body with the tarp, but leaves the head exposed. He stands, escorts Rachel past the tape, and shows her the man's dead face. Rachel instantly turns away, but her recognition is apparent.

NEWELL
This is the man who approached you on campus?

Rachel nods.

NEWELL
And you had never seen him before? Didn't know him?

She shakes her head "no."

RACHEL
He... He read my paper. On the Internet...

NEWELL
What paper is that?

RACHEL
My Psychology thesis... Prep for my dissertation...

Newell covers the face of the Stranger.

RACHEL
Can I see him now? My nephew? Please?

He nods and signals Jacqui she can take away the body.

JACQUI
You catch the son-of-a-bitch, John. I

don't like these things happenin' in my
backyard.

NEWELL
Who does?

He rises and takes Rachel back to his car...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A college-affiliated medical center near campus.

INT. HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC WING - DAY

Baby Jake rests in a bassinet receiving much attention from the nursing staff. Apparently, he is happy and healthy. Rachel and Newell observe from the HALLWAY through a thick window...

RACHEL
(guiltily)
I could've let them stay...

NEWELL
Don't do that to yourself. They were
playing a dangerous game. Just be glad
you're alive...
(nods at Jake)
And that he's all right. The nurses told
me there wasn't a scratch on him...

Rachel looks at Newell as he regards Jake's happy little form. Newell has deep, sensitive eyes and a soulful face. He's a comforting presence for her...

MAN O.S.
Detective Newell?

He and Rachel turn to see a harried, overworked young social worker, PAUL GODFRIED, carrying a bursting briefcase...

GODFRIED
Paul Godfried from Social Services.

He and Newell shake hands and Godfried turns to Rachel...

GODFRIED
You're the child's aunt?

(checks a note pad)
Rachel Daniels?

RACHEL
(nods)
Yes.

GODFRIED
Will you be taking temporary custody?

A question Rachel never saw coming...

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Newell's police-issue sedan cruises through town.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Newell's at the wheel and he keeps glancing in the rear-view mirror... That's because Rachel is in the back seat, cradling the sleeping Jake in her arms. Next to her is a "care package" from the hospital filled with diapers, formula, clothes, etc. Rachel is tired and shaken, but is doing her damned best to provide comfort to the infant.

NEWELL
You sure you're going to be okay?

RACHEL
I'm only taking him to my parents in Westchester... How hard can that be?

NEWELL
It's a long drive.

RACHEL
I've got friends coming with...

Newell nods, mildly reassured.

NEWELL
I spoke to your father today... /I hate making those calls.../ I guess he can't come down right now...

RACHEL
They've got some big dinner... It's

really important for my dad's business...

NEWELL

You think they'd want to come down...

RACHEL

Yeah, you would, wouldn't you?

It's clear Rachel doesn't approve of her parents' decision, then feels guilty and wants to explain...

RACHEL

Peggy gave them a lot of trouble... They pretty much disowned her a long time ago...

NEWELL

(sensitively)
Look, you don't have to explain...
(wants to change the subject)
So you'll be back when?

RACHEL

Thursday or Friday.

NEWELL

I'll need to talk to you more...

Rachel understands. Newell reaches into his suit pocket and hands her a card...

NEWELL

That has every number on it. Pager, cell phone, office, home. If you think of anything, see anyone makes you uncomfortable, or if you just want to talk, call me. Any time. Day or night.

RACHEL

Thank you.

Newell smiles and they make eye contact in the rear view mirror. Each looks away, both uncomfortable with whatever might be "connecting" them...

RACHEL

Do you have children?

NEWELL
(shakes his head)
No.

It's easy to feel the regret and disappointment in his voice.

NEWELL
My wife had a number of health problems
that, um, prevented us from having
kids...

RACHEL
You're married.

NEWELL
No. Not anymore. She passed away...

RACHEL
I'm sorry.

Thankfully for Newell, they've arrived at Rachel's apartment building. He does not like talking about this...

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carrying the baby supplies, Newell follows Rachel inside. She rests the sleeping Jake on the couch, turns on every light in the living room and dining room, switches on the TV, and plays music - all to give the place "life."

NEWELL
When do you leave?

RACHEL
As soon as my friends get here.

NEWELL
Okay, then...

Something in his gut tells him not to leave her alone, but... He has to go.

NEWELL
You've got my card, right?

RACHEL

Yeah...

NEWELL
Any time, Rachel.
(extends his hand)
My name is John, by the way. You call me
John.

RACHEL
Thank you. John.

They shake hands and Detective Newell exits.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Newell carries on a barely audible conversation with himself as
he heads out of the building...

NEWELL
*Jesus Christ, John, she's twenty-two
years old...*

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rachel too has some choice words for herself...

RACHEL
God, he's as old as daddy...

She checks on baby Jake, sees he's sleeping soundly, then plays
back her ANSWERING MACHINE messages...

JIM ON MACHINE
Rache, it's me. You there? Pick up. Pick
up... FUCK.

He clicks off. Rachel moves to the door and locks and chains the
thing.

DONNA ON MACHINE
(worried)
Rachel, it's Dr. Villa-Lobos. I just
found out what happened...

Not wanting to leave him out of her sight, Rachel gently lifts
the sleeping Jake and carries him to her BEDROOM.

DONNA ON MACHINE

Are you all right? Rachel, listen to me. You will phone me when you get this message.

She switches on a light and takes a quick trip to the BATHROOM - always keeping a watchful eye on the baby.

DONNA ON MACHINE

You may not fully realize how this can effect you. You think you can deal with it, but you can't. Not without help. You were closer to Peggv then you imagine...

As Rachel uses the toilet, we LINGER on her BED... *Something is underneath the sheets. Two lumps, one still, one moving...*

DONNA ON MACHINE

I'm not sure this is the best time to start new medication...

IN THE BATHROOM, standing at the sink, Rachel swallows her next dose of Somnazac and regards her pale, deadened reflection in the mirror...

DONNA ON MACHINE

I care about you, Rachel. Call me.

The MOVING LUMP heads straight for the sleeping infant... Donna hangs up and Rachel exits the bathroom. As she puts on a fresh shirt, she fails to notice SOMETHING creeping out from under the covers...

KILLIAN ON MACHINE

Miss Daniels, this is Professor Killian.

Rachel moves toward the doorway in order to better hear this seemingly important message... Missing the fact that a MENACING SHADOW creeps across the wall, created by the light cast by the bedroom lamp...

KILLIAN ON MACHINE

I'm very sorry about your sister... But...

*(strange concern in his voice)
The man they found in the woods... His name was just released... And... I knew*

him. Not personally...
Only by reputation...
(explains)
Thirty years ago in London, his wife and
daughter were butchered. He was to be
brought in for questioning, but Thomas
Smith vanished off-the face of the earth.
(gravely)
He came out of hiding to talk to you...

The machine clicks to the next call...

AMELIA
Rache, it's Meelie, It's five-thirty.
Greta and I are leaving and we should be
there by six... Hang in there, baby. Love
you.

The machine clicks off. No more messages. Rachel checks the
clock - 5:58. *Good, she'll soon have help with...*

When she turns to check on Jake, she sees something about the
size and shape of a croissant, curled up next, to him,
underneath the blanket, *breathing...*

Rachel carefully, calmly, lifts Jake and holds him tight to her
breast. She pulls a can of PEPPER SPRAY from her purse, then
swiftly pulls the blanket off the bed...

Sitting in the center of the mattress is a LIZARD. Rachel moves
to hit it with the spray, but stops. This creature is *beautiful*.
A luminescent blue in color, with a soft yellow underbelly, it's
only six inches long (with an equally long tail), and absolutely
mesmerizing eyes that seem to be
"communicating" with Rachel. She pockets the pepper spray and
moves *toward* the thing. The lizard flicks its tongue and crawls
onto *something else* in the bed...

It is the LEATHER SATCHEL belonging to the Stranger. *Was it
there just a minute ago...?* Rachel is drawn to it... Still
cradling Jake, she sits on the edge of the bed and pours out the
contents...

A half dozen handwritten JOURNALS, another copy of Rachel's
paper, a handmade ABORIGINAL NECKLACE with carved wooden CHARM,
and a yellowed copy of a BOOK published in the 1960's: *DREAMTIME*
"A Jungian Analysis of Native Australian Myth and

Legend." On the back of the dust jacket is a photograph of the Stranger, about thirty-five years younger, and his "bio" - *Thomas Ezekiel Smith, Ph.D., Professor of Humanities at Oxford University. He is the recipient of numerous academic honors including the Campbell Prize awarded by the Jung Center in Vienna.*

KNOCK! KNOCK! Rachel jumps at the sound and the lizard runs off the bed, hops onto the floor, and promptly disappears under a piece of furniture. KNOCK! KNOCK! Carrying Jake, Rachel moves to the door...

AMELIA'S VOICE
(from the hall)
Rache, it's us...

Rachel unlocks the door and lets in Amelia and Greta. Watchful of Jake, Amelia hugs Rachel and asks...

AMELIA
You doing okay?

Rachel nods and shuts the door. Greta is immediately drawn to the baby...

GRETA
He's so beautiful...
(respectfully)
Can I hold him?

Amelia smiles as Rachel places baby Jake in Greta's arms, but seeks more assurance...

AMELIA
You sure you're all right?

RACHEL
I think so.

The PHONE RINGS and Rachel picks up...

RACHEL
Hello?

MRS. DANIELS
Rachel, it's mom.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel's MOTHER and FATHER are relatively affluent and prepare for their dinner party. Mrs. Daniels appears cold and hard - so different from Rachel - but MR. DANIELS seems compassionate and kind.

MRS. DANIELS

Your father talked with the police and they're going to release Margaret...
(drinks wine)
They need to keep your sister's body until the end of the inquest... But your father will take care of all that...
Getting her back here for the funeral...
(doubting)
Are you sure you can handle this? The baby...?

(INTERCUT WITH RACHEL IN HER APARTMENT)

RACHEL

Yes, mom. I can.

MRS. DANIELS

All right. Your father wants to talk to you...

MR. DANIELS

Rachie? Make sure you bring the cell phone, okay? Just in case...

RACHEL

Okay dad.

MR. DANIELS

You want me to come down? I will.

RACHEL

No, dad, it's okay. I can do it.

MR. DANIELS

I know you can. You take care, sweetheart. I love you. We both do.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They exchange goodbyes and hang up. Sitting on top of the television set is the blue lizard. It hisses and flicks its tongue. Rachel shuts her eyes, opens them... And the lizard is gone. Fast and furiously, Rachel throws together a suitcase full of clothes, toiletries, and pills. She stuffs Thomas Smith's belongings into the satchel and carries it and her suitcase into the KITCHEN.

RACHEL
I have to get out of here. Please,
Meelie, now.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rachel, Amelia, and Greta load their stuff into the trunk of Rachel's car. Rachel hands Greta the keys and she opts for the back seat with Jake. Amelia takes the passenger seat and after a few tries, Greta gets the car to start. Hidden in an alley, ANOTHER CAR switches on its lights and follows...

EXT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

We notice Newell's sedan in the parking lot...

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

Drinking a cup of coffee, Newell observes as the local medical examiner, DR. PRAAVER, moves between three tables. They contain the corpses of Peggy, Morris, and Thomas Ezekiel Smith. Also in attendance is Jacqui Dupree, trying to learn as much from Praaver as possible.

As Praaver finishes his notes and thoughts, Newell reads a copy of Rachel's paper he's taken from the Internet. He's just reading about Freddy and Jason when...

PRAAVER O.S.
John?

NEWELL
Doctor?

An intense, precise man, Praaver "instructs" Newell as to what he's discovered so far...

PRAAVER
Bear in mind, this is all premature...

NEWELL
Granted.

PRAAVER
(re Morris and Peggy, matter-of
fact)
They were killed by the same weapon. A
big, thick blade - bayonet, or a hand
scythe... Could be a machete, something
like that... The killer's tall - the cuts
come in sweeping arcs - and he's very
strong. They're deep wounds.

Newell interjects, pointing at Thomas Smith...

NEWELL
What about him ?

PRAAVER
Not the same weapon, if that's what
you're thinking...

NEWELL
I don't know what I'm thinking...

PRAAVER
(re Smith's injuries)
The weapon that did this is something
handcrafted. Each of the five blades is
like a talon... Razor-sharp. Almost
/surgical/ in construction... and
execution. I've never seen anything like
it...

Newell has to ask the question...

NEWELL
(to Praaver and Jacqui)
You ever hear of Fred Krueger?

Praaver shakes his head "no," but Jacqui instantly recognizes
the name...

JACQUI
Of course. Nobody forgets Freddy...

NEWELL

(informs Praaver)

He was responsible for a series of child murders about thirty years ago... Got off because of some kind of legal screwup and... Disappeared after that.

JACQUI

There were rumors, John...

NEWELL

(he knows)

What did you hear?

JACQUI

Oh... A little story about some parents who took it upon themselves to see Freddy got some justice.

NEWELL

Yeah, I heard that one too.

PRAAVER

What does that have to do with anything?

NEWELL

Well... I know someone who worked at a psychiatric hospital where they treat troubled teenagers. A lot of the kids were convinced Freddy was still alive. And out to get them.

PRAAVER

That's called *delusional*, John...

NEWELL

Yeah, well, more than half those kids died. Suicides, unnatural deaths.

(trying to piece it together)

Every year, we get a stack of bulletins from the FBI. Unsolved murders. And some of them have these weird m.o.'s.

(re the corpses)

Like these.

JACQUI

What're you saying?

NEWELL

I'm saying we're going to get a bunch of calls from the nuts of the world telling us this is the work of Freddy Krueger. And Jason Voorhees.

PRAAVER

(recognition)

Him I know. He killed those people at that summer camp, that...

JACQUI

(spooky voice)

Camp Crystal Lake...

PRAAVER

Chopped them up with a...

NEWELL

Machete.

JACQUI

(jaded)

You're not scaring me, John.

NEWELL

I'm not trying to. I just think it's pretty damn strange that the day a student delivers a paper where she cites Krueger and Voorhees, three people are killed. Three people who die like /this/. Three people who have some kind of connection to the student...

PRAAVER

So... Perhaps someone who knows this girl is a little *touched in the head*. And this "someone" pretends to be a dead lunatic... *Two* dead lunatics.

JACQUI

Why?

NEWELL

That's what I need to find out.

Officer Rice pops into the morgue and excitedly hands Newell a memo. Near the top is the word INTERPOL.

OFFICER RICE
Detective Newell, sir, get ready to be on TV...

Rice explains to Praaver and Jacqui...

OFFICER RICE
The Australian guy? He's famous. Killed his wife and kid thirty years ago...
(to Newell)
The Captain wants you to talk to reporters. They're comin' in from all over...

As Newell reads about Thomas Ezekiel Smith, Praaver comments to him...

PRAAVER
Curiouser and curiouser...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rachel's car heads north.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Greta drives the Escort safely and cautiously. Amelia supervises the playing of soothing CLASSICAL MUSIC. IN THE THE BACK SEAT, as Jake sleeps, Rachel uses a PEN LIGHT to read from Thomas Smith's book, DREAMTIME, and we follow alonga particular passage:

Late in his life, Jung came to believe that we are dreaming all the time and that the waking world is merely a distraction. The Aborigines take a more extreme approach: the "dream" world *is* the real world and the physical realm we consider "real" is but a dream...

Rachel shuts the book and switches to one of the JOURNALS. In it she focuses on passages citing the terms "demon," "invocation," and "manifestation."

RACHEL
(to Amelia)
Hey, when you guys were into that whole
witchcraft thing...

AMELIA
Don't use the past tense. Greta's still
active...

RACHEL
Well Grett, explain an "invocation" to
me.

GRETA
It's the recitation of a specific spell
to conjure a spirit.

RACHEL
And a "manifestation?"

GRETA
That's when the spirit takes physical
form. Human, animal, tree...

RACHEL
You can see it, touch it...

GRETA
Yes.

AMELIA
It's *all* a bunch of crap. Just like
water into wine, virgin births, and
reincarnation...

GRETA
How can I love someone so cynical?

AMELIA
Because I do this...

Amelia leans over and starts to tongue Greta's ear.

RACHEL
(mock-outraged)
Please, not in front of the child...

AMELIA

Come on, Rachel, guys dig girl-on-girl action. Just wait 'til you're fourteen, Jake, this shit'll give you a boner.

Amelia moves from Greta's ear to her neck and lips...

GRETA

I can't see...

RACHEL

(nervous)

Amelia...

Greta pushes her away, but Amelia keeps playing...

RACHEL

Stop it...

Rachel watches Greta's hands on the wheel... The lights of the oncoming traffic...

RACHEL

STOP IT!

There's so much intensity in Rachel's voice, Amelia stops and poutily falls back in her seat.

AMELIA

For fuck's sake... Jesus...

(to Rachel)

You have to lighten up, Rache. Talk to your shrink about *that*...

RACHEL

(remembering something)

Oh god...

GRETA

What?

Rachel searches her bag for something, can't find it, then asks Amelia...

RACHEL

Is my cell phone up there?

Amelia checks the floor and glove box...

AMELIA
Nope.

RACHEL
Shit... Greta, can you stop at the next
gas station, anything...? I have to make
a call...

GRETA
No problem.

AMELIA
Good. `Cause I've got to pee.
(to Rachel, sniffing the air)
And you have to change his diaper.

As Greta searches the roadside for signs to the nearest exit,
she glances in the REARVIEW MIRROR and spots something that's
been nagging her for a while...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The same car we saw earlier is still following them...

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A very tired Donna Villa-Lobos is still hard at work. Before her
are patient files, a computer, etc. and she's reading notes into
a MINI-CASSETTE RECORDER...

DONNA
...despite otherwise clear instructions
from me to do so. This is perhaps
excusable due to recent murder of
patient's sister, but irresponsibility
regarding her own treatment is atypical
behavior. I have grave concerns that...
(yawns, sips tea)
...That recent events will provoke
repressed memories regarding childhood
trauma. Patient once revealed under
hypnosis that...

Donna notices the recorder is making a strange sound. She stops it, reaches into her desk, and finds fresh batteries. After replacing them, she rewinds the tape and listens...

DONNA'S VOICE
...childhood trauma. Patient once
revealed under hypnosis that...
(VOICE DISTORTS AND CONTINUES)
*...she thinks her doctor is an
overprotective, meddling BITCH.*

Donna regards the tape player with confusion. She shuts it off, but the DISTORTED VOICE continues...

DISTORTED VOICE
*What this little girl needs is somebody
to tell her who's boss... To put her in
her place...*

The voice is coming from BEHIND! Donna turns and finds *Freddy Krueger* in her office.

He's dressed up like a hellish caricature of Sigmund Freud - tailored suit, *pince-nez*, cigar - and lounges on a leather sofa. Freud's "couch."

FREDDY
What's up, doc?

Donna Villa-Lobos has never been more frightened in her life.
Freddy sits up and puffs on his cigar...

FREDDY
Tell me about your childhood... Did daddy
sniff your panties? Mommy spank your
tushie if you didn't get good grades?
Come on, everybody needs, therapy...
Especially shrinks.

DONNA
Who are you?

FREDDY
Me? A colleague. I just wrote a book....

He hands her a copy and we're able to read the cover... *MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS, AND I'M FROM HELL* by Dr. Frederick Krueger. He raises a single finger of his razor glove.

FREDDY
I like to probe the mind.

With a quick JAB, he pokes Donna in the temple. She recoils and touches hand to scalp, horrified to find a trickle of BLOOD...

FREDDY
Come now, don't be afraid. We've barely scratched the surface...

As Freddy moves toward her, she hurries for the door, but the knob is continually out of reach. Freddy leans back on the couch and takes delight in her futile attempt to flee...

FREDDY
Let's analyze this dream, shall we? You run and you run, but you just can't get away. Simple insecurity dream. Rather pedestrian, don'tcha think? Let's ratchet things up, shall we? Just remember, doc...
(quoting Freud)
Sometimes, a cigar is just a cigar...

He stands, takes the cigar, and presses it deep into the top of Donna's hand. It SIZZLES until it burns all the way through... Freddy laughs, chomps the cigar in the corner of his mouth, and cackles...

FREDDY
Much better...

Donna sees what he means... She looks through the hole in her hand and sees...

A WHOLE OTHER WORLD.

While still looking at it, *Donna walks through her own hand...* She turns and sees herself in the office, holding an outstretched arm...She reaches for that self, but the image of the office recedes into nothingness And she finds herself standing in...

A NIGHTMARE VERSION OF A MENTAL HOSPITAL.

Everything - walls, floor, furniture - is squeaky-clean WHITE. Even the overhead light fixtures burn with white hot intensity. Donna is dressed in a white doctor's coat and the other members of the staff - nurses, orderlies, doctors - are also white-attired, but each of them possesses FREDDY'S FACE.

FREDDY O.S.

The patients are ready for us, doc.

Donna turns and finds Freud-Freddy, now white-coat attired, standing next to her with a clipboard. She pulls away, but cannot move of her own accord.

FREDDY

Walk this way...

As Freddy walks, she follows in perfect synch with his movements... They stop at a doorway and peer into the window of a LOCKED ROOM...

INSIDE is a DERANGED MAN mumbling to himself.

FREDDY O.S.

Bernard Owen. Remember him? One of your first patients...

Owen raises a PISTOL to his temple...

FREDDY O.S.

Blew his brains out in the middle of his kid's hockey game.

OWEN SHOOTS. Blood and grey matter SPLATTERS his cell... IN THE STARK WHITE CORRIDORS of the "hospital," out of nowhere, BLOOD sprays walls, uniforms, and floors. Freddy leads Donna to the next chamber and window...

INSIDE is a SULLEN WOMAN in the corner, on the floor...

FREDDY

Sheila Jenner. You treated her for six years... Then she cut her wrists on Valentine's Day...

Sheila uses a RAZOR to slice into her veins. The floor to her cell becomes a river of crimson... AS DO THE FLOORS in the "hospital."

FREDDY O.S.
A broken heart... Pumps a lotta the red stuff.

Freddy forces Donna to follow him to THREE MORE CELLS, where we catch glimpses of the following...

FREDDY
Tom Villiers - shotgun in the mouth.
Sally Monteith - walked into a helicopter... Yecch! Margie DeWitt - overdose. Puked up blood all over the place...

As Donna pulls away from these horrific visions, she realizes that she and Freddy are standing knee-deep in a river of blood flowing through the corridor...

FREDDY
Jeez Louise, doc, glad I'm not one of your patients... Your track record /sucks/.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

As Greta pump gas and Amelia rushes to the rest room, Rachel (carrying Jake) calls from a PAY PHONE, but only gets a VOICE MAIL MESSAGE...

VOICE MAIL MESSAGE
Hi. You've reached the office of Dr. Donna Villa-Lobos. I am currently with a patient or unable to take your call... Leave a message, but if this is an *emergency only*, press "pound" and I will be paged. Thank you.

For a moment, Rachel's finger hovers above the "#" key, but doesn't press it. Once the BEEP sounds, she leaves a message instead...

RACHEL
Donna, it's Rachel Daniels... I am so

sorry I didn't call... It's not fair to you, I know... But... Well, I've got a million excuses... Um, I'll try calling again soon. *Don't* worry. I'm doing fine. I hope you are too...

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DONNA'S NIGHTMARE

In the horror of her own mind, Donna is *not* doing fine. Not at all. Freddy checks a clock on the wall - its arms spinning madly - and announces...

FREDDY
Time for group therapy!

He throws open a door and escorts Donna inside...

IN THE GROUP THERAPY ROOM, which is pristine - not a drop of blood here - Donna and Freddy find themselves seated opposite a semicircle of PATIENTS, STRAIGHTJACKETS, ANKLE-CHAINED to the floor. They writhe and squirm, desperate to escape their bonds. Each is pale, hairless, and virtually faceless. No eyes, ears, or nose - just a mouth. Which is open in a sharp toothed silent cry...

FREDDY
So? Are we ready to begin?
(looks around)
Oh! No. Not quite.

LIKE A ZEPHYR, a STRAIGHTJACKET swoops down from above and wraps itself around Donna. A CHAIN snakes around her ankle and joins her with the rest.

FREDDY
(taps Donna's head)
You've got all sorts of stuff in there, doc. Interesting little tidbits I need to know... So I can squish a pesky little bug named *Rachel*...

DONNA
Rachel...?

FREDDY
Let's see what we can find...

Freddy addresses the faceless creatures...

FREDDY
Gentlemen. What shall we try first?
Pharmaceuticals?

A METAL BRACE EMERGES from the back of Donna's chair. It pulls her head back, locks it in place, then CLAMPS OPEN her mouth... Freddy dips his hand into a cartoonishly large VIAL OF PILLS and scoops them into Donna's mouth...

FREDDY
That's a good girl. Take your medicine...
(disappointed, to the creatures)
Huh. That's not working. Howzabout shock therapy?

The metal brace SIZZLES WITH ELECTRICITY and Donna's body tenses and spasms.

FREDDY
Nope. Just a wicked new hairdo. Hmm...
(gets an idea)
I've got it! A fresh, squishy, good old fashioned... *lobotomy*.

The razor glove is raised high. Donna's eyes, nose, and ears are absorbed into her flesh. Her mouth opens and emits a gut wrenching cry... Just before Freddy SLICES off the top of her head.

FREDDY
Now that's what I call *primal scream*.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Greta fills the car with gas...

INT. GAS STATION - REST ROOM - NIGHT

Amelia is in a stall, finishing her pee, Rachel is at the sink, putting the finishing touches on Jake's new diaper. Amelia flushes, pulls up her pants, and assesses Rachel's work...

AMELIA
Watch out girlie, you just might be good

at this kind of thing.

RACHEL
(more to herself than Amelia)
Would that be so bad?

AMELIA
Oh, come on, Rachel... Don't get all Republican on me. You're gonna have a major career, babe - "Super Ultra Mega Shrink." Don't fall for that "white picket fence" bullshit. Dump the *nino* off with your folks, high-tail it out of there, and get on with your life. Maybe you can adopt when you're, like, *fifty* or something...

And with that, Amelia is out the door. Rachel heard her, but not much of it registered. She was too busy making "goo-goo eyes" at Jake. As she gathers together her belongings, she fails to notice the DOOR OPEN and a FIGURE step inside...

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Greta finishes pumping and smiles at Amelia as she approaches...

AMELIA
Lookin' pretty butch, there, G.

They hug, kiss, and as they part, Greta notices a CAR parked behind the station. She pushes away from Amelia and RUNS to the rest room...

INT. GAS STATION - REST ROOM - NIGHT

As Rachel reaches for Jake, A MAN'S HAND covers her mouth. HIS OTHER ARM clamps across her chest and holds her. Rachel looks up in the mirror and sees the face of...

Her boyfriend *Jim*.

JIM
Don't be scared, Rachel, please. Don't be...

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN! And all Greta sees is a guy attacking her friend... As Jim turns to try to explain, he releases Rachel.

She pulls away with Jake, but before Jim can get a word out... *Greta kicks his ass.* A serious, potent, awe inspiring display. This woman is strong and skilled. Although Jim is fit, Greta makes mincemeat of him. Once he's reduced to a puddle of Jello on the floor, Greta finally hears Rachel telling her to stop...

RACHEL

Greta! Stop! It's Jimmy!

Greta steps back and the three women regard Jim's barely conscious form...

AMELIA

Oops.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The POLICE are here, for DONNA'S OFFICE is now a crime scene. We notice the familiar face of Jacqui Dupree, as well as that of Officer Rice, who's filling in the recently-arrived John Newell...

OFFICER RICE

Her husband came to pick, her up for dinner... And this is what he found...

Donna's body is laid askew on the couch, her head hanging over the side. As Newell turns, he sees that the top half of her skull is on the floor, surrounded by a pool of crimson.

NEWELL

Jesus...

JACQUI

(chiming in)

John? It's going to be the same weapon as the one used on the Australian gentleman. I would bet a paycheck on that.

NEWELL

(to Rice)

Where's the husband?

OFFICER RICE

Downstairs in a squad. He's pretty shaken up. I think he really loved her...

NEWELL
(considerately)
I should talk to him...

OFFICER RICE
Detective? You need to see this...

Rice stands at Donna's desk and Newell moves to see what he means... ON THE DESK are the contents of Rachel's file. Medical reports, case history, comments, etc. Written on one of the sheets, in blood, are the letters n-e-x-t.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

At the car, Greta and Amelia - both stone-faced - watch as Rachel and Jim carry on a heated conversation outside the rest room...

GRETA
He's such a prick.

AMELIA
I'm glad you kicked his ass.

They execute a personalized "high-five" and we move our attention to...

RACHEL AND JIM, she feeding Jake a bottle, he rubbing a cold can of soda on a bruised jaw. We catch them in mid conversation...

RACHEL
...What was she supposed to think? You acted like a goddamned stalker...

JIM
Why hang around with *them*?

RACHEL
What do you mean, "them?"

JIM
I mean, what would you think if my best friends were a couple of fags?

RACHEL
I can't believe you said that.

JIM
All right, a couple of *gay guys*...

RACHEL
(cuts to the chase)
Why are you here?

JIM
I wanted to be with you...

RACHEL
I know when you're lying Jimmy...

He knows she knows. And opts for the truth...

JIM
I was with them, Rache. Morris and Peggy.
I went to buy some weed...

RACHEL
You were there?

JIM
Rachel, if the cops find out, do you what
that would do to my career? To my future?

RACHEL
Gee. Something *you* should've thought
about?
(sick of him)
What does any of this have to do with me?

JIM
I thought maybe you could tell the police
that, maybe, like I went there as a favor
to you, to talk to them...

RACHEL
(wants him out of her hair)
Fine. That's what I'll say. Whatever you
want...

She walks back to the car and tells Greta and Amelia.

RACHEL
Let's go.

JIM
I think I should come too...

AMELIA
Like hell...

JIM
Rache, it might look better if...

RACHEL
This has nothing to do with you.

Greta climbs behind the wheel and turns the key... The engine is *dead*. She tries again and again, but no luck. And all Jim can do is smile...

INT. NEWELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Newell is driving like crazy as he talks on his cell phone to Rachel's mother...

(INTERCUT WITH MRS. DANIELS AT HOME)

NEWELL
...She's not answering the cell phone, ma'am, so if she calls you, tell her to page me *immediately*. She then needs to call the state police so someone can come get her...

MRS. DANIELS
You really think this is necessary?

Newell can't believe that she's taking this so casually and becomes insistent...

NEWELL
Absolutely. I believe Rachel's life is in danger.

MRS. DANIELS
All right, all right... if she calls, I'll tell her...

NEWELL
Thank you.

There's a click and Mrs. Daniels is gone. Newell shakes his head with disbelief... His phone buzzes with an incoming call...

NEWELL
This is Newell.
(listens)
Where?
(listens)
I'm on my way...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Newell's sedan SPEEDS north, and we realize he's been following the same route as Rachel...

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim is at the wheel, but no one is in the passenger seat next to him... Greta, Amelia, and Rachel are in the back, no one saying a word. Rachel sees a ROAD SIGN and tells Jim...

RACHEL
Turn here...

Jim signals, but asks...

JIM
Don't we want to stay on the highway?

RACHEL
Secret shortcut. Nobody uses it except the locals...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Jim's car turns onto the desolate-looking ROBINWOOD ROAD...

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Newell and a STATE TROOPER stand in front of Rachel's car. The station CASHIER tells them...

CASHIER
...mechanic doesn't get here 'til morning. She left this number so he could call her...

Newell checks the slip of paper...

NEWELL
(disappointed)
Her parents.
(to the cashier)
So she knew the guy she and the others
drove off with?

CASHIER
Definitely. Like they were boyfriend and
girlfriend, but fighting...

NEWELL
(doesn't like the word)
Boyfriend...
(hoping)
You remember what kind of car he had?

CASHIER
An Explorer or a Blazer, something like
that...

NEWELL
(really hoping)
You catch a license plate?

The cashier looks at him - "You gotta be kidding..." - Newell
nods and his eyes move to the highway ahead...

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

For the moment, Amelia is caring for Jake, and Rachel finds
herself dozing off... AS WE MOVE IN ON HER FACE... WE ENTER HER
DREAM...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A curious-yet-frightened Rachel moves through a thicket as RAIN
falls from the sky. A THORN scratches Rachel's skin, drawing
blood... LIGHTNING illuminates something up ahead... It's Peggy.
She's hiding behind a tree, watching something near a
LAKEFRONT... Peggy hears Rachel coming and when she turns to
face her sister, Rachel is a seven-year old girl. YOUNG RACHEL
stops as YOUNG PEGGY - twelve years old - chastises her in a
harsh whisper...

YOUNG PEGGY
Go away! You're too little!

Young Rachel takes that as a challenge and pushes past Young Peggy to get a better look...

As Young Rachel peeks through the branches of a thorn bush, we catch a brief glimpse of a man and woman fucking on the beach of a small wooded lake...

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING! And suddenly Young Rachel is RUNNING! Her outfit is torn, tears fill her eyes, and her face is white with terror! She runs as fast as she can, tearing through bush and bramble... Someone is chasing her! *The MAN from the beach?* In her arms, Rachel holds something - *is it a baby?* The man in pursuit calls to her in a DISTORTED VOICE...

DISTORTED VOICE
Come out, come out, wherever you are...

LIGHTNING FLASHES! And Rachel is now an adult, dressed in large versions of her tattered clothes, and carrying the bundle...

DISTORTED VOICE
(sing-song)
I can see you...

She sees a clear patch of ground up ahead, but as her feet touch it, FIVE BLADES sprout from the muddy earth and come toward her...!

IN THE REAL WORLD...

EXT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

FIVE GLEAMING BLADES EMERGE FROM THE SURFACE OF THE ROAD! As the car wheels hit them, the tires are shredded!

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

As the vehicle spins out of control, Rachel startles' awake! And immediately covers Jake with her body, holding him tight, protectively sandwiching him between herself and Amelia. Jim manages to keep the vehicle somewhat steady, but the inevitable occurs and they slide onto the side of the road and CRASH into a tree!

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Jim pulls a FLASHLIGHT from the glove box, climbs out of the wrecked car and throws open one of the rear doors. One by one, Greta, Amelia, and Rachel climb out of the vehicle, the latter immediately kneeling and checking every inch of the now-screaming baby to make sure he's unharmed.

GRETA
Is he all right...?

RACHEL
Yeah... He's fine...

Greta, though, sees that Rachel has a bad bruise and cut on the side of her head and tends to it.

AMELIA
(angry to Jim)
What the fuck happened?!

Jim looks at the shredded tires then walks into the road to check the surface, but there is no sign of the blades...

RACHEL
It doesn't matter... Nobody's hurt.

JIM
Well, I'd like to know what we're going to do... I mean we're in the middle of nowhere...

It takes Rachel a moment, but she *recognizes* the terrain...

RACHEL
God, we're so close...

AMELIA
What did you say? Rachel?

If we were observant, we'd recognize it too - *this is the forest of her dreams*. This is difficult for Rachel, and she's not sure how she feels about it but she tells them...

RACHEL
We have a cabin near here... My family...
We used to come here when we were kids...

AMELIA
Weird.

GRETA
How far is, it?

RACHEL
(dizzy, dreamily)
I bet it's only a mile...

JIM
Well, let's go, right? I mean, I'll walk
to the highway in the morning, but... I
sure as hell don't want to do it now...

Nobody does. The road is pitch-black.

AMELIA
Rachel? What do you think?

She doesn't respond, but is already on the path leading to the
cabin. Quickly, Jim, Greta, and Amelia gather together their
stuff and run after her...

AMELIA
Whoa, wait up baby...

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

A worried Newell is at the wheel...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

And we watch his car drive right past the exit for Robinwood
Road.

EXT. FOREST - CABIN - NIGHT

As Jim, Rachel, Greta, and Amelia emerge from the woods, the
flashlight beam illuminates the facade of a quaint rustic CABIN.

AMELIA
Sweet.

RACHEL
My great-grandfather built it...

Carrying the sleeping Jake, Rachel moves to the door, searches a hidden nook, and finds a cobweb-covered KEY. She turns the lock and enters...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

As the group moves inside, Rachel takes the flashlight from Jim and locates a cupboard in the kitchen area. Inside are a couple dozen CANDLES and a book of matches. She starts to light them and soon the interior of the place is aglow with fiery light.

RACHEL

There's indoor plumbing... Just no hot water.

JIM

What about a phone?

Rachel shakes her head "no." Amelia takes a whiff of stale, musty air...

AMELIA

Kind of stinks...

RACHEL

I don't think anybody's been here in, I don't know, fifteen years...

AMELIA

You're kidding me! Rache, we should come here all the time! This would be great for, like, a weekend bash or something...

RACHEL

I never liked it here... It's... *spooky*.

AMELIA

Spooky?! I think it's sexy...

She sidles up to Greta and lustfully embraces/kisses her.

AMELIA

God, I could fuck for days in a place like this...

Jim notices an OLD SHOTGUN mounted above the mantel and comments...

JIM
Well, if we run into any lions, tigers,
or bears...

Jim opens the flue in the fireplace and announces.

JIM
I'll make a fire...

He grabs the flashlight and heads outside to gather wood.

RACHEL
(instinctively)
Be careful.

Jim smiles and exits. As soon as he's gone, Amelia confronts Rachel...

AMELIA
Rachel, I hope he is, like, amazing in
the sack, because I see no other reason
to tolerate him...

GRETA
I'm afraid I agree.

RACHEL
He helped me a lot...

AMELIA
When you first started the program, yeah,
but baby, you have so surpassed
him... I know he's Killian's "golden
boy," but you don't need him anymore...

RACHEL
(defensively, angry)
I know that. Okay?

AMELIA
(backs off)
Okay.

RACHEL
(changing the subject)
There's a loft bedroom upstairs...

She pulls a rope from the ceiling and a staircase/ladder drops down...

RACHEL
(points at an adjacent room)
And one down here...

AMELIA
Can we have the loft?

RACHEL
I don't care. I'm going to sleep on the couch with Jake...

Amelia is already halfway up the ladder...

AMELIA
(to Greta)
Come on, G, check it out....

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jim finds an old woodpile, gathers together logs, and searches for kindling...

OUR POV SHIFTS, and we now observe him FROM THE WOODS. Our perspective is clearly that of a man, a living thing... He/we keep our eyes fixed on Jim, watching, *waiting*...

AT THE WOODPILE, Jim suddenly stops. If we could see it, we'd know the hair on the back of his neck just tingled and stood up... He spins around and shines the flashlight into the trees... *Nothing. No one.* He collects the logs, but stops when he sees the entrance to an UNDERGROUND CHAMBER beneath the cabin. He easily undoes the rusted latch and shines the flashlight into the darkness below...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

As she feeds Jake a bottle of formula, Rachel reads deeper into the JOURNALS of Thomas Ezekiel Smith, and we focus on a handwritten passage as Rachel reads it aloud to herself...

RACHEL

...Worse, the posting of the paper on the Internet gives the incantation increased power and magnitude, as if the spell had been cast and repeated by a thousand million voices in cyberspace...

She moves forward... But as she reads, she stops speaking. Instead, she begins to hear the VOICE OF THE STRANGER in her mind...

THE STRANGER'S VOICE

... I believe there is a bond between the two demons, but its source is unknown to me. One, whom they call "Krueger," is an ancient spirit who once took human form. A malevolent thing of pure evil who works his magick in the subconscious. The other, "Voorhees," is a supernatural purveyor of vengeance. A wronged human who returns to punish those he deems guilty...

Although the rest of the page is empty, WORDS APPEAR, as if an invisible hand is now writing... The Stranger's Voice continues and Rachel is hypnotically drawn to the fresh passages...

THE STRANGER'S VOICE

...They're coming for you, Rachel... You hold the key... Protect the child...

Her hands tremble and her eyes are fixed in a glassy stare as the BLUE LIZARD crawls across the journal, stares at her, and flicks its tongue...

A TRAP DOOR SPRINGS OPEN! Rachel SCREAMS! Jake starts to cry! In the center of the floor, we find Jim emerging from a hidden door to the underground chamber...

RACHEL

GOD DAMN YOU!

Greta and Amelia descend from the loft and Rachel assures them she's all right.

JIM

Sorry...

(he holds up dusty bottles of
wine)
Great grandad had a kick-ass cellar.

AMELIA
Now you're talkin'...

Rachel rocks Jake in her arms and looks for the lizard, or the
new words on the journal pages, but neither can be seen...

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

IN THE KITCHEN AREA, where he is alone, Jim opens a bottle and
pours four glasses of wine. From his pocket, he pulls the vial
of DRUGS given to him by Morris. He takes two tablets, grinds
them to a powder, then pours the stuff into one of the
glasses...

JIM
(softly to himself, re Greta)
Goddamn dyke. Teach you to fuck with
me...

He moves to the MAIN ROOM, where there is now a raging fire in
the fireplace. Jake has settled back to sleep, and Greta and
Amelia are feeling quite "amorous." Rachel, however, appears
withdrawn, worried, and somewhat disoriented. All are seated on
the floor and this is where Jim joins them, carefully handling
the four glasses...

RACHEL
You know I can't drink...

JIM
One glass won't kill you, Rachel...

AMELIA
(taking hers)
Might help you calm down, sweetie...

Much to Jim's dismay, Greta refuses her glass...

GRETA
I don't feel like it...

AMELIA
Jeez, party-poops.

JIM
If you change your mind...

He rests her glass on the floor in front of Greta and places his and Rachel's near the fireplace. Rachel finds herself mesmerized by the crackling fire... For a moment, we see WITHIN THE FLAMES the horrific, twisted visage of Freddy Krueger... Writhing in agony, silently screaming... RACHEL STANDS, spilling her glass, and moving for the door...

RACHEL
I have to get out of here... get some air..
(manic, to Greta and Amelia)
Can you... watch the baby...?

AMELIA
Sure...

GRETA
Rachel, you feeling all right...?

Unconvincingly, she nods and heads for the door. She's already outside when Jim rises to follow...

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rachel runs away from the cabin and drops to her knees. She reaches into her pocket, pulls out the vial of her new medication and dry-swallows two additional capsules. Jim exits the cabin and runs to her...

JIM
Rachel?

RACHEL
Leave me alone...

JIM
Baby...

RACHEL
LEAVE ME ALONE!

She gets to her feet and races into the woods, Jim in concerned pursuit...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Amelia is at the window, watching...

AMELIA

God, she is pretty fucked up right now...

GRETA

Wouldn't you be?

AMELIA

Man, I wish somebody would kill *my* sister...

GRETA

Do you love her?

AMELIA

Love who?

GRETA

Rachel.

(corrects herself)

Are you *in* love with her?

AMELIA

G... Baby...

(moves to her, touches her)

I love you. Big time.

Amelia gives her a deep, soulful kiss, and Greta responds. Soon, the two women are passionately using tongues and hands..

GRETA

What about Jake...?

AMELIA

He's asleep...

Amelia leads Greta upstairs to the loft.,..

Moments later, a DARK FIGURE EMERGES from the still-open trap door to the underground chamber...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jim tries to follow Rachel, but it's very dark and it's difficult to see...

JIM
Rachel...

He moves through a thick bramble and comes upon a clearing just before the beach of the LAKE. He looks everywhere... And finally spots Rachel kneeling at water's edge, staring straight ahead... Mumbling to herself...

RACHEL
I'm a big girl, Peggy. I'm a big girl...

INT. CABIN - LOFT - NIGHT

Amelia and Greta are naked, writhing in carnal bliss in the loft bed. They shift positions and Amelia lustfully suggests...

AMELIA
Baby, let's fuck 'til dawn...

Neither woman sees *Jason Voorhees* climb up the ladder from the room below.

GRETA
Maybe we should check on Jake...

Jason moves stealthily, slowly approaching the foot of the lovers' bed...

AMELIA
He's *fine*... He--

THWACK! Jason's machete cleaves halfway through Amelia's neck. He pulls it back with a horrible *CHUUUK* sound and blood cascades from Amelia's severed throat. GRETA SCREAMS!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jim thinks he hears something back at the cabin, but at the same time as Greta screams, an OWL flies from the trees and emits a piercing call. Jim kneels next to Rachel, comforts her, and suggests...

JIM

Come' on, Rache. Let's get back, okay?

She nods and allows him to help her up and back to the trail, but her eyes never really leave the water...

INT. CABIN - LOFT - NIGHT

Just as Greta can see Jason's hockey mask, the killer raises the machete high and... GRETA KICKS OUT! A hard, fast foot smack in Jason's stomach. THE BLADE DESCENDS! But Greta has enough time to ROLL onto the floor. Desperately, she crawls across the wooden boards to the ladder leading below...

Peculiarly, Jason does not chase her...

That's because he's already pulled up the trap and bolted it shut. As a panicked Greta CALLS FOR HELP, Jason oh-so-calmly approaches... THE MACHETE CHOPS! But Greta rolls to the right, the blade just missing her and cleaving into the wood. Greta gets to her feet and sees a SMALL WINDOW at the opposite end of the room. As Jason stoops to free the machete, GRETA KICKS AN UPPERCUT to Jason's jaw, knocking him onto his back. She RUNS to the window... As her fingertips touch the latch...

SWIIIIIISSSSSHHHHH!!! The machete SAILS through the air and... THWACK! Hits Greta right between the shoulder blades. The last thing she sees is Jim and Rachel exiting the woods, heading for the cabin... She tries to call out to warn them, but when Jason appears behind her and TWISTS the handle of the blade, she dies. And Jason moves away from the window, disappearing into shadow...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Newell's car travels down the main road...

INT. NEWELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Newell knows he somehow missed them, that something's wrong... And turns sharply...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Newell's car tears across two lanes of traffic, bumps across the median, and tears ass in the opposite direction...

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Rachel enter and everything appears "normal"- exactly as it was when they left. Jake is sleeping on the couch and Rachel immediately checks and sees that he's okay. She looks around for Greta and Amelia... And sees that the ladder leading to the loft is *down* and that CANDLELIGHT is glowing in the upper bedroom...

RACHEL
I can't believe they left him alone...

JIM
He's sleeping, babe, take it easy...

Angry, Rachel climbs up the ladder... AND STICKS HER HEAD UP, INTO THE LOFT BEDROOM... But there is no sign of Jason. No sign of a struggle. No blood. Only the apparently "sleeping" forms of Greta and Amelia in bed...

Rachel wants to chastise them, but opts to let it go. She descends the ladder and returns to the first floor. As she fades from view, we see strange SHADOWS move, but we're not sure if it's just the flickering candlelight...

IN THE MAIN ROOM, Jim shuts the trap door leading to the basement and *bolts* it. He moves to the bathroom as Rachel tends the fire...

JIM
Be right back...

INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the tiny room, Jim digs into his pocket and pulls out his vial of pills.

JIM
(in the mirror)
Might as well have some fun...

He takes half a tab of Meskie-Mex and puts it under his tongue.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel nervously paces around the room, unable to relax, fixating on Jake, the fire, her trembling hands... In an attempt to steady her nerves, she impulsively grabs a glass of wine and drinks... *From Greta's glass...*

JIM O.S.
Rachel! NO!

But it's too late. The combination of alcohol, hallucinogens, and psychiatric medication *immediately* hits her system. She sees Jim reaching out for her... But he is drawn back, as if his body were elastic and had reached its maximum point...

The wine glass falls from Rachel's hand and shatters on the stone hearth. Her knees buckle and she hits the floor, her glazed eyes witnessing a KALEIDOSCOPE OF DISTORTED IMAGES...

We MOVE around and around her face... Although she has not moved, we see her as *standing*, eyes focusing, vision becoming clear... She smiles and takes a step forward...

EXT. AUSTRALIAN DESERT - DREAMTIME - NIGHT

Rachel's bare feet touch sand. Acres of it. Behind her is a massive NATURAL ROCK FORMATION, onto which is painted an Aboriginal lizard design. She turns and finds herself about twenty feet away from a crackling BONFIRE, glowing orange against the brilliant blue night sky. A YOUNG ABORIGINAL GIRL dances around the fire, laughing and singing, smiling at Rachel...

THE STRANGER O.S.
Welcome... We've been expecting you.

She turns to her left and finds a happy Thomas Ezekiel Smith very much alive, standing next to her. He extends his hand and leads her toward the comforting fire...

THOMAS
(formal introduction)
I am Thomas.
(shakes her hand)
Have some tea. Mary...? Rachel, this is my wife, Mary...

Thomas's beautiful wife MARY appears, and gives to Rachel an earthenware cup filled with hot herb tea.

MARY
Here you are, dear...

Despite the strangeness of it all, Rachel is instantly comfortable with the Smiths and sips her tea....

RACHEL
Thank you.

THOMAS
(calling to the little girl)
Fiona? Come say hello.

Shyly, FIONA joins them, cuddling up to her mother's leg.

FIONA
(to Rachel)
'ello.

RACHEL
Hi.

Thomas leads Rachel away from his wife and daughter...

THOMAS
Good enough. We don't have much time...

RACHEL
I thought they were...

THOMAS
Dead? Oh, yes. Very much so. He killed them years ago. Just as he killed me. But time is meaningless...

Rachel looks at him, perplexed. He pinches her cheek and explains...

THOMAS
And it's just flesh. The body's a vessel. Cherish it, but don't grow too attached. (revels in the beautiful landscape)
We live here now...

RACHEL
Where is *here*?

THOMAS
Alchera. Dreamtime. No past, no

present, no future. No beginnings, no ends. Nothing predictable. Everything possible.

RACHEL
(testing him)
Who killed you?

THOMAS
(sly, restrained)
Krueger. The one you call, "Freddy." But he's had many guises over the ages. When I knew him, I thought him to be an underling of *Belial*... *But a demon by any other name*...
(no two ways about it)
He wants you dead.

RACHEL
Why?

THOMAS
You possess or represent some he needs to destroy. You frighten him.

RACHEL
Me?

THOMAS
You brought him back. Your thoughts, your words alone had the power to resurrect him...

RACHEL
But I didn't mean to...

THOMAS
(smiles, cryptically)
Exactly! And that is the key to his destruction.

RACHEL
What are you talking about??!!

THOMAS
Imagine what you could do, dear girl, to him - to any of them - with the your own

conviction...

The sky darkens and RAIN begins to fall...

THOMAS

Remember this...

(significantly)

The line between your world and his is
just an illusion...

Thomas's flesh gradually grows covered with REPTILIAN SCALES...

THOMAS

Protect the child.

(eyes growing yellow)

Trust no one.

(tongue grows forked)

Use the one you call Jason. He is a
pawn without a queen...

(skin turning blue)

Any weapon, any tool you desire is
already at your disposal... *Use your
imagination.*

RACHEL

Thomas, *help me...*

THOMAS

This is your battle. Your test.

LIGHTNING FILLS THE SKY!

THOMAS

It begins...

Thomas has evolved into a LIZARD MAN. Rachel SHRIEKS, but there
is no sound...

ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING!

...And we find Rachel in a prone position, lying on the floor of
THE CABIN, mouth open, regurgitating the contents of her
stomach...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

...As Rachel's eyes come into focus, she sees before her the little blue lizard, but it runs under the couch as...

Jim wipes away the vomit from her mouth and continues to perform CPR. He pulls back as Rachel coughs, sputters, and *breathes*...

JIM
(immense relief)
Thank god...

He helps her sit up, checks her pupils and throat, and informs her...

JIM
Jesus, baby, I thought you were dead.

Frightened, curious, and paranoid, Rachel breathes deeply and trembles.

RACHEL
What happened...?

Her voice is hoarse, her throat raspy. Jim stands and moves to the kitchen...

JIM
Let me get you some water...

The blue lizard skitters out from under the couch and runs for the open trap door leading to the basement...

RACHEL
No...

She crawls across the floor after the lizard...

RACHEL
Thomas...

JIM
(from the kitchen)
Who's Thomas?

Rachel finds the trap door, reaches for the lizard... And falls down the steps...

JIM O. S.

Rachel!

INT. CABIN - CELLAR - NIGHT

Rachel tumbles down the wooden stairs and hits the dirt floor. She manages to sit up on her knees and looks up... to see the TRAP DOOR SLAM SHUT! Her heads spins and she finds the cabin cellar *isn't* the cabin cellar at all...

It is a MASSIVE UNDERGROUND SPACE. Filled with STEAMING PIPES, BOILERS, and a FURNACE. CHAINS hang from the ceiling and METALWORK/BLACKSMITH EQUIPMENT is everywhere. THROUGH A CLOUD OF RED STEAM, emerges a FIGURE... FREDDY KRUEGER. At "home."

INT. FREDDY'S WORKSHOP - NIGHTMARE REALM

Freddy wears his trademark sweater and fedora. He appears bigger, stronger, more formidable here. His scarred skinglows with *power*...

Rachel is frozen with fear as he approaches, scoops up the BLUE LIZARD with the tips of two razor claws, and watches it squirm as it dangles by the tail.

FREDDY
(to Rachel)
Boy oh boy... You're easy...

He opens his mouth, drops the lizard into it, CHEWS, and SWALLOWS.

FREDDY
Yummy.

Rachel races up the steps and SLAMS her shoulder into the trap door (the only aspects of the cellar still remaining), but it won't budge.

FREDDY
Rachel, dear... Don't go.

He moves toward her, the razor fingers SCRAPING along a metal tank.

FREDDY
We have so much to talk about...

Rachel jumps to the floor and RUNS. She has no idea of which path to take, but she *runs*... The industrial basement is like a labyrinth, walls of GROTESQUE MACHINES forming aisles, corners, and dead ends. FREDDY'S SHADOW and the SCRAPING SOUNDS meet her at every turn.

FREDDY O.S.
(laughs)
You don't remember! You don't remember at all! Allow me to set the scene...

OVERHEAD FLUORESCENT LAMPS FLICKER ON AND OFF! WATER SPRAYS FROM CEILING SPRINKLERS!

FREDDY O.S.
You were just a little girl...

Flickering overhead lamps become LIGHTNING. Sprinklers become a RAIN STORM. The basement floor becomes a MUDDY PATH. The grotesque machines become a THICKET OF THORN BUSHES...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHTMARE REALM - NIGHT

...We are in the woods of Rachel's dream - the forest near the cabin. She finds herself on the path, approaching YOUNG PEGGY (Rachel remains an adult)...

YOUNG PEGGY
Go away! You're too little!

Rachel moves past her sister to get a better look at the "activity" on the lakefront beach... SEEN THROUGH A THORN BUSH, we witness a NAKED MAN AND WOMAN engaging in angry, loveless sex. When LIGHTNING FLASHES, Rachel sees the face of the woman... It is her MOTHER. When the man lifts his head, Rachel sees that the lover is *not* her father...

It's Fred Krueger.

Finished, Fred climbs off Mrs. Daniels and regards her with disgust. As they dress, we see he wears a "uniform" sport shirt that reads FRED KRUEGER, SENIOR COUNSELOR, CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE.

FRED KRUEGER
I gotta get back...

Both now clothed, Mrs. Daniels moves to a small wooden SHELTER, within which is a bundle of blankets. She immediately *panics*...

MRS. DANIELS
Where is he??!!

FRED KRUEGER
What do you mean...?!

MRS. DANIELS
HE'S GONE!

FRED KRUEGER
The kid???

MRS. DANIELS
God, what am I going to tell Pam?

Fred Krueger starts to LAUGH...

FRED KRUEGER
Tell her not to worry... I found him!

He continues to laugh as he points at the shore. Mrs. Daniels is horrified to see the body of an EIGHT-YEAR OLD BOY floating in the water, drowned.

MRS. DANIELS
Jason...!

She runs to the water, pulls the boy's corpse close to her, and sobs.

FRED KRUEGER
(cruelly mimics her)
Boo-hoo-hoo.
(grins)
Boy, are you up shit's creek.

MRS. DANIELS
We were supposed to watch him, Fred.
That's what we told Pam...

Fred's grin turns into a sneer of irritation.

FRED KRUEGER
Lemme think about this...

He HEARS MOVEMENT in the bushes and immediately RUNS toward it... There is a LIGHTNING FLASH! And suddenly we are with YOUNG RACHEL, running through the brush, terrified, Fred Krueger chasing her...

FRED KRUEGER
Come out, come out, wherever you are...

Young Rachel sees the cabin up ahead, her FATHER gathering wood... She's about to call out when she's SNATCHED in mid step by Krueger. His hand clamps over her mouth and he tells her...

FRED KRUEGER
Where you goin' sweetie pie? The party just started...

A LIGHTNING FLASH! And we are with Fred Krueger and Mrs. Daniels in a ROWBOAT, rowing across the lake... YOUNG PEGGY and YOUNG RACHEL lie on the floor of the boat, KERCHIEFS acting as gags to keep them silent. The girls are already traumatized due to the fact that Krueger has placed them on opposite sides of Jason's corpse. ANOTHER LIGHTNING FLASH...

EXT. CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE - NIGHTMARE REALM - NIGHT

And we realize the camp is on the opposite side of the lake from the Daniels' cabin... The now-empty rowboat sits tied to the camp dock.

ON THE CAMP BEACH, Fred Krueger threatens Young Rachel and Young Peggy with a KNIFE...

FRED KRUEGER
...You were all swimming, right? RIGHT?
("sincere")
Me and your mom were doing a real good job of watching you, too. Then Jason got a... *cramp*... And he went under.
(voice "breaking up")
I tried to save him... I did. But it was too late...
(knife at their eyes)
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED.

The two little girls muster just energy to nod...

FRED KRUEGER
Got it? *Good.*

When we look back, Young Peggy is gone, and ADULT RACHEL stands alone on the shore of the camp. It has long been abandoned and sits like a ghost town among the thick woods.

FREDDY O.S.
You remember now, don't you, Rachel? *We go back a long way...*

Standing on the dock is Freddy.

FREDDY
I had no idea that water-logged tyke would grow up to be a nasty old demon like me. But he lacks my *panache* don't you think...? He's pretty cut-and-dry.

He flashes his razors, LAUGHS, and comes at her! Rachel looks into the woods, but recognizes nothing. The lake is quite narrow at this point and straight across is the CABIN. She RUNS into the water, DIVES, and starts to SWIM across...

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Rachel powers through the water, desperate to reach the other side... But, as she reaches mid-way, the water starts to THICKEN AND TURN RED. It's become a lake of blood. She tries to move, but the liquid has taken on the consistency of molasses and she can barely stay afloat. The ROWBOAT appears beside her, Freddy manning the oars. He extends the razor hand to her...

FREDDY
Let me give you a hand...

Rachel pushes away and coughs up lake water/blood. She goes down once, twice...

FREDDY
Third time's the charm...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rachel coughs up the contents of her stomach. Once again, she's on the floor, and Jim is performing CPR. The execution of these initial moments is exactly the same as before...

...As Rachel's eyes come into focus, she sees before her the little blue lizard, but it runs under the couch as...

Jim wipes away the vomit from her mouth and continues to perform CPR. He pulls back as Rachel coughs, sputters, and *breathes*...

JIM
(immense relief)
Thank god...

He helps her sit up, checks her pupils and throat, and informs her...

JIM
Jesus, baby, I thought you were dead.

Frightened, curious, and paranoid, Rachel breathes deeply and trembles.

RACHEL
What happened...?

Her voice is hoarse, her throat raspy. Jim stands and moves to the kitchen...

JIM
Let me get you some water...

The blue lizard skitters out from under the couch and runs for the open trap door leading to the basement...

RACHEL
No.

She crawls across the floor after the lizard...

RACHEL
Thomas...

JIM
(from the kitchen)
Who's Thomas?

Rachel reaches the trap door... SLAMS IT SHUT AND BOLTS IT!

JIM

Who's Thomas?

RACHEL
A friend...

Instantly, Rachel is cool, clear-headed, and focused. She moves to the couch and smiles at the sleeping Jake. Careful not to wake him, she deeply kisses his head, then moves to the windows and checks the surrounding area - no one there - and gathers together her stuff...

JIM
Baby, calm down... You went through something really bad just now...

RACHEL
I know.
(looks up at the loft)
We have to get out of here...

JIM
What??

Rachel climbs the ladder, paying no heed to Jim's protests...

INT. CABIN - LOFT - NIGHT

Rachel quickly moves to the bed and calls to her friends...

RACHEL
Meelie, Greta, get up...

They don't budge. She pulls back the covers...

RACHEL
Let's g--

She SCREAMS when she sees their butchered bodies and retreats to the ladder...

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel slides down the ladder/stairs and drops to the floor. Momentarily unable to speak, she looks to Jim and points upstairs.

JIM

(eerily calm)
Yeah... I know...

RACHEL
You know???

JIM
He didn't do that...

Rachel is definitely freaked out by Jim's cool-as-a-cucumber behavior.

JIM
The other one did that. Jason. But Rache,
Freddy says he'll leave us alone...

RACHEL
...Freddy...?

JIM
...All we have to do is give him the
baby. That's all he wants...
(explains)
He came to me in my dream... When I was
tripping... He's really all right,
Rachel.

He turns his face and shows a CUT on his neck.

JIM
He could've cut my head off... But he
didn't.

Rachel finds herself standing between Jim and the sleeping Jake on the couch.

JIM
Let's just give it to him... I mean,
Jake's not even yours...

He steps toward her... Rachel pulls the SHOTGUN from its place over the FIREPLACE MANTEL and aims it at Jim. He freezes.

JIM
Whoa-whoa-whoa...

RACHEL

Stop.

JIM

Come on... That thing even work?

He takes a step... Rachel cocks the weapon and BLASTS a round into the floor at Jim's feet.

RACHEL

Oh, it works.

JIM

Bitch.

HE LUNGES AT HER! RACHEL SHOOTS! A shotgun blast blows a hole right through Jim and sends him flying back onto the floor. Rachel stands in stunned silence, startled and amazed at, and rather *proud of*, her actions.

JIM

Oh, now look what you've done...

He's not dead????!!! Jim stands. A gaping bloody hole in his midsection. Rachel goes pale. Jim looks down, then at her...

JIM

You ruined a perfectly good sweater.

And with that, JIM BECOMES FREDDY.

FREDDY

I don't know what you saw in him,
Rachel...

She sees Freddy is looking beyond her and she cannot resist the temptation to turn and look...

Tossed in the corner like a rag doll is the mutilated corpse of Jim. His tortured flesh clearly the victim of Freddy's razors.

FREDDY

He was all wrong for you.

Rachel raises the shotgun, but Freddy knocks it out of her hands. She moves for it, but he raises the razor glove threateningly....

FREDDY
Ah-ah-ah. We need to talk about Jakey
Wakey. Let's see the little bastard...

He shoves Rachel aside and moves to the couch. He THRUSTS his talons into the blankets, *but Jake is not there*. Confused, Freddy turns around...

FREDDY
Where the--?

Standing on the other side of the room is JASON VOORHEES. The machete's in one hand, baby Jake in the other. Although content, the baby hangs from the scruff of its sleeper outfit.

FREDDY
Not *you*.

Rachel rises and finds herself very much *unafraid*. She moves toward Jason and instructs...

RACHEL
Jason? Give Jake to me.

Obediently, Jason places Jake in her hands.

RACHEL
(sincere)
Thank you.
(equally sincere)
Now kill Freddy.

Jason nods and tightens his grip on the blade. Freddy looks honest-to-devil scared.

FREDDY
Two against one. No fair.

He JUMPS through the window and JASON PURSUES... Rachel MOVES toward the door... At this very moment, in the cabin, TIME STANDS STILL.

EXT. NIGHTMARE REALM

When Freddy's feet touch down, they land not on the earth of the forest, but on the flat top of a STONE PILLAR. We are in ANOTHER WORLD. The point of origin, the "home," of all things evil.

It is a SURREAL LANDSCAPE. The pillars are really spires of twisted rock. There are DOZENS of them of varying height and diameter and they emerge from a SWIRLING POOL OF LIQUID FIRE. Within the molten ocean we can see thousands of TORTURED FACES. The Damned. In a constant state of agony...

Jason drops from the "sky" and lands on a pillar about ten feet from Freddy's. Freddy is furious with Jason for following him and chastises his pursuer...

FREDDY
YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED DROWNED, BOY!

JASON JUMPS TO FREDDY'S PILLAR! Freddy jumps to the next, then the next, and the next... He's fester and more agile than Jason, and his confidence increases as the distance between them greatens...

FREDDY
Come and get me, big guy.

Jason does just that. And on the third leap, he SWINGS his machete at Freddy's head... Freddy barely escapes the blade's touch by leaning back and somersaulting to the next pillar. Jason slips and nearly falls, but regains his balance and footing...

FREDDY
What's the matter? Clumsy?

Like a Dali-esque game of "stepping stones," the two demons run from spire to spire, Jason's machete chopping, Freddy's razor glove slashing, but neither making contact. As Freddy jumps onto a spire with a large, flat pinnacle, Jason tackles him by his ankles. The two monsters get to their feet and square off like gladiators in mortal combat...

FREDDY
Okay, junior, let's see what you've got...

And in the molten pool below, like the patrons in the seats of the Forum in Ancient Rome, the faces of the damned take notice of the battle and demonically cheer for their favorite contender...

JASON SWINGS! AGAIN AND AGAIN! All brute force. Like a ballet dancer, Freddy twists and bends, his body escaping the blade's every move...

FREDDY
Son, you gotta learn some finesse...

Freddy raises the razor hand, then PUNCHES Jason in the gut with the other. As Jason doubles over, the talons descend and RIP into his shoulder.

FREDDY
(proud, cocky)
First blood.

JASON ROARS! (The only "speaking" he'll do). And HEAD-BUTTS Freddy, the hockey mask hitting him hard. Freddy's fedora falls into the eerie muck below and he pouts as he reaches for it...

FREDDY
(sadly)
Mon chapeau...

SHOMP! The machete chops off half of Freddy's foot. He HOWLS with pain and looks at his dismembered appendage...

FREDDY
(annoyed)
Goddamn Florsheim shoe...

WHIIIISSSSHHH! The machete swings! And CLEAVES into Freddy's side! THWACK! CHOMP! Jason pulls. out the blade, then swings up in the opposite direction of the previous slice. THUNK! A chunk of Freddy drops into the molten pool. He looks down at his gaping wound and whines...

FREDDY
That's gonna leave a mark...

FWWWIISSSSHHHHH! FWWIIISHHH! FWIISSSHH! FREDDY RETALIATES! The razor glove moving with blinding speed! It SLICES into Jason's leg, his arm, his chest... The machete is now used purely as a defensive weapon, blocking Freddy's attempt to execute a lethal blow...

FREDDY
GIVE UP, MORON!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! SPARKS FLY as metal meets metal with intense ferocity! JASON JABS! And the machete PIERCES Freddy's abdomen.

FREDDY
Oh ffffffff...*fudge*.

He steps back, sliding off the knife and BACKHANDS Jason with the glove. As Jason stands stunned, Freddy LEAPS onto the next spire and turns to face his antagonist...

FREDDY
Hey numbnuts!

Jason faces Freddy.

FREDDY
Guess what I've had with me *the whole time...*?

Freddy reaches over his shoulder and withdraws from his back... *Baby Jake*.

FREDDY
Idn't he cuuute?

He extends his arm and dangles the infant over the molten pool.

FREDDY
Say bye-bye.

Freddy drops the child. JASON LEAPS OFF THE SPIRE! Hands reaching for Jake... As they clasp the infant, the baby turns into *paper*. Which BURNS as it dears the "ocean." JASON CRIES OUT as his body falls into the molten muck, frying his legs, searing his torso, flames licking the mask, plastic melting... As Jason drowns, Freddy shakes his, head...

FREDDY
Gee, how do you spell "gullible?"
(to Jason)
So long, stupid.
(to the "sky")
Oh, Raaaaaay-chelllllll....

Freddy jumps straight up into the air and is sucked away, disappearing into nothingness...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Time is restored. Carrying Jake, oblivious to the lapse in time, Rachel moves to the door, flings it open, and runs...

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rachel searches for a path leading to the main road and heads toward it...

FREDDY DROPS FROM THE SKY AND FLASHES HIS GLOVE!

FREDDY
What's the hurry?

He blocks the path in front of her. Rachel freezes. As she searches for alternate routes, the LANDSCAPE CHANGES. TREES become fairy tale monstrosities. THORN BUSHES grow and writhe, as if alive...

FREDDY
The party just started.

ERUPTING FROM THE EARTH ARE CREATURES BOTH HUMAN AND DEMON.

Rachel watches in horror...

FREDDY
We're all here, Rachel. Past and present.
Real and Unreal... Just like you wrote...

The DEMONS shall be listed by name - ABBADON, BELIAL, PAZUZU, KALI, FAERIE, and AHRIMAN. And if you're up on your killers, you'll recognize the rest - JOHN WAYNE GACY, TED BUNDY, WAYNE WILLIAMS, HENRY LEE LUCAS, JEFFREY DAHMER, and CHARLES MANSON.

FREDDY
What say we, "Get down and boogie?"

Freddy and the others RUSH the cabin... Rachel hurries Jake inside...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rachel SLAMS shut the door. Locks and bolts it and makes sure the trap door to the basement is locked. For the moment, the ladder to the loft remains in place.

The demons outside toy with her, eerily CRYING OUT and CALLING her name...

DEMONS O.S.
Raaaay-chelll, Raaaaaaaay-chelll...

For a brief moment, Rachel shivers and goes pale.

RACHEL
(gaining control)
Fuck that.
(sweet, powerfully to Jake)
You know what I have, little guy? I have
power...

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Just as the demons begin to converge upon the cabin, WOODEN POSTS SPROUT FROM THE EARTH! RAZOR WIRE EMERGES FROM EACH POST! THE SNAKELIKE STRANDS WHIP AROUND THE PERIMETER, FORMING A FENCE! At one point, Henry Lee Lucas is shredded by the stuff as it cuts right through him! HE HOWLS AND VANISHES. STEEL SHUTTERS SLAM ONTO THE CABIN WINDOWS! One set CRUSHES the demon Abbadon, flattening him against the window...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

As Abbadon is smashed, Rachel sees that he VANISHES into nothingness just like Henry Lee. *They can be defeated.* Rachel shuts her eyes and breathes deep, ever-so-calm... For a moment, the SCREEN GOES BLACK. As we QUICKLY FADE IN, every ounce of furniture, rug, and accessory is gone. The room has been stripped bare for maximum efficiency. More significantly, we find a *very different* Rachel standing in the center of the main room...

She is clad in a tight, thickly padded, black leather outfit. She wears high boots and tight gloves. No make-up. Hair pulled back in a tight, efficient bun. JAKE is in a papoose style black leather carrier on her back. In her hands, Rachel holds a SHOTGUN. But this isn't the rusty old artifact from the mantel... It's a beautiful cobalt blue steel machine, built to maximum efficiency, with an endless supply of shells.

RACHEL
(confidently)
All right, Fred. Let's dance...

Rachel can HEAR them coming... *She won't panic. She'll stay calm...*

BODIES SLAM AGAINST THE WALLS! One of the shutters is RIPPED from its hinges and the demon Belial slithers into the room!

BLAM! Rachel shoots it smack in the chest! Here comes Manson... BLAM! As their bodies vanish, Rachel concentrates and a NEW SHUTTER appears, covering the hole.

SOUNDS FROM ABOVE! *They're on the roof!* She races up to the loft, mindful of Jake in the carrier...

INT. CABIN - LOFT - NIGHT

Rachel MOVES to the single window... She SMASHES it open with the butt of the gun and whips the barrel around just in time to BLAST the head off Pazuzu. She sees Ted Bundy climbing toward her and SHOOTS! Both his and Pazuzu's bodies disappear.

OUTSIDE, Ahriman, Williams, and Dahmer are making their way through the fence...

Rachel concentrates with ferocious intensity... AND THE FENCE SIZZLES WITH ELECTRICITY! The three SCREECH, fry, and vanish. Rachel grins at the result of her power...

And fails to see behind her the CORPSES of Greta and Amelia become animated and rise from the bed... Moving like zombies, they reach for her...

In the nick of time, JAKE CRIES! Rachel spins! For a split second, she hesitates. *It's rough seeing them like this...* But the hesitation doesn't last. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! She cuts them down.

RACHEL
Sorry...

The bodies fade away. SOUNDS FROM BELOW! Rachel drops to the first floor...

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

And finds her boyfriend Jim - now a member of the walking dead - at the front door, holding it open...

JIM

I invited some friends...

Into the room step the zombie versions of Morris, Donna Villa Lobos, and sister Peggy. BEHIND HER, crawling down from the loft, is the demon goddess Kali, KNIFE in hand. Just as the demon is about to strike, Rachel concentrates and a PROTECTIVE SHELL forms around Jake, like an armadillo's hide. Kali's knife SHATTERS as it hits the cocoon. Rachel raises the shotgun and points it backwards, over her shoulder. BLAM! Kali's gone...

...But Jim, Donna, Peggy, and Morris are approaching... *And they lose their ghoulish appearance.* They appear normal, happy to see her...

PEGGY

Hey, sis. Cool outfit.

Rachel hesitates. *Is she succumbing to their ruse...?* Morris sits on the couch and searches for a cigarette...

MORRIS

How 'bout some music? Can't have a party without music...

MOISTURE begins to seep from the walls, floor, and ceiling. Is it water...? Slowly, Rachel steps back, kicks open the bolt to the cellar, and lifts the latch...

RACHEL

Have fun...

Jim takes a whiff... *And his ghoul face returns.* Morris lights his cigarette and throws the lit match to the floor...

JIM

NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Rachel drops to the cellar and pulls shut the trap just as the match hits the GASOLINE now permeating every inch of the upper rooms.

THE ENTIRE UPPER CABIN ERUPTS INTO FLAMES! ROASTING EVERYONE WITHIN!

INT. CABIN - CELLAR NIGHT

Through the floorboards, Rachel can see the inferno above, but nothing burns down here. She moves to the hatch doors leading to the outside, but is cut off by John Wayne Gacy in full evil clown regalia. HE ATTACKS! Revealing rows of sharp pointed teeth... Rachel ducks, spins and SHOOTS! Sending him into a shallow earthen grave...

EXT. CABIN - FOREST - NIGHT

Rachel emerges from the cellar and flees the cabin, which is engulfed in flames. She RUNS into the woods, heading toward the main road... SWOOP! The last remaining demon - FAERIE has wings and can fly. He soars high, then swoops low, LASHING OUT at Rachel with sharp-clawed hands... He SCRATCHES Rachel's cheek, then KNOCKS the shotgun from her hand. His taloned feet try to snatch the papoose, but Rachel manages to grab a leg, PULL him to earth, and PUMMEL him with furious PUNCHES. She grabs a wrist, SNAPS it from the faerie's arm, and drives it into its heart....

As the creature vanishes, the FIRE from the cabin ROARS outward, into the forest... Rachel RUNS, and in looking over her shoulder, sees that the flames are filled with HUNDREDS of demonic faces, just like the molten ocean of the Damned...

EXT. PATH TO MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

In a dizzying, disorienting panicked run for survival, Rachel, vision going in and out of focus, stumbles and scrapes her way away from the cabin... *Is she aware? Is she conscious?*

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Just as she emerges from the trees, Rachel hears...

MAN O. S.
Rachel?

Her eyes open wide with fear, Rachel isn't sure what to make of the sight of Detective NEWELL standing near Jim's ruined car, shining a flashlight at her...

NEWELL
Rachel!

He comes to her, but she's so terrified, she steps away from him. *Is he real or an illusion?* Newell can see the horror in her eyes and approaches her calmly....

NEWELL
Rachel, it's me. John Newell. I came to help you.

Rachel then realizes she is wearing her normal clothes. Jake is in a blanket in her arms. Her body and face are bruised and scraped, but she's very much alive. And awake. Relieved, she runs to Newell and he gently, comfortingly embraces her.

NEWELL
It's all right... It's all right...

Newell looks back into the woods and sees a FIRE raging at the cabin site...

NEWELL
Your friends...?

Rachel shakes her head "no" and desperately urges Newell into his car.

NEWELL
What happened?

She adamantly shakes her head "no," climbs into the passenger seat and pounds the steering wheel, urging him to drive.

NEWELL
Whatever you say.

Newell obliges, starts the car, and takes off... We linger on the SMOKING CRIMSON SKY and...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEWELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Rachel stares straight ahead at the road, Jake in her arms, saying nothing.

At the wheel, Newell sees FIRE TRUCKS passing them on their way to the cabin, then concentrates on the drive, often glancing at Rachel to see if she's okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

An area filled with expensive homes and well-manicured lawns. Newell's sedan pulls into a specific driveway and stops in front of a tasteful Colonial.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Newell exits the car, hurries to the passenger side, and helps Rachel with Jake. They approach the front door and Rachel finds her keys. She puts her fingers to her lips - Newell should be quiet - and opens the door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel silently leads Newell to the KITCHEN, where she begins to warm up a bottle of formula for Jake.

NEWELL
You okay?

She nods and sits down in a breakfast nook to feed the baby. Newell watches her, concerned about her welfare, but momentarily touched by the vision of domesticity.

NEWELL
I think we should let your folks know
we're here...

Rachel sort of shrugs. Her focus is on Jake. Newell doesn't want to leave her, but...

NEWELL
I'll be right back.

He leaves the kitchen and Rachel begins to doze off...

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark in here and Newell bumps smack into a chair. He steps back, finds a light switch and turns it on...

NEWELL
(goes pale)
Christ...

Seated at the dining room table are Mr. and Mrs. Daniels. Well, there bodies are seated. Their heads are on their plates.

RACHEL O.S.
He's here...

Newell turns to find her, holding Jake, standing in the doorway to the kitchen.

NEWELL
He? Who--?

WHAM! Newell is BACKHANDED hard by Freddy's glove, his head SLAMMING into the wall. Newell drops to the floor unconscious. Freddy turns to Rachel...

FREDDY
(re Newell)
I think he has a crush on you.

RACHEL
(strong, unfazed)
What do you want?

They begin to circle each other, cat-and-mouse, around the dinner table...

FREDDY
(re Jake)
His soul.

RACHEL
Why him?

FREDDY
Why not him? I love kids.

He SLASHES across the table, but Rachel doesn't flinch.

RACHEL

You're lying...

FREDDY

No, really. I do love kids....

RACHEL

About Jake. He doesn't matter, does he?
He's just a means to an end. You want me,
don't you? My soul.

Freddy shrugs - "You got me."

FREDDY

You're a clever little thing, aren't you?
Everybody says so...

Freddy pulls a chair, sits down and begins nibbling leftovers
from around Mrs. Daniels's head.

FREDDY

(to the head)
You don't mind, do ya babe? I'm famished.
(explains)
You see, Rachel - you don't mind if I
call you Rachel, do you? I mean everybody
calls me Freddy...
(continues)
See, you barely lifted a finger and got
me up and walking around. That's some
wicked voodoo you got inside. Mesa mojo.
Now if I had that... Just think of all
the fun I'd have.

HE OVERTURNS THE TABLE! SHOVES IT ACROSS THE FLOOR! And traps
Rachel in a corner. Freddy taunts her with the razor hand...

FREDDY

Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide... Time
to die.

SLASH! A THICK BLADE CHOPS into Freddy's shoulder! As the
MACHETE is pulled free, Freddy HOWLS with pain and turns to see
JASON behind him, the lower half of the killer's body charred
black, flesh twisted.

FREDDY

YOU???!!! You're like a bad penny.

JASON CHOPS! Freddy blocks! Rachel pushes the heavy table away from the wall... FREDDY SLASHES! Jason parries. CLASH! CLANG! The two go at it again, this time close enough to see into each other's possessed, icy eyes...

FREDDY
You should try mouthwash...

Jason raises the machete high! Freddy UPPERCUTS with the razor glove, ripping apart Jason's midsection. The machete falls from the monster's hand. RIP! Freddy delivers another devastating blow. Jason collapses and tries to crawl away, but Freddy climbs onto his back...

FREDDY
Hey, where you goin'? I didn't get a chance to say... *goodbye*.

And with that, Freddy PIERCES Jason's heart with the razor glove. He stands and shakes his head...

FREDDY
Well, pal, you win some, you lose some.
You know what I'd like? A little souvenir, a keepsake...

He searches the floor for the machete.

RACHEL O.S.
Looking for this?

Rachel holds it in her hand.

RACHEL
Come and get it.

Before Freddy can move, Rachel DRIVES the machete into Freddy's ribs.

FREDDY
(terrified)
This can't be right... I've got plans...

RACHEL
Too bad.

She pulls out the blade, rears back... And chops off his head.

No two ways about it, Freddy is dead. Through the floorboards, red-hot tendrils reach up from the earth, take hold of Freddy's various body parts, and suck them down into Hell where they belong.

From behind the table, Rachel hears Jake crying and goes to him. She takes him into her arms, then moves to comfort Jason Voorhees in his final moments. Rachel can hear labored breathing... She removes the hockey mask and tosses it aside...

Jason's face is that of a man, but it possesses the innocent quality of a young boy's. If he is able to recapture any kind of purity, it happens now... As Rachel holds his hand, he perishes...

Into nothingness...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. AUSTRALIAN BEACH - DAY

A pregnant Rachel walks along a bright, sunny beach with the five-year-old Jake by her side.

WOMAN O.S.
Hey Jakey!

The boy turns and runs through the water to... His mother Peggy. She lifts the child into her arms, splashes and laughs with him... Smiling, Rachel watches. And she is joined by Thomas Smith. His wife and daughter play nearby.

THOMAS
He enjoys it here.

RACHEL
I do too.

THOMAS
Good. We love having you.

Peggy and Jake continue to frolic, but Rachel senses something and we hear faintly...

A MAN'S VOICE
(whispered, echo-y)
Rachel? Sweetheart...?

RACHEL
(to Thomas)
I have to go.

He understands.

RACHEL
(calls to Jake)
Hey Jake, we gotta go!

JAKE
(disappointed)
Aw... Aunt Rachel...

PEGGY
(to Jake)
You listen to your Auntie, kid. She's a
smart cookie...

Jake kisses Peggy and runs to join Rachel. As Rachel waves
goodbye to her sister...

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Rachel stirs from an afternoon nap. Curled up with her is a
resting five-year-old - Jake.

MAN O.S.
Wake up, baby...

Rachel's eyes open to find her husband, John Newell, at her
side. Lovingly, he smiles and kisses her.

NEWELL
I thought only kids and old people took
naps.

RACHEL
Yeah, well, they know something good when
they see it.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Rachel, indeed pregnant, heads: for the front door, Newell trailing her...

NEWELL

...I don't like it when they just show up like this. You should tell the people at the halfway house that...

RACHEL

John? I don't mind.

NEWELL

Okay. You're the doctor.

Rachel opens the door to find a frightened, fragile young woman, AMY, waiting for her.

AMY

Hi Dr. Newell.

RACHEL

Hi Amy. Come in...

INT. HOUSE - RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel listens intently as Amy tells her story.

AMY

You're gonna think I'm crazy...

RACHEL

Well, if *you're* crazy, *I'm* crazy.
Tell me.

The young woman is on edge, but Rachel provides a warm, trusting atmosphere...

AMY

He comes to me in my dreams... A
monster...

Rachel cuts to the chase. No bullshit. And asks...

RACHEL

What's his name?

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

THE END