

HALLOWEEN

by
MALCOLM "SCOOB" BOWMAN

BASED ON THE SCREENPLAY
BY
JOHN CARPENTER
DEBRA HILL

And the novel
By
CURTIS RICHARDS

ROUGH DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

A house, seemingly made up from wooden shingles, with lights on in the downstairs windows.

SUPERIMPOSE: **HADDONFIELD, OCTOBER 31st, 1963**

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S BEDROOM

A bedside lamp gives out a small but pleasant glow to the room.

JUDITH MYERS, 17, beautiful and innocently naked, combs her long dark hair as she sits at her make up bench opposite a large mirror.

She pauses momentarily to look at herself, changing her posture into something more sexy - a pose that a model would capture in a magazine.

She smiles to herself, embarrassed, before dropping the act and continuing to comb her hair.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

POV: *Something* moves towards the house slowly. The multiple happy sounds of trick or treaters in the near distance stop it's movement. It slides slowly to the right where bushes provide it with cover.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S BEDROOM

DING-DONG! DING-DONG!

Judith stops combing her hair - shocked.

Judith gets up from her chair in a state of panic and grabs her unfashionable dressing robe from the handle on her door and puts it on.

She slips her recently painted toe nailed feet into some pink fuzzy slippers before checking the time on the clock on her dresser.

It reads: 7:44 PM.

JUDITH
(in utter anguish!)
Fifteen minutes early! I'll kill
him!

She darts out of her room...rushing back seconds later to check herself in her mirror with a despondent look.

JUDITH

Uhhgggg!

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRCASE

Judith hurries down the staircase.

The doorbell rings again - and again, impatiently.

JUDITH

Goddamnit Danny, I'm coming!

Judith reaches the last couple of steps. The door bell rings again, the knocker of the door is battered twice.

JUDITH

DANNY! I'M COMING!

Judith reaches the bottom of the staircase and to a bevelled glass windowed door. Judith composes herself.

She opens the door with a fake smile to be greeted by -

TRICK OR TREATERS

(in failed unison)

Trick or treat!

Outside, standing on the porch, are five children dressed in Halloween costume attire. Cheaply made costumes adorn each but they huddle together like a clan of trouble makers, each with an oversized bag, already filled with sweets, demanding further fulfillment.

Frankenstein seems to be the leader of the clan - witches, mummies, dracula and a couple so badly made up it is too unrecognizable to name who they are trying to replicate.

FRANKENSTEIN KID

Trick or treat, trick or treat,
give us something good to eat!

Judith relaxes, and grins at the kids awful but attempt of a performance. She lingers at the door for a moment.

JUDITH

What will you do if I don't?

The kids look at each other and giggle nervously - they have never met defiance such as this!

JUDITH

Will Frankenstein get me?

Judith wrangles her fingers to resemble a witch amusingly, but the kids seem slightly off put. A couple giggle nervously.

JUDITH
Will the mummy get me?

Again, Judith continues her attempt at humour to the kids who seem to find it confusing and annoying more than amusing.

Judith's attention is taken to a car heading slowly down the road toward her. She follows the car with her eyes. Sparse street lights illuminate it to be a 1959 Chevy. She recognizes it.

Keen to get the troublesome brats out the way, Judith grabs a pot of sweets from inside the hall and hands them out to the grateful hands of the children.

JUDITH
OK, that's enough!

The kids, having taken almost the entire contents of the bowl in Judith's apparent state of confusion, leg it from the house in giggles, taking off down the next street in case of being caught taking too much candy.

The giggling, yet childish unintentionally mocking cries of " Happy Halloween " are heard.

Judith returns the bowl to it's place in the hall without a glance and shuts the door.

She runs up the staircase frantically.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S BEDROOM

Judith removes her dressing gown, and dresses into her layout that has been spread out in her bed.

Knee socks, her bra, her blouse, panties, then sweater.

DING-DONG! DING-DONG!

The doorbell annoyingly sounds twice more.

Judith curses under her breath as she checks herself in the mirror one more time, insecurely.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - HALLWAY

Judith opens the front door. Standing at the entrance is DANNY GLINT, 18, a typical jock type dressed in jeans and a casual T-shirt.

JUDITH
(faking composure)
Oh...Danny, It's you.

DANNY
Who'd you expect? James Tramer?

JUDITH
Oh please! I thought it might be
some kids trick or treating. Come
in.

Judith turns and walks away, leaving Danny to walk inside
and close the door behind him.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVINGROOM

Danny follows Judith through the darkened room to the fully
lit kitchen.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN

Judith makes sure the back door is shut before Danny has
his hands around her from behind. She turns the lock in the
door, turns and they kiss, hands all over each other.

Judith gently pushes Danny away and gives him a playful
smile.

JUDITH
My parents will be home any
minute now.

DANNY
Yeah right! You told me they
always go to the movies on
Halloween night to get away from
the doorbell ringing every five
seconds!

Judith walks past Danny to the sink. She pulls out one of
the drawers and takes out a gleaming butcher knife.

DANNY
Hey...what are you doing?

Judith raises the knife above her head, Norman Bates style.

JUDITH
I'm gonna cut off your
thingamajig my pretty!

Judith cackles, impersonating the Wicked Witch of the West.

She dashes towards Danny with the knife - he backs off alarmed to the locked door watching as Judith SLAMS the knife - into a pumpkin on the side.

Judith laughs as she looks at Danny's shell shocked expression.

JUDITH

You goof! I'm making a pumpkin!

Danny looks at Judith. He sighs in relief.

Judith pulls the knife from the top of the stabbed pumpkin and hands the knife to Danny.

JUDITH

You cut all the goo out and I'll do the face.

Danny takes the knife and sets to work on carving a circular mound around the pumpkin's stalk.

DANNY

Typical. Leave it to the man to do the dirty work.

Judith snuggles up behind Danny, rubbing her hands up and down his chest softly.

JUDITH

My hands are better at doing other things. Any objections?

Judith's hands move lower. Danny smiles gleefully, his hands slightly trembling as he carves the pumpkin open.

DANNY

None..just so long as you let me do some dirty work on you afterwards.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door of the house opens. Danny walks out and sits the now completed jack o lantern on the porch, it's rushed cut is obvious but the lit candle inside brings the vegetable to a menacing light.

Danny looks out at the quiet neighborhood, drawing in some fresh air and rubs his arms to warm himself from a swift sudden gust of wind.

The street is aligned with similar but better carved glowing pumpkins and kids scuttling from house to house. The odd faint chant of "Trick or Treat" fills the air.

Danny looks up at the cloudy, but in spaces, star lit sky.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN

Judith is washing up the cutlery and utensils used to make the pumpkin. She dries them with a towel and places them back in their respective drawers.

She looks to the living room. It is dark and only the sound of a ticking clock can be heard.

JUDITH

Danny?

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Judith walks in to the dark livingroom where she can see the front door. It is closed.

Judith looks confused.

JUDITH

(calling upstairs)

DANNY? YOU UP THERE?

No response. The sound of the ticking clock continues. It seems to be the only sound in the house.

TAP! TAP!

From the back door window.

Judith turns round a little startled.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She heads inside and stops short at the back door.

JUDITH

(loudly)

Ha-Ha, Danny! Trying to get me
back for the knife thingy? I know
it's you.

Judith unlocks and opens the door - there is no one there. A cool breeze takes her by surprise.

She closes the door slowly - before a WHITE MASKED FIGURE RUSHES inside - bursting the door open.

Judith backs away, too afraid to utter a sound. Her eyes open wide in horror at the sight of a tall figure wearing a Frankenstein mask...with Danny's T-shirt on. And his jeans.

Laughter from inside the mask. Danny removes the Frankenstein mask and puts it on the side table as he laughs at Judith's still stunned reaction.

Judith's relief is obvious, before she goes into a small fit of giggles.

JUDITH

You...you...

Danny takes her in his arms.

DANNY

Now, now. One trick deserves another, Judith.

Judith smiles, her apparent state of being scared has made her only want to cling on to Danny more.

Danny kisses her.

JUDITH

(love struck)

My parents wont be back until ten.

DANNY

What about your brother, Mark?

JUDITH

Michael - I told you at school, he's out trick or treating. We've got time but not a lot. So no more yacking or jokes, OK?

Danny grabs Judith and kisses her one more time.

DANNY

No more tricks. Just treats.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRCASE

Judith playfully runs up the staircase followed by a smiling and lustful Danny.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LANDING

Judith giggles as she kisses with Danny. She walks backwards towards her open bedroom door room, enticing him in.

Danny takes his time approaching Judith's room. He looks back and notices a cheap looking clown mask hanging from the top of the staircase rail.

He takes it and looks at it, laughing at it's design. A typical happy clown smile, red rings around the cut out eye holes and a long red pointed snout for a nose.

DANNY

This thing looks like it's got a
cock on the end of it!

JUDITH (O.S.)

What's that?

Danny tosses the mask casually on to the floor as enters Judith's room.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S BEDROOM

Judith is posed seductively on her bed, albeit a little shy.

Danny's eyes are not the only things popping out.

DANNY

I said - with you on this bed, I
wanna be on top of it!

He removes his top as Judith waits both expectantly and excited.

He joins her on the bed and begins to kiss her, rubbing her with over eager hands, much to Judith's delight.

He moves down to kiss her neck as Judith purrs.

JUDITH

So this is what it's gonna be
like to do it in a bed at last!

Danny fails to look up at Judith as he removes her top.

DANNY

Uh huh ,this is what it's like
doin' it in a bed.

MOMENTS LATER

Danny gets up from Judith and grabs his shirt from the floor.

DANNY

I'd better go before your parents
get back.

He takes his shirt and heads out of the room quick enough to give Judith no chance of possibly pulling him back.

Judith sits up from her bed.

JUDITH
Will you call me tomorrow?

The sound of footsteps are heard thundering down the staircase as Judith looks out of her room at a dark landing hallway.

DANNY (O.S.)
Yeah, sure.

The front door is heard opening, then closing with a SLAM.

Judith hops up from the bed and takes a seat on her chair opposite the mirror once more.

She takes her comb from her dresser with a smile, and begins to hum a pleasant tune to herself. She looks radiant, completely love struck.

Judith sings softly to herself, all her insecurities before the "big date" have now been removed.

The clock in the house rings bells loudly, it is TEN 'O CLOCK.

JUDITH
(softly singing)
I wish I had you all alone...Just
the two of us...

Judith writes down in her diary book the lyrics to her song.

She feels a breeze. Judith stops writing and looks to her right towards her curtain covered window. They are unmoved.

She turns back to her mirror and begins to recite her song again.

Writing it down, a sudden thought hits her.

JUDITH
(half singing)
Michael?... Michael?

Judith turns to see a figure in her doorway.

The shape of a child, dressed in a clown costume and mask - the same mask that was left on the floor of the hallway - LUNGES towards her with a butcher knife in it's raised hand.

Judith puts up her hands to instinctively protect her as the child REIGNS down the knife viciously towards her - STABBING her arms, slicing her wrists and cutting her breasts and chest.

The stabbing motion hastens to a rapid violent fury, as the masked child hacks viciously at Judith's naked body.

Judith collapses back on her chair, her movements frozen as blood leaks from her wounds.

The killer clown child looks away from his victim and to his own knife as he releases a last burst of malevolent violence.

Judith's exposed and bloody body slumps to the floor as the now heavily breathing assassin turns and walks from the room.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LANDING

POV - Breathing heavily, walking towards the staircase.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRCASE

POV - Heavy breathing, excited, anxious. Walking down the staircase.

The sound of a car arriving outside is heard.

At the hallway of the house, the child assassin opens the door and walks out.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The child slowly walks from the front door down the garden path.

From a car parked outside the house emerges a man and a woman - JOHN and EDITH MYERS.

The killer stops at the foot of the garden path. John and Edith both walk over to him with curious expressions.

Edith removes the mask from the child - a boy, MICHAEL MYERS, six years old with angelic looks but deep dark brown eyes.

John, confused, takes the bloody knife from Michael's hands.

EDITH

Michael?

The child remains as still as a statue.

EXT. COURT - DAY

A large media presence outside the building.

A car pulls up and Edith and John Myers walk out to the frenzy of the waiting media.

The cover their faces as best they can as they head inside the building.

INT. COURT

There are a variety of people inside the court, from reporters to other judicial officials.

There is a silence as one of the doors from the side open and a burly strict looking matron leads out Michael Myers. She walks with him to a position in the court, where he stands looking emotionless and blank to the world. He looks oblivious to what is happening around him.

COURT OFFICIAL

All rise.

The court rises to their feet as JUDGE CHRISTOPHER enters the room.

He takes his place on the bench and addresses the court.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

You may be seated.

MONTAGE

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I call Edith Myers to the court.

Edith Myers takes to the stand.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Mrs. Myers, speak slow speak clear and take your time whilst you answer the following questions. Most of all, remember you are under oath.

A man in a suit steps up from the attorney bench and approaches Edith.

ATTORNEY

Mrs. Myers, please describe Michael Myers to us? His character?

EDITH

Michael's a normal boy. A loving, typical six year old child. Very polite, well mannered.

ATTORNEY

Has he ever had any previous mental difficulties? Any prior problems to that of a healthy normal child?

EDITH

None whatsoever.

ATTORNEY

How talkative is he?

EDITH

He's always been shy. Very shy. But that's never been a problem or a bad thing. He's never been - as quiet as he is now.

ATTORNEY

Which brings us to Michael's catatonic state. He hasn't spoken one word since he has been in custody. Are you saying he has never had long periods of silence before?

EDITH

It's shock! He witnessed the murder of his sister!

(crying)

He's traumatized, why can't you people understand that? Michael would never, never have killed his sister. He loved her.

2>

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I call John Myers to the court.

John Myers takes to the stand.

ATTORNEY

Mr. Myers. How often have you needed to discipline your son?

JOHN

Discipline? Never.

ATTORNEY

So you've never had to send him to bed early or administer any kind of punishment to Michael?

JOHN

We're civilized people, and Michael has never done anything wrong. Neither of our children have. We are very proud - were... that we have been successful parents.

ATTORNEY

As your history tells us, you have been a model citizen. No criminal record, a successful career in real estate. But behind the scenes, at home. You must feel pressure to keep everything going. Ever feel that pressure, Mr. Myers?

JOHN

Of course but -

ATTORNEY

That pressure builds up to where you might snap? At a family member?

JOHN

Never! Not at all!

ATTORNEY

You have never struck Michael? Even accidentally?

JOHN

That is absurd! No, I have never hit my children.

3>

ATTORNEY

As the coroner has previously testified, Judith was stabbed thirty one times. *Thirty one*. The fingerprints on the knife are from Michael. The blood his costume was covered in, was from Judith. Tell me, who do you believe is responsible for this?

EDITH

(crying)

I don't know, I don't know.

4>

JOHN

Danny Glint! That bastard!

ATTORNEY

Mr. Myers, as you know, Danny Glint was questioned by police but never charged. There is no evidence that indicates he took part in the murder of your daughter. There is no one else except your son. What we need to know is why he might have done this?

JOHN

You let that Glint boy off on lack of evidence! It's obvious it was him! He was there! I can't believe this court is not looking at the facts here! My son is innocent!

END MONTAGE

The court is in silence. Judge Christopher reads through various notes he has written down in front of him.

He looks over at Michael Myers, standing strangely motionless and looking ahead with a gaze that indicates he is not really "there".

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Ladies and gentlemen of the court, this has been the most unusual case I have ever had to participate in. I'm sure the majority of you will feel the experience is the same. I feel enormous sympathy towards the Myers family for their loss of their daughter, and I feel sympathetic towards taking their son somewhat away from them aswell.

(beat)

Michael Myers cannot be tried for murder. We have laws for adults and adolescents but there is no law to try a six year old child. But, the evidence I have heard during the duration of this trial leads me to the conclusion that Michael did murder his sister.

Due to his JUDGE CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)
 state and almost immobile
 behavior, I believe he may well
 be in a state of shock and
 confusion over his actions. I
 hope he will be able to return to
 normality with the help of
 psychiatric treatment.

John and Edith Myers look on stone faced.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I pass on my deepest sorrows to
 the Myers family in the hope they
 understand my options and can
 make it through this period of
 torment as Michael will be
 needing you in the future. The
 verdict is guilty and I will pass
 sentence in one week's time. The
 court is adjourned for sentencing
 until then.

John hugs Edith as they both break down in tears.

The burly matron leads Michael to the door and out of the
 room.

INT. COURT - MAGISTRATES CHAMBERS

Judge Christopher enters the room. He takes a seat opposite
 a small desk and pours himself a large brandy with shaking
 hands.

He downs the drink, placing the empty glass on the desk and
 allows himself to fall back on his chair with a resigned
 sigh.

EXT. ROAD - STATE HIGHWAY 116 - DAY

A BMW drives down the quiet highway.

INT. BMW

Judge Christopher is at the wheel, looking out at the
 desolate area around him as he drives.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The BMW drives down a twisted snake-like road. The road is
 inbetween a large field.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

The BMW approaches a large gate where a security hut is. A security guard approaches the drivers side window.

SECURITY GUARD

How can I help you sir?

The security guard notices who it is. He signals approval to the security booth.

The gate opens and the BMW passes through, onwards to the ominous overlooking building that is the sanitarium.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CORRIDOR

A long winding corridor. Sunlight beams through into the corridor from slim barred windows like a heavenly light, bathing the already pure white interior with an extra layer.

Judge Christopher walks with another man, DR. TERENCE WYNN, a slim scrawny type in his mid forties.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Dr. Wynn, I am impressed by the long strides Smiths Grove has been taking. You have done a very good job here.

DR. WYNN

Thank you, Judge. It's only been five years since we opened and we are constantly looking to move forward. When you consider the potential, we could be looking towards a new age in medical care. One small step at a time, of course. After all, funds have been..somewhat limited.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Well you and Dr. Rogers have created what I feel is a very suitable facility. You should be proud of what you have achieved.

They continue to walk down the corridor and stop at a door on the left.

DR. WYNN

We have some of the finest psychiatrists working for us, including one of Europe's best, Doctor Samuel Loomis.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - ROOM

A large room with a group of teenagers doing various activities. There are care helpers supervising, but overlooking them all is a man in a suit. Sporting a goatee beard and looking on with beady eyes is DR. SAM LOOMIS.

The door opens and Dr. Wynn can be seen by Loomis. He walks over to the door keeping his eyes on the teens.

DR. WYNN

Sam, I'd like you to meet Judge Christopher.

Judge Christopher shakes Loomis' hand.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Dr. Loomis, I'm hearing great things about you. Keep up the good work.

DR. LOOMIS

Thank you. I never realized we were due an official visit.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Oh, no need to be concerned - it's not official.

(walking away)

Nice to have met you, Doctor.

Dr. Wynn pats Loomis on his arm as he walks up alongside the Judge.

DR. WYNN

Talk to you later Sam.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CANTEEN

The canteen is busy with teenagers and staff members, sitting at tables eating or queuing to receive their food.

It is loud with talking but there is a sense of control in the room. It resembles more a high school canteen than a sanitarium.

A young boy, GREGORY ENDA, twelve years old, enters the room and joins the end of the queue with Loomis by his side.

DR. LOOMIS

Gregory, take the tray and use the rails here to slide it across.

Loomis takes a tray from a stack and places it on the canteen railings.

DR. LOOMIS

The dinner lady will ask what you would like, much like school, and you choose. I will meet you at the end. OK?

Gregory looks intimidated by the noise levels and the strangers in the room. But he does as instructed.

Gregory meets Loomis at the end of the queue.

DR. LOOMIS

Now, out of all the tables here, where would you most like to sit?

GREGORY

Can I sit with you, Dr. Loomis?

DR. LOOMIS

Sure. How about that table there?

Loomis points to a table with three other inmates. They walk over and take their place at the table.

A trustee, ROB CARSON (tall, lanky type, 16-17), brings over a salt and pepper shaker to the table before returning to his table.

Gregory takes the salt shaker to decorate his food when - the lid FALLS off, releasing the entire contents of the salt shaker onto his meal.

The canteen erupts in childish laughter. Gregory is clearly embarrassed and looks about to cry.

Rob brings over another dinner as a replacement in a matter of a minute with a beaming smile. He pats Gregory on his back.

ROB

Sorry friend, it was just a joke.
It's a welcome to you being here.

Loomis smiles as Gregory nods acceptingly to Rob. The rest of the canteen inmates settle down to their meals and conversations.

DR. LOOMIS

You took that very well, Gregory.
That's good. You're going to make
a lot of new friends here.

Gregory looks around - the exchanges from the other inmates are smiles, even a few thumbs up.

Although there is obvious problems with some of the teens in the way they display their emotions - askew and slightly off kilter , there is a sense of genuine appreciation and good will.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - WARD CORRIDOR

Gregory enters a room in the long corridor with Loomis and a care attendant, LEON CAZMAN (27), outside.

DR. LOOMIS

OK, Gregory it was very nice to meet you today. Tomorrow we will chat some more. For now, try and rest.

(indicating to the care attendant)

Leon here will look after you. If you need anything, just tap the buzzer next to the door and he will be with you as soon as he can, OK?

GREGORY (O.S.)

Yes sir. Thank you Dr. Loomis.

Loomis closes the door. He looks at Leon.

DR. LOOMIS

That kids been through a lot, I want you to keep a check on him and even chat with him from time to time.

LEON

OK, Doc, but what's he in here for? I don't wanna over step the line if you know what I mean.

DR. LOOMIS

He's had some family problems. His parents were abusive and he has developed self harm. He's some other issues but that's not for you to worry about. Just keep him as happy as possible, OK?

An echoed sound rings out from the public announcement system, a tannoy.

TANNOY: Dr. Loomis, Dr. Loomis, please report to Dr. Wynn's office...Dr. Loomis, Dr. Loomis, please report to Dr. Wynn's office...

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DUSK

Judge Christopher's BMW drives down the snaky, desolate road on his return trip home.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

Dr. Wynn sits opposite his desk. Loomis enters inside.

DR.WYNN

Take a seat Sam.

Loomis sits down.

DR. WYNN

Sam, how up to speed are you on the Michael Myers case?

DR. LOOMIS

About as much as the national news print.

DR.WYNN

Judge Christopher is passing sentence next week and I want you to go down there.

DR. LOOMIS

Of course.

(standing up)

So no news on the budget restrictions being lifted I take it.

DR.WYNN

Unfortunately not, Sam. Looks like we're gonna have to wait a little longer for the pay rise.

Loomis smiles and heads for the door.

DR.WYNN

Oh, Sam?

Loomis looks back.

DR.WYNN

How's your wife?

DR. LOOMIS

(glum)

Her condition's the same.

DR. WYNN

How are you coping? If you need anything, anything at all, you know I'll try my best.

Loomis simply nods a thank you and closes the door on his way out.

EXT. COURT - DAY

An assorted press are gathered outside.

INT. COURT

The court is filled with the press, court officials and John and Edith Myers. Both have pale, grim expressions.

Loomis has a seat in the public gallery.

A door opens and Michael is lead out by the stern matron. There is a silence as the boy takes his position.

The court rises as Judge Christopher enters from the back room and takes his place.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Please be seated.

Those present sit and an eerie stillness fills the room. The only sound heard is from the Judge's shuffling of papers.

Loomis observes Michael. Michael is cold looking, emotionless, oddly rigid.

Loomis seems intrigued, interested in the stance of the zombie like boy.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Ladies and gentlemen of the court. In all my forty-two years of serving in this position, I have never been asked to make a remotely cruel a decision as the one I am now compelled to make.

Loomis concentrates on Michael, his facial expressions remain as still as the moment he arrived in the court.

Judge Christopher glances at Michael, quickly returning his look to the court.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I admit I am aware that as I speak, I am struggling to keep my eyes from the accused in this bizarre episode for I know that if I do, I will falter in my duty.

Loomis concentrates on Michael's dark eyes. A blink. The first blink since Loomis had been watching.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Nevertheless, absent any evidence to the contrary, absent any witnesses, absent any person to come forth with a confession, absent long and lengthy police enquiries and investigations that have not lead to any substantial proof of any kind - I have no choice but to remand Michael Audrey Myers to the Smith's Grove sanitarium in Warren County, Illinois.

Loomis observes Michael - his gaze seemingly elsewhere before now has somehow locked on to Loomis. Michael looks to be staring Loomis directly eye to eye.

Loomis looks down, slightly taken aback by a chilling sensation, before quickly looking back at the boy.

Michael's stare is now back where it was - at no one in particular and at seemingly nothing.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Michael shall be placed in the care of a resident psychiatrist who shall report back to this court regularly. His case shall be reviewed no less than twice a year, and upon recommendation of the psychiatrist, the boy may be released back into the custody of his parents.

Judge Christopher sighs heavily.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Although it seems impossible for me to conceive a lengthy stay for Michael, whose brutal act I believe to have been the product of a passing madness that I hope has forever discharged itself from his system, I am obliged to cite the law concerning criminally insane minors, namely, that at the age of twenty one, they must be brought before a magistrate for a criminal proceeding.

Edith Myers breaks down into a fit of sobs.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

If Michael is still at Smith's Grove fifteen years hence, he shall be brought before the court on the day of his twenty first birthday, where he shall be tried as an adult for the murder of Judith Margaret Myers.

Judge Christopher looks sternly at Loomis, who averts his attention from Michael to the Judge.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I have prepared a list of supplementary instructions for the care of Michael at Smith's Grove. This is in the hope that problems that do exist in such institutions will not damage his chances of returning to society as a normal, healthy full functioning human being. This court is dismissed.

John and Edith Myers both sob together, hugging each other.

Michael is lead away by the matron.

The court room is an odd atmosphere, the press and those gathered seem to have developed an odd sense of something strange and the place is quiet as they leave from the room.

Everyone has left except Loomis.

He sits there, stroking his goatee beard gently as if deep in thought.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Lights are on inside the building.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - LOBBY ROOM

The juvenile inmates present, around twelve of them, sit around talking and watching a small television.

They all suddenly stop. The room becomes silent. Most look up to the ceiling - akin to wolves about to howl at a full moon.

The staff look baffled.

Hands tighten to chair legs, gulps can almost be heard. An eerie, unusual silence.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - ADULT WING WARD

The corridor is dark and gloomy.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CELL

A male inmate dressed in a white pyjamas, the typical attire, walks over slowly to his barred window.

He looks out with an excited expression and a long, strange gasp.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - ADULT WING WARD - HALLWAY

The dark corridor has strange sounds coming from inside the cells. Banging, slowly and softly at first, becomes louder and louder. Rattling of locked doors. Howling, excited and feverous yelling.

Two attendants, ROBERT RYAN (38) and BRENT STEPHENS (41), enter the corridor from the far end. They look uneasy. They bang back at the cell doors.

RYAN
HEY! KEEP IT DOWN!

STEPHENS
What the hell's got into this lot tonight?

The noise increases inside the cells.

RYAN

They're gonna riot. Get Wynn -
QUICK.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

A transportation van with the Smith's Grove logo drives down the snaky road.

INT. VAN

Michael Myers sits in a small holding cell at the back of the van. He is the only prisoner inside. An elderly guard sits at the back with a stone face expression.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - SECURITY GATES - NIGHT

The van stops at the gates. Moments pass. A loud horn sounds out from the van.

The security gaurd walks out from his hut to the drivers side of the van. He passes a clipboard to the driver.

SECURTIY GAURD

Hey Jim, running a bit late tonight?

The van driver, JIM, nods and signs the documents on the clipboard.

JIM

Heard there's a storm on the way. At least we got here before that.

SECURTIY GAURD

There's been a storm going off already inside. The place has just calmed down.

JIM

What do you mean?

SECURTIY GAURD

The psychos lost it - trashed their rooms, were howling like wild dogs. It looked like we had a riot on our hands but then they all just - stopped. Must be a full moon, huh?

The gates open and the van drives inside.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD - CORRIDOR

In an almost similar look to the adults ward, the corridor is gloomy and forboding with cell rooms on either side. It's fluorescent ceiling lights do little but project an ill look to the corridor.

From the bottom of the corridor, a tall male attendant, DENNIS JOHNSON (30), walks alongside Michael.

They stop outside a cell and Dennis unlocks the door.

Dennis motions Michael to step inside but the boy stands still - gazing into empty space.

DENNIS
Step inside Michael.

Michael walks inside the cell.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

The room is small. It is in darkness, although a blueish tint allows the room some light via the window. It has a single bed with a mesh window. A single chair.

DENNIS
OK Michael, you must be tired from the long trip, huh? Try and go straight to bed and get some sleep.

Michael walks to the chair. He stands over it.

DENNIS
We do have lights so don't worry too much - it's not always this bad, I promise. The whole place is on a curfew, a little incident happened earlier and security -

Dennis catches himself.

DENNIS
I'm gonna be here all night. I'll be checking in on you but if you need anything, press this buzzer right here.

Dennis indicates a switch next to the door. Michael is not even looking at him.

DENNIS
Tomorrow you'll meet a doctor and things will be better.

You'll get Dennis (cont'd) place,
 Michael. We're not bad guys,
 we're all here to help you.

Dennis sighs to himself at the lack of response.

DENNIS

OK, try and get some rest. Night
 Michael.

Dennis closes the door behind him. The lock is heard
 turning.

Michael sits down on the chair. He stares at the window
 opposite him.

EXT. SANTA FEI HOSPITAL - DAY

A large building. Expensive, posh looking. A large sign
 reads: SANTA FEI HOSPITAL, PRIVATE CARE

INT. SANTA FEI HOSPITAL - ROOM

A woman, ELIZABETH LOOMIS, lays on a bed with her head
 propped up by pillows. She wakes.

Loomis sits on a chair by her bedside.

ELIZABETH

(groggy)
 Sam...

LOOMIS

It's me. I'm here.

Elizabeth smiles, closing her eyes after looking at Loomis.
 She holds back pain.

ELIZABETH

How long have you been here?

LOOMIS

Not long. I just got here.
 Thought I'd check on you.

ELIZABETH

(smiling)
 Liar. I woke earlier and saw you
 there.

LOOMIS

How are you feeling?

ELIZABETH

The same. The doctor's coming to do another test this afternoon. I can't wait.

DR. LOOMIS

I've been checking on a few things. Chances of remission are greater then you thought.

ELIZABETH

Chances are just that, Sam. A chance means little other than believing in faith. And you know what I think about that. Superstitious nonsense.

Loomis smiles. He holds her hand.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

A white sky overshadows the hospital.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

Dr. Wynn sits in his office at his desk with Loomis sitting opposite him reading a file.

Loomis finishes with reading and places the file on the desk.

DR. WYNN

So, Sam. What do you think?

DR. LOOMIS

I'm sure, after treating the majority of the patients inside these walls that one more wont hurt.

DR. WYNN

Judge Christopher sent me instructions that it is an urgent matter to concentrate solely on the boy. Therefore I would like to relinquish you of all other duties.

(beat)

Assuming you take the Myers boy.

LOOMIS

What about the other lads? I've been treating them for years. They know and trust me.

And I've just seen (with) the new
boy, Gregory Enda.

DR. WYNN

It's all be arranged. Dr. Richmond will be taking your place as from today. It's up to you, Sam. You've done a great job here. Our record for successfully rehabilitating patients speaks for itself and you deserve the accolades. But we do have other doctors that can take care of the boys. I'm confident you can crack this kid in the time period the judge wishes.

DR. LOOMIS

The notes in the file from the judge mention Myers has lost all understanding of right and wrong, life and death. He has no conscious active behavior and that is what we should aim at breaking within the next six months.

DR. WYNN

Think that will be a problem?

Loomis picks up the file and flicks through it.

DR. LOOMIS

Judge Christopher also expects a breakthrough so Myers can be released so the police can reinvestigate the crime. It sounds like the honourable Judge has a liking for this boy.

DR. WYNN

Again, Sam - do you think this is a problem? He's the biggest profile case we have ever had here at Smith's Grove. The press coverage is going to die down, I trust you, I want your honest opinion on him and I want you to treat him.

DR. LOOMIS

I'll take it, of course. Thank you Terence.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - GREGORY'S ROOM

The room is small and sterile looking apart from a few shelves which is filled with small stuffed animal toys which have different nationality shirts. Loomis sits on the bed as Gregory is showing off his proud collection.

GREGORY

I got this one from Argentina when I was about six. It's supposed to be an aardvark but I think it looks like a dinosaur.

LOOMIS

That's a very nice collection you have there, Gregory.

The boy scans the shelf perplexed.

GREGORY

Where's my others?

LOOMIS

Your mother will be bringing them in time. Gregory, there's -

Gregory finds another toy and shows it to Loomis.

GREGORY

This one is one of my favorites. Its from Scotland.

LOOMIS

Gregory!

He gets the boy's attention.

LOOMIS

I wont be treating you anymore but another doctor will. He's very good. He should be popping by -

GREGORY

That's OK.
(returning to his collection)
This one I got from Poland...

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD

The corridor is a lot more pleasant looking than the previous night.

It has squarish styled tiles on the floor, a white and black combination and the walls separating the cells are bottom half painted beige with the top half white.

Loomis, dressed in a brown suit and wearing a brown tilby hat, walks down the corridor with his hands in his pockets. He is accompanied by Dennis, one of the staff members.

Dennis unlocks the Myers cell door. Loomis enters inside.

The door closes.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

The room is bathed in an almost white light through the window. It creates the room to be heavenly looking although it is purely sterile and desolate with what is inside.

Michael sits on the chair, looking out, apparently, through the window.

Loomis observes the room for a second or two. It's up to standards as usual. He notices Michael with his back to him.

LOOMIS
Hello Michael.

Michael remains in his position.

Loomis walks round so he is in Michael's vision, blocking the window.

LOOMIS
I'm Dr. Loomis. I'm here to help
you get back outside, and live
your life how you want it to be.

Loomis crouches down. He looks straight at Michael. Michael's eyes gaze into nothingness.

Loomis waves a hand slowly past Michael's face. His expression and eyes do not alter.

LOOMIS
I want you to treat me as your
friend as we are going to be
spending a lot of time together.
I'm here to be your friend,
Michael. You can talk to me
whenever you want, you can tell
me anything you want. You can
write it down, anything.

Michael's eyes look down at Loomis.

In a split second at looking into Michael' eyes, Loomis blinks several times...

FLASHBACK

INT. WOODEN HUT

LOOMIS POV : LAUGHING AND TAUNTING JAPANESE SOLDIERS, SURROUNDING THE ROOM. LOOMIS LOOKS TO HIS LEFT - A MAN IN BRITISH WORLD WAR II UNIFORM, TO HIS RIGHT AN AMERICAN MAN IN HIS UNIFORM. BOTH ARE HUNG UP IN A CROSS FORMATION.

A Japanese soldier takes a poker stick and dazzles the nozzle in a lowly lit camp fire.

After a few moments, the Japanese soldier removes the poker stick from the hot coals of the fire and brings it towards Loomis.

The Japanese soldier smiles and the others laugh hysterically, drinking bottled booze and smoking.

The Japanese soldier quickly pokes the poker stick into Loomis' stomach right side - just above his liver.

Loomis looks at the Japanese soldier's eyes - dark and mocking - before he blacks out.

END FLASHBACK

Loomis is sweating as he falls from his initial crouch to his knees.

He looks up at Michael - who is gazing out of the window.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CANTEEN

There is a big queue. Dr. Loomis is by the side of Michael.

Loomis places a tray on the rails for him and slides it across as Michael's arms seemingly refuse to work. Michael stares ahead, at nothing in particular. Loomis guides him as if he were blind.

Loomis chooses the food for Michael. They take a seat at an empty table.

Rob Carson, the trustee, brings over some salt and pepper to the table with a smirk on his face.

The audience in the canteen watch on discreetly - keen to see how this new boy will adapt or react to Rob's prank.

Loomis smiles at the rest of the kids momentarily but he notices Michael is not even eating his meal set in front of him.

ROB

Oh, I'll give you a hand.

Rob uses the salt shaker and mass amounts of salt spill on the food as the lid falls free. He rushes away, giggling.

Michael picks up the tray of which his dinner is placed on and stands up. He walks to the canteen and places the tray on the rail.

The watching dinner lady serves up another meal for Michael as Loomis and the other boys watch.

Michael takes his seat and begins to eat. The other inmates look awkward, uneasy. They leave the room.

Excuses fill the room.

" I wanna watch TV" " I need toilet" " I m tired" ect.

Rob walks over to the table.

ROB

Hey, I'm sorry it was a joke.
Didn't mean to offend you, man.

Michael pays no attention to him.

LOOMIS

Rob, don't worry about it, just
go and do your thing, OK?

Rob nods, cleaning up the now empty dinner plates from the canteen.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

A heavy rainfall compliments the loneliness of the building.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD - CORRIDOR

The corridor is dimly lit by the above lights. Staff member Ryan is with Rob, opening his cell door. Rob enters inside.

ROB

I feel really bad about that new
kid. You think he'll forgive me?

RYAN

Don't worry, Rob. I'm sure once he's settled everything will be just fine.

The cell door closes.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

An overcast sky. Miserable.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

Loomis enters the room. Michael is sitting in his chair, looking out of the window.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CANTEEN

Michael, with Loomis, takes his lunch from the rails to an empty table.

The other kids watch and look on timidly. There is a tense atmosphere in the room.

Gregory Enda, sitting on a table full of doctors and attendants is encouraged to sit with Michael.

He walks over.

GREGORY

Mind if I sit here with you?

Michael blanks him, eating his food in a slow and almost robotic manner.

LOOMIS

Of course, Gregory. Take a seat.
This is Michael.

Gregory sits down opposite Michael.

Loomis stands up and nods to the staff members.

LOOMIS

I'm going to be back in a while,
I'll see you both a little later.

Loomis leaves the canteen, watching from outside the door where he cannot be seen.

GREGORY

It's really weird being in here,
huh? I'm Gregory. What's your
name?

No response from Michael.

GREGORY

I hope maybe we can be friends if you want. I don't have any friends in here yet. I don't have any friends outside either. I've got my mom and dad but they're not really friends are they. They're your parents so that doesn't really count. They always said to treat them like they're my best friends as well as parents but I think its just weird to do that.

Gregory, however, is still not put off by Michael's silence.

GREGORY

So why are you in here? My parents said I'd be only in here for a little while to get better but I don't feel sick. I'm not ill or anything. So I don't get that. They say it's something to do with my collection. I've got teddy bears from every holiday we've been on which is loads so it cant be that. Might be my guinea pig collection. Yeah, probably that. I cut my guinea pigs head off and stuck it on one of my teddy's cos I didn't like his face. Same with my rabbit and cat. I think they look better now.

They both finish their meal and Michael looks downwards to the table.

Rob walks over and places down a dessert to Michael.

ROB

Hey, this is from me for being a real dick to you yesterday. Sorry, man.

Rob holds out his hand for a shake but Michael merely looks at the table.

Rob smiles despite his clear uncomfortable position.

ROB

Just don't tell anyone I gave you this, huh. I'll get in trouble with the bosses for this!

Rob resigns and pats Michael on the shoulder before returning behind the canteen.

GREGORY
He's not so bad.
(looking at the dessert)
Don't you want it?

With no reaction from Michael, Gregory smiles and tucks in himself.

GREGORY
Thanks.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD

Staff member Ryan opens a cell door. Rob steps inside.

RYAN
Good-night Rob, good work today.
See you tomorrow.

ROB
Night, Ryan.

The cell door closes.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - ROB'S CELL

Rob's cell is different to Michael's in that it has posters on the walls and other small luxuries.

Rob takes to his bed and lays down.

A blue tint of moonlight laminates from the rain pelted window.

Rob opens his eyes - grabs his stomach and grimaces uncomfortably.

He sits upright in pain. Blood spits from his mouth onto the white bed spread.

He weakly pulls the covers aside and falls out of the bed onto the floor.

He crawls across the floor - trying to reach the door, where the buzzer is placed next to.

Eventually he makes it and presses the buzzer.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - ROB'S CELL

A staff member arrives and unlocks the cell. He moves back in surprise and horror as Rob falls to the ground, blood leaking from his nose and mouth. His white attire is covered in blood.

Still breathing, Rob mouths the words " HELP ME".

MOMENTS LATER

Rob is placed on a stretcher by two other staff members. A doctor is at the scene.

DOCTOR

Get him to surgery immediately!

As the boy is taken away along with the doctor, two staff members close the cell and look at each other in horror.

RYAN

What the hell is going on here?

LEON

Must have - got a razor or a blade from the kitchen - and cut himself.

RYAN

No, not Rob. He wouldn't do that -
(heavily concerned)
Something is wrong, here. Can't you feel it?

MONTAGE

1>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CANTEEN

Michael walks into the room. From busy conversation to silence.

Michael takes to his seat with his meal. Majority of the other kids leave, without even finishing their food.

Staff members make weak excuses to leave.

2>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

Loomis talking to Michael.

LOOMIS

We wont be having any more of our chats in here anymore. It's too enclosed, maybe too boring and dull. We will chat in a "special room", more space so you don't feel trapped. Maybe then you will feel more free.

Michael remains looking on silent and still.

3>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - TV ROOM

Michael walks into the room aided by a staff member. There is only a small group of boys but once Michael takes a seat at the front, they all leave visibly afraid.

The staff member looks on confused.

4>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD CELLS - DARK

A child rolls continuously in his bed, covers over his head; Another sits up and prays looking afraid ;Another nervously bites on his already chewed upon nails with big scared eyes that refuse to blink as he concentrates on the door of his cell.

5>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL - DARK

Michael sits on his chair looking out at the window, calm and motionless.

Small but steady breaths can be heard, similar to meditation.

SUPERIMPOSE: SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. COURT - DAY

The court has a few people scattered around. No where near the almost pandemonium as seen before.

INT. COURT - MAGISTRATES CHAMBERS

Loomis sits opposite Judge Christopher across his desk. Both have glasses of small amounts of Port left in their glasses. A large decanter sits in the middle of the desk half full.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

How is he?

LOOMIS

He is fine...Of course, in my professional capacity, "fine" must be defined as ...

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Please, Loomis. No psychiatric rubbish. Just tell me about his behavior in plain terms.

LOOMIS

Judge Christopher, there have been some peculiar and unpleasant occurrences at Smith's Grove in the last six months. Particularly in the juvenile ward.

Judge Christopher takes a sip of his glass of Port. He places it back on the desk sternly, leaning forward.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Like what?

LOOMIS

(not intimidated)

You have to understand Michael is a six year old boy. By far the youngest patient in the ward by far. Most are teenagers. Ordinarily, he would be the subject of bullying, yes?

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I should imagine so.

LOOMIS

No one will go within an inch of the boy. They leave when he arrives in the room. They leave when he enters the canteen. No one has said or attempted a trick on the boy since...

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

(interrupting)

And this is all you have?

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)
 You are asking me to send him to
 incarceration because...

LOOMIS

There is the matter of Rob, one of our trustees. He is known around the wards, the children love him. He's only one of the true breaths of fresh air you can get from that place. A practical joker, but he has made an initiation to any new kid that comes in and it works the majority of the time.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I read this in your report. What you didn't mention was Michael's response.

LOOMIS

Nothing.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Nothing? What do you mean nothing? This Rob had basically ruined his meal and he did nothing at all?

LOOMIS

Not at the time.

Judge Christopher looks sternly at Loomis.

LOOMIS

The following evening, the boy came down with severe stomach cramps. He had to have his stomach pumped, he was bleeding from every orifice. In the end, it was analyzed as a severe case of food poisoning.

Judge Christopher pours both another drink of Port.

He places the decanter down and sips his newly made glass quickly.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

But you believe...the boy, Michael, might have tampered with the food in the canteen the previous evening as payback?

Loomis nods. He realizes how crazy it sounds.

LOOMIS

Though I don't know how Michael could have gotten into the kitchen or what he could have used. The juvenile ward is separated from the kitchen by a series of guarded or locked passages.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I see.

A long uncomfortable silence.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Anything else?

LOOMIS

Nothing quite as tangible. But the other boys in my previous charge, or at least whilst I have been with Michael, have become restless since his arrival. Like a heard of cattle that instinctively feels the presence of wolves out there in the darkness. They always seem to be on the verge of bolting. Stampeding.

Judge Christopher takes his drink of port and sips it.

He looks at Loomis.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Dr. Loomis, I think you know how profoundly unnerved this case has made me and how desperately interested I wanted to see Michael treated and released.

He leans back. No smile. Loomis looks on.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

I'm not overly impressed by the observations you have made, Dr. Loomis. It's only your reputation that keeps me from making some rather scathing remarks or alterations. You have a sick wife and I can understand that but as part of that deal to bring you here was for you to do your job.

Loomis remains unchanged from his position.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Now. I want to know if the boy speaks, moves beyond eating abilities, feels remorseful, feels purged of the murderous hatred the press describe him as having...that sort of thing. What do you say, Loomis?

Loomis looks ten years older already.

He looks at the Judge eye to eye.

LOOMIS

Judge...

Judge Christopher edges nearer to Loomis.

LOOMIS

The boy has not changed a whit since the hearing. I have spent almost four to six hours a day with him, every day. For six months.

Judge Christopher settles back down into his chair.

LOOMIS

I tell you now, out of all I have learned and observed in fifteen years of the human mind, Michael Myers may potentially be the most dangerous patient I have ever handled.

A long, long, uncomfortable silence.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

Goddamnit Loomis. I cannot run a court room on hunches and instincts.

Loomis looks at the Judge gravely.

JUDGE CHRISTOPHER

So unless you can come up with something - *something* - something he says, something he does - I am going to seriously entertain the boys release back to his parents. Understand?

LOOMIS

Yes, your honor.

Loomis leaves the room.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Loomis drives past a large sign which reads : WELCOME TO HADDONFIELD.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - DAY

Loomis parks alongside the house. He gets out and notices that a small gathering of people, presumably neighbors, blatantly stare at him as he walks up to the door of the house.

He knocks on the door. After a few moments, the door is opened by Edith, looking very tired and the worse for wear.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

There is little furniture left inside. Loomis sits at a large table with Edith and John looking haggard and tense.

LOOMIS
You're leaving?

EDITH
You can't possibly understand how unbearable it has been living here since -

JOHN
People don't want us here, Dr. Loomis. We have little choice *but* to leave. Our friends... people that used to be our friends, they don't say it to our faces. They don't need to. But they blame us.

EDITH
I can't live in this house where I know my daughter was...taken away from me. Please just ask us what you need to know. Let's get this over with.

LOOMIS
I can understand the trauma, really I can. And at this very moment, I know it is hard and difficult -

JOHN
(angrily)
You haven't got a clue!

Now, we've JOHN and police every
thing a million times. What is it
that you wanted to see us about?

LOOMIS

I know, I have read the reports.
But I need you to be there for
Michael. To visit him would make
all the difference -

JOHN

(stands up)

That little bastard can rot in
Hell!

John storms out of the room.

Loomis is clearly taken aback.

EDITH

Please forgive my husband,
Doctor.

LOOMIS

I don't understand - from the
reports you state him to be shy
but a loving little boy. You also
state you believe him innocent!

EDITH

What you believe and what you say
can be very different things. We
told the truth in court. I can't
explain it to you. I cant
understand it myself.

LOOMIS

Mrs. Myers, do you believe
Michael killed Judith?

Edith looks up at the doorway. John stands there, still
silently seething.

JOHN

We have to go, Edith. Paul is
waiting for us down at the
office. We're late enough as it
is and we both still need to get
ready.

Edith gets up to leave. Loomis feels its time to go as
there is a tense atmosphere in the room.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - DAY

Loomis looks back at John and Edith at the doorway.

LOOMIS

Is there anyway I can contact you
in future. I will need a
telephone number at least.

JOHN

If we want to be in contact, we
know where you will be Doctor.
Good day.

The door slams shut.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MEDICAL ROOM

The door opens. A small white room that resembles a medical
doctor's surgery. Loomis leads Michael inside by his hand
before closing the door. A medical doctor is present.

Michael is laying back on a bed as the medic prepares a
syringe. Loomis stand by the side of the bed.

MEDICAL DOCTOR

Now this wont hurt - it will just
"pinch" a little.

He injects a syringe into his wrist. Blood pumps into it.

Loomis watches as Michael flinches, he squirms slightly and
his face etches pain and discomfort.

LOOMIS

Yes...yes, that's good. A good
response.

The medical doctor removes the needle and gives Loomis an
odd look at his remark.

Michael looks up at Loomis with a frown.

The medical doctor returns to Michael with a larger needle.

MEDICAL DOCTOR

OK, no need to worry. Just count
down from three and take a deep
breath.

He inserts the needle in Michael's wrist and takes a larger
dose of blood. Loomis watches on keenly interested in the
boy's reaction.

Michael does not flinch at all. No expression. As numb as
ever.

Loomis looks slightly concerned. The medical doctor turns the lamp light away from Michael as he takes the needle to it's tray - creating a strange light that almost makes Michael look to be smirking at Loomis.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - INTERVIEW/PSYCHIATRIC ROOM

The room is small with a table and chair. It is a very sterile beaming white.

Loomis sits on a chair opposite the table from Michael, who looks to be gazing off to pastures unseen.

LOOMIS

You know, I got your medical test result this morning. From the blood test we took from you last week...

Michael is still as a statue.

LOOMIS

The result says your blood was orange and you might be from Mars.

Nothing.

Loomis sighs at the lack of Michael's response and Loomis' own daft comment.

LOOMIS

I'm just kidding of course, your blood wasn't...God only knows what planet you're from or visiting right now.

Loomis waves a hand slowly in front of Michael's eyes. Nothing.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL - DARK

Michael is asleep in his bed, his arms out from the covers side by side.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MEDICAL WARD - DARK

Rob sleeps on a bed, attached to a drip with medical equipment beside him monitoring his rates.

There are three other patients asleep in the room.

Suddenly, Rob's eyes open with a startle - a shock. He grabs at his stomach and SCREAMS out in agony.

Rob's body turns rigid before he falls back down to the bed.

A flatline beep is heard from one of the monitors.

Medical staff rush inside the room. A doctor checks Rob's wrist and neck for a pulse.

He looks at the awaiting medical team - nodding his head to indicate it a lost cause.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

Day light beams inside through the windows.

Dr. Wynn sits at his desk with Loomis standing opposite him.

DR.WYNN

Inquiry came up with nothing,
Sam.

Loomis sighs as he looks out at the cloudy sky through the window blinds.

DR.WYNN

Rob's stomach lining had been so
severely infected by the food
poisoning it caused his death.

LOOMIS

Why wasn't it detected sooner?
All those months in a coma and
all those tests came up with
nothing?

DR.WYNN

It's all in the file. The medics
X-rayed him and came up with
nothing - the coroner suggested
he had an allergy that may have
been accidentally provoked by the
medical staff. In trying to treat
him, they may have accidentally
caused a reaction.

LOOMIS

You believe that?

DR.WYNN

Why shouldn't I?

(beat)

Sam - Michael Myers is not
responsible for this.

Loomis takes a seat opposite Dr. Wynn.

LOOMIS
I want to try something.

Dr. Wynn looks on, expressing Loomis to continue.

LOOMIS
It's Halloween in a months time.
I would like to have permission
to organize a small Halloween
party in the juvenile ward.

DR.WYNN
(taken aback)
For what purpose?

LOOMIS
It would be beneficial for the
children to have something to
look forward to. An aim, an
activity to achieve in creating
costumes and decorations.

DR.WYNN
No, Sam. For what purpose would
this serve Michael Myers?

LOOMIS
Come on Terence. I'm sure you are
fully aware of the anniversary
syndrome.
(lighting a cigarette)
The boy has made no progress in
almost a year. If I go back to
Judge Christopher with nothing to
tell him, Michael will be removed
from this institution. I will be
forced to admit my ideals have
been restricted.

DR.WYNN
(smiling)
OK, Sam. You know what you're
doing. It's your party.

EXT. SANTA FEI HOSPITAL - DAY

Loomis parks his car and exits, walking inside the
hospital.

INT. SANTA FEI HOSPITAL - ROOM

Loomis enters inside the room.

Loomis is stunned to see Elizabeth sitting up, and looking
vibrant.

ELIZABETH

It worked! It was a success!

Loomis rushes to her and hugs her tightly.

LOOMIS

Oh Elizabeth! My God!

ELIZABETH

I can even go home today. I'm going to need further treatment and regular check ups but -

LOOMIS

I want you home now! Oh, Liz, I have missed you so much. I love you. I love you so much.

Elizabeth holds lovingly onto Loomis, tears of relief and happiness seep from her eyes.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - ASSEMBLY ROOM

With watchful staff members by the sides of the room, the room is packed full with the juvenile inmates of Smith's Grove.

Loomis takes to the small stage.

LOOMIS

In a thank you from all the staff here at Smiths Grove, of you all making such strides in progress and working so hard, we would like to give you something back.

Loomis notes Michael, seated at the back row at his deliberation.

LOOMIS

A Halloween party! Where you all must, over the following two weeks, make and create your costumes and decorations to be hung in the main hall. Good luck to you all and most of all, have fun!

Loomis leaves the stage to applause from the juvenile inmates - some not even sure why they are clapping - but are following the lead from the staff members.

The only child not to applaud or look lost in the confusion is Michael. Loomis looks at him before leaving the stage. The boy looks like he expressing an emotion - frowning, annoyed.

Loomis smiles to himself.

Loomis looks back at the children and notices all of them in the back row are annoyed with frowns.

Loomis looks up at the lights blazing down from the assembly hall.

He reappears inside briefly to look at the back row without the aid of the lights and their shadow effects.

With mass disappointment, Loomis realizes Michael is sat there in his seat with his normal, typical ever present gaze. A trick of the light.

Loomis sighs slightly before leaving the room.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - REHABILITATION ROOM

A group of teenage inmates are inside. DR. FREDERICK RAINY (55) is busy giving some kind of therapeutic speech.

The door opens. The Matron walks inside.

A boy, JEREMY, fifteen, looks over to her.

JEREMY

That's the fat bitch that twisted
my arm!

The boys laugh. The Matron looks appalled.

DR. RAINY

That's enough from you!

Jeremy stands up aggressively. He sticks his middle finger up Dr. Rainy.

JEREMY

Suck on this, you quack!

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - GROUND FLOOR - CORRIDOR

Staff member Ryan is walking with Michael.

Suddenly a door bursts open amidst loud and chaotic yells. Jeremy is fighting with another boy, much smaller than himself, and the two are scrapping in the corridor.

As the other boys from inside the room queue up to watch, Dr. Rainy and the Matron make their way past them and split the two boys apart.

Ryan immediately helps out as Michael stands in the background and watches silently.

Ryan keeps hold of one boy, Dr. Rainy restrains Jeremy.

RYAN
What the hell happened here, Doc?

Dr. Rainy rolls his eyes at Ryan, indicating the obvious.

DR. RAINY
(to the Matron)
I am so sorry about this, Matron.
This boy is new and he obviously
wants to start off by making a
bad impression!

The stern Matron nods in a small acceptance.

DR. RAINY
(to RYAN)
Give me a hand taking these two
to detention. They need to cool
off.

RYAN
But what about Michael?

Matron looks over at Michael.

MATRON
I'll take him to his room.

DR. RAINY
(to the boys)
Right. Follow me and if you cause
any trouble, you will ALL be in
detention tonight. Understood?

The five other boys nod in unison.

Dr. Rainy leads Jeremy and the boys down the corridor with the Staff Member. They take a turn at the right side and disappear from sight.

The corridor is empty and silent.

The Matron turns back to Michael. He has vanished.

She walks towards the staircase. Michael is standing on the first floor landing. He looks down at her.

MATRON
Michael! What are you doing! Wait
there!

The Matron walks up the staircase and looks up to see Michael turning his back to her and walking up to the second floor.

MATRON
I said WAIT THERE!

The Matron walks up the next flight of stairs to the second floor.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - SECOND FLOOR

The Matron reaches the top of the staircase. Michael stands waiting for her, although his gaze is looking straight ahead at nothingness.

MATRON
(angry)
What do you think you are doing,
boy? Can you not hear? I told you
to -

Michael suddenly doubles over, clutching his stomach. A red ooze falls from the floor in between Michael's clenched fingers.

The Matron's angered expression quickly changes into concern.

MATRON
What is it? What's wrong?

The Matron kneels down in front of Michael, trying to take his hands from his stomach.

Michael removes his hands - a tomato ketchup sauce wrapper falls to the floor.

Michael stands above the kneeling Matron and looks down at her. His expression has changed - his eyes wide open, his facial skin looks disturbingly tightly taunt.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

A shrill scream.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - GROUND FLOOR - CORRIDOR

Staff members and doctors rush to the bottom of the staircase. The dead Matron is at the bottom on her back, her legs and arms twisted. Her head is also contorted in an unnatural way.

Gasps and shocked responses from the staff present at the sight.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

LOOMIS
SHE FELL?

Loomis looks frustrated at Dr. Wynn, who remains seated at his desk but uneasy by Loomis' tone of voice.

LOOMIS
What do you mean " She fell"?

DR. WYNN
Careful Sam. You're walking on a tight rope with this kind of thought.

LOOMIS
So it's another coincidence? That Michael just "happened" to be involved?

DR. WYNN
Michael was waiting outside his cell room. It took Leon one check to find the boy. Sam, it is possible she did just fall. There is nothing else to indicate she was pushed - if that is what you are insinuating, because I won't be putting that on the record.

Loomis sways his head in disagreement.

DR. WYNN
So I take it this puts the Halloween party on hold?

Loomis heads to the door and looks back at Dr. Wynn.

LOOMIS
Not at all. It makes it that much more important.

Loomis sways his head in obvious disagreement at Wynn's attitude and heads out of the room.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE BREAK AREA - DAY

A small ground where the juvenile inmates are walking around, or sitting on benches. Some play ball games with each other under the careful and watchful eyes of the attendants and other doctors.

Michael sits on a bench with no one. Gregory walks awkwardly but innocently over to him and takes a seat.

GREGORY

Hi Michael.

Michael just looks on at what is happening around him. Surveying.

GREGORY

I've just been to the medical room where they inject you with that needle and stuff? It's pretty painful. I didn't like it. Did you have that yet? You feel kinda weird when it goes in but I hate needles anyway. I'm not sure what they are trying to do but I guess its OK if it makes me feel better. Not that I'm feeling bad anyway. Maybe I am. Not sure.

(beat)

I saw you and the matron and I know what happened. But I wont tell anyone, we're friends. Did I tell you about what happened when I went to Canada...

Michael slowly looks at Gregory. He does not look happy - whether it's because Gregory is about to ramble on again or his revelation!

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

Michael is sat on his chair, staring at the window. Loomis looks on from behind, with a cemented expression.

The cell door opens and Ryan looks to Loomis.

RYAN

Will you be taking Michael to the interview room, Doctor Loomis?

LOOMIS

(disgruntled)

No. Not today.

Loomis gets up from his seat and walks out of the door.

SUPERIMPOSE: FOUR DAYS LATER

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - TV ROOM

The room has a staff member, Leon, in a corner of the room reading a paper and Jeremy at the front of the room watching the television. The remote control is on the table in front of the television.

An action movie plays, loud bangs and explosions are heard.

Jeremy is delighted at the spectacle.

Michael walks in, aided by Leon.

RYAN

(to Leon in the corner)

Hey, man, alright I leave him
with you for a couple?

Leon nods.

Michael walks to the front of the room. He picks up the remote and changes the channel - constantly flicking from one to another.

Jeremy sits up angrily from his seat.

JEREMY

What the fuck are you doing?

Jeremy walks over to Michael and SNATCHES the remote from his hands.

He changes the channel back to what he was watching.

Jeremy looks over at Michael; Leon watches over all.

JEREMY

(to Michael)

You gonna do something? You don't
scare me like you do all these
other faggots in here. I'm the
new boss here? Get it?

Leon puts down his paper and walks to the front of the room and inbetween where the two boys are sitting.

LEON

Cut it out. Any shit from any of
you and you BOTH go in detention,
and spend the night in the hole.

(beat)

Jeremy - you're already going in
there thanks to you're shit
earlier so don't make it worse
for yourself.

Leon takes back to his seat at the back of the room.

Jeremy watches his choice of film, remote firmly in his hand.

Michael stands up from his seat and walks out of the room.

Leon looks on with curiosity until Michael has left the room. He shrugs to himself and carries on with his paper.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HALLWAY

Leon walks with Jeremy down a deserted and quiet hallway. The lights are on and the sounds of their feet echo.

JEREMY

Hey man, I need a shower.

LEON

No chance. You wait until tomorrow.

JEREMY

C'mon, man! I can't sleep in that pit as it is, let alone tryin' to when I can smell my own BO. Let me have one little pleasure before I go down for the night in that hole, man.

LEON

You gotta start behaving around here. Then you wont have to worry about being sent in the hole.

JEREMY

Please, man. I'll improve, I promise.

Leon sighs.

LEON

You've got ten minutes. No less, you understand?

JEREMY

Cool man, thanks. You're alright.

Jeremy opens the door to the shower room and closes it behind him as Leon stands out front.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - COMMUNAL SHOWER - LOCKER ROOM

Darkness.

Jeremy flicks the light on from a switch on the wall and walks further inside.

The room has two large locker cabinets facing each other in a row. Jeremy walks to his locker and opens it, removing a towel from inside it.

LEON (V.O.)
(barely audible)
Come on man. The clock's runnin'
and I ain't hearing no water yet.

JEREMY
(loudly)
Alright man, gimme a break! I
ain't gonna be that long!

Jeremy undresses in a hurry and places the towel around himself.

Moments pass.

The door is heard opening with a small creak and closing with a click.

JEREMY
Look Leon, I ain't having you
watch me or any other shit you
might have in mind, got that?

With no reply, he shrugs and closes his locker.

The light goes out - darkness.

A small SHAPE seems to DASH past the lockers, unseen by Jeremy.

JEREMY
(unnerved)
Leon?

He walks cautiously out from in between the lockers and flicks on the light.

He looks around. The room is empty. He shrugs again and walks toward the shower room.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - COMMUNAL SHOWER ROOM

Fresh water sprays from out of one of the nine shower heads in the large shower room.

The light is minimal and dim.

Jeremy begins to shower himself.

At the end of the room are three single shower cubicles.

Jeremy looks over at them uneasily as she washes himself - they resemble dark doorways.

The lights flick out. Jeremy pauses.

From one of the cubicles emerges a shape.

Jeremy watches, fear etched over his face, clearly too frightened to make a move.

The shape walks slowly and then stops - it's face now clear via one of the rays of moonlight that seeps through from the small window panes.

It is Michael Myers.

JEREMY
 (searching for his big
 man voice)
 W-what the fu- -what are you
 doing here you little...

Footsteps. *Behind* Jeremy.

Jeremy looks slightly assured.

JEREMY
 Leon, this little -

He turns around to face Leon. But it is not Leon.

FIVE adult inmates stand side by side, motionless, staring at Jeremy. Their faces are protected by darkness.

The adult inmate in the middle of the five raises his hand to his waist - revealing he is holding a shank/shiv - a glass shard with a cloth wrapped around the lower end to form a handle.

JEREMY
 No..no...wait...NOOOO!

The five inmates RUSH towards Jeremy as he slips and falls in the shower water in a failed bid to escape.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - COMMUNAL SHOWER - LOCKER ROOM - DARK

Sounds of Jeremy screaming in pain.

Gregory sits by one of the lockers with one of his small teddy bear toys in his lap.

Michael walks into the darkened room and stops, looking at Gregory.

The continuous sound of running water from the shower room - the diminishing sound of Jeremy's wails.

Gregory looks to Michael.

GREGORY

Did we get him? Did we get him
good? Was it funny?

Michael just looks at Gregory.

GREGORY

I love playing pranks on people.
I hope it was funny. Wish I could
have seen it.

One of the adult inmates walks into the room, his patient gown soaked in water and blood.

He stops side by side with Michael and looks down at Gregory.

He stretches out his hand.

Gregory stands up and walks towards to the adult inmate.

Gregory follows him into the shower.

A plug is placed into a socket in the locker room. An extension lead is unrolled.

A musical nursery rhyme plays out.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - COMMUNAL SHOWER - DARK

All nine shower heads burst with steaming hot water.

Jeremy's mutilated naked body lies in the middle of the floor, blood being sucked down the drain.

Gregory and the five inmates surround the body holding hands, being sprayed by the scalding hot water as they seem to dance along in a row.

Steam is immense as the music continues to play.

The lead can be seen attached to a radio held by one of the inmates - they swap it from hand to hand as the heat becomes too hot.

The shape of Michael watches from the shower doorway.

The inmate's hand holding the radio becomes too scalded to continue any longer - he drops it to the floor.

The radio smashes, the plug wire becomes loose and sparks fly in the shower room.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - COMMUNAL SHOWER - LOCKER ROOM - DARK

Michael walks slowly to the door. He opens it and exits, closing the door behind him.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

Sunlight breaks through into the room through the glass windows.

Loomis stands, looking angry and animated. Dr. Wynn sits opposite on his chair looking flustered and as if he has not slept in a week.

DR. WYNN

We're looking into how they escaped, it was a complete lapse in security.

Loomis is outraged.

LOOMIS

You call this a *lapse*? Two boys dead? Five men that killed themselves in some...some SACRIFICE?! And you call this a *LAPSE!*?

DR. WYNN

OK calm down, Sam, a full investigation is under way...

LOOMIS

How on Earth did this happen? HOW?

DR. WYNN

We've been trying to cut down the population of the maximum security ward - we can't cope financially with the budget restrictions they have given us from head office. We moved several to a minimum security ward and they have been on Dr. Roger's rehabilitation programme...

LOOMIS

How did they escape? What kind of people are you talking about here? Placing them in a minimum security ward?

DR. WYNN

Goddamnit Sam, it's like I said!
We don't have the budget, we
don't have the money to provide
the adequate security! Now just
calm down and listen - please?

Loomis sits.

DR. WYNN

Now look! What I have done this
very morning is I'm getting
cameras installed, security will
walk the wards on a patrol day
and night. Inside and out. The
only downside is that I will have
to make cutbacks and one of the
things to go will be the security
hut outside the facility. We have
one on the inside, we don't need
two..

LOOMIS

That's all very well, Terence,
but how does that excuse what
happened here last night?

DR. WYNN

It doesn't.

LOOMIS

Then what in God's name happened
to Leon for God's sake if he was
watching the boy, Jeremy? And how
did Gregory get out of his room?

Dr. Wynn is flustered.

DR. WYNN

He let the kid have a shower.
Leon says he heard a disturbance.
He went to check it out, ten
minutes later he came back and
there you go. He reported it
straight away. Don't worry, he's
been removed from working here
any longer under negligence. As
for Gregory Enda, I don't know
how he got out. He was a lock
pick, didn't you know that?

Loomis is furious.

LOOMIS

If anyone needs to be removed for
negligence...

DR. WYNN

Sam - It's a horrible disaster.
It's a nightmare incident. But we
cant blow all the hard work we
have put into creating this
institution -

LOOMIS

- That lets it's very patients we
attempt to help, die? Killed in a
mass suicidal sacrifice! Why no,
should this be released they
would have to close us down,
wouldn't they ?

DR. WYNN

Sam - leave it alone.

LOOMIS

I wonder what you will tell the
parents of both those little
boys? More lies. And what of
those five inmates that escaped?
What exactly were they
administered here for?

DR. WYNN

They were deemed fit to return to
society if they acted in a
civilized manner -

LOOMIS

WHAT WERE THEY IN HERE FOR?

DR. WYNN

(reluctantly)

Child abuse. Suicidal tendencies
and ...necrophilia.

Loomis stands up in disgust. He walks to the door.

LOOMIS

You will have my resignation on
your desk first thing tomorrow.

Loomis slams the door shut. Dr.Wynn leans back in his chair
and grips his face and hair with frustration.

EXT. LOOMIS HOUSE - NIGHT

A typical house in a street, a presumably clean cut area.

Loomis gets out of his car, walks up the pathway and enters
the house.

INT. LOOMIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Elizabeth stands at the doorway awaiting Loomis. They both smile and she hugs him.

LOOMIS

What are you doing up, you should be resting! You know what the doctor said -

ELIZABETH

Sam, I feel fine and I refuse to lay in bed all day. I even cooked you dinner.

LOOMIS

Liz -

Elizabeth puts her fingers to Loomis' lips to silence him.

ELIZABETH

(smiling)

And before you say anything, I'm not questioning your quality of cooking but - let's just say the oven can be a little erratic at times.

Loomis smiles back.

ELIZABETH

Now go on. Take a seat and I'll give you the best home cooked meal you've had in a long time.

INT. LOOMIS HOUSE - KITCHEN

Loomis is seated at the table, Elizabeth serves up a meal fit for a king.

The telephone rings from the hallway.

INT. LOOMIS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DARK

Loomis is on the phone, in mid conversation.

LOOMIS

No, I meant what I said.

DR. WYNN (V.O.)

Sam - reconsider. Please, it's all I ask. You want me to beg? I'll beg.

LOOMIS

Don't be so melodramatic,
Terence.

DR. WYNN (V.O.)

OK, if not for me then think of
the kids. Think of all the years
you have spent with them. Got to
know you, got to know them. That
means nothing if you leave now.

Loomis pauses.

DR. WYNN (V.O.)

The Myers boy - Sam, you can't
just...

Loomis hangs up the phone.

INT. LOOMIS HOUSE - KITCHEN

Loomis and Elizabeth are seated at the table. They are at
the end of the meal and a bottle of red wine stands emptied
in the middle.

LOOMIS

He's basically the leader of the
juvenile ward. Tonight's little
incident is his way of sending a
message to the rest. He felt
belittled, and he had to regain
the fear that holds over them.

ELIZABETH

Sam - He's six years old...

LOOMIS

Seven tomorrow.
(under baited breath)
Halloween.

ELIZABETH

Just.. Be careful, Sam.

LOOMIS

(chortling)
I do wonder when it is my time,
and why he hasn't played one of
his little tricks on me yet. When
I might cop an "accident".

ELIZABETH

Well, you haven't so far and
you've known him the longest.
Maybe he likes you?

LOOMIS

If he does, he wont tomorrow. I'm banning him from the Halloween party. I've seen enough, I don't need to see any more.

ELIZABETH

Oh Sam you cant! All of the children have put so much effort into it!

LOOMIS

The party will go ahead, but it is now for the others to enjoy - not *him*.

ELIZABETH

Sam, if it's too much, why don't you just quit? Go back to treating the other kids, help someone that *wants* to be helped. I really don't think this Myers child - deserves your attention. Another does.

Loomis almost seriously considers the option as he sips on a glass of red wine.

LOOMIS

(introspectively)

Perhaps I believe he can be reached, even *saved*. Perhaps one reason why he hasn't harmed me is because he might understand that I *am* trying to *help* him. After all, he never argues or contests my orders. I'd love him to, it would be a breakthrough to hear the boy's voice. There is that hope, maybe, he is slowly absorbing all what I have been saying to him.

ELIZABETH

Leaves the question open though - what really happened last night?

Loomis looks slightly embarrassed by his drift. He smiles and nods.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

Dawn breaks. The sanitarium building looks cold and quite forboding with the background of the sky and nothing else to be seen. Desolation.

SUPERIMPOSE: **OCTOBER 31st, HALLOWEEN, 1964**

Loomis' car drives down the road on his way to the hospital.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - ASSEMBLY ROOM

Loomis is on the large stage. It would appear most of the staff and doctors are present in attendance.

LOOMIS

So to summarize, the Halloween party will be held in the main hall and under no circumstances, NONE whatsoever, is any child allowed to leave without a viable reason.

RYAN (V.O.)

Despite all that has happened here in the last few days, one of the questions I would like answered is - will Michael Myers be allowed?

LOOMIS

No.

There is a sigh of relief from the staff.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

Michael sits on his chair, staring at the wall. Daylight beams through the windows.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD - CORRIDOR

Loomis looks in through the window on Michael. Two staff members are by his side, watching Loomis and looking on aimlessly.

LOOMIS

(sternly to the Staff Members)

Keep a watch on him.

Loomis walks off down the corridor.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Bright yellow dots scatter across the building, lights from various windows.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN HALL

Halloween banners and decorations. Lots of activity. The juvenile patients are dressed in cheap and tacky looking costumes but the mood is good and fun natured.

Doctors and staff members watch on, also enjoying the interaction with the kids. It is the best mood the place has had in some time.

Small, simple yet safe traditional Halloween themed games are played out.

Loomis walks around the hall, a serious expression on his face. Constantly watching and looking out for something. *Something.*

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

Darkness.

Moonlight seeps inside via the window, providing a sparse ray of light into the room.

Michael sits on his chair, staring out at the window. A frown appears on his face. His hands clench together into fists.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - GROUND FLOOR - STAIRCASE

The lights are gloomy and the silence is eerie.

Loomis walks up the staircase.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

Michael stands up, in an almost military pose. His fists clenched tight, his breathing becoming harder and faster.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD

Ryan gets up from a chair parked outside the cell, awoken from his nap. He looks in on Michael through the cell window.

His expression tells it all. Major concern.

MONTAGE

1>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN HALL

The Halloween party in full swing - music,, the juvenile inmates themselves dressed in awful but visually bizarre costumes.

2>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL - DARK

Michael throws his chair at the window. He turns over his bed in a fit of rage.

3>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD - HALLWAY

Loomis rushes down the hallway to the Myers cell.

4>

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN HALL

The Halloween party in full swing. Everyone enjoying themselves.

END MONTAGE

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

Loomis enters the room, with nurses and staff members behind him.

The cell is a complete mess. Anything that could have been upturned and thrown or broken, has been.

Michael stands with his back against the window wall, his face expressing a vicious scowl.

LOOMIS

Michael - It's OK. No one is here
to hurt you. You're safe now.

The staff members rush to Michael, despite Loomis silent expression with his arms to stay back.

Michael is taken by the Staff members and a nurse, who pin him to his bed. He shakes and YELLS out as if being denied something vital.

With the two staff members holding him to his bed and a nurse waiting, Loomis pauses.

NURSE
 (panicking)
 What do I give him Doctor?

LOOMIS
 A sedative! A heavy dose!

Michael fights as the nurse administers a sedative under Loomis' instructions.

Myers relaxes and he quickly falls asleep under the influence of the sedative.

Silence.

Loomis looks at the damage to the room and then to the staff members that were supposedly guarding him.

LOOMIS
 Everyone out.
 (pointing to Ryan and
 the other staff member)
 You two wait.

The nurse leaves, leaving Ryan and his pal behind.

LOOMIS
 What the hell were you playing
 at? I asked you to follow simple
 instructions Watch the boy!

The two are speechless.

LOOMIS
 Well? What happened? What were
 you doing? Why didn't you notice?

RYAN
 Hey look, Doc, we ain't his quak,
 OK? We're not his doctor - I
 don't know what we're looking for
 here, man.

LOOMIS
 OUT!

Ryan and his fellow staff member leave quickly.

Loomis stays. A concerned expression on Loomis face as he overlooks the damage to the room and the now sedated Michael Myers.

EXT. HILLTOP - ROAD - NIGHT

Along a quiet stretch of road along a hilltop that has small barriers, a car drives at a faster speed than it probably should be on such a dangerous route.

INT. CAR

John Myers drives. Edith sits in the passenger seat.

EDITH

John, there's no rush to get there. Slow down a little.

JOHN

I'm not driving any faster than usual.

EDITH

Yes you are.

EXT. HILLTOP ROAD - NIGHT

Judge Christopher's BMW drives on a desolate stretch of road. The car drives downward the treacherous hilltop - the scenery is quite breath taking below, but very bleak in the darkness.

INT. BMW

Judge Christopher is at the wheel. He looks out at the bleakness of the road ahead of him.

Pain suddenly etches over his face - his body starts to shake as he loses control of the car.

A thumping heart beat is heard. Pounding quicker, faster and hard but out of rhythm.

Judge Christopher instinctively grabs hold of his left arm as he slumps to the side of the car, losing control of the vehicle.

His foot inadvertently stomps on the accelerator, an uncontrollable spasmodic result from the heart attack.

EXT. HILLTOP - ROAD - NIGHT

The BMW drives erratically - another car is heading straight for it in the opposite direction.

INT. MYERS CAR

Bright, blinding headlights flash in front of John and Edith's faces. John tries to swerve his car out of the way.

EXT. HILLTOP - ROAD - NIGHT

The BMW and the Myers' car collide head on, smashing each other and skewering both vehicles. Both cars crash over the side of the road, and fall and crumple as they hit the rocky hillside base on their way down.

Dust smokes into the air once what resembled two automobiles reach their final resting place at the bottom of the hillside.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

Rain fall. A miserable cloudy sky.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - ASSEMBLY ROOM

Two men, both doctors, are seated at a table on the main stage of the room. Both wear the appropriate Doctor's attire. Loomis is the only other person in attendance. He is seated in the middle of the room.

Dr. Price, mid sixties, looks down at his clipboard.

DR. PRICE

Reading from decision of Judge
Lee Christopher: I have no choice
but to remand Michael Audrey
Myers to the Smith's Grove,
Warren County sanitarium, where
he shall be placed in the care of
a resident psychiatrist who shall
report to this court no less than
twice a year.

Loomis crumples his face with both his hands as he listens on.

DR. PRICE

Further, Michael Audrey Myers
shall be brought before the court
on the day of his twenty first
birthday, where he shall be tried
as an adult, for the murder of
his sister , Judith Margaret
Myers.

Price takes a small sigh.

DR. PRICE

We all know the terrible tragedy that befell Judge Christopher last night. I'm sure we all feel not up to our normal standards because of this, but we must persevere. Therefore we have to abide by the law that is set and we, as board of directors, are handling this meeting. The discussions that took place yesterday and that were to conclude with the Judge's decision today, have been passed on to us by the court. With the tragic events of last night, Judge Christopher's verdict is unknown. Therefore we will be passing our verdict onto the court where a replacement judge will conclude the case in due course.

Loomis nods in full acceptance of what he is told.

DR. PRICE

Dr. Loomis, we would like to hear your thoughts on the patient and the progress you have been making.

Loomis stands from his seat.

LOOMIS

Michael Myers must be removed from this sanitarium immediately. I would suggest a maximum security ward at Lichfield.

Dr. Crane, sitting next to Dr. Price, is a younger man. He looks slightly nervous as he looks up at Loomis.

DR. CRANE

Dr. Loomis. We have followed the late Judge Christopher's notes and he seems to be of a different opinion. Besides, we have a maximum security wing here.

Loomis attempts to keep his feelings under control.

LOOMIS

But you have to understand that this is a minimal security institution.

The maximum security ward is still very much in it's infancy. The staff isn't adequately prepared.

DR. PRICE

Prepared for what? The boy is a catatonic. He exhibits comatose behavior. No reaction to external stimuli, or the methods in how you have been treating him.

Loomis puts his hands in his jacket pocket to stem his annoyance. He leans forward.

LOOMIS

Have you even bothered to read my notes?

Both doctors look at each other with a tell tale sign of that "I knew he would bring this up". They both look at Loomis as if he is crazy.

DR. PRICE

Yes we have Doctor.

LOOMIS

Why were they not presented at yesterday's hearing?

DR. CRANE

Judge Christopher requested Dr. Foster's analysis.

Loomis is outraged.

LOOMIS

I'VE SPENT FOUR HOURS A DAY!
(composing himself)
Four hours a day with this boy. Occasionally more. Every day! For twelve months! Far longer than any court psychiatrist.

Dr. Price shakes his head.

DR. PRICE

Dr. Loomis -

LOOMIS

Michael Myers is the most dangerous patient I have ever observed.

DR. CRANE

(disapproving)

Doctor, there is no diagnostic evidence to support that statement.

LOOMIS

No evidence? Since Michael Myers has been admitted to this institution there have been NINE deaths! In all three cases Michael Myers has had a grievance

-

DR. PRICE

We are well aware of what has been happening around here, Doctor and we don't take kindly to gossip and rumor spreading. It is a *fact* that these incidents were *accidents* and the unfortunate result of bad handling by a staff member who has been dealt with accordingly. How, you, as the boy's doctor could manifest such ideas is not helping your reputation with this board or our belief in your position as the boy's psychiatrist.

LOOMIS

(losing the battle)

He's - he's covering up. This catatonia is a conscious ACT. There is an instinctive force within him.

(beat)

He's waiting.

DR. CRANE

For what?

Both Dr. Crane and Price stare intently at Loomis, almost eyeing him to see if he should be admitted himself.

A small uncomfortable silence. Loomis looks down to the ground.

LOOMIS

I don't know.

A longer, much more uncomfortable silence.

DR. PRICE

We can make a special recommendation to the court, only if we feel there is a justifiable reason to change the patients treatment. I can see no reason why he shouldn't remain here. We have adequate facilities for his care.

Loomis gulps, realizes he is skating on thin ice and losing his case.

LOOMIS

There is insufficient security here. Please - I am begging you to reconsider your decision.

DR. CRANE

Dr. Loomis, the decision has already been made. You can take some solace that had Judge Christopher been with us today, he may well have requested Michael be released back into the custody of his parents and that if not for his death, we would have abided by his ruling. However, aided by some minor concerns, we do believe Michael's treatment should remain the same and his sentence is to run unless any development.

(beat)

Since he will be staying here, perhaps you should reconsider treating him as your patient. We can find someone else to look after him.

Loomis looks momentarily numb. Anger seems to be building within him.

LOOMIS

(quietly determined)

I'll stay with him.

Dr. Price looks irritated at Loomis.

DR. PRICE

Now is there anything more you wish to say, Dr. Loomis?

Loomis shakes his head "no". He walks towards the exit of the room.

Before leaving, he "tuts" in disgust.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1971, SIX YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - TRENCH - DUSK

Silhouetted figures dash past, soldiers jumping over the trench only to be shot down. Explosions are heard in the background with a non stop multitude of gun shots.

Screams and horrific yells of pain are the vocals to the violent opera being played out.

Loomis rises from the trench, rifle in hand. His heart beats loud, almost louder than the noise of the gunfire. His breathing is echoing, his vision in front of him distorts to slow motion.

A THUNDEROUS sound. A blinding white light.

As the white light fades, Loomis looks up from the ground at several Japanese soldiers surrounding him with guns pointed at him.

A Japanese colonel walks through the body of soldiers to look down at Loomis. The colonel has no face, it is hidden by darkness.

With another explosion in the near distance that lightens the gloomy area, the colonels face is exposed as the face of Michael Myers.

INT. LOOMIS HOUSE - BEDROOM - DARK

Loomis wakes up in his bed with a start. Sweat covers his face as his startled eyes return to reality. He looks to his right where there is no one else beside him in the bed.

Loomis squeezes his forehead and breathes deeply.

Regaining his senses, Loomis gets out of the bed.

INT. SANTA FEI HOSPITAL - ROOM

Elizabeth is in a bed attached to a drip, unconscious. The sound of a beeping heart monitor continues as Loomis looks over Elizabeth from the side of her bed.

DR. DAVIES, 50's, is by the foot of the bed. He looks to Loomis.

DOCTOR
Remissions are always,
unfortunately, a high
possibility, Sam. I'm sorry.

Loomis looks stone faced.

DR. DAVIES
She's beat it before and she can
beat it again.

LOOMIS
(expressionless)
What are her chances?
(turning to the Doctor)
Realistically.

DR. DAVIES
Slim.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

Loomis drives along the desolate road as a cloudy and
miserably gloomy sky looms overhead.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - INTERVIEW ROOM

Loomis sits at a table opposite Michael.

Michael looks on seemingly past Loomis, his usual state of
catatonia. Loomis does not even look at Michael. He is
talking more to himself than to his patient.

LOOMIS
...she used to do things like
that. And they have the nerve and
the sheer arrogance to turn
around and tell me that there is
nothing more they can do for her?

Loomis thumps his fist on the table in anger.

Loomis regains his composure and looks at Michael, who
shows no twitch of movement.

LOOMIS
(dryly)
Sorry if I startled you.

The door opens.

Loomis turns around. A distraught Dr. Wynn looks to Loomis.

DR. WYNN
Sam, I need a word.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CORRIDOR

Loomis joins Dr. Wynn outside the interview room.

LOOMIS
What's the problem?

DR. WYNN
(remorseful)
Sam, it's Elizabeth...

INT. SANTA FEI HOSPITAL - ROOM

Dr. Davies stands over Elizabeth's bed. A white sheet covers her face.

Loomis storms into the room, followed by Dr. Wynn.

DR. DAVIES
SAM!

Loomis is furious.

LOOMIS
W-what's going on here? This is
bullshit!

He removes the cover to reveal Elizabeth's face. She looks very much dead.

DR. DAVIES
There is nothing we could do,
Sam. The cancer moved to her
brain...

LOOMIS
(enraged)
You didn't tell me this? That
this was a possibility?! What
kind of warning is... What...

He looks to Dr. Davies angrily.

LOOMIS
You...what have you done?

DR. DAVIES
Sam, I haven't done anything, I
tried - we all tried all we could
-

Dr. Wynn takes a hold of Loomis to stabilize him.

LOOMIS
(calming down)
I know. I know, it was expected.
(beat)
I'd like a moment with her by
myself if I may.

Dr. Davies nods and him and Dr. Wynn leave the room,
closing the door behind them.

Loomis sinks to his knees besides his dead wife.

EXT. SANTA FEI HOSPITAL - DAY

An overcast miserable skyline. Rain drizzles on a downcast
Loomis as he walks from the hospital to his car.

INT. BAR

A gloomy and half empty place. Only Loomis and a handful of
people are present, all seated by themselves.

Loomis is at the bar, an elderly drunken priest takes a
seat on a stool next to him. Many empty glasses surround
Loomis' area.

PRIEST
My son, you look like hell.

Loomis does not even look at the priest.

PRIEST
What seems to be your problem?
Talking always helps. The Lord is
always listening. He has open
arms for us all.

Loomis hints to the barman that he needs a refill. The
barman obliges.

PRIEST
Whatever war you are fighting,
whatever foes have you down -

Loomis looks at the priest with bleary eyes.

LOOMIS
My wife died today.

The priest looks shocked.

PRIEST
Oh my...I am so sorry, please
forgive my intrusion.

LOOMIS

(slurred)

Foes...fighting...she didn't know
what she was fighting. Cancer is -
 (drunkenly trying to
 find the words)

Cancer is evil. *Pure evil*. It
 might rest for a while, but it
 always comes back...you can cut
 it out, chop it up and think that
 you've killed it. But it comes
 back. To kill again. That is *pure*
evil.

LATER

Late 60's music plays softly in the background. A barman
 wipes glasses with a cloth as he looks at Loomis slumped
 over the bar with a half empty glass of whiskey, clearly
 the worse for wear.

BARMAN

Hey buddy. Sorry but it's closing
 time. Get yourself home.

Loomis slowly nods at the barman. He downs the remainder of
 his drink and sluggishly gets off his bar stool.

LOOMIS

(drunk)

Where did priest go?

BARMAN

What?

LOOMIS

The priest? Where did he go?

The barman points to the exit.

Loomis walks drunkenly to the exit and outside.

BARMAN

(disapprovingly)

Drunken idiot. As if a priest
 would come in here.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Rain continues to fall. Loomis enters inside the store. He
 can be seen purchasing a bottle through the window and he
 reemerges with it wrapped inside a brown paper bag.

INT. GUN STORE

Loomis, trying his best to act sober, enters inside. He blows his guise by inadvertently walking into a rifle rack on his way to the counter.

CLERK
(raising eyebrows)
And how can I help you tonight,
sir?

LOOMIS
Handgun.

CLERK
Sir, you absolutely reek of
alcohol -

LOOMIS
Goddamnit, I want a handgun! I
have a permit for Christ's sake!

CLERK
Sir, it takes seventy two hours
before you could even take one so
why don't you go home and get
some rest.

LOOMIS
I have a permit...My God, I
already have one at home...

Loomis walks drunkenly out of the store.

INT. LOOMIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Loomis is sat on a couch depressed and glum. Tears run down his cheeks. Half a bottle of whisky sits on a nearby table. A hand gun, a relic from the second world war, is next to the bottle.

Loomis drunkenly takes the gun in his hand. He closes his eyes and puts the gun to his forehead.

Darkness.

Images of Elizabeth form in Loomis' mind. Her smiling face.

Loomis' finger grips the trigger of the hand gun.

The images of Elizabeth fade into darkness, and from the darkness forms the shape and image of Michael Myers.

Loomis resists pulling the trigger of the gun. His eyes open sharply.

As if clarity has overcome him, Loomis places the gun on the table.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD - CORRIDOR

A fourteen year old Michael Myers walks the halls slowly and unattended. Other patients move out of his way; others watch nervously from inside their cells.

LOOMIS (V.O.)

There has been no change in Michael Myers' condition. His mental state remains the same as the moment I first met the boy eight years ago. There have been no typical adolescent changes that the effects of puberty should have naturally provoked. Nothing natural or normal seems to be connected with this boy. He remains stuck in a state of regression yet he has become somewhat the lord of the manor. The lord of the sanitarium. One whom never excels in his leader status yet demands a silent respect. One who has no friends yet has no enemies.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - INTERVIEW ROOM

Bright daylight beams through the windows.

Michael is sat at a table. A staff member watches on from the corner of the room.

The door opens and Loomis enters inside.

He looks at Michael as he takes a seat opposite him.

There is a long silence.

LOOMIS

You know, Michael. You could just walk out of here anytime you want. I don't mean just this room. I mean this asylum.

Michael seems to gaze into Loomis' eyes directly as if curious by his words. Yet the boys eyes seem elsewhere at the same time.

LOOMIS

Anytime you wanted - you could have gone. *You could go.* No one would stop you. *Who could?*

Loomis lets out a small chortle. The staff member in the corner cant help but look slightly confused as he listens on.

LOOMIS

(straight faced)

That's how much they fear you. If you were to ask - or simply indicate - that you wanted the right keys, I'm sure one of the orderlies, one of the guards, a trustee would turn his back at the right moment. You could just stroll out of here. Such is the power you exert over them, isn't it Michael?

Michael remains motionless. Loomis grins.

LOOMIS

Ahhh, but you wont do that, will you.

Loomis stares eye to eye with Michael.

LOOMIS

You wont do that because you have it made here. Here, you have your own little world, your own little play pen.

(beat)

If you were to escape, why - oh my, what, would await you on the outside? The strife and stress of attempting to become a *real* man, and a part of society? Working for a living? Working for someone else? No. Not for you, is it Michael. Not for a spoilt little *brat* like you.

Loomis gets up from his seat.

LOOMIS

You seem to like it here. Good.

(dead serious)

Because I'm going to make sure you stay here for the rest of your life.

Loomis walks to the door.

LOOMIS

(to the staff member)

Take him back to his room. And if I find out he has been allowed any more special privileges then there will be hell to pay, got it?

STAFF MEMBER

Yes Doctor.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CORRIDOR

Large barred windows with light shining through brightly. There are elderly patients sitting on chairs - some rocking slowly in a drug induced daze as others sit muttering to themselves or staring into blankness. Nurses and doctors walk the corridor, some attending to the patients needs whilst others walk past with no interest at all.

Loomis marches down the corridor, with Dr. Wynn trying to match his pace.

DR. WYNN

All I'm saying Sam is that you might have come back to work a little quicker than maybe you should have.

Loomis continues to march onwards, looking around as if not really listening to Wynn.

LOOMIS

I need to keep myself active. And even more of a reason is that someone needs to keep an eye on *it*.

They reach the end of the corridor. Loomis opens a door and Wynn catches it before it sways shut.

DR. WYNN

(confused)

It?

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - SECURITY POST

There is a security guard sitting at a desk. A gate blocks access to the corridor of the adult wards.

Loomis heads over to the guard with Wynn following.

Loomis shows the guard his ID badge and the guard casually presses a switch. A quick but loud buzzing sound is heard followed by a lock being released.

Loomis opens the gate followed by Wynn.

The door shuts behind them and the same noise is repeated as the gate door locks.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD

Dr. Wynn catches up with Loomis. The ward is barely lit by overhead fluorescent lighting - making the ward seem intimidating by its odd light.

DR. WYNN

What exactly is "it"?

Loomis gives Wynn a glance as he walks down the ward. Loud noises, screaming and yelling can be heard from the inmates in the cells.

Loomis looks in at the inmates as he walks down the ward.

CELL 1: An elderly man sits on his bed looking out at the window. He turns slowly to look at Loomis with a beaming smile. His face is etched with cuts and scars, his hands muted by bandages. His nails are so long they have protruded through the bandages.

CELL 2: A man in his thirties, with hockey star player posters decorated everywhere in the room. He lays on his bed fiddling his thumbs, seemingly waiting for his chance to shine once more.

CELL 3: A man wears a papier-mache mask and humps away at the end of his bed, using what could only be described as an imaginary chain-saw with his hand movements.

CELL 4: A taller than tall man dressed in a gown sits at a desk quietly. His room is decorated with papier-mache masks that cover every inch of the room. He looks back at Loomis, covering his face with an orange mask. His ridiculously long hair dangles over it.

CELL 5: A man in a straight jacket. Trying to itch himself.

CELL 5 INMATE

Get them off me! The maggots! Get them off me!!

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD

Dr. Wynn is clearly uncomfortable with the surroundings. Loomis looks more like he is checking the area, surveying it.

DR. WYNN

Sam - what the hell are we doing down here?

LOOMIS

I'm looking to see if this place will be suitable.

DR. WYNN

For Michael? That's his name I believe. Not "it".

LOOMIS

If you say so.

Wynn grabs hold of Loomis' arm.

DR. WYNN

Wait just a minute Sam. I really don't like this lack of professionalism that's coming from you since you have come back. You can't blame Michael Myers for what happened to Elizabeth.

Loomis refuses to meet Wynn's eyes.

DR. WYNN

If you do in anyway hold him accountable, then you have to be honest and give up your position as his psychiatrist.

LOOMIS

Is that an order or a request?

DR. WYNN

Neither. It's a piece of advice. I'm your friend, Sam. But I'm also your superior so don't put me in positions like this.

Loomis takes a moment.

LOOMIS

How you have been unable to see what has happened here since his arrival has surprised me, Terence.

I intend to LOOMIS (cont'd) treat him - but my main ambition is to keep him locked away - in this sanitarium or another - for as long as I can because I genuinely believe he poses a threat.

DR. WYNN

A threat to *what? Who?*

LOOMIS

I have compiled a file that is six inches thick! Maybe you should check it out sometime!

DR. WYNN

That's just mostly conjecture, Sam and you know it.

LOOMIS

I know that you are lucky to have escaped being called up on negligence charges the way things have been run around here the last eight years! You've become a damn bureaucrat, looking out for the reputation of this hospital and caring about little else.

DR. WYNN

Now hold it right there, Sam!

LOOMIS

When was the last time you even came down here?

Wynn is silenced. He looks furious but can not respond.

DR. WYNN

This conversation is over. You carry on like this for much longer Sam and so is your job here.

Wynn turns and heads for the gate, trying to keep his composure amidst loud screaming from the inmates.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

Wynn sits at his desk silently fuming. He picks up the telephone and dials a number.

DR. WYNN

Yes, get me Dr. Rogers...it's Terence Wynn.

Wynn takes a thin file sealed by a band from his desk drawer and looks at it. The printed words on the front of the file read : MICHAEL MYERS

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

(via telephone)

Terence - I'd love to say it's good to hear from you again but after recent discussions with you

-

DR. WYNN

Yeah, look I've got a little problem here at Smith's grove.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

What now! Please don't tell me another incident...

DR. WYNN

No, no. Nothing like that. It's Loomis. I want him out. He's causing problems.

Silence at the other end.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

(more serious tone)

How exactly?

DR. WYNN

He's changed his treatment of the boy. He's looking to keep him locked up. He's on a damn mission to tighten up every thing going on around here. And I have a strong feeling he's going over my head on things.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

I see.

Wynn looks stunned by the response.

DR. WYNN

So what now? Can't we get rid of him? He might jeopardize everything we have built up here!

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

Can't be done, Terence. The media would want to know why he's been sacked. It would bring attention to us and in a bad light.

It would put DR. MYERS back in the foreground and questions would be asked about our integrity and how we are dealing with his treatment. Plus Loomis might even sell his story and that's the last thing we need to happen right now.

DR. WYNN

So, what am I supposed to do?
Just let him do as he wants?

Another moment of silence passes.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

Just do exactly the following...

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Cars drive away from the car park and out of the hospital gates. A bright yellow light can be seen still on from one of the sanitarium windows, one of few that remain on.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

The yellow light beams brightly from Wynn's ceiling light.

Wynn picks up his telephone. He taps in a single digit and waits.

SECURITY GAURD (V.O.)

Security.

DR. WYNN

This is Dr. Wynn, can you confirm
all staff except the night
workers have left?

SECURTIY GAURD (V.O.)

Yes sir, the last have just left.

Wynn hangs up the telephone.

Wynn opens his desk drawer and takes out the sealed file with the printed words MICHAEL MYERS on the front.

Wynn stares at the file in his hands. He looks guilty as he removes the seal.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

Another depressing white sky with ominous looking dark clouds forming overlooks the hospital.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - LARGE ROOM

In a room with almost cathedral like windows, arched in their design, sits on a chair Michael Myers. He gazes out of one of the many windows.

A sole security gaurd stands at a distance, his eyes kept on the fourteen year old boy.

A door is heard opening.

A girl, ten years old clutching a doll to her chest enters the room.

The light shining through the windows is quite blinding as it reflects from the all white painted bare walls.

The girl stops after making a couple of wary steps inside the room. She looks at the boy, several feet away from her.

Michael turns his head round. He looks at the girl.

The door opens again. Dr. Wynn walks timidly inside.

DR. WYNN
(nervously, tenderly)
OK Laurie, that's all I'm afraid.

The girl walks backwards slowly to the door, keeping her eyes on the boy in the chair who has his eyes firmly on her.

DR. WYNN
Sorry for the short visit, but
he's not well today. Perhaps
another day. Time to go back to
your parents.

The door closes as the girl exit's the room. Dr. Wynn takes a look through the door window at Michael.

Michael turns back to face the cathedral-like window, a narrow frown on his face.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

Loomis sits opposite Wynn.

DR. WYNN
How you feeling today, Sam?

LOOMIS
I doubt you called me in to talk
about how my day has been.

DR. WYNN

Sam, I want to put the bad feeling behind us. I just called you in here as a friend. There is something I feel bad about and I need to let it out.

Loomis arches an eyebrow.

DR. WYNN

The treatment we gave Elizabeth. Do you have any resentment towards me in how we went about it? I can honestly say she had the best medical care in the country. I don't know what went wrong -

LOOMIS

Terence - no. I have nothing but...I am eternally grateful for what you did. Without the care you offered - and paid for - she would have died in England several years ago.

Loomis looks uncomfortable.

LOOMIS

I never realized you had it in your mind. I apologize for making you feel that way, it was never my intention. I'm grateful I was able to spend more time with her.

DR. WYNN

I'm glad you feel that way, Sam. Relieved, it's a weight off my mind. I hope we can return to how we were before.

LOOMIS

I'd like that.

(beat)

And I do respect that you are my boss. I have no problem with that.

Wynn smiles.

DR. WYNN

Cancer. It's a -
(struggling for words)

LOOMIS

It's evil. Pure evil. Whatever it touches, it destroys. It doesn't die, cant be eradicated, or removed with a one hundred percent chance it will never come back. It can't be killed. It can't be cured.

Wynn sits silent.

LOOMIS

It's a curse that unfortunately we cannot lift with the medicine of today. Let's hope in the future there will be.

Loomis gets up to leave.

DR. WYNN

There is just one other thing, Sam.

Loomis turns back to Wynn.

DR. WYNN

It's coming up to October, and in particular - *that time*. I was interested in your ideas of treatment for Michael Myers this year.

LOOMIS

The same as always. Nothing different. A tranquilizer from late afternoon and another later.

DR. WYNN

See, I have a memo from head office. Due to the new medical bill that was passed recently concerning patients health, we must provide valid reasons behind usage of any drugs and particularly sedatives. And I do mean *valid*.

Loomis gestures Wynn questionably.

DR. WYNN

We cant dose Michael any more. It's not in the rule book to administer a sedative without a reason.

LOOMIS

There is a reason. That very reason is in the file.

DR. WYNN

Yes, I know and I understand your concerns but the top brass don't. They feel it is inhumane to sedate a patient if he has been acting in - the way that Michael acts. Which is, very meek, to say the least. Referring back to a non violent incident seven years ago will not really cut it in 1971.

LOOMIS

Then we will use restraints. Straps.

A moment of uneasy silence passes.

Wynn passively nods in agreement, keen to keep the peace.

DR. WYNN

OK, Sam. I'll put it to Dr. Rogers as an alternative.

Loomis nods and leaves the room, the door closing behind him.

Wynn squeezes his forehead as if in anguish. He picks up the telephone and dials.

The phone rings a couple of times.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

Rogers.

DR. WYNN

Dr. Rogers? Yeah, it's me Terence.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

Good news?

DR. WYNN

(nervously)
Umm...I think the problem has been resolved.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)

He accepted the pay off?

DR. WYNN

Not exactly.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)
Then tell me what *exactly*
happened.

Wynn fidgets with a pencil on his desk.

DR. WYNN
I didn't offer him the pay
off...I couldn't do it.
(beat)
I think he's going to play ball
now so all we needed was a chat
to clear the air.
(long silence)
There is no problem, I'm sorry if
I overreacted.

DR. ROGERS (V.O.)
Keep an eye on Loomis.

DR. WYNN
Yes sir, of course...

The phone is curtly put down at the other end. Wynn places his telephone receiver back on its hook and sits back in his chair. He looks rattled but relieved.

INT. LOOMIS HOUSE - LIVINGROOM

Loomis sits at his desk, telephone rested between his shoulder and ear, with various papers and files scattered around the work area.

LOOMIS
Judge Walter Ward, your honour,
it's Sam Loomis from Smith's
Grove.

JUDGE WARD (V.O.)
Loomis, I'm getting more calls
from you than I get from my wife.
What is it this time?

LOOMIS
I'm calling to ask for you to
reconsider opening the Myers case
earlier, or requesting that the
police look into it more
thoroughly.

JUDGE WARD (V.O.)
For what purpose?

LOOMIS
So he may receive a harsher
sentence.

In light of Loomis (has happened here at Smith's Grove since he has been here...

JUDGE WARD (V.O.)

Loomis, I've read the files you have sent. Need I remind you that I do share your concerns about the decline of Smith's Grove but the facts are you will have to wait until the case is concluded in 1978 as set by my predecessor. Now, we've had this talk before and you know how things work, Loomis.

LOOMIS

Yes, your honour, I do apologize.

JUDGE WARD (V.O.)

I admire your persistence Loomis, but perhaps you should consider changing your methods of treatment or even taking a vacation? You're running the risk of getting lost into an obsessive state and that will not benefit your patient or yourself.

LOOMIS

Yes sir, I completely understand but I must insist that Michael Myers be transferred to our maximum security ward as soon as possible.

JUDGE WARD

You're really trying to push this through, aren't you? I need more time on this one. I do share your concerns about the patient but you might have to wait some time before I can help you out on this request.

MONTAGE

1> INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL - DARK

Michael is strapped down on his bed by two staff members. Straps across his the bed covers, tightly over his legs, his torso and his arms. Loomis overlooks.

2> INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD - MYERS CELL

Two guards stand post outside Myers' cell.

3> INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD - MYERS CELL

SUPERIMPOSE: **OCTOBER 31st, 1975**

Michael, 18 years old, is strapped down in his bed by two staff members. Loomis watches on from the door.

4> INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - JUVENILE WARD

Loomis exits Myers' cell. Two guards stand at either side and nod to Loomis.

END MONTAGE

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD

SUPERIMPOSE: **1976 - date unknown**

Michael is strapped to a bed on wheels, a gurney, being transported by two security guards. Loomis and Dr. Wynn follow them.

DR. WYNN

(nervously to Loomis)

Well, you finally got your way, didn't you. Even if you went over my head. You just had to keep *poking*.

LOOMIS

(stone faced)

I wont be satisfied until this entire unit has improved ten fold in security.

DR. WYNN

We're working on it.

A door is opened loudly by one of the security guards. It clearly shakes Wynn yet Loomis is unmoved.

Michael is taken inside the room on his bed and placed inside the darkened cell.

It has one small glass window in the top corner with bars across it vertically.

Both guards return and close the cell door with an almost damning echoing sound.

DR. WYNN
Now are you satisfied?

LOOMIS
No. But it will do for now.

They walk down the hallway to return back from hell and back into the land of the living.

LOOMIS
I would like all my previous instructions from the juvenile ward to be upheld by the staff here. A change in conditions does not mean a change in condition.

DR. WYNN
It shall be done. Now let's just get out of here, OK?

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - MYERS CELL

SUPERIMPOSE: **OCTOBER 31st, 1977**

Loomis, now balding and looking much older than he really is, exits Myers' cell and closes the door.

One guard at the door, BARRY BERNADI, nods to Loomis.

BERNADI
Happy with everything, doc?

LOOMIS
Satisfied, yes. Just keep -

BERNADI
- a close look on him, I know.

Loomis walks off down the corridor.

BERNADI
Hey, doc?

Loomis stops and looks back at BERNADI.

BERNADI
I know this might not be my place and all, but aint' this a little paranoid? I mean the guy aint' moved in years. I don't get the drill here.

LOOMIS

Just keep a close look on him,
Bernadi.

Loomis walks off down the corridor.

LATER

Bernadi is seated on a chair outside Myers' cell with a bored expression. He takes his walkie-talkie from his belt.

BERNADI

(speaking into walkie-
talkie)

This is Bernadi, outside room
forty-eight, over.

A cackling sound of static from the walkie-talkie before a voice can be heard.

SECURITY GAURD (V.O.)

Yeah, hear you Barry, what's up?

BERNADI

Nothing. That's the problem. I'm
going for a walk to make sure the
blood is still circulating to my
legs, over.

SECURTIY GAURD (V.O.)

Don't shit me, Barry, you're
going for a smoke.

Bernadi gets up from the chair and walks down the corridor.

BERNADI

Yeah, and a couple of beers. I
wish. I'll be back in twenty,
over.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

The room is dark. Myers is strapped down on his bed. There are no movements from his body.

Myers is facing up at the ceiling - he slowly turns his head to the side on his pillow so he is facing the wall of the door. His eyes are wide open, gleaming.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE: **OCTOBER 30TH, 1978**

FADE IN:

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

Light rain falls from a cloudy and miserable sky. The hospital looms large in the background.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - RECEPTION

The reception area is large with a big space between waiting seats and the front desk. The area is moderately busy with various staff coming and going.

The RECEPTIONIST, a young woman, sits at the desk reading a magazine.

Loomis walks inside the reception and heads over to the desk. After a moment waiting, he coughs to get her attention.

RECEPTIONIST

(surprised)

Oh, Dr. Loomis! Good morning!

LOOMIS

Morning. I need to speak with the head matron please.

RECEPTIONIST

Mrs. Carlsley? Sure, she's right round back. I'll just go get her.

LOOMIS

Thank you.

She gets up from her seat and walks in to the back room.

A few moments pass.

The receptionist returns and takes her seat.

She gives Loomis a nervous smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Mrs. Carlsley will be right with you, Doctor.

Loomis nods in appreciation.

MRS. CARLSLEY, mid fifties, is a small woman with a tidy appearance but a face from hell. She has her hair tied up into a bun which looks so tight it seems to be stretching the skin from her face.

MRS. CARLSLEY

Good morning Doctor, how can I help you?

LOOMIS

Morning. I need to know who the night watchman is tonight.

Mrs. Carlsley takes a clipboard from the desk and traces a list of names with her finger.

MRS. CARLSLEY

Lets see...ah, here it is. Barry Bernadi.

Loomis looks less than pleased.

LOOMIS

BERNADI? Again? Didn't he fall asleep in the recreation room last week?

MRS. CARLSLEY

Apparently he was listening out for possible disturbances. His words, not mine.

LOOMIS

This place is falling apart. And what ever happened to recruiting new security?

MRS. CARLSLEY

It's the cut backs, Dr. Loomis. Security has been limited more than ever, we're running a very tight ship at the moment.

LOOMIS

A guy on night watch that's unable to stay awake and a couple of guys in a hut outside acting as security guards! This ship is asking to get breached!

Loomis storms off.

Mrs. Carlsley looks to the onlooking receptionist.

MRS. CARLSLEY

It's not my fault!

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. WYNN'S OFFICE

Loomis enters Wynn's office - Wynn is on the phone. Wynn looks up at Loomis.

DR. WYNN

I've got to go, I'll call you back.

Wynn hangs up the telephone and looks to Loomis.

DR. WYNN

Morning Sam. Looks like you still haven't mastered the art of knocking.

LOOMIS

Why hasn't security been increased?

DR. WYNN

I'm trying my best, Sam.

Loomis takes a seat opposite Wynn.

DR. WYNN

Besides, we have more important things to sort out today such as the transfer of one Michael Myers.

LOOMIS

Tomorrow is the trial. It will be a relief to get this day over with and get proceedings underway.

DR. WYNN

There's been a slight change of plan. It is in the best interests of all involved that we move him tonight.

LOOMIS

Tonight? But the hearing isn't until midday tomorrow.

DR. WYNN

Dr. Rogers believes if we move him as planned, the media will be parked out here in a frenzy and it would just create unwelcome attention. I thought you might welcome the decision, it creates less of a problem.

LOOMIS

I can see that. What time is the transfer?

DR. WYNN

Midnight - it's still therefore legal for us to proceed with the transfer. Hope it's not too much of an inconvenience for you.

Loomis has none.

DR. WYNN

A medical assistant, Marion Chambers, will escort you. She can pick you up or you can go the medical centre yourself.

LOOMIS

I'll head over there once I've finished with a few things here.

DR. WYNN

You should head off as soon as possible, Sam. Try and get some more sleep. Hell, take the rest of the day off.

LOOMIS

You think that I could possibly get some sleep today?

DR. WYNN

Sam, don't worry! The transfer will go smoother than you think.

LOOMIS

Lets hope so. I'll just be glad to get it out of this building and to the court. Where I hope it will be given the sentence it truly deserves.

DR. WYNN

Right...anything else I can do for you today?

LOOMIS

I want to see Michael. And I want him strapped tonight as if it were tomorrow.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

The door opens.

Loomis enters inside, a guard visible behind him until the door closes shut.

Sparse rays of daylight can only filter through the window.

The room looks dark, a shape sits on a chair slumped down. This shape is in the form of a human, Michael Myers.

Loomis remains at the doorway, looking at Michael with clearly some intimidation.

Michael is slim, with black hair and bagged eyes. In the shadows of the room, it appears Michael has a half smile on his face. He is wearing a white overall and sandals. His gaze seems centered on a particular spot in the room - but it also seems as if it is everywhere at once.

Loomis is intimidated, he gulps.

LOOMIS
It's time, Michael.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The long snake like road is desolate. Rain pours down.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

The closed gate sways and creaks from the pouring downfall of the rain and occasional gust of wind.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - SECURITY HUT - NIGHT

Further up the road beyond the main gate, is the security hut. A yellow light shines brightly inside.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

The hospital itself stands in darkness. A forboding sight made more so by the continuous rain and booming thunder. Lightning flashes and retreats quickly. (!)

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD

The hallway is dark. Lights are out. Bernadi walks with a flashlight, making his usual rounds. He is talking on his walkie-talkie.

BERNADI
All seems well in Hell, over.

A static voice replies.

SECURTIY GAURD (V.O.)
Alright Barry. Don't get too comfortable in there, you know what happens. Over.

BERNADI
You gonna try one of them ghost stories on me again because it's Halloween? Over.

SECURITY GAURD (V.O.)
 I meant "don't go falling asleep"
 you dozy douche bag. And
 Halloween ain't until another
 hour, moron! Oh, over.

Bernadi passes Michael's cell door. He looks uneasy, swaying over to the other side of the hallway as he passes by.

BERNADI
 (much quieter)
 Yeah, well I'm not really into
 all that kinda thing. I'm heading
 over to the female ward, maybe a
 ghost will jump my bones over
 there. Over.

Bernadi exits the hallway through a swing door, seemingly much more relieved.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - SECURITY HUT - NIGHT

The hut has one door and a large window, of which beams a bright radiant yellow light from inside. A guard can be seen clearly inside.

A figure hurries to the hut, soaked by the constant downpour of the rain.

Thunder booms out yet again.

INT. SECURITY HUT

Security gaurd JONES, 50s, large muscular guy but definitely ageing, sits at his desk eating a sandwich.

He looks up as the hut door opens.

A security gaurd, REESE, (29, slim, handsome) walks inside, closing the door. He is completely drenched.

REESE
 How about you do the next two
 patrols, huh? It's gonna take me
 all night to prevent hypothermia.

JONES
 Aww shut up you big girl.

Reese hangs up his dripping security coat on the door rack.

REESE
 Can't we just get Bernadi to do
 it for us?

Jones laughs.

JONES

That sack of shit would fall asleep even if we had a damn earthquake.

Reese sits down opposite Jones. Jones passes him a flask that is on the table.

JONES

Don't drink too much, we've got some work to do tonight. Just warm yourself up.

REESE

Work? What are you on about?

JONES

We've got a transfer in about...
(looking at his
clipboard)
Forty five minutes.

REESE

Tonight? What the hell is that all about?

JONES

They're moving Michael Myers.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - SECURITY POST

The security gaurd sits at his post, drinking a coffee and reading a magazine.

The gate leading to the ward is closed and leads to a long hallway of darkness.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD

The ward hallway is dark, completely silent. Dulled thunder from outside can be heard rumbling once more.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MYERS CELL

The room is dark, with the only light being an odd blue hue coming through from the window that shines onto the bed.

The small rays of barred light show Michael strapped down in his bed. Three leather straps, across his legs, his torso and his upper chest that constrict his arms from moving. His arms are side by side.

A struggling sound. Michael clenches his fists as he attempts to free himself from the restraints.

Forcing his lower arm constantly up and down with his muscles clearly clenched tight, he loosens the straps holding him down.

He repeats the action repetitively, grunting angrily.

He succeeds - his arms are free as his restraints are ripped apart and the remnants fall down to the floor.

MONTAGE

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - CELL

A strange looking elderly man sits up in his bed with a curious expression.

His mouth opens and he releases a rasping gasp.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - CELL

A pure white haired middle aged man grips tight to the bars at his window looking out at the darkness.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - CELL

A man asleep opens his eyes wide. He sits up, looks excited and anxious. He begins to giggle bizarrely.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - MYERS CELL

Michael sits up in unusually slow, morbid fashion. His eyes are wide open, a glint within them.

He gets out of the bed. Walks to the window. He SMASHES the window with his fist, breaking the glass.

He attempts to pull apart the window bars with both hands but struggles. He tries again, even hitting at the pane trying to break it but with no success.

Infuriated, Michael turns back to his bed. He upturns it in a fit of rage. He grabs the chair and smashes it against the door until the chair breaks apart.

He upturns the bed, and smashes his fist into the wooden base. The bed eventually splinters and breaks in two.

He heads to the door. Michael hammers his fists repeatedly against the door attempting to break it open. He smashes the small glass window in the door. In a non stop barrage of attacks against the door, it begins to splinter apart.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - SECURITY POST

The security guard hears the commotion from down the ward. He looks down at the hallway through the gate but it is too dark to see anything past the first few cells doors.

He takes a walkie-talkie from his desk.

GUARD

Hey Bernadi, what the hell is going on down there?

BERNADI (V.O.)

(via walkie-talkie)

Down where exactly? You wanna be a little more specific?

GUARD

The male ward, I can hear something. You better go check it out quickly.

BERNADI (V.O.)

I'm at the other end of the hospital, man. Why don't you check it out, it's probably just one of the loons needing a fix.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - MYERS CELL

The door smashes open, barely hanging on it's hinges.

Michael walks out of the cell.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - HALLWAY

Michael looks at his surroundings.

He walks slowly, calmly down the dark hallway.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - SECURITY POST

The guard looks unsure of what to do. He keeps looking down at the ward and then to his walkie-talkie on the desk.

He stands up and hits a switch which turns the ceiling lights on inside the ward.

He looks down the ward. It looks calm and nothing looks out of place. At the bottom of the ward corridor is a left turn which leads to more cells that are beyond visibility.

The lights fizzle out. Darkness returns to the ward.

GUARD

What the hell is going on?

The guard toys with the light switch but it makes no effect. He takes a set of keys and opens the gate.

He steps inside the ward. He listens out but there is silence. The silence is broken by the sound of slow footsteps at the bottom of the ward.

A shape of a man can be seen slightly, the darkness makes it hard to be sure.

GUARD

(shouting)

BERNADI? YOU CHECK IT OUT?

No response. The shape seems to be moving towards the guard.

GUARD

(shouting)

I NEED YOU TO CHECK THE FUSE BOX!

BERNADI!?

The guard, unsettled, retreats back behind the gate. He looks to his desk where there is a flashlight.

He grabs the flashlight.

The guard turns back to the ward where he turns right into - Michael Myers.

The keys and flashlight drop to the floor.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - HALLWAY

Michael returns to the remains of his broken down cell. With the keys in his hand, he uses them to unlock the cell next to his.

Michael leaves the door open and begins to unlock the cell opposite, again leaving the door wide open.

As Michael continues to unlock the cell doors, the inmates begin to walk out.

All the inmates are draped in the same attire, white gowns.

Most look confused at what to do and where to go. They look lost as they roam the hallway.

As Michael proceeds to open more cells, he pushes them in the direction of which he is walking.

Some of those lagging behind in a confused state, look towards at Michael and start to follow him.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - SECURITY POST

The ceiling lights flicker on and off repetitively.

From beyond the open gate, Michael is seen leading, slowly, the other inmates towards the post from the bottom of the hallway. Closer, ever closer.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - SECURITY HUT - NIGHT

Rain pours down relentless. Thunder and lightning.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - SECURITY HUT

Reese and Jones have their security jackets on. They look anxious.

Reese places his walkie-talkie on the desk.

REESE

I can't get through to anyone,
it's just static.

JONES

Bernadi is on his last legs this
time. I'm not prepared to lose my
pension over him.

REESE

It's not Bernadi I'm worried
about. I can't get through to
Rick at the head post either.

Something SMASHES the window of the hut - glass everywhere.

Reese and Jones cover themselves instinctively.

Jones looks over at Reese, both shocked.

JONES
What the hell was that!?

They look out of the window.

A mass amount of white gowned inmates are scattered around the hospital car park, heading in different directions. They are dazed, confused, lost. They look like ghosts floating around a desolated graveyard.

Reese and Jones look at each other in dismay.

Three inmates head towards the hut.

Something hits the hut. Again.

One of the three inmates that are approaching the hut is throwing stones from the ground at the hut.

REESE
What the...? What do we do?

Jones opens a cupboard - he takes a gun and hands it to Reese. He takes another for himself.

JONES
Get on that phone and get help!

Reese picks up the telephone on the desk - it has no ring tone.

Reese looks at Jones like a rabbit caught in headlights.

REESE
It's...it's dead.

The hut rattles more as further stones are thrown.

Jones looks out of the window - there is now FIVE inmates approaching, within fifteen feet away from the hut.

The inmates stop. They stand in a line, side by side.

REESE
(still trying the phone)
What the hell are they doing out there, Jones?

JONES
Stopped.

REESE
What?

REESE
They've stopped.

Reese puts the phone down and takes a look for himself.

The inmates remain where they are - their gloomy faces of are revealed in a flash of lightning. They are looking directly at the hut.

JONES
They move any further and we take action, got it?

Reese nods.

REESE
I ain't stepping out this hut until help arrives - God knows how many of them loony tunes are out there.

EXT. ROAD - STATE HIGHWAY 116 - NIGHT

A station wagon drives down the road as rain pours down relentless. On the station wagon is an emblem for the Smith Grove's institution.

INT. STATION WAGON

The station wagon has a chicken-wire fencing that separates the front and back seats.

Loomis sits in the passenger seat wearing his trench coat. MARION CHAMBERS, 29 , dressed in a white nurses attire, drives.

LOOMIS
...Then he gets a physical examination by the state, followed by an appearance before the judge. The procedure should take four hours, if we're lucky. Then we're on our way. As on our trip there, he will be heavily sedated on the return.

MARION
What do we use?

LOOMIS
Thorazine.

MARION
He'll barely be able to sit up.

LOOMIS

That's the idea. Here we are.

Loomis gestures to a white sign fixed to a low brick wall on the left.

It reads: SMITHS GROVE, WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The station wagon drives along the snaky road. Through the darkness and downpour, the shadowy mass of the institution looming up on the hillside can be seen.

INT. STATION WAGON

LOOMIS

The driveway's up a few hundred yards on your right.

Silence falls between Loomis and Marion for a few moments. Unease.

MARION

Are there any special instructions?

LOOMIS

Just try to understand what we're dealing with here. Don't underestimate it.

MARION

Don't you think we should refer to "it" as him?

LOOMIS

If you say so.

MARION

Your compassion is overwhelming, Doctor.

Marion reaches for a pack of cigarettes. She takes one and lights it with a match. She places the matchbook on the dashboard but it slips off. Loomis notices the markings on the matches.

It reads " THE RABBIT-IN-RED LOUNGE - Entertainment Nightly".

LOOMIS

Ever done anything like this before?

MARION
Only minimum security.

LOOMIS
I see.

Thunder booms loud. Another flash of lightning.

MARION
The only thing that bothers me is
their gibberish. When they start
raving on and on and on...

LOOMIS
You haven't anything to worry
about. He hasn't spoken a word in
fifteen years.

Another small silence.

MARION
You're serious about it, aren't
you.

LOOMIS
Yes.

MARION
You mean you actually never want
him to get out?

LOOMIS
Never...
(as if contemplating the
outcome)
Never, never.

MARION
Then why are you even taking him
to court if you're just gonna -

LOOMIS
(fed up)
- Because that is the law.
(beat)
We are.

In the middle distance, the car headlights pick up a
ghostly shape twenty yards ahead.

Another three are dawdling along - it is the inmates from
the sanitarium. They are in the field.

Marion takes her foot off the accelerator, and the car
slows.

MARION
 Since when did they let them
 wander around?

LOOMIS
 (alarmed)
 Pull up to the main gate.

MARION
 But -

LOOMIS
 Go on, MOVE!

Marion steps on the accelerator.

As she drives the car to the main gate, it highlights even more white cloaked inmates walking in the field.

Loomis looks worried, very concerned.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Marion pulls up to the main gate. The headlights point out that the gate has been forced open.

INT. STATION WAGON

LOOMIS
 Stop here.

Marion brakes.

Loomis opens his door.

MARION
 Shouldn't we just go on up to the
 hospital -

LOOMIS
 (stepping out)
 WAIT!

Loomis slams the door shut. Marion watches through the windscreen as Loomis runs to the phone on the wall.

Loomis reaches it - the phone is dangling from it's wire.

Marion watches on, worried.

A NOISE from behind the car - FOOTSTEPS? Marion looks back behind her - through the back window -

ILLUMINATED by the red backlights of the station wagon, Michael jumps onto the boot of the car and onto the roof.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

Michael straddles the roof of the car, feeling the wet surface with his hands and trying to grip on to it.

Loomis, blind to what is happening, is dialling a number on the phone.

There is no tone.

INT. STATION WAGON

The noise on the roof is unbearable, as if someone was trampling on it.

Marion looks confused.

MARION

OK, enough of this. GET OFF THE
ROOF!

She winds down the drivers side window - a HAND grabs at her from the roof, clutching onto her hair.

Marion screams, and inadvertently slams her foot down on the accelerator.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

The station wagon drives off erratically, crashing over the road kerb and hitting the perimeter fence.

Loomis looks over surprised.

INT. STATION WAGON

Marion manages to put her foot down on the break, and clamber away from the hand's grasp. She scrambles away to the passengers seat.

Squirming from the attack and looking at the drivers' side window expectant of the figure on the roof to emerge, Marion is blind to seeing a hand at the drivers side window.

The hand disappears - before returning back down open palmed to SHATTER the window.

Shocked into action, Marion clambers her way to the drivers side and out of the vehicle screaming.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

As Marion runs from the car, Michael jumps down from the roof and quickly gets himself inside. He slams the door shut.

Marion slips and falls in the soaking rain, Loomis runs past her and dashes to the car.

Loomis can see the ghostly appearance of Michael in the drivers side, frantically pounding on the steering wheel.

Just as Loomis is about to reach it, the station wagon speeds forward, moving crazily from side the side until the driver seems to have gained control over it.

The station wagon roars down the road and out of distance.

Loomis retreats back to a sobbing and rain drenched Marion.

LOOMIS
ARE YOU ALRIGHT!?

MARION
(sobbing)
Yes, yes I'm OK...

Loomis looks back at the road as the rain suddenly relents.

LOOMIS
He's gone from here.

EXT. ROAD - STATE HIGHWAY 116 - NIGHT

The station wagon drives down the road alone.

LOOMIS (V.O.)
The evil has gone.

END