

FREDDY VS JASON

A Screenplay By:

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FADE IN:

EPIC MUSIC O.S., the MAIN TITLES ROLLING over a series of medieval WOODCUTS. SINISTER IMAGERY - monsters, demons, torture devices - DISOLVING into one another, then we...

OPEN ON:

EXT. HILLSIDE PASS - SUNSET (17TH CENTURY)

Lush green fields and vineyards, very like the Napa Valley. SOLEMN BENDICTINE CHANTING on the SOUNDTRACK, and the distant RESONANT TOLLING of a church bell, O.S.

We HEAR TINKLING CHIMES. With a gentle CLIP-CLOP OF HOOVES, a burro crests a dark hill, silhouetted against the blood-red sun. Its rider adorned in lavish Catholic vestments.

Before we can be amused, SIX MAGNIFICENT CHARGERS follow. Two grim-faced CIVILIANS in formal Middle-Ages clothing to the fore, a vanguard of pennant-wielding SOLDIERS at back.

CLOSER NOW. The horses are nervous. The burro's rider - SIGNOR DELUCA - MURMURS something nervously in Italian.

SIGNOR DELUCA

"Le colline...hanno occhi!"

PITT - a wary American Witchfinder - narrows his eyes. Turns to his traveling companion.

PITT

What did he say?

HOPKINS - an aristocratic Englishman with a startling similarity to Christopher Lee - avoids his gaze. Scours the encroaching terrain with his keen vision.

HOPKINS

"The hills...have eyes."

The horses WHINNY, worried by something nearby. SHEET-LIGHTNING whites-out the sky, drizzle spattering the earth.

SIGNOR DELUCA

(heavily-accented English)

It's begun --

AN ANGLE ABOVE, LOOKING DOWN. The company trek purposefully along the winding trail. Something dark prowls past IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND. GROWLS inhumanely...

EXT. CASTLE APPROACH - SUNSET (17TH CENTURY)

The horses BUCK and REAR as they round the bend.

SOLDIER #1

Mother of God --

THEIR P.O.V. A PAIR OF GROTESQUE WOODEN-FRAME EFFIGIES dominate the trail ahead, one to either side. Human-shaped, 30 feet tall. Both are aflame, packed with BURNING CADAVERS (anyone remember the 1973 movie "The Wicker Man"?).

HOPKINS

(solemnly)

I've seen this before.

PITT

In England?

HOPKINS

In the darkest chasm of my dreams...

As the troupe continue forward, we CRANE UP BEHIND THEM. Half a mile away, a gothic Italian castle looms ominously dark THUNDER CLOUDS roll supernaturally across the sky. A SUPERIMPOSED CAPTION CARD informs us this is:

ITALY - 1648

EXT. ENTRANCE - CASTLE - NIGHT (17TH CENTURY)

The ground has turned to slush. The horses skid, lose their footing. An ornate wooden box tethered to a saddlebag bursts open, releasing --

PITT

Pontiff -- !

SOLDIER #1 dismounts, scrabbles in the mud. Passes two rather plain-looking daggers back to DeLuca. As he does--

THEY TRANSFORM. Morphing into exact duplicates of the Byzantine blade which slayed Jason Voorhees in "Jason Goes To Hell." Astonishment flashes across the Soldier's face.

SIGNOR DELUCA

(admonishes him)

This matter...will not pass your lips.

Hopkins and Pitt stare covetously at the weapons.

PITT

The Daggers of Horvath...

SIGNOR DELUCA

Sacrosanct. Said...forged...by the alchemists...of dead Atlantis.

HOPKINS

(cannily)
...And also from the blade which pierced
the side of Christ?

DeLuca shrugs, perhaps a little annoyed.

SIGNOR DELUCA
The origins are unimportant. Only their
powers count this day.
(to Soldier #2)
Tether the animals.

A turret rises above, a portent of doom. Lightning FLARES.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CASTLE - NIGHT (FOREGROUND MINATURE)

Boots ECHO on stone as the group enter an expansive circular
chamber. Water PLINK-PLONKS from dank archeways all around.
Inverted crosses on the walls, torches flickering in metal wall-
holders. A wide staircase spirals into cobwebbed darkness above.

A pair of giant censers swing back-and-forth...dozens of dangling
chains with upturned corpses - real Grand Guignol - tangled in
them.

The FAINT STRAINS of a NURSERY RHYME - somehow familiar to us -
intrude. Incongruously, the LYRICS are Italian --

DREAM CHILDREN
(O.S., "Freddy Theme")
"Uno, Due...Thanos venga per te. Tre,
quattro...dovete chiudere le porte."

HOPKINS
You hear -- ?

SIGNOR DELUCA
Si. Pitt...?

The American stares up at the hanging wrought-iron chandelier
frame, scrutinizing the SYMBOL forged into it. Neither Celtic
run, nor Egyptian glyph. Not Sanskrit, or pentangle...but somehow
all at once.

PITT
Salem. Four years past. I burnt a covenant.
This same device.
(a beat)
Evil is at hand...

DREAM CHILDREN
(O.S.)
"Nove, dieci...non dormirai piu --"

A VERTICAL ANGLE, HIGH ABOVE. The RHYME stops. SILENCE. We HEAR
a STEADY THUMP...THUMP. They draw their swords as --

Something PUNCHES FORCEFULLY through a COBWEB VEIL, BOUNCES down the steps. Comes to a halt at SOLDIER #3's feet...a dyed-purple leather ball. He bends

PITT

Wait -- !

Either the man chooses to ignore, or he doesn't understand. He picks it up. There's a MIDIEVAL SMILING SUN embroidered in gold filigree on one side. He grins. Flips it to see --

BURNS and MELTS, maggots and yellow bile pouring forth into his hand. It multiplies exponentially, spilling up along his arm in a second like a cancer. He turns, SCREAMING to the others --

HOPKINS

Back...stay back!

The Soldier lurches for them, his entire body consumed now. He stumbles, falls to the floor. EXPLODING into a mass of scarab beetles that scurry past their feet for the corners of the room. DeLuca crosses himself.

GIGGLING from above. The group look up to see a pair of YOUNG GIRLS in white dresses duck back over a high balcony.

SIGNOR DELUCA

There...

INT. WINDING STAIRWAY - CASTLE - NIGHT (17TH CENTURY)

A HUGE SPIDER scuttles across the thick blocking cobwebs. The group cautiously ascend the stairway, slicing at the musty veil. As Pitt turns his lantern to see a wall HEAVING with bugs --

A COVEY OF CROWS flush from a cranny, wings fluttering into their face, blinding them. DeLuca staggers back, feet pedaling on the edge. A straight drop, 50 feet...

HOPKINS

(alarmed)

Signor!

Hopkins hand lashes out and drags him back.

SIGNOR DELUCA

(thankful)

Grazie.

INT. CORRIDOR - CASTLE - NIGHT (17TH CENTURY)

At the corridor's end are massive iron doors, 5 feet tall. A pair of drop-dead gorgeous BLACK WOMEN in white robes stand before them, staring enigmatically with peculiar eyes. The smoke wreathing them SWIRLS back through the doors like REVERSE TIME-LAPSE, gliding them with it.

INT. NECROMANCER'S LAIR - CASTLE - NIGHT (17TH CENTURY)

Another cylindrical chamber; the "Penticon" symbol Pitt recognized hewn large on the ancient stone floor. Through a glass skylight above, turbulent clouds simmer menacingly.

HOPKINS

The Necromancer.

In the chamber's center - above the "Penticon", about 5 feet off the ground - floats a MAN. Crunched into a fetal position, he is naked. Tautly muscled, every square inch of his body inscribed with occult symbology. (He also bears more than a passing resemblance to Robert Englund).

SIGNOR DELUCA

My nephew...

THE DOORS SLAM CLOSED behind them, the wall-torches extinguishing. The chamber becoming wreathed in the darkest shadows imaginable. A WOMAN'S LAUGHTER ECHOES ICILY, O.S.

PITT

Time is short.

SIGNOR DELUCA

Let us hurry.

The three men approach. The air shimmers, as if they've just passed through an invisible field of some kind.

The three Soldiers stare around the room nervously. All around are drawings and models, prototypes of fantastic inventions. They're so preoccupied, they don't notice --

THEIR OWN SHADOWS, peeling away from their bodies and sliding up the wall to vanish into the gloom above.

SIGNOR DELUCA (cont'd)

Help me. Reveal his heart.

DeLuca holds the Dagger steady. As Hopkins and Pitt reach up to grasp the Necromancer's folded arms --

Behind them, DARK GRASPING CLAWS shoot down from above towards the Soldiers. Hauling a SCREAMING Soldier #1 upward.

The Necromancer's eyes SNAP OPEN instantly, unleashing a BELLOW OF RAGE. DeLuca slams forward with astonishing strength, driving the Dagger into the Necromancer's chest..but only part way. The creature's arms WHIP OUT with superhuman force, knocking the demon-slayers away.

Soldiers #2 and #4 hack furiously away with their swords, trying to release their comrade, as --

Hopkins reaches out. Grasps the Dagger's handle and drives it

further into the Necromancer's heart, twisting it. He SHRIEKS like a feral animal --

Then falls to the floor. That same instant, the disemboweled corpse falls. Soldier #1 drops out of the shadows with a THUMP. The survivors edge warily forward, until --

THEIR LANTERNS FLARE LIKE XENON, achingly bright. The shadow in the room seem to alter...flow. A moving, liquid mass from every corner that pours towards the fallen Necromancer, entering the corpse's mouth and nostrils. The chamber brightens, until --

There are no more shadows in the room. A BEAT, then --

THE BODY EXPLODES, atomized to fine red droplets. An ENORMOUS FORM rises up from within, some vast CLOAKED OUTLINE, LAUGHING with DEEP MALEVOLENCE. Pitt steps forward, brandishing a crucifix.

DARK VOICE

Foolish mortals...do not task me!

PITT

Be gone, Apollyon!

A shadow tentacle lashes out, slithers around Pitt's neck. Hauls him off the floor and squeezes tight. The crucifix clatters to the ground as blood seeps from his lips.

Hopkins and SOLDIER #4 race forward to help. Another pair of tentacles explode forth. Hopkins is sent sprawling...the black mass PUNCHING straight through the Soldier #4's armor like a javelin and impaling him against the wall. An arrow unleashed from Soldier #2's crossbow evaporates in mid-air.

Pitt's tentacle finishes its work. His decapitated body drops to the ground, the head rolling off into the shadows.

Another pseudopod hurtles for DeLuca, who cries out --

But suddenly Hopkins is there, wielding a Dagger of Horvath. The tentacle hits the Holy blade and rives into black ice, showering the chamber floor. The Shape LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY.

DARK VOICE

When Time...reaches its close...and your race attains the skies...I will set my creatures to shatter this world.

SIGNOR DELUCA

Consign thee to Hell, foul spawn!

The stone "Penticon" beneath the Necromancer's corpse SHATTERS like glass, dropping into a GAPING ESOPHAGAL TUNNEL that plunges into the DEPTHS OF HELL. The Shadow-form disappears in a SHOCKWAVE BLAST that EXPLODES the skylight and SPLINTERS everything breakable. The MOCKING LAUGHTER fades as the

"Penticon" reseals whole.

HOPKINS
(dryly)
Demons. So overdramatic.

DeLuca gazes around at the complex inventions, marvelling.

SIGNOR DELUCA
Look at this. The detail...the genius.

HOPKINS
Humankind...might profit immeasurably.

Soldier #4 approaches Hopkins hesitantly.

SOLDIER #2
Sire? What...should --?

Hopkins moves something on a nearby drafting board. Examines the soft vellum parchment stretched out there.

Like a Da Vinci anatomical study, we see an intricately detailed orthographic representation of FREDDY KRUEGER'S KNIFE-GLOVE and JASON VOORHEES' KILLING MASK.

HOPKINS
(absent, but authoritative)
Burn it all. Raze it to the ground.

Flames CRACKLE up INTO FRAME all around as we TRACK SLOWLY into the blueprint. SLAMMING ROCK MUSIC RISES O.S. as we --

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. ELM STREET. - BETHLEHEM, VIRGINIA - DAY

BRIGHT SUNLIGHT, filtering down through the boughs of trees. We CRANE DOWN, past a sign reading "Elm Street." Hit a van in FOREGROUND on a read of anonymous suburban storefronts.

TWO CAPTIONS FADE-UP. The FIRST, which READS:

BETHLEHEM, WEST VIRGINIA.

And then is replaced by the SECOND:

DECEMBER, 1999.

An innocuous-looking bookshop sits across the road, the sign above the door reading "SAMHAIN BOOKS." Right out-front, a muscular HELL'S ANGEL sits astride a gleaming Harley. A scantily-clad BIKER BABE faces him atop the gas-tank, legs wrapped around his waist. They're sucking some serious face.

REZNOR
(O.S.)

What - are you grafted to him, lady? Just
how much foreplay's this gorilla need
anyhow?!

A TINY RED DOT flickers like an anxious firefly on the girl's
thought. Suddenly --

SHE MOVES. Legs still in place, she swings around him to ride
pillion. He guns the engine, and they pull out.

RENZOR
(O.S.)
Thank you! Crowd goes wild --

The red dot settles on the bookshop window, and --

SPEAKER VOICE #1
(O.S., filtered)
-- This one's young --

Through the bookshop window, we see TWO MEN in conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

A THUMB, stabbing at a button --

SPEAKER VOICE #1 (cont'd)
(O.S., filtered)
Fresh --

A SPECTROSCOPE, leaping into high peaks --

SPEAKER VOICE #1 (cont'd)
(O.S., filtered)
Like a peach --

A LASER-MIKE BEAM, slicing out from the one-way van window --

SPEAKER VOICE #1 (cont'd)
(O.S., filtered)
Camera loves her.

Nestled hi-tech equipment in the van's rear is JAMES (JACK)
REZNOR, F.B.I. Agent extraordinaire. Grimy, unshaven. The toll
of days of stakeout. Take-out cartons and styrofoam cups littered
around him.

REZNOR
Yeah - I'll bet, ya toxic sack of puke...

A video camera rolls quietly next to him. His cellular phone
WARBLES for attention. He reaches down, flips it on.

REZNOR
Agent Reznor. Better be good.

CUT TO:

INT. TACTICAL ROOM - F.B.I. H.Q. - WASHINGTON - NIGHT

An expansive, clean room. Dozens of manned cubicles, rows of computer monitors. Jim Cameron territory. Christmas decorations break the monotony.

Reznor's partner JAMES (JACK) COBAIN is in his cubicle on the other end, a big F.B.I. logo on the wall behind him.

COBAIN

Jack...it's Jack.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY (INTERCUT)

To the side of the video-cam is an odd-looking CCD stills camera. Reznor thumbs a remote plunger, takes a few shots.

REZNOR

Cobain - what's occurring? Expected your sorry ass hours back...where are you?

INT. TACTICAL ROOM - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY (INTERCUT)

Cobain watches a CNN forest fire disaster on the wall-mounted T.V. nearby.

CNN ANCHOR

(O.S., on television)

"-- with close to 400 miles of woodland incinerated, Canadian authorities seem powerless to halt the blaze --"

COBAIN

Washington, still. They pulled the pattern. Got me playing errand boy for some Vatican bigwig out to the airport.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY (INTERCUT)

Reznor jacks a wire from the stills-camera into the phone.

REZNOR

Shit. Well, look...get him to say some "Hail Marys." Things are shaking here, just like we thought.

INT. TACTICAL ROOM - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY (INTERCUT)

Cobain shifts in his seat, suddenly alert.

COBAIN

Snuff movies?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY (INTERCUT)

Reznor thumbs an inset button on the camera which illuminates a green: "TRANSMIT."

REZNOR

Yeah. I'm punching what I got through.
Speaking of things priestly, Paula says I
should tell you - if you work me tomorrow
night, your tush is excommunicated.

INT. TACTICAL ROOM - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY (INTERCUT)

The printer next to Cobain's V.D.U. WHIRRS, spits-out color stills from Reznor's camera.

COBAIN

I'll consider myself doomed.

REZNOR

(V.O.)

They process our backup yet?

COBAIN

Hold a sec. Uh --

He cups the mouthpiece as somebody (FBI AGENT #1) passes, TOOTING an extendable party whistle. Rifles a tray of paperwork, finds a requisition sheet with a SWAT header. The co-signature is still blank.

COBAIN (cont'd)

Tanya...this SWAT request signature?

A pretty woman looks across from a nearby cubicle. Shrugs.

TANYA

Holidays...cut-backs? Prob'ly an
oversight. Sorry, Cabain.

CABAIN

(back into phone)

No change. Nice pictures...you get a bug
in there?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY (INTERCUT)

REZNOR

Not a hope. You wouldn't believe the
scanners these bozos use. Running a laser-
mike onto their window.

INT. TACTICAL ROOM - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY (INTERCUT)

COBAIN

Alright. What I'll do is, rush these

through Photo Intelligence...drize down
the second I'm through.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY (INTERCUT)

REZNOR

Deal. But Jack? Give SWAT a push. I got
a hunch these sickos are about to move.

INT. TACTICAL ROOM - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY (INTERCUT)

Cobain replaces the handset. Sits back. Looks at the paperwork.
Thinks a moment. Drags out a punch-file marked "S.W.A.T." and
opens it. Finds an old requisition. Glances around to make
certain nobody's watching, then --

COPIES THE SIGNATURE. A perfect forgery.

The T.V. catches his eye again. Another CNN disaster.

CNN ANCHOR

(O.S.)

-- Our top story...a heated skirmish in
International Waters, Leaving Korea one
frigate down. Japan has already been
threatened with reprisals --"

Somebody (FBI AGENT #2) slows as he passes the T.V.

FBI AGENT #2

Great way to end the Century, huh?

COBAIN

(grunts affirmatively)

World's going to Hell in a handbasket.

He stabs at a remote. Flips the channel to WHITE STATIC which --

MORPH-DISSOLVES THROUGH TO:

EXT. "PLAIN OF BONES" - HELL - ZERO HOUR

A DOWNPOUR OF HORIZONTAL RAIN against a dead grey sky. So subtle,
we don't get it for a second. Then --

The SHOT ROTATES...TILTS. Swoops dizzyingly 100 feet. A LONELY
WIND HOWLS around a figure. Face upturned, droplets spatter her
face. We recognize her: ALICE JOHNSON, last seen defeating Freddy
Krueger in "THE DREAM CHILD." She shivers, her eyes SNAPPING
OPEN.

ALICE

(softly, to herself)

Where am I?

She's standing on a PLAIN OF BONES AND SKULLS stretching as far as
the eye can see, rolling hills on the horizon. The low sky BOILS,

a SEETHING BUBBLING REDNESS. A RUMBLE like an onrushing freight train GROWS. She turns to see --

A SINGULARITY TORNADO of MULTICOLORED ENERGY THUNDERING towards her, just 100 feet away. Chewing up the landscape...sucking "reality" into it. It's breathtaking, and it sounds like all the noises in the world.

Alice bolts as the worldbehind her CRUMBLES, sucked mightily upwards. Her chest heaves, limbs working. Then --

The ground QUAKES and ERUPTS, throwing her off-balance. She falls solidly amongst a flurry of SPLINTERING bones. Looks up to see --

THE SINGULARITY, looming large. Unstoppable. She SCREAMS --

ALICE

Nooooo --!

A GREAT WHITE EXPLOSION hurls her through the air like a ragdoll. Her arms flail, and then she IMPACTS HARD with --

EXT. CRAGGY VERTICAL RACKFACE - HELL - ZERO HOUR (CONTINUING)

A ROUGHLY-HEWN DARK GRANITE PILLAR perhaps 30 feet square, dropping vertiginously away thousands of feet below. She snatches a handhold...it SNAPS away. Falls about a foot...grabs another. Begins a labored ascent...

EXT. APEX OF PILLAR - HELL - ZERO HOUR (CONTINUING)

Alice claws her way over the plateau edge. Lies there, breathing heavily. A sibilant VOICE makes her jump --

DARK VOICE

(O.S.)

Aaaaaliccee --

She stumbles to her feet, finds herself looking out across the plain as the Tornado decimates it. More bones here, a SINGLE ARTHRITIC TREE claws upwards, and standing next to it towers

SOMEBODY...SOMETHING. Cloaked. A vicious bladed scythe clutched in one hand, a BOA CONSTRICTOR coiling around the haft. If we didn't know better, we might say it was the GRIM REAPER.

ALICE

Hello? Hello...

Alice's eyes widen as - with an eerie HISS - the figure turns towards her. But before we see the face --

A VARIATION ON A FAMILIAR FOUR-BLADED CLAW curls disturbingly around her neck from behind...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT

JACOB JOHNSON - Alice's nervy 8 year old son - YELLS out in panic from the passenger seat.

JACOB

Brake!

Alice jerks awake from her daydream at the wheel to see --

ALICE

Shit!

STATIONARY TRAFFIC on the freeway ahead, materializing at 40 MPH. She grips the wheel, mashes the brake pedal hard...

EXT. FREEWAY - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

Alice's red Lexus SKIDS through puddles of rain. SCREECHES to a halt inches from the car in front.

WIDER NOW, PULLING BACK. Her car a speck at the rear of the worst Friday night gridlock you can imagine.

INT/EXT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT

Alice sits, hyperventilating. Grey eyes wide. We get a better look at her now. Smartly-dressed. Mid-to-late 20s, mid-length strawberry-blond hair. Cute as a button.

Her son stares accusingly at her from alongside.

JACOB

Mom, you said you weren't tired!

ALICE

No...I...just must have drifted.

JACOB

You weren't...dreaming again? Like before?

She gives him a look. Ducks the loaded question. Peers out through the rain- slicked windshield.

ALICE

Look at this rain. Feels like it tailed us right from New Jersey.

She reaches down and flips the radio on. Gets the news.

RADIO NEWSCASTER

(O.S., on radio)

-- "Bizarre mass cult suicide at a Rio de Janeiro soccer stadium, 20,000 estimated dead --"

ALICE
Getting harder to find any uplifting news
these days.

JACOB
That's cause-of it's the "Fin de Sickle."

ALICE
The what?

JACOB
"Fin de --"

ALICE
(pronouncing correctly)
Ah..."Fin de Siecle"?

JACOB
Yea. Like, when every century ends,
everything goes totally nutso. Only this
time it's worse, cause it's, like, a new
Millennium too.

ALICE
(smiles)
Pretty slick. Where'd that come from?

JACOB
French class. Our tea --

A RUMBLE starts-up, gaining intensity. A spring-mounted toy bird
dangling from the rear-view trembles. The car VIBRATES on its
suspension, the engine cutting-out.

JACOB (cont'd)
Earthquake! Wow...cool!

THEIR P.O.V. People scramble from their cars. A traffic sign
ahead shakes, a freeway light swaying like a giraffe's neck.

ALICE
(gettign frightened)
Virginia doesn't get quakes!

Their gaze SNAPS ACROSS as a roadside fire hydrant BLOWS, gushing
water into the air. A high-tension wire above SNAPS with a
TWANG, Jacob YELLING as --

JACOB
Mom!!

THE SPARKING CABLE hits their roof, HISSING as it writhes.
Searing the paintwork a couple of times before dropping to the
roadside and becoming inert.

The tremor abruptly ends. Alice grabs Jacob --

ALICE
Jeez, are you alright--?!

JACOB
Think so...

ALICE
Sure?

JACOB
Yea...

ALICE
God...that was too freaky.

She flips the ignition. Nothing. Tries it again. This time the engine GRINDS UNPLEASANTLY.

ALICE
Oh. Oh, no...

JACOB
What's wrong?

ALICE
Our angel must be on coffee-break. Jake,
honey...something's wrong. I'm gonna...
have to pull us off the next ramp.

Somebody HONKS behind. The engine catches, sounds unhealthy.

JACOB
(knowingly)
What did I say?

ALICE
Yeah. Tell me about it --

EXT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT

We PULL BACK on the livid electrical scars seared into the car's rooftop. Oddly, they resemble...Freddy claw gouges.

A mindful NURSERY RHYME TUNE TINKLESdelicately O.S. as the Lexus pulls out onto the freeway turn-off...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE FREEMAN HOUSE - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

Neat identical houses: Suburban Anywheresville, U.S.A. A 15ft illuminated neighborhood Christmas tree shines like a candystore beacon.

Sheets of rain bead on telephone wires crossign the street. Drip into the tree, FIZZING and FLICKERING the bulbs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

An 8 year-old blond girl - STEPHANIE FREEMAN - eats a sandwich atop the back of a chaise-longue, face pushed up against the misty widow. Stares wide-eyed as the tree flickers spastically across the street.

STEPHANIE

Daddy! The tree isn't working right -- !

She climbs down, wanders back across the long room. The television plays "The Mask" animated series NOISILY to itself in B.G. She glances cursorily at it in passing.

INT. KITCHEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUING)

Stephanie's parents - STEVEN and JESSICA REEMAN - are in mid-argument in the cramped kitchen, a disassembled car gear box neatly laid-out on the dining table.

Steven is an odd blend of bookish and jock, his greasy work overalls partially unbuttoned. His wife is exceptionally pretty...at least she would be if she gave herself the chance. She seems tired, long blond hair tied back in a ponytail. Both are in their late 20s.

JESSICA

Steven, you made a promise!

STEVEN

Jess --

JESSICA

New Year's, 1999...a fresh Century! We always said we'd celebrate this one together, regardless --

STEVEN

We will...look - it'll be a fast pick-up. Burn rubber first thing, get this guy's sump. Back in plenty of time. You... me...Stephy --

JESSICA

Ushering-in the "bright new future"?

She turns away to wash some vegetables at the sink, her tone a mixture of cynicism and tired resignation. Steven stops, frowns. Puzzled and somewhat taken-aback.

STEVEN

Right. What?

Stephanie appears at the doorway, interrupting the flow.

STEPHANIE

Daddy...?

STEVEN
(to Jessica, persistent)
Look, I promised the guy. Am I missing
something here -- ?

JESSICA
(to Stephanie)
Oh - not now, baby...

STEPHANIE
(persistent, to Steven)
-- Can you fix the tree?

Stephanie picks the stick-shift up from the table.

STEVEN
Which tree?...don't touch that, pumpkin.

Distracted, Steven takes it from Stephanie, replaces it. She
wraps her arms around him. Pouts petulantly.

STEPHANIE
Over the park. The lights are all sparky,
look --

JESSICA
Stephy, Mom and Dad are yammerin --

STEPHANIE
Puh-lease?

She jumps up-and-down. He ruffles her hair.

STEVEN
Weren't you watching T.V.?

JESSICA
T.V.'s for squids.

STEVEN
(laughs)
Well...plumb the depths. I'll get there.

STEPHANIE
O-kay...

Stephanie grudgingly leaves. Steven LAUGHS.

STEVEN
I swear, that kid's intent on setting the
whole world to rights.

JESSICA
Great. Have her start here.

Steven's had it. Turns to her, baffled.

STEVEN

Alright. You gonna share into this little secret?

JESSICA

Which'd be what?

STEVEN

You, stomping about like a poster ad for Prozac.

JESSICA

Oh - pull a 360, Steven! Take a wild stab!

Steven looks wounded. This seems to be a familiar routine.

STEVEN

C'mon, Jess --

JESSICA

No! No, I've had it! I'm sic of...of clipping coupons...scrimping every cent. We've bills up the ying-yang...I want us to actually amount to something!

STEVEN

Pushing "delete" on one of "America's Most Wanted" wasn't enough for one lifetime -- ?

JESSICA

It's been eight years since we fried Jason Voorhees! Eight years! What do we have to show for it?

STEVEN

We got the autoshop --

JESSICA

You seen our bank statements?

STEVEN

The recession...you know it's temporary. We'll pull through --

JESSICA

Yeah, and it's always around the next corner! Steven, we're sinking into a bottomless pit! I look at other families with 'lifestyles'...we don't even manage a life! I spend most of my life under a car, up to my elbows in grease and swill! third-rate existence!

STEVEN

What do you want me to say? I'm all outta easy answers!

The message pager on Steven's belt BEEPS annoyingly. He thumbs it off, squints at the display. Looks abashed at Jessica.

STEVEN (cont'd)
It's...uh...a call-out --

Jessica turns away. Picks up the knife. Chops mechanically at the vegetables like a Stepford wife.

JESSICA
You should go.

STEVEN
(conciliatory)
Jess --

JESSICA
No. Do it. We can use the money.

Steven leaves the kitchen uncertainly. We HEAR him call out:

STEVEN
(O.S.)
Up for a ride, sweet thing?

STEPHANIE
(O.S., excited)
You bet!

JESSICA
(calling after)
Don't forget your --

Jessica closes her eyes as the front door BANGS. Heaves a SIGH, instant regret flooding her features.

JESSICA (cont'd)
(finishing, redundant)
-- Keys. Goddammit, Jess Voorhees --

CUT TO:

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A big 747 comes in to land on a rain-swept runway.

INT. ARRIVAL LOUNGE - DULLES INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

The terminal is packed with mostly-bored PASSENGERS, not even Bruce Willis and some hijackers to liven things up.

Cobain sits on a passenger rotunda, an F.B.I. file open of his lap. He YAWNS...goes to sip from his styrofoam cup. A FAT BUSINESSMAN to his right turns the pages of his newspaper, catches Cobain's elbow. A great coffee SPLOT stains his paperwork. Cobain shoots him an evil look.

FAT BUSINESSMAN

Sorry, pal.

Cobain catches sight of the newspaper headline: "ASTRONOMERS BAFFLED OVER DISAPPEARING STARS." Reaches down, wipes away the mess. We see an attached "Front-and-Right" mugshot of a hatchet-faced guy (who we recognize from Reznor's surveillance shots) registered with an "Interpol, Surete" stamp. From the corner of his eye, Cobain notices the OLD WOMAN to his left reading the file.

COBAIN

(pointedly)

Interesting read?

The woman looks hurriedly away...

CUT TO:

EXT "SHAMAN BOOKS" - ELM STREET - NIGHT

An ANGLE low on the rain-speckled sidewalk. A VAN'S TIRE enters FRAME. The door opens; a boot drops into SHOT.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

A dishevelled Reznor drops a cigarette butt in his empty styrofoam cup. Opens his packet of Camels. Empty. Glances out the window...and does a double-take. Sits up straight, instantly galvanized. Snaps-off a few more photographs.

REZNOR

What? Little late-night browsing?

HIS P.O.V., ACROSS THE ROAD. A newly-arrived van stands outside the store as a RAINCOATED MAN fumbles an adjacent yard open. Reznor watches as it proceeds inside.

REZNOR (cont'd)

Bingo. Pary-hearty time --

He unholsters his pistol, thumb-catches the slide --

EXT. YARD - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT.

VERTICAL CRANE SHOT, looking down on the van as two FIGURES in raincoats manhandle a struggling hape encased in a black bodybag up through a fire-exit at the rear of the bookshop.

EXT. YARD DOOR - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - ELM STREET - NIGHT

Rain plastering his hair, Reznor sidles carefully up to the yard door, gun-in hand. Glances nervously around, puts his face to a gap in the fence. Peers through --

REZNOR

Aw...shit!

He pulls out his cellphone. Flips it open --

EXT TURRET - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Narrow lengthwise rectangular windows glow soft yellow against the silhouette of the oddly medieval turret atop the bookstore. Lightning BURSTS throw it into sharp relief. We HEAR the TOLLING of a CHURCH BELL on the SOUNDTRACK...

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

A LOW ANGLE, orbiting a strange inverted "lightning rod" suspended dead-center in the circular chamber. Sculptured ceiling "ribs" curve outwards, forming cabalistic pillars lining the room. The saffron glow from hundreds of candles highlights diabolic imagery on the walls as the storm FLASHES through the windows high above, MALEFIC CHANTING O.S.

A wick is lit by one of several CLOAKED CULTISTS milling around the room. An ANCIENT GRIMOIRE with a sculpted cover (the "EVIL DEAD" Necronomicon, seen in the Voorhees house in "JASON GOES TO HELL") rests open on a wooden podium. The LEAD CULTIST traces arcane runes as he anoints the tooled silver blade of an AZTEC SACRIFICIAL MACHETE with oils.

LEAD CULTIST

"Ro-Ta Derp...Suss-Ruv Nayala --"

We TRACK LEFT as another Cultist totes a set of ominous iron limb-shackles. Linger in PASSING the video-assist monitor of a mounted camcorder. It glitches to life, reveals an INVERTED WOODEN CROSS...we CONTINUE and END on the real thing: 6ft long and tilted at 40 degree slant.

A HIGH ROTATING ANGLE, away from the Cross to a symbol carved into the stone floor. We recognize it instantly as the "Penticon" rune from our ITALIAN PROLOGUE. We hear a GIRL'S SHRIEKING VOICE from somewhere just outside.

GOTH GIRL

(O.S.)

Get your goddamn paws off -- !

EXT. YARD - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Reznor drops down from the fence top. The ground on the yard-side is slushy - he loses his balance, skids awkwardly. His cellphone falls into the mud. He picks it up, shakes the dirt from it. Crosses to the van, peers quickly inside.

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

FAST CUTS. Chunky wrist clamps CLUNK into place. A spirited but obviously-terrified dark-haired GOTH GIRL SCREAMS crazily as two CULTISTS attempt to secure her legs to the top of the slanted

cross, the others stand CHANTING in shadows surrounding the room...

CULTISTS
(together)
"Kandar...estrata...montos...eygrets --"

The Lead Cultist - the same guy from Cobain's Interpol photographs
- stands behind the Necronomicon podium.

LEAD CULTIST
Lord of Gehanna...keeper of the Fallen
Spirits of Darkness --

The Girl lashes a long leg at one with the force of a Bruce Lee karate kick. As Cultist #1 SLAMS back against a pillar, the cowl slips away to reveal a WOMAN PRIEST with a CLERICAL DOG-COLLAR beneath.

GOTH GIRL
Crazy freako psycho bastards...let me go!

Cultist #2 ENTERS SHOT wielding a HI-TECH STUN ROD. Shoves it against her with a SHARP OZONE CRACK. The Girl slumps back.

LEAD CULTIST
By the Abramelin Mage, receive this lowly
oblation as your own --

Another restraint CLAMPS around the Girl's throat. The CHANTING RISES in PITCH as her dress is RIPPED SAVAGELY AWAY, revealing the bare chest beneath. The videocam monitor begins to GLITCH inexplicably --

INT. YARD - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Reznor glances up. The THUNDERCLOUDS above the store are SEETHING into TURMOIL. He tries the fire-exit. Locked.

REZNOR
Perfect --

He pulls a Lockaid gun - a staplegun-like device - from his coat pocket. Squeezes the trigger. Thin protruding prongs WHIRR and vibrate. He slides them into the keylock --

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

The CHANTING approaches feer-pitch. The Lead Cultist runs the Aztec Machete's tip lightly between the girl's breasts, drawing a bead of blood. Raises the blade to shoulder height as she stirs slightly and MOANS.

LEAD CULTIST
(rising to a shout)
-- Hear these words of power! Barter this
flesh and invoke your Holy Guardian...

"Nosferatus, Emontus...Thanos"--!

WIDER NOW, ACROSS THE ROOM. At the precise moment he drives the blade down, we CRAB QUICKLY LEFT to --

THE GIRL'S FACE on the VIDEO MONITOR, HOWLING in EXTREME CLOSE-UP as the machete SLAMS home (mercifully OFFSCREEN). The monitor picture starts to ROLL --

FAST CUT TO:

INT. YARD - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

SNAP! TIGHT ON Reznor's Lockaid gun as the twin prongs shear-off in the lock --

REZNOR

Shit! This never happens on T.V.!

He stumbles back into the yard, takes a look around as LIGHTNING FLARES above --

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

The Girl's head slumps lifelessly back. Blood swells along channels carved into the cross...weeps over the edge. Trickles into --

THE "PENTICON" BELOW. Disturbingly, the fluid MOVES OF ITS OWN VOLITION...heading in assorted directions along the carved gullies. The Cultists register surprise and trepidation as the droplets ACCELERATE and ACCELERATE and --

TRANSFORM from matter into SEARING POINTS OF ENERGY that race about the unholy symbol like a circuitboard ELECTRON DANCE. A strange wind GUSTS through the place, GUTTERING the candle slightly. The videocam monitor SNOWS erratically as questing tendrils of power SHOOT up from the circle, ARCING through the Girl's body and shrivelling her to a desiccated husk --

EXT. FRONT OF STARE - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Reznor's head SNAPS UPWARDS as --

EXT. TURRET - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

The heavens are RENT ASUNDER by a MIGHTY CRACK, a bolt of LIGHTNING SLASHING DOWN to COURSE through the vane atop the bookshop, and --

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

CRACKING DOWN from the inverted lightning conductor to the "Penticon" which ERUPTS, coalescing into a RAGING ENERGY MAELSTROM. All the candles BLOW OUT simultaneously --

EXT. FRONT OF STORE - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

KER-BOOM! The turret windows SHATTER, GOUTING EXHAUST SPUMES of ROLLING ORANGE FIRE.

Reznor dives for cover as debris showers down --

REZNOR

Holy fuck!

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

The ENERGY TORNADO is a WHIRLING VORTEX of RED-AND-GREEN LIGHT, oscillating slightly (perhaps subliminally giving the idea we might see Freddy Krueger). The Cross has become energized, an INCANDESCENT GLOWING MASS...a BLAST WAVE hits it, BLOWING AWAY the Goth Girl's ashen remains.

Cultist #3 on the periphery IGNITES, a human fireball. The Lead Cultist is snagged by the vortex's power, the trim of his cowl catching fire. Both his skull and right arm GLOW from within, an unearthly MOLTEN ORANGE --

EXT. FRONT OF STORE - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Reznor raises his pistol squarely at the storefront window.

REZNOR

Screw "Reasonable Cause" --

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM! A half-dozen rounds STAR and IMplode the glass...

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

A SHAPE forms within the tornado...a HUMANOID framework of veins suspended above the floor in a fetal ball, gaining solidity each moment --

Mass panic. Cultist #4 tries to bolt...an energy ribbon LASHES out and BURNS A HOLE THROUGH HIM.

The jaw of the transfixed Lead Cultist opens a SILENT SCREAM in his WHITE-HOT SKULL --

The Humanoid Shape is solid now, electrical CRACKLES ZAPPING about it. The vortex suddenly IMPLodes, and --

A BURST of LIGHT tosses the Lead Cultist ferociously backwards, his face sheared away and cauterized. The Aztec machete spins up into the air, as --

The remainder of the vortex EXPLODES and dissipates, as--

The videocam monitor ROLLS BACK towards normality, and --

A FAST CUT as CHUNKY CONSTRUCTION BOOTS with black chrome shin-guards SLAM DOWN onto the reformed "Penticon", as --

The machete pirouettes down, and --

A HAND sporting fingerless open-backed biker-gloves WHIPS OUT from nowhere, ENORMOUS FINGERS curling around the grip then --

WHOOSH! The blade immediately CLEAVES through the air towards --

THE THROAT OF CULTIST #5, who loses a SCREAM --

Which is interrupted as he's DECAPITATED in a FAST VIDEO MONITOR INSERT. We get a speedy SCAN-LINED glimpse of JASON VOORHEES' KILLING MASK POWERING across the FRAME --

BUT LIKE WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE. Still a HOCKEY GOALIE, but now DARK CHROME with ANGULAR FACETS. Terrifying - a regular SLASHER DARTH VADER.

INT. WINDOW DISPLAY - "SAMHAIN" BOOKSHOP - NIGHT

Reznor knocks-in some dangerous glass shards, inadvertently toppling a skeleton window display. He clambers over the frame and into the store, his shoe coming down to crush the delicate plastic skull --

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Cultist #6 SHRIEKS in terror as Jason's foot SLAMS down MULCHING his head to puree. Jason's head SNAPS AROUND as --

Cultist #7 is there with a BATTLE CRY, wielding a sacrificial dagger --

CULTIST #7

Morituri Abominati -- !

THUNK! The dagger sinks up to the hilt in Jason's torso. Jason glances calmly down...a moment's hesitation...the man freezes...then Jason impales him cleanly with his machete.

Jason pitches back with the dagger protruding as Cultist #1 catches him unawares, garroting him with the sacrificial restraint chains. Jason relinquishes his grip on the machete, and Cultist #7 reels towards a pillar, GURGLING --

Jason staggers blindly, knocking the videocam tripod over. Rain SPATTERING the dark chrome mask through the breached roof above, he CLAWS ineffectively at the chains as CULTIST #1 uses her mass to lever him back, and --

Cultist #2 CHARGES Jason from the front with the CRACKLING STUN-ROD. Cultist #1 SHRIEKS out in pain as the conductive charge ZAPS through Jason's body and along the chains. As Cultist #2 TWISTS the tip deeper into Jason's stomach, Jason SLAMS the woman back against a stone pillar, CRUSHING her. He simultaneously SEIZES the man's shoulders and --

YANKS HIM BODILY FORWARD, the Stun-Rod SPEARING Cultist #2's chest and passing cleanly through him. Cultist #2's SCREAMING face is a matter of inches from the chrome faceplate as --

Jason PLANTS a FEROCIOUS HEAD-BUTT on him, then TOSSES him aside like a ragdoll. As Cultist #1 sinks down behind him, Jason extracts the sacrificial dagger from his ribcage and tosses it to the ground. Turns to Cultist #7 - alive and WHIMPERING against another pillar with the machete protruding and stalks murderously towards him --

INT. STAIRWELL - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Reznor takes the landing stairwell two stairs at a time. Down below, we can see the orderly shelves that make up the small-but-cluttered store. As he reaches top --

KER-SMASH! Reznor flinches, half-ducks as the door leading to the turret ahead SPLINTERS WIDE APART, Cultist #7's corpse WHOOSING through the air. It CRACKS THROUGH the bannisters, PLUMMETS down into the store. BOUNCING OFF a bookshelf and coming to rest below. Reznor gapes.

REZNOR

Jesus!

A DARK SILHOUETTE steps forward from the shadows. Reznor raises his pistol, Weaver-stance.

REZNOR

F.B.I. ...right where you are, twinkletoes!

Reznor gets a good look as LIGHTNING reflects from his chrome killing mask through the skylight immediately above. The jet-black boiler-suit...the dark liquid trickling along the Aztec machete's rune-carved blade.

REZNOR (cont'd)

Drop the toothpick, buddy!

Jason ignores him, strides malevolently forward. Reznor CLICKS his pistol's safety catch --

REZNOR (cont'd)

One warning only...do it!

Jason raises the blade threateningly...and Reznor lets him have it, SHOT-AFTER-SHOT. Jason LURCHES each time the bullets hit him...Reznor's eyes bug at the lack of effect. The machete SWISHES down, burying itself in the broken bannister-rail. Reznor feints to the right, avoids the swing by millimeters ...loses his footing on the ledge--

AND SLIPS, tumbling down into the store. Conveniently, the prone corpse of Cultist #7 cushions Reznor's fall...but his head BANGS against something, KNOCKING him out cold.

WE FINISH TIGHT ON REZNOR'S HEAD. Chromed construction boots STOMP past on their way out into the night...

EXT. "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT (AERIAL MATTE SHOT)

TIGHT ON the videocam monitor showing a SKEWED ANGLE of a Cultist's face, staring sightlessly. PULL BACK to reveal --

A GOD'S EYE ANGLE looking 270 degrees VETICALLY DAWN at the bookstore. The shattered turret is in IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND, pockets of GUTTERING FLAME in the rafters here-and-there. Through the rent in the roof, we see part of the "Penticon" and various SCATTERED CULTISTS' BODIES.

Approaching POLICE SIRENS RISE in VOLUME, O.S. Far below, we note TINY FIGURE of Jason Voorhees casting a huge shadow as it stalks purposefully away into the darkness...

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKTOP ROADSIDE - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT (CRANE SHOT)

Rain is coming down in sheets, still. A breakdown truck with "Voorhees 24 Hour Motors" markings is pulled at the roadside. A GUY in overalls and an all-weather jacket has his head under the open hood of Alice's Lexus, just up-front.

INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT

Alice watches as the guy drops the hood, SPLASHES around to the driver's side. She thumbs a control. The window WHIRRS down, and we see Steven Freeman's face.

ALICE
So, what do I owe you?

STEVEN
(shakes his head)
I wish it were that simple...

ALICE
What is it?

STEVEN
Well. Contacts're fine. Battery's got a charge, so it's not electrical. Oil's good...something with the gas mix, maybe? Might even be in the engine...

ALICE
Oh, God --

STEVEN
I can put it through the shop overnight.
You could drop-by tomorrow...

Alice shoots a worried look at Jacob, asleep in the back seat.

ALICE
No. I'm not...well, we don't live around
here. We were driving back, to Ohio --

Steven scratches his head. Thinks.

STEVEN
Well, then you certainly have a problem.
I could maybe give you guys a ride? Some
reasonable motels, just down off the
blacktop --

ALICE
This time of the year? This year?

STEVEN
Ah, I know some people.
(grins)
Friends in low places. Y'know?

ALICE
Thanks. Whatever. Anything I can get
has to be better than sleepin here, I
guess --

CUT TO:

INT. ARRIVAL LOUNGE - DULLES INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the second hand of Cobain's wristwatch, the TICKING
incredibly loud.

WIDER NOW. Cobain's still sitting on the rotunda. His eyes are
heavy, head drooping. He catches himself. Repeats this
once...twice. The TANNOY ANNOUNCEMENT SLURS and FADES-OUT O.S.,
and --

HE WAKES BACK TO CONCIOUSNESS, suddenly fully refreshed. His gaze
comes up, not really focussing on anything --

HIS P.O.V., looking around. Flurries of people hurrying to their
destination. Subtly SPEEDING-UP and BLURRING into one. (We HEAR
the TANNOY O.S. in QUICK GARBLED SPURTS.) A GAP appears in the
crowd --

To reveal a WOMAN in a NUN'S HABIT. We recognize her as AMANDA
KRUEGER, Freddy's deceased mother. She does a quarter-
turn...stares directly at Cobain.

Cobain frown. Straightens. Hears a GREAT ECHOING MECHANICAL
"CLANK." Looks up to see --

-- THE AIRPORT WALL-CLOCK GO BACKWARDS from "12:40" to "12:39".
He glimpses down at his wristwatch. The second hand is running
backwards, too...

Cobain returns her gaze, finds himself standin inside --

INT. "CHURCH VOID" (DREAM SEQUENCE)

AN AREA OF LIGHT, bounded by impenetrable shadow. The stone floor scattered with autumnal leaves, a dais ahead. Standing on it before a VERTICAL STAINED GLASS WINDOW is Amanda, WHITE DOVES fluttering about her. The GIANT CENSERS we saw in the ITALIAN PROLOBUE WHOOSH BACK-AND-FORTH between her and Cobain, preventing him getting any closer.

She locks her gaze to him. He glances nervously left-and-right into the shadows before returning it.

AMANDA KRUEGER
(resonant echo)
The time of Darkness falls upon you all...
you must choose the True Path...ahhhh --!

She convulses, doubling over. Hands clutching at her chest. FOUR GREAT BLOODY RIPS stain her robe's white frontispiece: FREEDDY CLAW MARKS. Cobain makes to move forward --

AND AMANDA'S HEAD SNAPS UP, hideously transformed into a SKELETAL DEATH MASK. Before Cobain can react, Amanda EVAPORATES into a SPECTRAL WRAITH and DISSAPEARS.

A WEIRD EXAGGERATED CLACK-CLACK NOISE O.S. --

INT. ARRIVAL LOUNGE - DULLES INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

Jerks Cobain back to reality. It was a dream...a weird nightmare. A GROUP of BLACK YOUTHS are standing off to one side, incongruously playing a "NIN" song LOUDLY on their boom-box. Cobain looks up as the status of all the flights on the arrivals board NOISILY changes to "DELAYED" --

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRSPACE - NIGHT

Lightning ERUPTS around a DC10, battered by storm clouds.

INT. CLUB CLASS COMPARTMEN - DC10 - NIGHT

Nervous PASSENGERS are shaken about in the half-full compartment, many vomiting into bags. The internal lights GLICKER wildly.

Halfway-back sits PONTIFF MANFREDINI. 50s, plump and mustachioed...anxiously clutching a black leather briefcase to his chest. He fumbles awkwardly at the cap of a pill bottle as --

A GREAT BLAST OF TURBULENCE sends it SPINNING from his grip. It HITS deck...BURSTS open, spilling tablets. Rolls down the aisle. A STEWARDESS stops its progress, smiles at Manfredini as she swiftly replaces the pills.

STEWARDESS
Having a little trouble there, Pontiff?

Manfredini grimaces apologetically. Speaks in a broken Italian accent.

PONTIFF MANFREDINI
I'm...sorry. I do not...travel well.

STEWARDESS
Just like a good wine, huh?

His attempt at a smile fades with another JOLT of TURBULENCE.

PONTIFF MANFREDINI
The, uh...."Cabinetti"...bathroom?

She turns, looks back down the aisle. The illuminated sign changes to "OCCUPIED" as an AILING PASSENGER lurches inside.

STEWARDESS
Heavy traffic...look, there's another cubicle back that way, if you're chewing your knuckles --

PONTIFF MANFREDINI
(rising)
Si...yes. Thank you --

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DC10 - NIGHT

Manfredini is rocked against a wall as the plane is buffeted.

INT. TOILET - DC10 - NIGHT

Manfredini enters the cubicle. Closes the door behind him and
TURNS --

To find himself in a CHURCH CONFESSIONAL BOX. The latch SCHNICKS into place of its own volition. Manfredini recoils, sits down heavily. The walls are panelled wood...startles as SICKLY GREEN LIGHT BLASTS through the latticework separator.

DARK VOICE
(O.S., deep and resonant)
Father...it's five billi8on years since my last confession --

Manfredini looks around in panic as the walls compress quickly inward, and --

THE FLOOR DROPS AWAY! He pitches forward, palms pressing against the walls as MALEVOLENT LAUGHTER echoes. Flames LICK up from a BOTTOMLESS PIT, SEARING at his legs like a flamethrower as --

The RED-AND-GREEN PEW - his only leverage - TILTS away beneath him! He falls awkwardly, SCREAMING --

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DC10 - NIGHT

AND ROCKETS BACK THROUGH THE TOILET DOOR, SLAMMING HARD against the passageway wall. He slumps, staring at the swaying door for a moment...listening to the CREAKY HINGES.

His head JERKS AROUND at a FAINT SOUND further down the compartment. A CHILDREN'S NURSERY RHYME. HE HEARS an OILY SQUEAK some way down the rear of the plane. Stares 50 feet back to see --

A 5 year-old GIRL in a white dress cycles into the aisleway on a three-wheeled trike. Looks directly at Manfredini. GIGGLES mischievously.

PONTIFF MANFREDINI

Hey...hey!

GIRL ON PLANE

(singsong)

"One, Two...Freddy's coming for you --"

She turns the trike's wheel and cycles rapidly off.

PONTIFF MANFREDINI

No...wait -- !

As Manfredini makes to follow, we notice the SHADOW of FOUR GIANT CLAWS moving on the wall behind him --

INT. 2ND PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - DC10 - NIGHT

Manfredini enters the next compartment...stops in horror. Crosses himself. The occupied seats contain FRAZZLED SKELETAL PASSENGERS, their clothes and bones STEAMING SLIGHTLY.

PONTIFF MANFREDINI

God have mercy --

GIRL ON PLANE

(O.S., singsong)

"Three, Four...better lock your door --"

Manfredini summons up his resolve. As he hurries towards the source of the sound --

ANOTHER ANGLE, behind Manfredini. MASSIVE LEGS ENTER OVER CAMERA, gunfighter style. FOUR ENORMOUS BLADES idle into FRAME. Intricately etched - but shot-through with rust and corrosive pitting - the tarnished chrome catches the light...

INT. 3RD PASSENGER COMPARTMENT - DC10 - NIGHT

Manfredini's face registers bewilderment as he enters this compartment. The seats have changed into WOODEN PEWS, each of the window portals a small square of stained glass, autumnal leaves

gusting around. The trike lies overturned on the floor, a spoked rear wheel still spinning. As the Pontiff crouches to halt it --

A SPORADIC STROBE-FLASH from the front of the aircraft backlights a HULKING FIGURE someway behind him. An ENORMOUS TORSO, filling the passageway and then some...24 INCH SCIMITAR-LIKE CLAWS curving down from its right hand.

PONTIFF MANFREDINI
(unawares)
Where are you?

Manfredini STARTLES as the INFLIGHT MOVIE PROJECTOR starts up.
(Conveniently, SCENE 67 of "Wes Craven's New Nightmare.")

WES CRAVEN
(O.S., on screen)
" -- It's old, very old. And it's taken different forms in different ages. The only thing that stays the same about it, is what it lives for."

JACOB
(O.S.)
You shouldn't be here --!

Manfredini looks around. Sees Jacob standing accross the aisle, looking at him with puzzlement.

HEATHER LANGENKAMP
(O.S., on screen)
"What's that?"

PONTIFF MANFREDINI
How...where is this place? The girl...?

We hear the Dream Girl's GIGGLES from somewhere, O.S.

GIRL ON PLANE
(O.S.)
"Five, Six...grab your crucifix --"

JACOB
(ugently)
Quick! Get away...you have to wake up!

PONTIFF MANFREDINI
Wake...up?

AN ENORMOUS RIPPING SOUND fills the air as HUGE FREDDY CLAWS GASH cross-sectionally through the hull between them --

WES CRAVEN
(O.S., on screen)
"Slaughtering innocence."

The aircraft hull RENDS APART, SLICED in half --

EXT. AIRSPACE - NIGHT (OPTICAL - CONTINUING)

The DC10's tail SHEARS away as Manfredini PLUNGES HUNDREDS OF FEET towards CAMERA and certain death, the trike TUMBLING alongside --

PONTIFF MANFREDINI

Noooooo -- !

EXT. APEX OF PILLAR - HELL - ZERO HOUR (CONTINUING)

WHAM! Manfredini SLAMS RIGHT THROUGH a BARBED STAKE, impaling him brutally. (The trike kicks up a DUSTCLOUD as it hits ground in F.G.)

A REVERSE ANGLE as the Pontiff MOANS, grasping feebly at the bloody spike. A GRIM-REAPERESQUE FIGURE with a SCYTHE LOOMING over him...beyond, we see the VAST ENERGY TORNADO towering over all as it approaches inexorably --

INT. CLUB CLASS COMPARTMENT - DC10 - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

An AGITATED PASSENGER tries to hold a BUCKING and STRAINING Manfredini. Blood seeps around the edge of his attache as the Stewardess makes to prize it away. The Pontiff's face is bright purple, his eyes bulging. VARIOUS PASSENGERS crowd around, ghoulishly watching. It's almost as if he were being dragged into the air.

STEWARDESS

Hold him down...keep him down!

AGITATED PASSENGER

I'm trying -- !

A SECOND STEWARDESS stands behind, grinding tablets against Manfredini's clenched teeth. A SECOND PASSENGER comes into SHOT, waving a plastic spoon.

SECOND PASSENGER

Get this between his teeth --!

As the Stewardess YANKS the case away, we hear a CRUNCH --

AND A BLOSSOM OF BLOOD ERUPTS from Manfredini's chest!

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - BLACKTOP MOTEL - NIGHT

The "Voorhees Motors" truck is parked at the roadside, Alice's Lexus up on the back ramps. The garish neon of a nearby motel SIZZLES in the sheet rain.

INT. CAB - STEVEN'S PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

The wipers SCHNICK-SCHNICK as Steven stares out through the

drizzle-speckled windshield. Stephanie is next to him, tearing pieces of orange peel and aiming them at Jacob's sleeping face in the rear. He turns, catches her in the act.

STEVEN

C'mon - knock it off, Steph. Kid's beat --

Stephanie complies...at least until Steven looks away. She rips another piece, FLICKS it at Jacob's cheek --

AND JACOB BOLTS AWAKE, SCREAMING LIKE A BANSHEE! Stephanie SCREECHES back, caught unawares. Steven GALVANIZES into action, stretching over the seat to Jacob.

JACOB

It's him!

STEVEN

Whoa, hey...hold the phone --!

JACOB

He killed the man --!

STEVEN

You had a nightmare...

JACOB

No, I saw him! With his claws -- !

STEVEN

Claws?

The sudden CLUNK of the passenger side door unlocking makes them jump. Stephanie budes over as Alice leaps in, soaked.

ALICE

I don't believe it! This is beginning to feel like nailing jello to a door.

STEVEN

No luck?

ALICE

"No room at the inn." Again.

She pauses. Recognizes an intense atmosphere in the cab.

ALICE (cont'd)

Is everything okay?

JACOB

Mom, it's the Sandman!

ALICE

What?

JACOB

It's Freddy. Freddy Krueger...

Alice goes still, feels a sudden chill at the name...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MANFREDINI'S FACE. A zipper comes up over it...

AIRPORT COP

(O.S.)

It's the damndest thing...

WIDER NOW:

EXT. "APRON" - DULLES INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Blue ambulance strobes light the scene. Prominently displaying his F.B.I. clip-tag, Cobain stands with an AIRPORT COP watching the gurney containing the Pontiff's bodybag being loaded into an ambulance.

AIRPORT COP (cont'd)

Paramedics say they've never seen anything like it. Massive internal hemorrhaging, punched right through his ribcage. No apparent cause. Vatican's already laying on a special flight back for the body.

Cobain shakes his head. Glances over at the SOBBING Stewardess telling her story to some MORE COPS.

COBAIN

How're the cabin staff?

AIRPORT COP

If brown trousers and bug-eyes are Airline regs, I'd hazard they're peachy.

He reads the china-pencil writing on a big handled polybag containing Manfredini's case and a number of loose personal effects. Hands it over to Cobain.

AIRPORT COP (cont'd)

"Manfredini." What'd this goombah do?

COBAIN

Pope's Special Envoy.

AIRPORT COP

(impressed)

No shit. Anyhow...it's all there. Tagged and bagged. Expect you boys'll settle the pencil-pushing.

COBAIN

(wryly)

Yea. Story of my life...

INT. COBAIN'S CAR - AIRPORT - NIGHT

The polybag lies on the passenger's side, the attache on top. Cobain opens a brown leather pouch in his hands. Gingerly pulls out a plastic exhibition sheath. Inside is a worn, edge-burnt piece of parchment. The Freddy glove and Jason mask illustration from the ITALIAN PROLOGUE.

COBAIN

What the...Sam Hill...is this about?

Cobain's cellphone WARBLER for attention. He flips it open.

COBAIN (cont'd)

Yup...Cobain -- ?

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - STEVEN'S PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jacob seems troubled, staring out of the window. The radio plays some MUSIC at LOW VOLUME. Steven drives Alice in silence while the kids are bonding in the back.

STEVEN

Nice car.

ALICE

Thanks. Company.

STEVEN

Yea? Whaddya do?

ALICE

I'm, uh, a legal rep. For a record company.

STEVEN

Ever meet any stars?

ALICE

No...long hours, you keep your head down. Though Alice Cooper once held a lift door open for me.

STEVEN

Cool. So what's your husband think of it?

ALICE

(touching a nerve)

No. Dan...died, before Jake was born.

STEVEN

Oh. Sorry.

In the rear, Stephanie flips through Jacob's Superhero trading

cards.

STEPHANIE

Wow..."Spawn"! Who'd you reckon'd win if
"Spawn" fought "The Mask"?

JACOB

I dunno..."Spawn", I guess. But it'd be
dumb i it was done wrong, 'cause they're
from different Universes and you gotta
have a proper story to make it work --

Steven hears the conversation. Grins slightly. Alice catches his
eye. Smiles, then looks away.

ALICE

Kids.

STEVEN

I know.

Alice tries hard. Thinks of some conversation.

ALICE

So. "Voorhees Motors." This is you?

STEVEN

Not exactly. My wife started up the
business with some money we came into a
while back. We work it together.
"Voorhees Motors...We'll Slash Your
Prices."

Stephanie LAUGHS OUT LOUD in the rear. Alice looks on in
bewilderment.

ALICE

I'm sorry, I don't -- ?

STEVEN

Oh, it's, uh...kind of a family joke.

ALICE

Ah.

Another silence. Steven breaks it next.

STEVEN

Listen. I don't wanna pry, but...this
"Freddy Crew-cut" -- ?

ALICE

(interrupting quickly)
"Krueger." It's nothing. Just an...old,
bad dream.

STEVEN

A dream?

Jacob catches Alice's quick look in the rear-view.

ALICE

It's not something we talk about anymore.

STEVEN

Ah. Okay.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The pickup backs into the driveway, stops. A sloping ramp leads down to the door of the basement autoshop. Everybody climbs down from the cab.

STEVEN

Last stop. Chateau Freeman.

Pools of YELLOW LIGHT illuminate the forecourt.

STEVEN (cont'd)

Security lights. Never be too careful.

Jacob stares delightedly at the big Christmas tree.

JACOB

Mom, look. They've got a real tree!

ALICE

Pretty neat.

(to Steven)

This is really generous. I don't wanna be a burden?

STEVEN

Ah, don't worry. Jessica's pretty much the understanding type...

INT. KITCHEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessica's dressed in a white oversized man's flannel robe, pinched from a hotel somewhere. She HISSES at Steven, clearly unhappy.

JESSICA

Are you nuts?! What were you thinking!?

STEVEN

Jess, the motels were all full --

JESSICA

She could be some crazed child molester...
axe murderer --

JESSICA'S P.O.V., THE LIVING ROOM. Jacob looks around as Alice hefts a chunky Samsonite case.

STEVEN
-- Charlie Manson's secret love-child?
She's a lawyer, or something.

JESSICA
Figures. The worst type.

STEVEN
Be reasonable, Jess. What was I supposed
to do? Leave 'em stranded on the
Interstate?

JESSICA
Yes!

Steven tries to be placating. Cups her hips with his hands.

STEVEN
Her car needs work. Think of it as an
investment. Money in the bank. Just one
night.

JESSICA
One night?

STEVEN
One night. I promise.

Her arms come up. Slide around his neck.

JESSICA
I swear, my karma sucks. I get myself
married to Crystal Lake's last Boy Scout.

He grins. Alice appears at the kitchen door, a little embarrassed
at interrupting.

ALICE
I'm sorry, I --

JESSICA
(breaking away)
Oh --

ALICE
Sorry, hi --

JESSICA
Hi.

ALICE
Alice Johnson.

Jessica sticks her hand out. Shakes it.

JESSICA
Jessica Freeman.

ALICE

I, uh...just wanted to say thanks...you know? There's not a lot of people about who'd do something like this for a complete stranger.

JESSICA

No, that's...really. The least we could do.

ALICE

You might think I was, y'know...an axe maniac or something.

She catches a look from Steven. Doesn't comment.

JESSICA

(blithely)

No...no. Never even entered my mind.

STEVEN

I'll help you with the bags. Show you and Jake downstairs.

ALICE

Great.

She smiles at Jessica. Leaves. Jessica looks after her.

JESSICA

Terrific.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A THERMOGRAPH SCREEN, an AREIAL VIEW of cars and buildings reduced to "Hot-And-Cold" colors. The CHATER of ROTOR-BLADES O.S.

WIDER NOW. A POLICE THERMOGRAPH OPERATOR peers at the monitor alongside the PILOT.

THERMOGRAPH OPERATOR

3-David-15...two blocks West off Miller, we have an unresolved anomaly your vicinity...warehouse alleyway. Over.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

A police Cruiser with two cops on patrol, REESE and FOLEY. Reese clicks his radio handset. Swivels the doorlamp towards an alleyway ahead.

REESE
Aerial...we're on it. Give us some
aircover.

THERMOGRAPH OPERATOR
(O.S. on radio)
Affirmative.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Reese is backlit by the cruiser lamp at the mouth of the alleyway, Baretta 9mm drawn. He ventures forth, passes the overhang of a fire exit. Swings his own flashlight across the trash-strewn floor. The CHOPPER CLATTERS O.S., AN INTENSE CONE OF LIGHT stabbing down. Reese startles.

REESE
Aw, crap!

INSERT, CLOSE ON THE FLOOR. DOZENS of RATS swaring around his agitated feet.

REESE (cont'd)
(thumbs his walkie-talkie)
Aerial, you might wanna inform Pest
Control. Other than that, it's a negative
on your perp. Over.

THERMOGRAPH OPERATOR
(O.S., on walkie talkie)
Roger that, we'll keep on lookin. Out.

The chopper spotlight SWEEPS ON OVER, and as it does --

WE SEE JASON VOORHEES standing in the shadows, SLATS OF LIGHT GLIMMERING through the fire-exit onto the chrome mask just inches behind Reese! The Aztec machete raises inexorably to deliver a killing blow --

-- But Reese simply walks back to the Police Cruiser, cheating death by seconds.

DIFFERENT ANGLE, CLOSE ON JASON. The steel mask turns to TRACK the Cop. A stray shaft of light reveals its edge FIZZING slightly. TINY BLOBS OF MOLTEN CHROME dripping away, as if the mask were corroding...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT.

A stepladder, a bunch of boxes, and numerous odds-and-ends clutter up a small utility room. Jacob sits on the edge of the single bed, arguing with Alice as she unpacks.

JACOB
Mom, I can take the chair --

ALICE
Forget it, squirt. You need your sleep.
(a beat)
This isn't about that dream?

JACOB
I'm just not tired...

ALICE
Jake, he isn't coming after us again.
Fred Krueger's no threat to anybody, I
cancelled his ticket a long time ago...

JACOB
I saw him! On the airplane. He was just
like the stories the kids tell at
school...with the claws, only --

ALICE
What?

JACOB
He was bigger, Mom. Real, real bigger...

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF STORE - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - SUNRISE

Reznor sits atop a gurney, swatting away the attention of a
PARAMEDIC. His arm in a splint, he smokes a cigarette with his
free hand. We see TREAD MARKS of FRESH BLOOD on the concrete
sidewalk left by those leaving the store.

EMERGENCY VEHICLES are parked haphazardly out front. Yellow-and-
black OSHA tape sections the area off from the ONLOOKERS who are
beginning to gather. Cobain ducks under it clutching his F.B.I.
files, flashes his badge to a DUTY COP. A T.V. CREW on the
sidelines tries to grab his attention --

T.V. REPORTER
C'mon, Officer! Last chance for Primetime
this Century...!

He ducks them. Heads for Reznor, juggling his cellular with one
hand while smoking with the other.

REZNOR
(into phone)
Paula, I'm fine. A noggin' bump, I'll
survive.

He has a COUGHING fit as Cobain reaches him.

COBAIN
You know, those things'll kill ya...

REZNOR
(to Cobain)
You're hilarious.
(into phone)
No...Jack. He just got here. Yeah, bye.
(back to Cobain)
What took you?

Reznor lowers the phone. Dabs at his forehead, eases himself up.
Cobain stares up at the soldering turret.

COBAIN
Long story. Jeez, what'd you do? Pull a
bazooka?

Another gurney is carried out from the building, a black bodybag
atop it.

PARAMEDIC LEADER
(loudly to all)
Anyone I.D.'d these wackos?

Cobain passes him, tosses the file on top of the bodybag.

COBAIN
Here. Mix'n'match.

They reach the store's front door. A black-outfitted SWAT LEADER
storms over, waving a paper sheet in Cobain's face.

SWAT LEADER
Cobain...hey! You know anything 'bout
this?

COBAIN
Hi, Lee.

SWAT LEADER
Some asshole faked my signature on a rec.
form! Myguys were dragged out of bed at
one in the morning!

COBAIN
Yeah...you did a great job, by the way.
Hate to think what'd've happened if you
hadn't made it --

INT. MAIN STORE - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - SUNRISE (CONTINUING)

Dawn filters through the shattered window as they pass amongst
the bookshelves.

COBAIN
Interpol came up aces on the photographs.
Guy called Karzwell from England, Fulci
from Italy...etcetera, etcetera. Turned
out these guys were some sort of...

Millenarian, Nihilistic sect.

Reznor shucks-off the splint, casts it aside.

REZNOR

Let's hear it for the forces of irony.

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER. - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - SUNRISE

WHAM! A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS FLASH GUN goes off. Victim chalk marks are all around..one has an irregular puddle where the head should be, another has its heat drawn yards from the body.

COBAIN

Holy Frejole...

REZNOR

Yeah. Invite a few pals 'round for a little harmless human sacrifice, look what happens.

Cobain takes a look around, notices the room. Sees the "Penticon".

REZNOR (cont'd)

I'm telling you, Jack...whoever he is, this guy's an elemental force of nature. Iced eight of 'em, all told. I pumped a half-clip into him. Zip effect.

Cobain pauses at the Cross. Runs his finger through some ashes there (the flaky remains of the Goth sacrifice).

COBAIN

Kevlar, most likely. Any leads?

REZNOR

(shakes his head)

Spotters all over. Running operations outta Bethlehem P.D.

COBAIN

Good. Have the locals roll up the red tape, put it in a drawer till this is over --

Cobain looks around at the shattered roof. Spots a TECHNICIAN placing the Cults' camcorder into an evidence bag.

COBAIN

We actually get a recording?

REZNOR

Grandstand seats.

(beat)

The name "Jason Voorhees" jog any grey cells?

COBAIN
Sure. "Required reading" at the Academy.
Bundy...Dahmer...Myers. Up there in the
Pantheon of "All-Time Sickos." Our guys
DX'd him...what? Years back.

REZNOR
I think we got us a copycat. Our perp had
the same M.O. Machete...hockey mask...the
works.

Cobain freezes on Reznor's words.

COBAIN
"Hockey mask."

REZNOR
Yeah. What?

Cobain looks carefully around. Drops his voice.

COBAIN
Let's talk somewhere. There's some very
disturbing synchronicity shit going down
here --

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

Morning light filters in. Alice sits in the chair, a blanket
across her legs. Dark rings circle her eyes. As she watches
Jacob on the bed, he gives a gentle snore. She picks up her
travel clock from the side. IT reads "7:20".

ALICE
Finally.

INT/EXT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

Shelves line the walls, filled with auto parts. An old Pontiac
raised on a ramp above the grease pit. An engine block dangles
from chains nearby. Jessica has her head under the Lexus hood,
hands buried deep within the engine bowels. A boom-box on the
workbench plays ENERGETIC, THUMPING ROCK.

JESSICA
Now...what have we here -- ?

HANDHELD, moving in towards Jessica's back. THreatening. We get
the feeling she's about to meet an untimely end, as --

WHAM! Steven swipes her fanny with an automap. Jessica jumps,
YELPS. Her head BANGING on the hood.

STEVEN

Gotcha!

He swipes the oilrag from her back pocket. THWAPS it jokily at her.

JESSICA

Ow...goddamn! That isn't funny!

He puts his hands on her hips. Kisses behind her ear.

STEVEN

Y'know - first time I ever saw you, you were bending over a crate of Gatorade at Joey B's. Know what I thought?

She twists around to face him. Drapes her arms around his neck. Slow smile.

JESSICA

Tell.

STEVEN

You'd prob'ly blow it when you turned around --

She THUMPS him. Playfully affronted.

JESSICA

Pinhead. I hate you.

STEVEN

That so?

JESSICA

No.

(they kiss)

You heading off?

Steven crosses to the exit. Takes his coat from a hook.

STEVEN

Yeah. I wanna hit Pittsburgh quick, beat that Millennial gridlock.

JESSICA

Well, watch yourself. Be a lot of rush-hour Rambos about.

STEVEN

(flip, quickly)

I'll be sure to pack a machete.

(catches himself, realizes)

Sorry. You gonna do that church thing later?

JESSICA

I promised Father Shaye already. If you

miss me, I'll drop Stephy over with Rachel.

STEVEN

Right. You know, you really should secure this --

The greasepit hydraulic controls hang loosely overhead on the end of a cable. Steven grabs it, stows it on a wallclip.

JESSICA

Steven?

STEVEN

Uh-huh?

JESSICA

I do love you. I know it'll work out okay.

Steven winks at her. Throws the oilrag back. Jessica catches it deftly.

STEVEN

Never doubted it at all. Hey...be a good girl, I'll take you to the firework display tonight.

JESSICA

Oooh. Promises, promises --

INT. KITCHEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

A boiling kettle steams up the window. Alice stands in a robe, stares outside. An air of loneliness about her.

HER P.O.V. Jessica kisses Steven goodbye at the pick-up's open door.

INT. BATHROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

The bathroom is tiled, cramped. Old-fashioned. A Heath-Robinson plumbed shower against the wall, a cream-colored plastic curtain hangs on the rail.

In FAST-CUTS, Alice - tastefully - loses her robe. Steps into the shower, turns on the faucet. (Perhaps teasing our audience by emulating the "Psycho" shower scene). We END on a fatigued Alice, resting her forehead against a pipe.

THE EDGE OF THE SHOWER CURTAIN MOVES SUDDENLY, as if caught in a breeze. TIGHT ON an ANGLE on one part of the material as it UNDULATES...DIMPLES --

INT/EXT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

Alice's Lexus is up on low portable ramps now. Jessica lies on a mechanic's trolley beneath. She forces something with a wrench - it SLIPS, clattering out from her grip.

INT/EXT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

Alice's Lexus is up on low portable ramps now. Jessica lies on a mechanic's trolley beneath. She forces something with a wrench - it SLIPS, clattering out from her grip.

JESSICA

Ow! Dammit!

She leans her head back, closes her eyes briefly...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING (RESUME)

Alice's breathing is shallow. Head bowed, eyes closed. Water cascades across her naked shoulders. the material of the shower curtain behind her STRETCHES, into one of the --

"NEW" FREDDY CLAWS...MORPHING to a full length of 18 inches. A SECOND emerges...a THIRD, a FOURTH. Flexes --

CLOSE ON ALICE...same position, still oblivious --

AS A BUMP THE SIZE OF A PUMPKIN BULGES like a vac-form mold, high-up on the curtain. A HEAD --

AN ANGLE CLOSE ON ALICE, a great mass rising behind her --

A VERTICAL ANGLE, looking straight down. A HULKING FORM SWELLING IMPOSSIBLY OUT OF NOWHERE from the curtain --

A FAST CIRCULAR DOLLY from one side of the shower to the other as MIGHTY-THEWED ARMS STRETCH OUT to encompass Alice --

TIGHT ON ALICE'S HEAD, the claws enveloping it. A TINY MOVEMENT...preparation to CRUSHING HER SKULL, and --

WHUMPWHUMPWHUMPWHUMP! The shower plumbing RATTLES NOISILY, the water flow drying-up...JOUNCING Alice back to consciousness. The ERSATZ PLASTIC FORM behind her COLLAPSES back into nothingness --

And Alice turns to see...A PLAIN PLASTIC SHOWER CURTAIN, billowing slightly in an unnerving fashion. She takes a breath, a little unsure. Tiny water droplets PLINK-PLINK away down into the drain...

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING (RESUME)

TIGHT ON OIL DROPLETS PLOPPING on the floor. Jessica's still under the Lexus, struggling with the protesting nut.

JESSICA

Damnation --

Oil SPECKLES her face as she shifts position to gain better purchase. Jessica brushes her cheek...it comes off, a BLACK SMUDGE. The SPATTERING increases as she pulls harder on the wrench. She swats in annoyance at it --

-- STREAKING her hand in a LONG RED SMEAR.

JESSICA (cont'd)

What the -- ?

A VIBRATION starts up, the car JUDDERING atop the ramps as if in an earthquake. Jessica panics --

JESSICA (cont'd)

Shit!

She KICKS the trolley RAPIDLY away as --

-- ONE OF THE RAMPS COLLAPSES, the Lexus part-rolling/part-collapsing back down onto her thighs, pinning her to the floor. She SCREAMS IN PAIN, pulling at her trapped leg. We see BLOOD TRICKLE OUT from beneath the vehicle (at this stage, perhaps we even think it's Jessica's own).

VAPOR BILLOWS AROUND the edge of the hood as she tries to tear her limb back, the car SHAKING and RATTLING like a possessed beast. (NOTE: this will be SHOT IN REVERSE, so the steam will appear to flow INTO the hood from nowhere.) Jessica's leg comes free, deep gouges TEARING into her coverall. She pulls herself away, WHIMPERING as a SHEET OF BLOOD EMERGES...spreads. Her jaw working in disbelief --

ANOTHER VERTICAL ANGLE, dark liquid expanding on all sides. The hood ROCKS and JUDDERS, THICK SMOKE now. Jessica steels herself, limps forward. Slips on the slick gore, her hand coming down on the hood and --

-- LOOSES AN AGONIZED CRY. The flesh of her palm SEARS as if touching a griddle, a NOISE like SIZZLING BACON, and --

THE HOOD SPRINGS UP, YANKING Jessica with it. A VACUUM ROARS below, her free hand flailing as it tries to suck her down into --

-- FREDDY'S HELLISH FURNACE! Impossibly positioned as below where the engine should be, feeder pipes BELCHING. The filthy grating doors open, FLAMES ROARING. Then --

JESSICA

Nooooo -- !

A BLAST of superheated air sends her flying, SPLASHING down onto the floor.

The hood SLAMS BACK DOWN...we see why. The massive "New" FREDDY CLAW embedded in it, a MALFORMED HAND going OUT OF FRAME.

There's a DEEP GROWL, O.S. A GREAT SHADOW LOOMS across Jessica. She looks up. GASPS, and --

INT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - MORNING (BACK TO REALITY)

-- JOLTS AWAKE with a LOW CRY, beneath the car again. Jessica gathers herself, and --

There's A FLASH OF SILVERED METAL. Something half-lodged up in the chassis swings down at her. A QUICK IMPRESSION of an edged blade --

And Jessica CRIES OUT as she propels the trolley back out into the autoshop --

And Alice is standing there, coffee mugs in her hands! Jessica YELPS in surprise...Alice YELPS back, drops one of the mugs. It SHATTERS on the floor.

JESSICA

Jesus!

ALICE

Oh, God...I'm sorry.

JESSICA

You scared the lights outta me!

ALICE

I, uh...brought coffee.

JESSICA

Normally, I take it in the cup.

They look at each other. Both LAUGH. A bonding moment...

CUT TO:

INT. BETHLEHEM POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

WIDE ON a busy and brightly-lit open-plan Precinct. Usual Cop Stuff going on, the occasional CRIMINAL and HOOKER being dragged off to a holding pen.

We see Cobain and Reznor within the Captain's cubicle. Smack in the middle, a perfect GLASS BUILDING-BLOCK. HEAR the SACRIFICIAL INCANTATION again, O.S.

LEAD CULTIST

(O.S., on T.V. speaker)

"Lord of Gehanna...keeper of the Fallen
Spirits of Darkness -- "

INSIDE THE CUBICLE NOW, CLOSE ON A VIDEO MONITOR. We see the Goth Girl thrashing around on the Cross.

GOTH GIRL

(O.S., on T.V. speaker)
"Crazy freako psycho bastards...let me go!

The contents of Manfredini's pouch are spread across the table, the men sifting through it. Reznor's turns the pages of the Necronomicon. Stares at the indecipherable runes.

REZNOR
I can't understand didley-squat.

COBAIN
They could...

Reznor picks up the sheathed Italian parchment in his hand. Shakes his head.

REZNOR
A hockey mask. This is one big fucking coincidence...you wanna turn that down? It's giving me a headache.

Cobain's inspecting a somewhat plain dagger resting in a plush wood-and-velvet travel case - in fact, one of the Horvath Daggers from the ITALIAN PROLOGUE. He complies, thumbs the T.V. volume lower. Nods at the drawing.

COBAIN
Recognize that claw?

REZNOR
Apart from "nope"?

COBAIN
"The Springwood Slasher"...Frederick Krueger. Child killer.

REZNOR
Yeah, wait. I remember. Misfit with a Beau Brummel complex?

COBAIN
The same. Carved a swathe through a little Ohio town a bunch of years back. Literally. Vigilante group torched him after the Cops gummed up the arrest papers. Our dead ecclesiast's got it all here in black-and-white --

He throws a clip of shets over to Reznor.

REZNOR
Yeah. His mother was a...missionary, nun or something.

COBAIN
(frowns, thinks)
Nun?

REZNOR

What?

COBAIN

Nothing. Skip it --

Reznor's forehead knits as he studies the parchment.

REZNOR

You're talking about current events. This sucker's supposedly over 300 years old...!

He waves it in emphasis. His attention distracts as the Cultist's recording WHITES-OUT in a BURST OF STATIC.

REZNOR (cont'd)

Wonder why it glitches there...?

COBAIN

Manfredini had the whole run-down on the bookstore Cult too. Lot of other weird stuff. "The Fatima Prophecis"... "The Kali Yuga", a great conflagration meant to destroy the known Universe...

REZNOR

That case, you're gonna love this --

He holds up another 8 x 10 for Cobain. "Before-And-After" ASTRONOMICAL SHOTS, stars against velvet blackness.

REZNOR (cont'd)

Jet Propulsion Lab...Hubble Space Telescope. NASAA say the outermost stars are disappearing. No-one knows why.

Cobain makes a face. Continues reading.

COBAIN

Creepy...

(a beat)

Something about Enochian Myth. Lucifer in an eternal contest for human souls. Notes too 'bout what the Chippewa Indians call "The Great Purification." Hurricanes, land upheavals. Earth's magnetic poles switchin' polarity around. This look familiar to you...?

He holds up a glossy 8 x 10. The "Penticon" shape against a jet-black background, surrounded by a colorful "Kirlian Aura". Reznor recognizes it. Double-takes...

REZNOR

Hey! That's --

Cobain flips the picture 90 percent. Reads the edge reference.

COBAIN

Yea. Except it's not. "Tachyon Path of
A Charmed Anti-Quark"...Lawrence-
Livermore, Quantum Particle Research.

REZNOR

Sounds like a six-pack conversation to me.

COBAIN

Later. And it's your round.

REZNOR

YOur dreams --

Reznor pulls out a cigarette. Just as he lights-up, a LADY
CAPTAIN appears at the cubicle doorway. Gets his eye.

LADY CAPTAIN

Hey..."Club Fed." Don't you read?

She nods to the "No Smoking sign dangling from a string.

REZNOR

Shouldn't you be out on a ledge somewhere,
Captain?

Reznor stubs it out in annoyance.

LADY CAPTAIN

Metallurgy got some odd scrapings from the
crime scene. Running it through the lab
now.

COBAIN

Thanks, Captain.

She nods. Leaves. Cobain continues.

COBAIN (cont'd)

So - summary. We've got "The Man Who Knew
Too Much" croaking it on a plane --

REZNOR

Right. A store full of toasted creeps and
wad of "End-Of-The-World" guff right outta
"The Omen" --

COBAIN

This Voorhees character on the one hand,
Krueger on the other --

REZNOR

"Freddy versus Jason."

COBAIN

Yeah. Who'd you lay money on...?
(beat)
Where's the glue that puts it together?

REZNOR
I don't wanna stick my titanium neck out,
but...this is who he was flyin' over for --

He passes over a sheet. Cobain scrutinizes it. Nods.

COBAIN
One's local at least.
(beat)
Life was so much easier in the old days.

REZNOR
Yeah, but nowhere as interesting.

COBAIN
Let's do it.

CLOSE ON THE SHEET. One above the other, PHOTOCOPIES OF ALICE
JOHNSON AND JESSICA FREEMAN'S DRIVER'S LICENCES...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

Jacob leans against the garbage cans. Stephanie sits chalking a
hop-sotch grid on the driveway.

STEPHANIE
"Four, Five --"

JACOB
No, it's "Three, Four --"

STEPHANIE
That was the last part...

INT/EXT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

Alice leans against the doorframe watching the kids.

JESSICA
(O.S.)
I got it.

Alice turns. Jessica slides out from the car with a triumphant
look, something wrapped within the oily rag in her hand.

JESSICA (cont'd)
Found your McGuffin.

TIGHT ON ALICE. (In B.G. we nothice an ICE-CREAM VAN draw up to
the roadside, it's TINKLING MUSIC FILTERING-IN O.S.)

ALICE

What was it?

JESSICA

Real trippy. Lodged amongst the chassis
cabling. Must've bounced up fairly hard
from the road.

Alice takes the soiled bundle. Opens it, and --

SHRIEKS! Jerks it away on reflex. The contents hit the floor
with a DISCORDANT CLANG. Straight away we recognize TWO MANGLED
METAL FINGER BLADES attached to A PIECE OF TATTERED LEATHER. THE
REMAINS OF THE "OLD" FREDDY CLAW.

ALICE

Oh my God! No --

JESSICA

What's wrong?

Alice takes a part-step back in absolute disbelief.

ALICE

No...it...he's dead...gone --

JESSICA

Who is?

At that second, we realize the ICE CREAM VAN MUSIC has altered (on
the SOUNDTRACK, for our benefit) to THE FREDDY NURSERY RHYME
THEME. Alice WHIRLS --

-- As Jacob and Stephanie SING ALONG the MATCHING LYRICS,
playfully argumentative over the wording.

JACOB

"One, Two - Freddy's coming for you."

STEPHANIE

It's "Jason".

JACOB

It's not --

STEPHANIE

It is. "Jason's coming for you"...

Jessica calls past Alice, annoyed.

JESSICA

Stephy, I told you to quit with that dumb
song.

Alice turns on Jessica.

ALICE

You know that rhyme?!

JESSICA

(confused)

Sure, it's a playground song. From Lake Crystal. Kids used to sing it, help keep away the bogeyman...what is that thing, anyhow?

She nods at the mangled "Fredy fingers", glinting evilly in the morning sun. We END on ALICE, visibly disturbed...

FAST TIME CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE FREEMAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON (LATER)

LOW ANGLE, TIGHT ON a BEHLEHEM P.D. BLACK-AND-WHITE as it parks smartly at the sidewalk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alice is sitting on the couch, shell-shocked. She stares numbly at the mutilated knife-fingers on the low table before her, a still-full coffee cup gone cold in her hands. The T.V. plays a news report in B.G.

T.V. REPORTER

(O.S.)

"The National Science Foundation at Antarctica today reported unprecedented fluctuations in the Earth's magnetic fields --"

INT. KITCHEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON (CONTINUING)

Jacob and Stephanie observe Alice concernedly.

STEPHANIE

Is she alright?

Jacob shakes his head, worried.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON (CONTINUING)

Alice starts as the DOORBELL RINGS, O.S.

INT. BATHROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

Jessica's under the faucet, shampoo spilling from her hair.

JESSICA

(shouts)

I'm in the shower!

EXT/INT. FRONT DOOR - FREEMAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alice cautiously opens the front door to be confronted by Cobain

and Reznor. Two COPS sit in a parked Cruiser behind Cobain's car at the sidewalk. Expecting Jessica, the Feds register Alice and DOUBLE-TAKE --

COBAIN

Mrs...

(a beat, confused)

Alice Johnson?

Alice is equally flummoxed now.

ALICE

(hesitant)

Yes?

Cobain and Reznor exchange a "What The Hell?" look.

REZNOR

This...is the residence of Mr and Mrs
Freeman?

ALICE

(nods her head)

I'm staying temporarily. Is there some
kind of problem?

Cobain flashes his badge.

COBAIN

Federal Officers, Miss Johnson. Might we
talk...?

An ELDERLY WOMAN NEIGHBOR peers through a window across the street, while a MAN stares fixedly at Alice from watering his lawn. Alice nods, opens the door further. We see Jessica emerge in B.G., towelling her hair --

CUT TO:

INT. BETHLEHEM POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVENING

Jacob and Stephanie sit at a desk scribbling colorful drawings. Reznor appears with a cut-out tray of drinks.

REZNOR

Who gets the Sprite?

STEPHANIE

I do!

Reznor places the drinks down. Glances at the drawings GARISH REPRESENTATIONS of MONSTERS and FIRE.

REZNOR

Very colorful.

JACOB

We're running out of red.

REZNOR

I had that feeling also.

IN THE CUBICL NOW, TIGHT on the VIDEO MONITOR. JASON'S KILLING MASK on STILL-FRAME-ADVANCE.

JESSICA

(O.S.)

It's similar, but...I dunno --

WIDER. Cobain sits opposite Alice and Jessica as Reznor enters, puts down the remaining cups. Alice is perusing the Vatican documentation (we clearly see the parchment).

ALICE

Ceremonies, daggers...None of this makes any sense.

We see Jessica react to "dagger".

JESSICA

Yeah. Why us?

REZNOR

Poser of the hour. Except, the only person can answer no longer qualifies for brerathing status.

COBAIN

The pouch and its contents were being delivered expressly for you. We're trying to contact Rome. Unfortunately, the lines seem to be down.

Overhead fluorescents SPATTER, the T.V. monitor and computer terminals flicking off. The VCR clock resets to "0:00".

REZNOR

Brownout again.

REZNOR

(continuing afresh)

Eight years ago, opposite ends of Ohio State. two separate spates of multiple homicide, bearing all the hallmarks of deceased serial killers to whom you were both in some way connected. Apparently unrelated...until now.

Alice and Jessica's gaze falls to teh Vatican parchment. They catch each other's eyes.

ALICE

As far as I was concerned, Freddy Krueger lies dead and buried. I've a kid now I

don't want him exposed to my demons.

Reznor SQUEAKS the battered Freddy blade, like you might play with a crab claw.

REZNOR

When something of this magnitude crops up, Miss Johnson, I'd look on it as something more than coincidence. Frankly, this story about a loony who comes after you in your dreams --

COBAIN

(interjects, placatory)

-- It's a little far-fetched.

He tosses it down onto the paperwork.

JESSICA

For all you know, this might be just one more sicko out to get his jollies --

COBAIN

-- Like the one four years back?

Jessica shifts. Reznor reacts as she pulls out a cigarette, moves forward the "No Smoking" desk notice.

REZNOR

Sorry...there's, uh, no smoking here.

She shoots him a look, ignores him. Lights it. Reznor fidgets uncomfortably with the sign.

COBAIN

The Vatican's been compiling detailed files on you both for some time, yet you say you've never met before yesterday. What do you reckon the odds are on that?

ALICE

What do you want from us?

COBAIN

Just cooperation.

REZNOR

Mrs Freeman, your husband's not back from Pittsburgh until tonight?

JESSICA

That's right. Are we under arrest?

COBAIN

No.

REZNOR

We will be stationing units on block
perimeter around your house, though. For
your protection.

EXT. BLUFF - OVERLOOKING BETHLEHEM - LATE AFTERNOON (DARK)

A LIGHTNING BLAST, JASON'S UPTURNED MASK clearly reflecting the
turbulent darkness above. As he drops his gaze, we notice the
chrome corroded more substantially than before.

WIDER NOW. We CRANE UP behind Jason, Bethlehem's houses spread
out neatly below...

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - EN ROUTE TO BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

Steven's pick-up speeds along a rain-slicked road.

INT. CAB - STEVEN'S PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Steven drives along, squinting through the windshield. Pummeling
rain renders the wipers impotent. BURSTS of STATIC cut across the
radio O.S., tuned to a MUSIC CHANNEL.

STEVEN

Come on...come on --

An INTENSE LIGHTNING FLASH like a H-BOMB BLAST - dwarfing
everything we've seen before - EXPLODES, blinding Steven.

STEVEN

Jesus!

The car swerves, his headlight beams FLICKERING. The radio going
NUTS --

EXT. FREEWAY - EN ROUTE TO BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

Streetlights EXPLODE in SHOWERS of SPARKS, and --

A ROAR OF THUNDER like the CRACK OF DOOM ECHOES horizon-to-
horizon. Intermittent FLASHES within the clouds as a great RIPPLE
- like an ocean wave - SWEEPS across the sky.

INT. CAB - STEVEN'S PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

The pick-up spins through 180 degrees as Steven jams on the
brakes. He looks at the driver's compass mounted on the dash.
The needle is spinning madly around. Peers back up at the sky.

STEVEN

What in the hell was that...?

CUT TO:

COBAIN

This curent guy's killed at least eight already. Genuine or not, he might be following an agenda.

JESSICA

I have to attend Mass this evening.

COBAIN

That's fine, as long as you stick to public places. Miss Johnson, we'd appreciate it at this time if you didn't make plans to leave.

ALICE

Alright.

REZNOR

I'll drive you back. Stay with you until Mr Freeman returns.

Reznor rises, prompting everyone to follow suit.

COBAIN

We want to assure you of your safety. Anything tries to get to you, gotta go through us first.

Alice opens the cubicle door.

ALICE

Kids...come on!

Jessica pauses. Turns to Cobain.

JESSICA

Agent Cobain. If you're wrong about this...then you have no idea what you're really dealing with.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BETHLEHEM P.D. - LATE AFTERNOON (DARK)

Alice and the kids pile into the rear of a Black-and-White. Reznor pauses at the open passenger-side door. Looks up as the clouds boil oddly.

REZNOR

Boy. It's shaping up a Hell of a day...

As THUNDER BOOMS, we --

FAST CUT TO:

INT. "BLACK-AND-WHITE" - STREET - NIGHT

Reese and Foley sit on night duty, bored out of their minds. Reese is thumbing shells into a riot gun. Foley's eyes are closed. We HEAR the THUNDERCLAP REVERB O.S.

REESE

What was that?

FOLEY

Ten more lousy cents on my paycheck.

We see the SPARKIGN CHRISTMAS TREE across the road reflected in the car's side window. Foley opens her eyes, annoyed.

FOLEY (cont'd)

That tree's pissing me off.

REESE

Why are you so irritable?

FOLEY

You jacking me? The entire planet's out partying like it's 1999, and I pull short-straw with G.I. Joe. Life's unfair...

REESE

Hey - pardonez-moi.

(a beat)

Say...isn't that one of the Feds down there?

Foley straightens, squints.

FOLEY

Yeah --

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The black-and-white flashes its lights at Reznor as he stops outside the house. He nods back in return.

EXT. REAR GARDEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Reznor sits on the swing in the overgrown garden. Looks up to see Alice closing the living room drapes. Drops his cigarette and GRINDS it underheel...

INT. LIVING ROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice turns away from the window. Jacob is messing with the T.V. remote, but all the channels are fuzzy.

JACOB

Mom, I can't get "Destroy All Monsters" on the Movie Marathon!

ALICE

C'mon. Leave it alone, Jake.

She sees Stephanie sitting quietly off to the side.

ALICE
You okay, sweetheart?

STEPHANIE
Alice...monsters aren't coming after us
are they?

ALICE
No, sweetheart. Even if they were I'm
here, and your mom and dad'll be back soon.

STEPHANIE
Jake says if they come in our sleep, you
can kill them.

Jacob flashes a look of alarmed betrayal.

JACOB
I didn't!

ALICE
I don't know about that, but...if you want
me to , I can be right there in your dreams
with you.

STEPHANIE
For real?

ALICE
Honest injun...

The girl looks reassured at this. Smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

Bright interior lighting filters through the stained glass like a
beacon in the night.

INT. CHURCH - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

The pews are packed, Jessica a few rows from the front. She
covers her mouth suppressing a yawn. An ELDERLY MAN alongside
glares at her. Up on the pulpit, FATHER SHAYE is delivering the
last Mass of the Century.

FATHER SHAYE
-- And though tonight is a time of
celebration across the world, it's also
one of great uncertainty...many evils
stalking us into the new Millennium. I
ask you all now, to bow your heads --

At the corner of her vision, Jessica notices a nun staring at her.
We suddenly realize this is Amanda Krueger.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - BETHLEHEM P.D. - NIGHT

Cobain is on the way out, shucking on his coat. The Captain crosses him, stops.

LADY CAPTAIN

Cobain...the lab boys finished those metal tests before they went off.

COBAIN

Anything?

LADY CAPTAIN

Only that the scrapings evaporated.

COBAIN

Say what?

LADY CAPTAIN

Yeah, like whatever it was from, was disintegrating at an incredible rate. That make any sense to you?

COBAIN

About as much as anything on this case does. Hey - if Reznor gets here, tell him I'm out playin' to the peanut gallery.

LADY CAPTAIN

You got it. Hey, Happy New Year!

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Jessica's dog-tired, her chin dropping in fatigue. She catches herself. Looks up at the STAINED GLASS on a nearby wall. A SHEPHERD leading his flock before a HALOED SAINT. We hear Father Shaye's VOICE DRONING IN-AND-OUT O.S.

FATHER SHAYE

(O.S.)

The Lord...path...triumh. All...things --

Jessica's head wilts again, her eyes springing back open --

But the window has chanded now...a BRAZEN IMAGE of the LAMBS being BUTCHERED by the gleaming blades of the "Old" Freddy and Jason...actual blood seeping out from the glass wounds. Jessica GASPS. Turns her head --

-- And the man next to her is now a GRINNING DESICCATED CORPSE! We go WIDER as she SCREAMS, showing her amongst a SEA of SKELETONS. Her face turns to teh pulpit --

-- Where Father Shaye has changed. A red/green "dog collar"
...sickly veined complexion, pale eyes. A nasty grin revealing
discolored teeth.

FATHER SHAYE
No more virtues! No salvation! The End
of it All!

As he spreads his arms wide, Freddy-claws extending from his bare
fingers, we --

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

-- Jessica JOLTS awake as the real sermon ends.

EVERYBODY
Amen.

She doubles-over, violently RETCHING.

CUT TO:

INT. "BLACK-AND-WHITE" - STREET - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Foley stares out at the bedecked Christmas tree. Straightens with
a frown as the entire tree SHAKES oddly. Abruptly, half its
lights extinguish --

FLOLEY
Reese?

REESE
Uh-uh?

FOLEY
Stay here. I'm taking a look across the
road.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

As Foley crosses the street, the tree's remaining lights SNUFF
OUT, plunging it into darkness. She cautiously unclips her
holster, and --

The tree EXPLODES into BRILLIANCE, alternate green/red bands
strobing along its length.

FOLEY (cont'd)
Someone pinch me.

She nears the tree. Begins to circle it, looking up. The
branches RUSTLE again.

FOLEY (cont'd)
Okay, come on out of there...

She squints at the DEFORMED ANGEL atop. Then --

WHAM! A MASSIVE PINE-NEEDED BRANCH ARCS OT from teh tree, PUNCHES with PILEDRIVER FORCE into the ground immediately to Foley's left...a SECOND SLAMMING DOWN to her right. She WHIPS out her gun, and --

RED TINSEL ERUPTS from the tree, hammering it from her grip. The colorful vines SPROUTING barbs in mid-flight...wrapping around her legs and knocking her off her feet.

FOLEY (cont'd)

No! Ahhhh -- !

The branches curl around her, lifting her effortlessly from the ground. The pine needles RIPPLE like one of those pin-sculptures, forming a MONSTROUS "NEW" FREDDY FACE. Foley turns helplessly towards the black-and-white, sees Reese sitting calmly inside.

FOLEY (cont'd)

Reese! Help me!

Reese can't hear. The tree bends back, the "Freddy Face" PUFFING OUT and FIRING A BARRAGE OF THOUSANDS OF NEEDLES which slice into her flesh like flechettes --

SLAM CUT TO:

INT/EXT. "BLACK-AND-WHITE" - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

Foley's safety belt is YANKED all the way to maximum strain, her WRITHING body levitating to the ceiling. Reese's pump-action is sent SKITTERING into the rear seat. He tries to grab at her flailing arms.

REESE

Foley...Foley!

Her THRASHING arm catches him, SMASHES him back against the window. Lacerations SLASH right through her blue tunic.

OUTSIDE NOW. A GREAT WASH of BLOOD SPLATTERS against the windshield... a BEAT, then Foley's heavy boot PUNCHES through, splintering the safety glass.

The driver's door WHAMS open, a shellshocked blood-splattered Reese half- stumbling/half-dropping to the ground. GULPS air, turns --

-- AND A BIG PAIR OF BOOTS WALLOPS INTO FRAME! Metal "DROPLETS" FIZZ to the ground, and Reese gazes right up into Jason Voorhees' killing mask --

REESE

Shit!

He DIVES back into the car, as --

JASON RIPS the passenger side door off, and --

Reece's hand falling about an inch from the shotgun next to Foley's dead face. Then --

-- WHUMP! He is YANKED back out of the vehicle by some Olympian force. Looks up as the Aztec machete draws back --

REESE

Noooooo!

The last thing Reese sees is the WHOOSH of a silver blade --

CUT TO:

INT. BETHLEHEM POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Reznor sits at his desk going through the Vatican paperwork. We see everybody going about thier business outside. Reznor glances up as the Captain comes to the door.

LADY CAPTAIN

You still here?

REZNOR

Trying to make some sense from all this crap. You seen Cobain?

She pauses. Thinks. Shakes her head.

LADY CAPTAIN

No.

She goes away. Reznor returns to his perusal. Occasional words STAND OUT from the page: "Fatima, Portugal" ... "Megiddo" ... "Breaking of the Seals." He turns a page --

"Qryjcx. Fpzlw, rx ci hmwp". Reznor blinks. Turns the other pages, all filled with similar gibberish. Sits back, perplexed. Pulls a lit cigarette from the ashtray, pops it in his mouth. The "NO SMOKING" sign catches his eye. He contemplates it a moment, snorts. Takes a long suck.

He stops. The sign has changed. "CAN'T YOU READ?" He gives a little COUGH, surprised. And AGAIN, getting BIGGER. The cigarette falls to the floor, sizzles...

Reznor's SPLUTTERING like a trooper now. Smoke TRICKLES from his closed mouth. He opens it, and --

Smoke GOUTS between his lips, enourmous velocity...hazing the air. The open glass door SLAMS shut, the red dot on the rotary lock rolling to "LOCKED" position. Reznor lurches at a glass wall, BANGING on it to attract somebody's attenion...anybody. The Cops continue to pass-by as if nothing's happening...

Reznor drops to his knees, SPITTLE hitting the tiles as --

Part of the thickening smoke in the air gains DENSITY. Becomes a FORM...a SMOKE WRAITH. A "Freddy Face." Reznor stares in disbelief through watery eyes.

FREDDY
Remember...smoking kills!

The Wraith disperses, a GROTESQUE LAUGH hanging in the air --

-- And Reznor COUGHS HIS GUTS UP. Literally. Purple veined LUNGS SPLATTERING UP onto the hard floor.

OUTSIDE NOW - the Cubicle a smoke-filled glass solid, people LAUGHING, wandering past as if this was an everyday occurrence. A BLOODY HAND SLAMS against the glazing, leaving an obscene smear as we --

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. REAR GARDEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

Reznor slips from the swing, his chin WHACKING the seat. A THIN TRICKLE OF BLOOD SPILLING from his lips. He GASPS for breath, then suddenly --

WHOOMPH! He's JERKED to his geet as the chain wraps around his neck...TUGGED UPWARDS until inches away from Jason's chromed mask. We see his feet peddling uselessly in mid-air.

REZNOR
(strangled rattle)
Hi...

He SPITS a dappled SPRAY OF BLOOD into Jason's face.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A handful of empty Budweiser bottles are on the low table. Alice sits alone on the sofa, watching an INANE T.V. ANCHOR covering the New Year's run-up. The reception is FUZZY, occasionally BLANKING OUT in BLASTS of STATIC.

CNN ANCHOR
(O.S., on television)
"As you can see, even with four hours to go, this has to be the New Year to end all New Years. Certainly the largest capacity crowd I've seen...surely there isn't a person on the planet tonight who isn't getting on down --"

ALICE

(disgruntled)
And sharks might cry...

She gathers up the empties, heads for the kitchen --

INT. KITCHEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice tosses the bottles into the trash. Opens the refrigerator.
Pulls out a quart of milk --

KERSMASH! Alice JUMPS, the carton dropping to the linoleum. The
MUTED SOUND of SPLINTERING WOOD filters in O.S. from somewhere in
the house. MILK GLUGS unattended as she listens, frozen in fear.
Her eye spots a lug-wrench amongst the dissembled parts on the
kitchen table.

INT. HALLWAY - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The stairs leading to the autoshop are shrouded in shadow, a
portal to dread. The noises have ceased. Alice FLICKS the light
switch several times. No joy. She strains at the edge of her
hearing --

Then JUMPS as the door right by her shoulder OPENS. It's
Stephanie and Jacob. Alice untenses.

JACOB
Mom, there's something --

ALICE
Back inside. Keep the door closed...

The kids comply. Alice looks about her. Spots a chunky
industrial flashlight atop a pair of coveralls.

INT. STAIRWELL - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice directs the flashlight beam, cautiously descending...

INT. STEPHANIE'S BEDROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Stephanie FLIPS the key in the lock. jacob shoves a chair up
under the door handle.

STEPHANIE
Get it in, tight...

INT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice's flashlight picks out dangling chains and old machinery.
She moves forward...taut, alert. The back door leading out into
the garden hangs inward on one broken hinge the lock SHATTERED in
pieces on the floor.

She sweeps the beam around the silent room. Nothing. Finds the
switch for the overhead fluorescents. CLICKS IT. The lightbars
WHINE, flicker to life --

Jason is standing there right behind Alice, machete poised. Half the chromed mask is eroded away now, the flesh beneath scabrous and decomposing rapidly. She turns as Jason's Aztec blade PIERCES the air...eludes decaitation by a microsecond. It SEVERs a tuft of blond hair, EMBEDS itself into STROBE and FLARE chaotically.

Alice's foot catches an OIL PATCH. She slips, falls heavily against a workbench as ELECTRICAL CHARGES CRAKLE up along Jason's arm, momentarily paralyzing him.

The wrench falls from Alice's grip, CLATTERS just out of reach. Jason TUGS his machete free, sways a little before locking back on target. Two quick strides towards Alice as she SNATCHES up the wrench...brings it up in a clumsy movement which --

-- BARELY BLOCKS Jason's next strike. the ancient blade CLEAVES OFF the wrench's grip...BASHES Alice's forehead, cutting open a ragged scar. Alice SNAP-ROLLS aside, crawls for cover beneath the bench. She drags her foot in quickly as the machete WHOOSHES down, SPARKING on the stone floor.

Alice crawls away for dear life. Jason closes like a heat-seeking missile, a hand CLAMPING around her ankle with a vice-like grip. Alice YELLS...begins to get dragged back.

Her hand SHOOTs OUT, SNATCHES at the bolted bench leg. Knuckles whitening. Jason HEAVES MIGHTILY, and --

-- FALTERS back, Alice's empty boot clutched in his hand. He LUNGES forward, powerfully WRENCHING the workbench aside...TEARING the bolted legs up. Jessica's boom-box topples, starting up. LOUD SLAMMING ROCK MUSIC. Jason turns over a line of freestanding shelves, blocking off the exit to the garden. Alice scrambles out of the way, gets to her feet. Turns to face him as he circles toward her. Molten droplets fall from his mask, FIZZING on the floor. She takes in his leprous countenance.

ALICE

What the hell are you...?

Jason PUNCES wordlessly for Alice. She ducks beneath the suspended engine block, backs toward the shadows.

INT. STEPHANIE'S ROOM - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids have slid open the sash window, trying to force through the narrow gaps in the security bars outside.

JACOB

Go...squeeze through!

STEPHANIE

It's too small -- !

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Steven's pickup turns the corner, enters the road.

INT. CAB - STEVEN'S PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

A bottle of champagne is on the passenger's seat next to Steven. He frowns as he nears the police cruiser, sees the empty cab, the running-light. STROBING atop.

STEVEN

Hello?

He draws parallel, passes. takes a gander in his rear view, and --

STEVEN

Christ on a crutch -- !

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The pickup SQUEALS to a halt, Steven LEAPING out in a rush towards the dead cops --

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason's mask GLITTERS in the spasmodic lighting. We hear his INHUMANELY STEADY BREATHING as it searches side-to-side. His foot catches Alice's discarded flashlight. It rolls across the floor, the beam casting erratic shadows, which --

-- REVEALS ALICE moving at a crouch around the side of the Lexus. She looks up, sees the dangling engine block. Looks down, sees an oil can. Gets an idea.

WITH JASON NOW. He hears a METALLIC CLONG, homes pitilessly towards it, and --

-- SLIPS on the THIN SHEEN of oil clogging the floor...registering the dark mass of the ENGINE BLOCK as it IMPACTS his ribs, SLAMMING him back into the grease pit.

Alice punches the big red BUTTON on the hydraulic controls. Jason tries to get his footing again --

ALICE

You're jammed, sucker!

WHOOOMP! The hydraulic ramp POWERS DOWN...the raised Pontiac CRUSHING onto Jason. Alice watches with satisfaction as it reaches bottom, the overstressed mechanism RISING in PITCH. She shuts off the control. Takes a tire-iron from the shelf. Bends down, turns off the boom-box --

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Steven races up to the barred front door, rifling his pockets.

STEVEN
Keys...keys. Goddamit -- !

Forgotten them. He races off around the side of the house --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - ALONGSIDE FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The garden fence RUSHES by Steven in an adrenalinic blur. He hears SHRILL VOICES above. Looks up to see Stephanie and Jacob desperately trying for his attention --

STEPHANIE
Daddy...daddy -- !

JACOB
Help -- !

STEVEN
I'm coming...stay there!

He CRASHES through the back gate --

EXT. REAR GARDEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

-- INTO THE GARDEN. The security lights SNAP ON...and Steven fetches up short, almost drops the bottle. Reznor's CORPSE is twisted up in the swing's chains ahead, wrapped tight around his swollen neck. Blood spattering his shirt. Steven motivates himself, heads for the house --

INT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Silence reigns supreme. We hear the STEADY DRIP-DRIP of OIL as Alice ceases to circle the pit. Nothing...no movement. CLOSE ON HER, as --

-- SMASH!! Alice dives for cover as the Pontiac's hood is sent SPINNING up through the air, a SHOWER of piping and wires following.

ALICE
No -- !

She watches in horror as Jason's STEAMING FORM HAULS itself up through the car's guts.

EXT. REAR GARDEN - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Steven finds the shattered door leading into the autoshop blocked by the fallen shelving.

STEVEN
Hey...hey -- !

INT. BASEMENT AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason's coming straight for Alice like the Terminator. Steven's MUFFLED VOICE unbalances him an instant as Alice's fingers coil around the grip of a HANDHELD ROTARY SAW. She RAMS the unplugged electrical cord into the socket as Jason bears down. Swings the saw as it TRILLS to life. Razor-sharp teeth BITE through Jason's coveralls...CHEW through his flesh, spilling forth MAGGOTS and GREEN BILE.

She SLICES again, once more. Jason rallies with a vengeance, HACKING through the electrical wire. the saw SPUTTERS and DIES, and Jason lunges for the kill --

AS THE AUTOSHOP'S METAL SHUTTERS EXPLODE INWARD in a DELUGE of SHREDDED METAL. Alice miraculously escapes injury as - as headlamps BLAZING - STEVEN'S PICKUP ROARS through the breach...makes a "Jason Sandwich" between it and the disemboweled Pontiac.

Steven blinks the grogginess from the impact away. As he pulls the release on his safety-belt --

ALICE

Look out!

Jason's fingers gouge like steel into the pickup's buckled hood. He drags his undead body up, and --

PUNCHES his rancid fist through the windshield. Grabs a handful of Steven's shirt. YANKS his head forward against the steering wheel, knocking him unconscious. Jason's head Snaps around as --

ALICE

You sonuvabitch!

Alice CHARGES him wielding a tire-iron WALLOPS him viciously across the side of his head. Goes for a second blow, but Jason catches it with stunning disregard for inertia. Slings the iron- and Alice - halfway across the room. She SCREAMS as her temple catches a GLANCING BLOW against SOMETHING, SOUND and VISION DISTORTING strangely. A FLASH FRAME of WHITE --

DISSOLVES US THROUGH TO:

INT BEDROOM - VOORHEES' HOUSE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

TIGHT ON ALICE'S CLOSED EYES. We hear an INDISTINCT, BREATHY BABBLE as we TRACK IN. Her eyelids POP OPEN --

WIDER. SOFT PASTEL HUES. Sitting in a wicker-chair, Alice surveys the 50's furnished bedroom, embellished with 60's style boy's paraphenilia. The TUNE "Mister Sandman" plays on a radio somewhere, O.S. She looks down. Sees herself wearing a blue-and-white "Alice in Wonderland" dress.

ALICE

I'm inside someone's dream...

An ICE HOCKEY STICK mounted above the dresser, GOALIE MASKS to either side. A POSTER showing a 1960's "Cincinnati Cyclones" lineup.

ALICE (cond'd)

What is this?

She hears RAISED VOICES O.S. from somewhere downstairs. Goes to investigate --

INT. LANDING - VOORHEES' HOUSE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Alice finds herself with an uninterrupted view of the living room. Crouched behind the bannisters at the top of the stairs just ahead is a 10 YEAR OLD BOY, a hockey mask pushed up on his head.

ALICE (cont'd)

Hey there --

Alice GASPS as he turns to her. We see his FEATURES are ASYMMETRIC, RETARDED...the name "jason" picked out on the breast of his boiler-suit in florid embroidery. Smiles at Alice with great gentility. Puts a finger to his mouth to indicate silence.

ALICE (cont'd)

Oh, God...I'm in your mind.

(The people below in heated argument below are: ELAINE and KIRK PARKER; JED LANE SR; PAMELA and ELIAS VOORHEES; MARGE and her Police Lieutenant husband, DONALD THOMPSON.)

MARGE THOMPSON

We've got to fix Fred Krueger once and for all!

KIRK PARKER

This is the 1960s for Chrissake, Marge - not the Middle Ages!

ELAINE PARKER

You're spineless, Kirk.

Jed turns angrily on Lieutenant Thompson.

JED LANE SR

We wouldn't be beating our gums if your bogtrotter partner hadn't screwed the pooch!

DONALD THOMPSON

It wasn't Tim's fault...the warrant wasn't signed!

JED LANE SR

Krueger juiced my son, cop! Half the

other kids in this town! You wanna think about that when he comes for your little Nancy?!

PAMELA VOORHEES
(pointedly, to Thompson)
He ought to have checked.

ELIAS VOORHEES
If the police can't help, maybe the F.B.I.?

JED LAVE SR
Ha! Dream on, Voorhees.

UP ON THE LANDING, Alice gazes at the retarded boy with dawning comprehension.

ALICE
(aloud)
Jason Voorhees was an Elm Street kid...

DOWN BELOW AGAIN, Elias arguing vehemently --

ELIAS VOORHEES
If we kill that monster, we'll be no better than he.

PAMELA VOORHEES
Elias, our Jason's scared. Retreating into a world of his own, hiding behind that damned hockey mask --

JED LANE SR
Probably done us a service.

KIRK PARKER
Shut up, Lane.

ELAINE PARKER
We need to know where you sand, Donald.

DONALD THOMMPSON
I can't condone vigilantism, Elaine!

JED LANE SR
You're either in or you're out, Thompson. There ain't no middle ground.

Thompson takes a deep breath. So do the others.

DONALD THOMPSON
Alright. I'm in...

WE END ON ALICE'S PERPLEXED FACE as we --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PAMELA VOORHEES' CAR - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Alice is JOGGLED in the rear seat of a big 50's automobile as it rides across REGULAR EXPANSION JOINTS. Young Jason sits alongside Pamela Voorhees who's driving. The boy turns and smiles at Alice.

PAMELA VOORHEES

You stay in the car. Mommy's fixing some business...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Pamela's shiny CHERRY CADILLAC (we recognize it as Freddy's burial plot from the end of "Dream Warriors") heads for the functional factory buildings ahead.

ANOTHER ANGLE. The car pulls to a halt outside a corrugated iron warehouse. Several other vehicles are here already.

INT. PAMELA VOORHEES' CAR - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Pamela turns to Jason.

PAMELA VOORHEES

If you're a good boy, we'll maybe head out to Lake Crystal for a little holiday... teach you to swim. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Jason nods solemnly.

PAMELA VOORHEES (cont'd)

Alright. I won't be long.

Pamela climbs out. SLAMS the door behind her. Young Jason watches her vanish around the edge of the building. Gives Alice a quick look, then opens the door on his side.

ALICE

Wait -- !

Alice promptly opens her door and follows --

MATCH CUT AGAIN TO:

INT. FREDDY KRUEGER'S BOILER ROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE)

-- Straight into a RAGING INFERNO. CRUEL FLAMES lick the bare concrete walls. A window overhead SMASHES, a Molotov cocktail BLOSSOMING. Alice catches a quick glimpse of Jed Lane and Donald thompson.

JED LANE SR

Burn in Hell, pervert!

An IMMENSE BOILER lines one whole wall. A SMOLDERING FIGURE crawls from the open safety gate, DROPS painfully to the floor.

the Iconic striped jumper, familiar chiseled presence. FREDDY KRUEGER: Aflame from the waist down, his face still mostly unblemished. His hat falls away as he seems to look straight up at Alice...

FREDDY
(pitifully)
Save me...help me --

ALICE
(incredulous)
Help you!?

PAMELA VOORHEES
(O.S.)
Jason...!

Alice looks up. Sees Young Jason slowly DRAGGING off his hockey mask, staring down into the SEA OF FIRE. Pamela appears. Tries to pull the resisting boy away.

PAMELA VOORHEES
Come away!

Marge Thompson appears above, face contorted with hared.

MARGE THOMPSON
Die...D I E !

Another Molotov BURSTS in Freddy's face. His fingers are a rictus curl of despair.

FREDDY
Hear me...

GREEN ENERGY BELCHES beneath him. HIDEOUS BIOMECHANOID DREAM WRAITHS SWIRL up, COILING around Freddy...lifting him from the floor. IRIDESCENT ENERGY BOLTS as they pierce his torso. His body SWELLS UP to Schwarzeneggerian magnitude.

FREDDY (cont'd)
Yes...yes!! I...am...E T E R N A L !

His body EXPLODES in a GLOWING RED ENERGY STORM that SWEEPS through Alice in a WAVE (we see Freddy's bones collapse to the floor at CENTER). The BLAST reaches Young Jason, momentarily FLARING OUT as he turns and --

WE MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. JETTY - CRYSTAL LAKE - SUNSET (DRAM SEQUENCE)

Young Jason stands on a wooden jetty protruding out onto a picturesque BOATING LAKE, the sky a BEAUTIFUL PURPLE-RED.

-- SEE ALICE ON THE SHORELINE, watching. She SHOUTS...

ALICE

Stop! Wait!

The boy doesn't hear. We see him climb down into one of the boats, TUG at the mooring ropes. Alcie SCRAMBLES along the shale to follow. Slows pauses at a sign which reads: "WELCOME TO CRYSTAL LAKE - CAMP CRYSTAL"

Young Jason's boat drifts away from the pier as Alice POUNDS along the boardwalk. With a great RUMBLE --

-- CLOUDS SPEED ACROSS THE SKY in TIME-LAPSE, GLOWING THUNDER ZEPHYRS forming out of nowhere. Young Jason gazes up, WHIMPERS. While --

-- the SLATS BENEATH ALICE SPLINTER and DISINTEGRATE. She treads air like Wile e. Coyote, while --

FROM YOUNG JASON'S P.O.V., the SHORELINE SPEEDS SUPERNATURALLY AWAY in all directions at 100 M.P.H. In seconds, the retarded boy finds his tiny boat adrift in the center of a VAST OCEAN.

ALICE FALLS...SPLASHES into the icy cold water, arms flailing. The CAMERA FLIPS THROUGH 180 degrees with her, as she --

-- LEVITATES UP out of the water like the "Ldy Of the Lake", miraculously dry. She "stands" on the surface as if treading PLEXIGLASS, jsut yards from young Jason's boat.

The boy begins to CRY, pulling the hockey mask up to his face in defence. (Remember the Freddy claws menacing Nancy in the bath in "Nightmare"? Well, that's just what happens now, except --)

EACH CLAW is 6 ft LONG...towering up, unseen by Young Jason. The boy turns...as the claws SUBMERGE AGAIN and disappear, lickety-split.

A MOMENT'S SUSPENSE...and the boat starts to ROCK VIOLENTLY, WATER SPILLING inboard. Allice CRIES OUT --

ALICE (cont'd)

Hold on!

She takes a "step" forward...and sinks into the water up to her knee.

ALICE (cont'd)

No! Somebody help!

She takes another step. Up to her waist this time. The boat OVERTURNS, Young Jason SHRIEKING with terror. We see a HIGH CHERRYPICKER ANGLE, a HUGE Freddy arm undulating away into the depths like a GREEN-AND-RED SQUID.

Alice reaches the upturned boat, submerged up the the neck now. She THUMPS on the hull repeatedly.

ALICE (cont'd)
Let him go...let him go!

A SPUME of bubbles effervesces around her. A WHITE OBJECT floating to the surface...Jason's mask. Alice takes it her hand. Looks skyward. YELLS --

ALICE (cont'd)
No!

ERSATZ CHRRYPICKER ANGLE AGAIN, going WIDER VERY FAST NOW into a UNIVERSAL PULL-BACK revealing the BLACK POOL OF OCEAN to be one of the EYEHOLEs in the BATTERED JASON MASK we know and hate. CONTINUING FURTHER BACK as we --

SOUND SEGUE/MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FREDDY'S BOILER ROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE - CONTINUING)

we PULL RIGHT BACK to reveal a BIG, FRIGHTENING VERSION of Freddy's boiler room. A PERSPECTIVE TRICK of CABLING and FEEDER PIPES leading to a MONSTROUS FURNACE. Young Jason is strapped spread-eagled to a 'X'-shaped TORTURE CROSS, slash marks across his boiler suit. We HEAR a DEEP MENACING variation of the "Freddy Nursery Rhyme", O.S.

A "HOLE IN SPACE" opens up, Alice falling from it in a DELUGE OF WATER. Hits MUDDY GROUND embedded with fragments of BROKEN CHILDRENS' TOYS, face-first. Her head SNAPS UP as "Old" Freddy triumphantly tears the mask from Jason's face, looks straight at Alice. Places a razor sharp finger blade under Jason's chin.

FREDDY
How'd you like my little puppet? He's
always done everything I say...

ALICE
Don't...!

Freddy LAUGHS maliciously. RAKES his claws toward Jason...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. AUTOSHOP - FREEMAN HOUSE - NIGHT (END DREAM SEQUENCE)

Alice JOLTS awake, Jessica crouching over and SLAPPING her cheeks vigorously.

JESSICA
C'mon...c'mon - wake up, goddamit! Where
are they?!

ALICE
Wha -- ?

JESSICA

Steven...my kid! Turnit on, goddamit!

Alice glances across. the pickup is gone, a great rent torn in the metal shutters.

ALICE

Jacob?

JESSICA

The place looks like Godzilla trashed it...what happened?!

ALICE

It's Jason...Freddy created him --

JESSICA

I don't give a fuck...where's my girl?!

Alice gets with the program, rallies herself awake.

ALICE

The...bookstore --

CUT TO:

EXT YARD - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

WIDE ON A WALL at the end of the yard. Like a Kabuki shadowplay, we see JASON'S MONSTROUS FORM making short shrift of TWO STRUGGLING COPS. HANDHELD - SAME SHOT - whe STEADICAM back over the Cops' bodies, WHIP-PANNING LEFT to see a pair of legs being dragged through the slashed OSHA tape remnants covering the fire exit.

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

CLUNK. CLUNK! Steven is strapped to the inverted cross. Jason looms over him.

WIDER, ACROSS THE ROOM. An unconscious Jacob and Stephanie dumped in the center of the "Penticon".

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

The damaged Black-and White ZOOMS through the night, thunder RUMBLING overhead.

INT. "BLACK-AND-WHITE" - STREETS - NIGHT

Jessica's driving madly. Alice is strapped in, holding on for dear life...the door at her side nonexistent --

JESSICA

Bastard was after our kids all along!

ALICE
I felt something inside Jason's mind.
Some...thing. Beyond him and Krueger --

JESSICA
Hold on!

She pulls a hard righ...narrowly avoids an ONCOMING CAR, its horn
BLARING --

EXT. "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - ELM STREET - NIGHT

LIGHTNING arcs across the sky with a TERRIFIC BOOM, a WHIRLPOOL OF
CLOUDS above. A massive ENERGY BOLT - amost more PLASMA than
electricity - STABS down across the street from the bookstore,
RIVING a tree into SPLINTERS. PULSING and THROBBING - almost
ALIVE - it SCORCHES a path across the road toward the store,
BISECTING a car in twisted junk.

INT. "BLACK-AND-WHITE" - ELM STREET - NIGHT

Alice reacts. Grabs the wheel.

ALICE
Stop!

JESSICA
Shit!

EXT. "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - ELM STREET - NIGHT

Jessica SLAMS on the brakes. The Black-and-White SCREECHES to a
halt, the CRACKLING ENERGY VAPORIZING the front of the vehicle. A
lucky escape. The beam CONTINUES on...VANISHES for an
instant...then DRIVING down onto the bookstore turret.

Alice and Jessica leap out of the car, run for the shop.

JESSICA
Come on...!

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Alice and Jessica BURST through a torn veil of OSHA-tape. Stop
dead.

Just barely alive, Steven JERKS and TWITCHES atop the Cross, his
skin WITHERING and PUTREFYING. The "Penticaon" is engulfed by
the SWIRLING ENERGY TYPHOON. We can about discern JASON'S DARK
FORM within, the esophagal-tunnel opening beneath him...

JESSICA
Noooo -- !

She lunges forward. Alice restrains her

ALICE

Jess, don't!

THE OTHER-WORLDLY RIFT IMPLODES...and the chamber is suddenly SILENT, empty. Jessica collapses to her knees.

JESSICA

Steven...God - Steven! No...no --

Alice runs to the center of the "Penticon", eyes searching madly. Fingertips tracing the filmy tracery of blood...

ALICE

No...no --

JESSICA

(hysteria)

Great...this is great~ what do we do now, sis - huh? Wanna tell me that?

Alice thinks hard, frustration edging in.

ALICE

We've gotta go after them --

JESSICA

How...how?! They're gone, there's no way!

ALICE

Shut up! There has to be a way --

Blood DRIPS from teh cross into the "Penticon" channels...

CUT TO:

INT. TORCHY'S BAR - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

The place is WALL-TO-WALL with REVELLERS, jukebox CRANKED UP. Cobain sits at the packed bar, takes a sip of something - probably vodka - as someone jostles into him from behind. He catches the BARMAID's amused glance at his predicament.

COBAIN

I think my double's turned to a single.

BARMAID

Not the best night for a quiet drink.

COBAIN

(looks at his watch)

No...I'm waiting for someone.

BARMAID

(archly)

Aren't we all?

Cobain watches the television mounted up on the wall WILDLY FLUCTUATING.

COBAIN
Brownouts still?

BARMAID
You didn't hear? North Pole flipped
around earlier. Up is down and down is
up. Spiffy New Year prank, huh?

COBAIN
(quietly, to himself)
"The Great Purification."

A VOICE YELLS the length of the bar. Cobain looks up, sees the
BAROWNER holding the phone and looking at him.

BAROWNER
Hey! Reservoir Dog! You the cop?

COBAIN
F.B.I.

BAROWNER
Same difference. Phone --

Cobain pushes his way through the melee. A DRUNKEN GIRL grabs
him halfway, kisses him.

DRUNKEN GIRL
Happy New Cent'ry!

Cobain pulls free, reaches the phone. Picks it up.

COBAIN
Agent Cobain...?

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - ELM STREET - NIGHT

Cobain's car SQUEALS to a standstill. Jessica appears, yanks his
door open. Alice right behind.

JESSICA
You bring them?

COBAIN
(really pissed)
My partner's fucking mulched! I want some
answers!

We hear a VERY PECULIAR NOISE from the meteorology above. We
might SWEAR that the entire SKY seems to be CONTRACTING...

ALICE
No time. Shag it!

INT. SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER - "SAMHAIN BOOKS" - NIGHT

Alice puts down a pair of mini "multimedia" speakers. RIPS open an evidence bag, casts aside Vatican documents. Tosses the WOODEN DAGGER CASE to Jessica. Slides the Cultist's camcorder from another bag. JACKS a lead into the side.

Cobain stands at the breach in the turret, looking up at the weirdly shrinking atmosphere. Turns back into the room.

COBAIN

Someone better start explainin' all this...

ALICE

All these clues, you haven't figured it?
It's Zero Hour, Agent Cobain. World's
going out with a bang.

COBAIN

Wait...whoa! Reality check -- !

JESSICA

(abruptly)

My husband's fucking dead! My daughter's
gone! You've a belief problem, shove it!

COBAIN

It's 100 percent gravity this zip-code,
lady! Get off the ceiling!

Jessica has the case open, brings out the seemingly plain "Dagger of Horvath". The dagger TRANSFORMS INSTANTLY into a BIOMECHANICAL MASS. the blade ELONGATES, runes molding into the side. Alice - and especially Cobain- are taken aback.

JESSICA

Same as the one I killed Jason last time.

ALICE

(pointedly to Cobain)

Feeling converted yet?

COBAIN

(a beat)

So...you got a Game Plan?

ALICE

Replay the Cultists' incantations. Follow
them to...wherever.

JESSICA

And if it doesn't work?!

LIGHTNING GLARES overhead.

ALICE

We're out of options.

An L.E.D. GLOWS RED as she activates the camcorder. Moves to the center of the "Penticon" with Jessica. Cobain stands to one side reluctantly.

ALICE (cont'd)
No-one's twisting your arm.

He hesitates. Enters the "Penticon", feeling a little foolish.

COBAIN
Okay. Beam me down.

CLOSE ON THE CAMCORDER. The digital frame counter ticking upwards...the Cultists' CHANTING issuing forth from the builtin SPEAKERS.

CULTISTS
(O.S.)
"Kandar...estrata --"

Ther settled blood in the stone channels begins to glow an unearthly green. Cobain looks down dumbfounded as the light ACCELERATES, delineating the symbol.

LEAD CULTIST (cont'd)
(O.S.)
"By the Abramelin Mage --"

The ancient rune FLARES. Points of energy CRACKLING the air, PROBING between Alice, Jessica, and Cobain.

LEAD CULTIST (cont'd)
(O.S.)
"Invoke your Holy Guardian...'Nosferatus,
Emontus'" --

An IMPOSING RED/GREEN ENERGY CYCLONE materializes about them, a BLAST of AIR SCATTERING the Pontiff's documents.

LEAD CULTIST (cond'd)
(O.S.)
"-- Thanos"!

A BOLT of LIGHT consumes the FRAME, the ground beneath them SHATTERING to reveal --

CUT TO:

INT. "ESOPHAGUS" JOURNEY - ZERO HOUR

A ROLLERCOASTER RIDE, their P.O.V. RUSHING LIGHT STREAMS, THX QUALITY BASS WHOOSHES...what mightbe PLANETS - or ATOMS - RACING BY. FAST 90 degree COURSE-CHANGES along a TUNNEL lined wiht THOUSANDS of SCREAMING SOULS, and then a WHITE FLASH --

FAST CUTS US TO:

EXT. APEX OF PILLAR - HELL - ZERO HOUR

The sole arthritic tree is ROCKED by a RAGING TEMPEST. Three AMOEBA-LIKE POLYPS ERUPT towards us from within the ground, strewing bones. In an instan, the SKULLS formed within SHEATH with TENDONS and FLESH until --

-- THE POLYPS BURST, evaporate. Cobain and the two women fall to the ground. Weakly recover.

ALICE
Everyone okay?

COBAIN
(feebly)
Tubular. Now what?

JESSICA
(yells)
Look!

Everyone does. The LEVIATHAN SINGULARITY TORNADO bearing down, almost upon the jutting pillar. A mobile Black Hole sucking the three-dimensional world into it. Alice spots a "Hell Door" - a riveted steel door free-floating in mid-air - behind them.

ALICE
I know this place!

COBAIN
The door...go!

They SPRINT for it. Jessica gets there firs, HEAVES the pull-ring...nothing. Cobain pitches in. Still nada, as --

THE SINGULARITY HITS the Pillar, DEVOURS it hungrily, as --

Alice adds her weight to the door...which grinds open! The GREY VACUUM inside SUCKS at them --

ALICE
Inside!

They TUMBLE through the doorway, as --

THE SINGULARITY TEARS the Pillar apart...

EXT. "BRIDGE OF MOANS" - HELL - ZERO HOUR (CONTINUING)

Cobain and the women JETTISON THROUGH another FLOATING DOOR, identical to the first. It SLAMS CLOSED as they pick themselves shakily up...

COBAIN
This is nuts.

VERY, VERY WIDE. An impossibly-long VIADUCT-LIKE BRIDGE straddles an INFINITIVE SEA OF MOLTEN LAVA, vanishing off at the horizon. A (presumably infinite) number of floating doors line either side of the bridge.

JESSICA

Now what...flip a coin?

Conversation stops as the sky above DISTORTS, the SINGULARITY VORTEX tears into the bridge. RUMBLING TOWARDS THEM at an incredible rate.

ALICE

Run!

They run, the Vortex hot on their heels...ENGULFING the bridge. They skid to a halt --

COBAIN

This is hopeless!

JESSICA

Try another door!

No time for finesse. They choose one randomly. Force it open, and --

A MASSIVE LEG drops down from inside, anchors itself on the bridge...MIGHTY HANDS with SCIMITAR BLADES reaching for Alice. An OLYMPIAN HEAD atop a RED-AND-GREEN-DRESSED "Richard Corben" Superhero dream of a body. THE NEW FREDDY, seen in all his glory --

FREDDY

It's my comeback Tour!

Freddy JERKS Alice bodily back inside...but Cobain and Jessica GRAB her too in a BIZARRE TUG-OF-WAR. Alice SCREAMS, and Freddy draws her inside with finality. The door SLAMS shut, and --

JESSICA

Cobain!

The Vortex is almost upon them. Cobain thinks fast, turns to the door opposite.

COBAIN

This one!

They get the door open, disappearing inside as the Vortex EATS SPACE...

CUT TO:

INT. MAZE OF PIPES - HELL - ZERO HOUR

The walls are a complex labyrinth of industrial ducting. Alice

plummets from an overhead circular inlet, SPLASHES into fetid knee-deep water. She THRASHES to the surface COUGHING bile. Looks up to see --

Freddy, ROARING down the perpendicular inlet toward her. She scrambles up. Start to run as he CRASHES down, seven feet tall and filling the tunnel like a body-builder. BELLOWING into pursuit.

FREDDY
Run like the wind, Alice!

His chest works, sucking like a VACUUM BELLOWS...BLOOWS --

-- LIKE A HURRICANE, tossing Alice end-over-end. She grimaces. Clutches her leg. Freddy LAUGHS sardonically...

CUT TO:

INT. SPHERICAL SPIKE ROOM - HELL - ZERO HOUR

Cobain and Jessica falll through the door, land in a heap. Recoup, take in their new surroundings.

JESSICA
This is twisted.

They're standing on a LONG RECTANGULAR PLATFORM suspended in space, a "Hell Door" defying gravity either end. The platform itself is at CENTER of a SPHERICAL ROOM, rotating about it. The curved walls brim with EVIL, METAL SPIKES...a DECAYED CADAVER impalled on each. (In homage, we might recognize a "Rogus Gallery" of MOVIE MONSTERS. Decayed GILL-MEN, PINHEADS, a HORACE PINKER...you get the idea.)

COBAIN
This is Hell. C'mon...

They head for the opposite door. ten feet away when...it opens. JASON CHARGES THROUGH, his machete a SILVER SLASH IN MOTION. Jessica moves quickly...but the tip LACERATES across her chest. She falters, hitting the platform and almost going over. Her arms dangles next to a LEATHERFACE CORPSE and chances upon...

Cobain slides his pistol out. Walks it towards Jason, ROARING. The unead killer reels back as Cobain discharges a full-clip, goes dry. Ejects the spent mag, SLAPS in another. Jason rallies, sends the gun SPINNING. Grabs Cobain by the neck, lifts him GURGLING from the floor --

JESSICA
(O.S.)
Hey, fucker!

Jessica steps forward, an evil glint in her eye and her hands full of TARNISHED CHAINSAW. Jason tosses Cobain aside. Examines the chainsaw with healthy respect.

JESSICA (cont'd)
Let's finish it...

She TUGS the actuator cord vehemently --

-- AND THE BLADE DROPS OUT. Hits the deck with a DULL CLUNK.
Even Jason STOPS as if not believing her bad luck --

-- And Jessica SOCKS HIM round the head with the handgrip! Jason goes down, pitching over the platform edge and LANCING himself on the spikes. The room ROTATES around as he thrashes like a like PINNED BUTTERFLY. Cobain and Jessica bolt for the door, Jessica grabbing the gun in the process.

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - HELL - ZERO HOUR

2-FOOT FREDDY CLAWS GRIND along DANK STONE WALLS, SCREECHING and SPARKING. Alice HOBBLERs blindly, PANTING INTENSITY edging into hysteria. Walls BLUR past as she SPLASHES through shallow water to an intersection. Chooses a route. Freddy's IMPOSSIBLY HUGE FORM fills the corridor behind. Legs pumping like STEAM PISTONS --

FREDDY
No one to mourn you here, sweetmeat!

Alice stumbles into...A DEAD-END. A "Hell Door" floats against one wall, ANOTHER off to one side. She starts back the way she came...until Freddy appears and BLOCKS her path.

FREDDY (cont'd)
All outta options!

She turns tail as Freddy GUFFAWS MALEVOLENTLY, GALUMPHS toward her. WRENCHES at the far door, and --

-- A FAST IMPRESSION of SPEARS...KNIVES...DAGGERS. SLICING toward her, "Tex Avery" style. She THROWS HERSELF FLUSH against the side wall, THRUSTS the door CLOSED. DENTS BULGE OUT from the smooth metal and --

-- A BRACE OF WEAPONRY WHOOSHES past...strait for Freddy. A SPEAR PIERCES his side, a SILVER "PHANTASM" BALL BURYING ITSELF in his forehead. As he HOWLS in AGONY, Alice FORCES OPEN the second door, enters. Freddy PLUCKS the Ball away, SHAMBLES in pursuit --

CUT TO:

INT. MAZE OF PIPES - HELL - ZERO HOUR

Alice CAROMS against the walls of pipes either side of her, SHEET FLAME scorching beyond. FLOUNDERS blindly through what looks like soiled, RIPPED DRAPES - in actuality, FLAILED HUMAN FLESH - hanging overhead. A HISS as Alice places her hand on a steaming

conduit, RECOILS.

SOMETHING catches at the edge of her hearing. It sounds like JACOB'S VOICE. Her head SNAPS around...

INT. BOILER ROOM - HELL - ZERO HOUR

Alice enters the next room at a RUN...stops. The CAMERA WHIRLS about Alice as she turns to take in the room, the BACKGROUND BLURRING with MOTION.

ANOTHER ANGLE. Though not large, the room has the feel of an unholy cathedral. Much as Alice saw in Jason's mind-meld.

ALICE

Jacob!

ANOTHER ANGLE. We HEAR (but not see) a door SLAM behind. As her head whips around, in B.G. a GREAT FURNACE ROARS to life. Alice sees it's formed from a FUSED BIOMECHANICAL MASS of HUMAN BODIES. She hears an approaching RUMBLE like a FREIGHT TRAIN. The pipes - which extend up into infinity - give a SEISMIC SHUDDER, and --

-- A LARGE REEDER-PIPE TEARS RAGGEDLY OPEN. Freddy's demonic form FORCES its way out.

FREDDY

To the moon, Alice...the moon!

ALICE

I want my son, you bastard!

FREDDY

I've already had him...

He LUNGES, scimitar claws GASHING at Alice...missing as she sidesteps. A BLAST of SUPER-HOT STEAM pours out at Alice. She grabs a protruding pipe - SCREAMS in suffering...then SMITES Freddy with strength borne of hate and frustration --

-- Once...twice. Off balance, Freddy TOTTERS against the blazing furnace. SCREAMS...first from the fire...again as the FURNACE LIMBS GRIP and GOUGE at him. Freddy BAYS like a MYTHIC BEAST...TEARS himself clear. Fixes on Alice, a SNARL splitting his face. They circle...he CLOSES --

FREDDY (cont'd)

Draw your last breath --

It seems like curtains for Alice, and then --

-- the WALLS RIP APART as if made of paper, the SINGULARITY VORTEX THUNDERING in. Freddy balks...and Alice seizes the opportunity, DIVING HEAD FIRST through the open furnace doors into the blazing conflagration beyond --

CUT TO:

INT. "NIGHT GALLERY" - HELL - ZERO HOUR

A dank "Caligari-esque" chamber with vaulted ceilings and pillars. Cobain and Jessica appear from the shadows in a CLATTER of FOOTSTEPS.

JESSICA
Didn't we come this way?

COBAIN
(shakes his head)
Place is like a maze. what is this...?

The chamber kinks angularly at the center. The walls on both sides are "lined" with baroque picture frames, FLOATING just off the walls (simialar to the "Hell Doors") in a staggered pattern. Each one portrays a cycle of "Quicktime" "Freddy Deaths" from the PREVIOUS MOVIES, DISTORTED slightly by a "WATER-RIPPLE" EFFECT.

JESSICA
"Greatest Hits Collection."

They hear a EERIE GHOSTLY ECHO back the way they came.

COBAIN
We'd better go.

Jessica nods her head. they start off. Cobain PAUSES as they reach the "kink", Jessica going over the rise.

A PARTICULAR CHEVAL-SIZED PICTURE holds his attention. Live a window to a normal "Rockwellian" suburb: WHITE PICKET FENCES, LAWNS BEING SPRINKLED. Bright and very "60's", less "shimmery" than the others. His brow creases as he sees --

-- A NUN standing at the roadside...turning toward him. Cobain recognizes her from his dream: Amanda Krueger. He reaches a tentative finger out to the shimmery surface...and the picture sucks him in.

OVER THE RISE, Jessica's suddenly aware of Cobain's absence.

JESSICA
Cobain! Cobain...?

A DARK PROFILE detaches from a pillar behind her. Something catches her sixth-sense...she pivots --

-- And by a hair's breadth avoids decapitation by Jason, wielding a HALBERD taken from the spike-room. Jessica's hand comes up reflexively, the Dagger of Horvath clutched in it. Jason's blade catches the occult weapon's edge, SHATTERING at the superior metallurgy. Jessica DODGES past him, hotfoots away...

INT. ESCHER HALL - HELL - ZERO HOUR (CONTINUING)

Jessica emerges from a stone archway. Stops dead --

JESSICA

Whoa...!

We WHIP-PAN from her to find she's looking out across --

-- An IMMENSE ESCHER HALL, COLUMNS and STAIRS going every-which-way and confounding the brain. Connecting platforms here-and-there...a PIT OF FIRE high-up at an ANGLE, inverted.

Jessica hears a NOISE behind. Turns around, sees a MOVING SHADOW on the wall. Takes a deep breath and starts along a SPIRALLING STAIRWAY into the chamber's center. Halfway down she reaches a platform with an INSET METAL GRATING, her head JERKING around as --

-- A GOUT of FLAME BLOSSOMS from the "Up-Pit". Alice tumbles out, flying "down" through space.

JESSICA

Alice!

Alice WHOOSHES past, arms THRESHING. Jessica outstretches ... catches Alice's grip with her own. Pulls her to the gravity of the platform.

ALICE

Where's Cobain?

JESSICA

Lost him, back there...

ALICE

We gotta get out, this place is falling apart --

CRASH! the grating EXPLODES from the floor, sending the girls flying. Freddy SQUEEZES through, his claws STABBING down for Alice's face. She moves her head slightly, two of the sabre blades pinning her either side of the neck.

FREDDY

Your Doomsday's here --

Jessica musters her resolve...VAULTS onto Freddy's muscular back, anchoring an arm about his trunk-like neck. She reaches around...DRIVES down with the Dagger of Horvath, PENETRATING his shoulder.

Freddy BELLOWS, shucking Jessica loos. She falls "up", lands on another Escher stairway. A CRIMSON GLOW permeated his shoulder as it PERIFIES to STONE, fracture lines spreading outward. Alice SCURRIES for safety as Freddy withdraws his blade-arm, swats the Horvath Dagger loose. It falls "horizontally", lands precariously on the edge of a platform dropping bottomlessly away.

ALICE

The Dagger!

Jessica sees, is closer to it. Climbs "up" a "down" staircase hurriedly for it. Freddy massages his paralyzed shoulder, his blade-arm's range of movement restricted.

FREDDY

You'll pay now, bitches!

Jessica reaches the Dagger, As --

Freddy SURGES at Alice like a rhino, AND --

JASON "DROPS" DOWN FROM NOWHERE, Alice CRASHING into him! She's knocked to the stone floor, breathless. MAXIMUM TENSION as she eyes the two monsters on either side of her. Jason hesitates as Freddy SNARLS at him.

FREDDY

The Master promised them to me...!

Jason takes a half-step. Pauses.

FREDDY (cont'd)

Don't make me hurt you again...

We get the impression that SOMETHING SNAPS behind Jason's CHROMED/DEFORMED VISAGE. Alice throws her arms across her face, as --

-- The smaller Jason LAUNCHES across her at Freddy with the FEROCITY of a T-REX...DRIVES him VICIOUSLY BACK against a column which CRACKS and BUCKLES under the onslaught. Jason's fractured halberd SLICES...SHREARS one of Freddy's claws, SNAPS another. Freddy grimaces as the two Titans struggle hand-to-hand.

FREDDY

I...made...you -- !

We can tell from the BONE-CRUNCHING HEAD-BUTT Jason gives Freddy that this fact really ticks him off. And at that moment --

-- ONE ENTIRE HALF OF THE CAVERNOUS ESCHER HALL SHIVERS AND DISINTEGRATES. Alice reaches Jessica. they grab a handhold as the Vortex POWERS IN to CONSUME REALITY...

JESSICA

Boy, you weren't kidding...!

ALICE

That way!

The women head for a nearby spiral staircase as the two creatures below CLASH SUPERHUMANLY amidst the GRUMBLING surroundings.

INT. TURRET/THRONE CHAMBER APPROACH - HELL - ZERO HOUR

Alice has an arm around Jessica as they emerge from a STONE TURRET, beaten up and GASPING for air. They PAUSE --

ALICE

End of the line...

A buttressed stone walkway stretches ahead, two STAINED GLASS frames staggered at intervals along it. At the end is a circular "arena", bounded by demonic sculptures curving in slightly. (If we were to see this from a distance, it would resemble a rictus-clenched hand.)

Surrounding all this in place of sky or ground is a SWIRLING MASS OF CHAOS. As if we were inside a GIANT IMPLODING BALOON OF KALEIDOSCOPIC ENERGY...and it's shrinking.

With the BIGGEST BOOM we can muster (that won't blow your LOCAL MULTIPLEX'S SPEAKERS), the Singularity Vortex materializes beyond the turret...

JESSICA

This does not look good.

They hobble/run towards the structure ahead, past the first stained glass window with a METALLIC CLATTER, Cobain's Baretta falls to the floor.

ALICE

I got it.

Alice picks it up, and --

The stained glass window SPLINTERS into a million shards. Jason LEAPS through, lands awkwardly. Alice raises the gun. Thumbs the safety. Fires. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! The third shot RICOCHETS from Jason's silvered mask, CRACKING it half away. The misshaped child-like face beneath almost sympathetic.

JESSICA

Keep going...!

They continue on, the undead killer limping in pursuit. Past the second stained glass window as --

-- THE SINGULARITY VORTEX PLOUGHS INTO the turret behind, ANNIHILATING it...

INT. THRONE CHAMBER - HELL - ZERO HOUR (CONTINUING)

Alice and Jessica enter the structure, shrouded by SHADOWS. Atop a CENTRAL RAISED DAIS is what looks like a SQUARE OF BLACK GLASS, rotating in space. Besides it is a THRONE, disturbingly fashioned from skulls and biomechanical fittings. The by-now familiar "PENTICON" is indented into the floor, SWAYING CHAINS hand "up" from the ground. FLAMING BRAZIERS are dotted around the periphery, CUT-OUTS DROPPING TO INFINITY in the floor spelling

certain death for the hapless.

Jessica stops, face registers horrified disbelief.

JESSICA

Oh my God...

ALICE

We've found them --

CLOSE ON THE ROTATING GLASS PANE. Through two-dimensional, Jacob and Stephanie can be seen, trapped within.

JASON LOOMS SUDDENLY AT THEIR SHOULDER --

JESSICA

Run!

Alice and Jessica separate as Jason's halberd SPARKS from one of the chains. Alice edges toward the Penticon, while Jessica makes it to the dais. Jason seems torn for a moment...decides who to stalk. Goes for Jessica. She draws the Horvath Dagger --

JESSICA (cont'd)

Okay, handsome. Let's rumble...

OVER AT THE DAIS, Alice examines the childrens' GLASS PRISON with frustration. Tries to grab the edge, but it offers no purchase. Pulls Cobain's gun --

ALICE

Hope I know what I'm doing...

CRACK! CRACK! Not even a scratch...it might as well be titanium. As the bullets RICOCHET, PINGING onto the stone --

-- ALL THE BRAZIERS FLARE MASSIVELY. No-one notices the SHADOWS moving, collecting towards one point...and the chamber becoming gradually brighter.

Jessica feints with the Horvath blade, retreating. Loses balance at one point on the edge of a "cut-away". Jason follows, WHACKING relentlessly with the halberd. Each time the blades make contact, part of Jason's weapon FRAGMENTS. Eventually, the undead monster is left with what amounts to a dagger. He tosses it ferociously at Jessica. She parries the projectile...it EXPLODES in a lightblast.

BACK TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE, the SINGULARITY VORTEX has chewed apart half of the bridge...the EDDYING ENERGY BUBBLE all around contracted in even more...

BACK INSIDE, Jason GRABS one of the six-inch hanging chains, WHOOSHES it in an arc at her. She's SMASHED back into a brazier, the Dagger of Horvath SKITTERING out of sight. Burning herself as --

-- JASON'S SHOULDER EXPLODES in a SPRAY of GREEN PUTRESCENCE. He WHIRLS. Alice is standing a short distance behind with the pistol. She taunts him --

ALICE

Hey! Wanna go for Bonus Points?

Jason hesitates. Alice PLUGS him again for incentive. Jessica begins to circle around for the dais --

ALICE

Hey, stupid...I meant --

Her face falls as Jason STAMPEDES RIGHT FOR HER, but --

-- A THIRD STAINED GLASS PANE - offses asymmetrically - BLASTS APART. Freddy SPRINGS through, lands on Jason agile as a cat. The two PUMMEL each other FURIOUSLY, an alley-cat fight of the Underworld. Alice is sent SPRAWLING to the ground. Stumbles to join Jessica at the dais...

The battle is BRUTAL...CLASHING CLAWS and FISTS, HISSES and GRUNTS. Makes W.W.F. look like a KID'S PLAYGROUND FIGHT. in b.g., we see Alice join Jessica at the dais.

ALICE

What are we gonna do?

JESSICA

Get the kids free, then get the fuck out of Dodge!

ALICE

(shakes her head)

I already tried the gun --

Jason GRIPS Freddy's throat...shoves his head into a brazier's SEARING COALS. Freddy CRIES OUT, his CLAWS flailing out and PUNCTURING Jason's stomach. They FLOUNDER to the ground, and --

-- Are RIPPED BODILY APART by some STAGGERING PRESENCE...a GREAT DARK SHAPE LOOMING BEHIND THEM. Jessica and Alice freeze. Alice's EYES WIDEN, follow as the two behemoths are HOISTED UP and UP --

It's IMPROBABLE...IMPOSSIBLE. But nonetheless, THERE. A Titanic, regal figure...we recognize him from ALICE AND MANFREDINI'S DREAMS. Freddy and Jason are like Boy Scouts next to him, clutched in his evil talon.

ALICE

What...the...Hell...is...that?!

THANOS - Lord of the Underworld...you might even want to call him Satan. TAINTED ARMOR PLATES cover a GARGANTUAN BODY. The "Grim Reaper" cloak BILLOWS back in the maelstrom. Enormous-yet-elegant RAM'S HORNS curl tightly either side of his elongated biomechanoid

head, a GREAT SCYTH slung across his back. His voice BOOMS around the arena --

THANOS

The Father...

(ANGLE on Freddy)

Son...

(ANGLE on Jason)

Holy Ghost --

They struggle in Tanos' grip. Thanos LAUGHS.

THANOS (cont'd)

Pathetic cration.

He CASTS Jason aside with contemptuous ease, his body BOUNCING the edge of the platform and toppling over the edge.

FREDDY

(strangled choke)

Master...Thanos --

Thanos CASTS Freddy casually into the Penticon, the stone GRACTURING under the impact. GREEN ENERGY SPARKS ZAP around the Unholy patters as it "glitches."

THANOS

Your purpose is served...

Thanos turns to the women. GUFFAWS at the sight of Alice levelling the pistol at him. She lowers it. the women shrink back under Thanos' coolly penetrating gaze.

THANOS

Intruders to my realm? No matter You are inconsequential...

thanos gestures a hand. Two dangling chains ANIMATE, SEIZE them like TENTACLES. Hoist them aloft in a vice-grip. Thanos turns back to Freddy, crawling piifully on the stone floor. Raises his head painfully at the Dark Lord.

FREDDY

Our pact...we gave you souls! Fresh innocents -- !

Thanos stalks around Freddy...

THANOS

Fool...bargains forget by Hell are worth naught. When I kill these righteous, the balance will change. A Universe born afresh IN MY IMAGE.

Freddy GROWLS deep within...betrayal fuelling him. The Singularity Vortex CHEWS the last of the bridge behind, begins CHURNING at the platform. The whole ground SHAKES like an

EARTHQUAKE. Freddy rises, IMPELS HIMSELF at the towering demon. Thanos' scythe WHEELS, BATS Freddy away.

THANOS (cont'd)

Insect. It is time to meet your Maker.

Thanos makes a gesture with the scythe. An energy wave hits the fallen dream killer, transmuting him into the "Old Freddy" from "Nightmares 1-6".

THANOS (cont'd)

Remember what you were. Weak...puny.

Thanos stalks toward "Old" Freddy, his form CHANGING...reducing. In four steps, Thanos has himself metamorphosed into the "New Freddy"...but with a difference. Thanos' malevolent eyes are still there, but the "Freddy" body is DARK, OILY. BLACK WHIPLASH TENTACLES EXTRUDING then SUCKING BACK. (Think of the "Carnage" character in Marvel's "Spiderman".)

"Old Freddy" crawls away...and "Thanos/Freddy" raises an arm. It elongates into a GREAT OBSIDIAN SPEAR, punching through "Old Freddy" and pinning him to the ground. "Old Freddy"'s finger-glove SCRAPES hopelessly at it.

THANOS (cont'd)

Now...live your own Nightmare.

the gruesome sculptures overhead SHAKE as the Singularity Vortex intrudes upon the arena. A stone chunk TOPPLES as the Universe bubble closes in, FRACTURES the children's rotating glass prison and BOUNCES clear. Thanos RETRACTS his spear arms and turns towards it, his scythe swelling into existence --

THANOS

Finally. The convergence of all time...
all space. My purgatory ends!

The women scream as the scythe arcs back to strike --

JESSICA

No!

ALICE

You bastard -- !

Thanos/Freddy LAUGHS, cruel and cold...then goes abruptly rigid. His eyes stare wide as --

THE ANIMATE CHAINS holding Jessica and Alice loosen, the women dropping to thier freedom --

JESSICA

The gun -- !

A MASSIVE BELLOW escapes Thanos/Freddy's lips. A BLAST OF POWER simultaneously hits "Old Freddy", transforming him BACK to his

true Underworld form. He raises himself from the floor to see --

-- A BATTERED JASON ATOP THANOS' BACK, the retrieved Horvath Dagger butied between the Dark Lord's shoulders. Thanos REELS backward as the blade GLOWS ORANGE...Jason twisting it again with a GUTTURAL SNARL and--

THE ANIMATE CHAINS CRASH limply to the ground, narrowly missing the girls. Alice sneatches up the fallen Baretta --

Thanos swells, reverting to his towering form. Crackling energy LICKING across his body - TENDRILS LASHING OUT at Jason. Freddy throws himself at the demon...uses his fractured blades as climbing pitons, brings himself up to the Dark Lord's face --

FREDDY

Time to meet what you made...

FREDDY drives the broken steel hard up, CLEAVING into Thanos' neck, as --

ALICE places the pistol's muzzle point-blank against the cracked prism. BLAM! It EXPLODES into a thousand fragments, the children falling in a heap to the floor.

ALICE

Jake!

STEPHANIE

Mommy!

Thanos turns to see mothers and children embrace, reunited. Statues CRUMBLE apart, masonry SHATTERING against the floor. The Demon sways, arms like windmills...fighting against his two creatures.

THANOS

Noooo...I L I V E!

FREDDY

Try again!

Freddy and Jason TWIST their blades SAVAGELY, and an ECHOING CRY OF PAIN fills the COSMOS, as --

-- The women and kids throw their arms about each other in a group huddle, and --

-- THE VERY FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE ENDS IN A TOTAL WHIT OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT (JANUARY 1ST, 2000)

The fabric of space PUCKERS, BULGES. DISGORGES --

-- Alice, Jessica, Jacob and Stephanie. They CRASH in a heap atop

a grassy hill. the LIGHTS of a TOWN GLOW BRIGHTLY below...

STEPHANIE

Mommy...

Jessica embraces Stephanie.

JESSICA

Oh, baby.

ALICE

Are we home?

A LOW RUMBLE, and then...POINTS OF LIGHT BURSTING WIDE OPEN in the sky.

JACOB

Fireworks!

STEPHANIE

The New Year's display!

Jessica's head drops, remembers Steven's promise.

JESSICA

Oh, God - w made it...we actually did it.

Alice looks soberly at Jessica. Nods.

ALICE

We tipped the Millennium. But what happened to Cobain...?

CUT TO:

INT. MENS' ROOM - POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON (1960'S)

The long mirror above a row of wash-basins BULGES, EXTENDS A SILVERED POLYP. It hangs for a second, then BURSTS. Cobain falls heavily to the tiled floor.

COBAIN

(pained)

Ow! Jesus, Mary, and Joseph --

He pulls himself together. Drags himself up. There's a newspaper folded by the basin. He FLIPS IT OPEN, reads the masthead: "The Springwood Gazzette." Very period.

COBAIN (cont'd)

1960s. No way...

INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE STATION AFTERNOON (1960S)

Cobain walks down a corridor. A COP passes him. Through the slats of an office window, he spies a PLAINCLOTHED COP slugging back a bottle of Wild Turkey. The man sees Cobain, drops the

bottle quickly into a desk drawer. Exits the office, hurries past him.

INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON (1960S)

Cobain peeks out through the office window. A 1960s car goes past. He shakes his head.

COBAIN

Quantico never prepped me for this one.

He looks at the cop paraphernalia on the walls...the mess of paperwork on the desk. Sees an UNSIGNED SEARCH WARRANT in an open manilla folder. He picks it up. Reads the details.

COBAIN (cont'd)

Krueger...?

Another cop - blond Irishman whose namebadge says "Blocker" - appears in a hurry at the door.

OFFICER BLOCKER

Through with that warrant yet?

COBAIN

Excuse me?

OFFICER BLOCKER

The powerplant? "Springwod Slasher" case? Don Thompson and me are going over to bust this guy now. You done?

Cobain realizes the import of this moment.

COBAIN (cont'd)

Just about.

He puts the warrant down. Sees another form nearby. Picks up a pen...and copies a perfect signature. Hands it back.

COBAIN

There you go.

OFFICER BLOCKER

Thanks. Man, I tell you. This is turning out a beautiful day.

Cobain nods slowly...

COBAIN

Yeah.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON (1960S)

Cobain walks down the street, looks around. It is as he saw it through the mirror. Sunny...sprinklers watering lawns...dogs barking. 60s automobiles, white picket fences. He nods at a pair

of 60s-dressed women as they pass him.

COBAIN

Like a dream...

He passes a playground. Sees CHILDREN playing in an idealized way. Hears a song, familiar to us.

The lyrics are different.

DREAM CHILDREN

(O.S.)

"One, Two...He's not coming for you.
Three, Four...unlock your door --"

A VOICE jerks him around. He sees Amanda Krueger standing off to the side of the playground.

AMANDA KRUEGER

Alright, children. We're going now.

The kids begin towards her.

DREAM CHILDREN

(O.S.)

"Five, Six...pack your crucifix --"

She frowns. Cobain sees a kid alone, digging at a sandpit.

AMANDA KRUEGER

Jason? Come along.

The kid looks up. We see the same misshaped face, the embroidered boiler suit...it's Jason Voorhees. He reaches behind him...and pulls on a cowboy hat. Races after the other kids. As Cobain smiles --

DREAM CHILDREN

(O.S.)

"Seven, Eight...gonna stay out late --"

ANOTHER ANGLE. The MUSIC SCORE goes DEEP and MENACING O.S. as THE SHADOW of a GREAT CLOAKED FIGURE WIELDING A SCYTHE falls across Cobain. He turns --

-- And SQUINTS up at the sun, shining through a SQUEAKY WEATHER VANE of OLD FATHER TIME.

COBAIN

Yea. "A beautiful day."

DREAM CHILDREN

(O.S.)

"Nine, Ten...you can sleep again..."

And we SLAM-CUT TO BLACK, as we have reached --

THE END