

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

JOSHUA (21) is woken by the sound of a crying child. He tries to get back to sleep but the crying increases in pitch and volume. It suddenly stops and Joshua closes his eyes in relaxation. His eyes dart open in shock and he stands up immediately to hurry out the room.

INT. CHILD BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Joshua runs into the room and approaches the cot. As he gets closer he slows down and gets more nervous about approaching it. He slowly approaches the cot and reaches inside. He slowly peels a blanket away to be approached with what he feared; his child is dead. He picks up the blood-covered corpse of his child, the bones of the corpse jutting at strange angles as he holds it. Behind him stands HEATHER (19), long hair obscuring the face but not enough of her is showing to show her obvious anger and emotion.

HEATHER

You did this! You did this! You did this!

Her shouting descends into indecipherable screaming as the room starts to shake and a loud banging noise fills the air.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Joshua is woken by a loud banging on the door. He wakes up and goes downstairs to open it. At the front door stands a TAXI DRIVER (50).

TAXI DRIVER

Mr. Wood?

JOSHUA

Yeah, just, give me a few minutes.

TAXI DRIVER

Of course Sir, take all the time you need.

INT/EXT. TAXI. DAY.

Joshua sits in the back of a slightly upmarket car, wearing a black suit and sipping from a hip flask whilst yawning, obviously struggling to stay awake.

TAXI DRIVER

Parent?

JOSHUA

What?

TAXI DRIVER

Black suit and a sombre mood, I'm guessing it's a funeral. Is it your mother or your father?

JOSHUA

Fuck you.

TAXI DRIVER

Sorry, just asking. It's either that or this entire journey in silence.

JOSHUA

Let's do that then.

An uneasy silence falls over the two of them. "Mr Sandman" playing on the radio. The awkwardness eventually wins out.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

It's my wife.

TAXI DRIVER

Oh. I'm so sorry, I had no idea.

JOSHUA

Why would you?

TAXI DRIVER

How did it happen? If you don't mind me asking.

JOSHUA

There was an incident.

EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

A car lays on its side. It's evident it's been in a major accident. Heather and Joshua stand by the side of it, both bleeding heavily. Heather panics and tries to get back into the car.

HEATHER

Amanda? Amanda?

She's almost crying as she attempts to get into the car, she peers into it and recoils in horror.

INT. LOUNGE. DAY. (FLASHBACK)

Heather and Joshua are mid argument.

HEATHER

All you had to was put the fucking seat in properly. As far as I'm concerned you as good as killed her.

Joshua breathes deeply to compose himself before exploding in a fit of rage.

JOSHUA

None of that would have mattered if you were paying attention to the road. It was you that said you were fine to drive. "I only had one drink" you said. One question, how fucking big was that drink?

Heather is shocked into silence then walks away. A calmness fills the room as Joshua exhales, finally saying what he's been wanting to say for a while. He leans into the wall when Heathers body falls onto the ground outside from the upstairs window.

INT/EXT. TAXI. DAY.

Joshua struggles to hold back tears as he tells the story.

JOSHUA

It's all my fault. All of it.

TAXI DRIVER

You feel guilt about it?

JOSHUA

Every day. Sometimes I wish it was me that died.

The taxi drivers fingers morph into familiar-looking blades.

FREDDY KRUEGER

That can be arranged.

Freddy pulls on the steering wheel, veering the car to the left. Joshua tries to ensure his seatbelt is correctly done up but the buckle keeps rejecting it.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

We're back at the start. Joshua is still sleeping. In an instant his body turns into a charred and broken mess, the first new victim of Freddy.

TITLE CARD: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET - DREAM ON