

HALLOWEEN: PAST TENSE

Written by

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REVISED DRAFT

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

A SOFT WIND rattles a drift of dead leaves piled against the faded brick facade of a building that's seen better days.

At the top of a set of stairs sits a JACK-'O-LANTERN, large and ripe. Evil, grinning face.

SUPER TITLE: Haddonfield, Illinois. October 19, 2007.

BILL SUMNER, 45, sizes up the jack-'o-lantern with a displeasing glare. He swipes it off the stair and charges through the hall's front door.

INT. COUNCIL ROOM

The eraser end of a No. 2 pencil taps restlessly against the mahogany tabletop. A cantankerous old man, BRIGGS, tosses the pencil away.

He's one of three council members (along with ABERNATHY, male, and HERSHLAG, female) sitting along the table. Restless.

BRIGGS

Late, again. Always late. And always on the most important days.

ABERNATHY

Give him time. Bill's just uneasy about the fact he based his entire mayoral campaign on erasing the memory of Michael Myers and failed trying.

BRIGGS

He goddamn well forgot. You do know what day it is, don't you?

SUMNER

I do, and I sure as hell didn't forget.

Everyone turns as Sumner approaches the table. Tosses the jack-'o-lantern on top of it. Briggs looks at it, then at Sumner with a shit-eating smile.

BRIGGS

Mayor Sumner.

SUMNER

Consider that jack-'o-lantern
your average citizen's birthday
present to the dearly-departed
Myers.

The lantern's flame casts an eerie glow.

SUMNER

This is what's wrong with this
city. We need to erase what it
represents.

HERSHLAG

Halloween?

SUMNER

Michael Myers.

BRIGGS

How do we do it?

SUMNER

Start with his house. It's been
abandoned for almost 45 years,
but it still sits there.

ABERNATHY

What are you suggesting?

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - MORNING

Quiet and ominous against a gray morning sky. In stark
contrast with the rest of the neighborhood that sits behind
a street sign reading: LAMPKIN LANE.

SUMNER (V.O.)

We bury it. I want rubble on
Lampkin Lane before the first
trick-or-treater finds a razor
blade in his candy.

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - NIGHT

Sumner looks at the council members.

SUMNER

Are we agreed?

Everybody looks at each other.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MORNING

The house is succumbing to decay. Torn flaps of dirty wallpaper dangle in the kitchen. Windows are cracked or missing altogether, like remnants of a former life.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rooms to both sides. Full of memories.

INT. SISTER'S BEDROOM

Judith Myers' old bedroom. Completely barren. Where the terror began.

JUDITH
(faintly)
Michael!

She SCREAMS IN AGONY. But the sound is gone as quickly as it came.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE

Time seems to have eerily stopped.

COUNCIL MEMBERS (V.O.)
We're agreed.

A beat -- perhaps to let the audience say goodbye -- and then a HUGE WRECKING BALL ARCS silently through the air, SOUND returning as it COLLIDES with the front door and porch, TEARING them to SPLINTERS. It PLUNGES into the house and then SWINGS back, slowly. Painfully.

MAIN TITLES ROLL against a parade of SMASHING BANISTERS, CRUMBLING CHIMNEYS, and BULLDOZERS RIPPING through CONCRETE and WOOD. The Myers house unmade.

INT. SUMNER HOUSE - GARAGE - MORNING

A DELICATE HAND grips a PAINT BRUSH with the ease of a seasoned pro. It pushes against a LARGE WHITE CANVAS, adding fine detail to what seems to be a representation of an older VICTORIAN-STYLE HOME. Only partially complete.

ELLIE sits amid a cluster of paintings and brushes. She's 19 and pretty in a plain sort of way. The garage itself is very much like an art studio.

SUMNER (O.S.)
(loud)
Myra Jennings assured me the school board is behind us one-hundred percent.

Ellie doesn't register her father's loud conversation from the other room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sumner paces back and forth, sweaty hand clutching the phone.

SUMNER

Let 'em protest. What's done is done. Alves did all he could to petition the state, but it wasn't a fucking landmark when we tore it down.

There's a BEEP.

SUMNER

Hold on, Frank, I've got another call.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Ellie continues painting. Doesn't notice her father walk through the door, holding out the phone.

SUMNER

Megan called for you.

ELLIE

Thanks, dad.

She takes the phone.

ELLIE

Hello?

Nothing. She looks at the call waiting screen. No number listed. Ellie hands the phone back to Sumner.

ELLIE

She hung up. You must've kept her on hold for more than two seconds.

SUMNER

I'm sorry that my Mayor business was an inconvenience to Megan.

ELLIE

Meh. I'll call her back.

Sumner looks at Ellie's painting. His face runs a little white.

SUMNER

Haven't you painted every house
in Haddonfield?

ELLIE

Except this one.

SUMNER

Kind of a macabre subject, don't
you think?

ELLIE

It would be if it scared me.

Nothing about the painting screams "macabre." If anything,
it's a pretty Victorian-looking place.

SUMNER

Maybe you should call Megan back.
Spend a little less time in here.

ELLIE

I like being in here. It helps
me think.

SUMNER

As often as you're in here, you've
probably worked out the meaning
of life. But you might want to
do with a little less of it.

ELLIE

Thanks for the heads-up. Maybe I
should try out for cheerleading,
too.

Sumner kisses Ellie on the forehead.

SUMNER

Crack wise, but your mother was a
cheerleader.

Ellie tenses. Doesn't like the subject. Sumner backs off a
bit.

SUMNER

Anyway, I have to go to work,
kiddo. Have a good day.

ELLIE

You too, dad. Nice talk.

He exits. It's only now that we notice the back of the canvas, which features the title of Ellie's latest piece. It reads: "THE OLD MYERS HOUSE - 1963."

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A high-end Manhattan restaurant. The lunch rush has dwindled. A hostess wipes menus. Busboys clear tables.

SUPER: New York City.

At a table in back, a match is lit. And then brought to the tip of a Virginia Slim. The cigarette flares alight. JANE JOHANSEN - old and severe - takes a drag. She settles into her chair. Content.

JANE

So what's on your mind, dear?

Across the table from Jane sits AUTUMN HARRIS. She's late 40's. Tall and well-kept. She's never been classy, but she puts on a good front.

AUTUMN

I want to go back to Haddonfield.

Jane sighs audibly.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

You don't like the idea?

JANE

I can't believe I'm hearing it. Do you honestly think people care about Haddonfield anymore, Autumn?

AUTUMN

I care.

JANE

You care because it used to be your hometown.

AUTUMN

There is a story left to tell there. Those last murders at the Myers house --

JANE

Story? What story? Don't tell me you want to write a book about that web-cam fiasco. Did you actually watch that broadcast? Let me tell you something - Michael did those kids a favor.

AUTUMN

But Dangertainment --

JANE

The only danger, dear, was of falling asleep.

AUTUMN

Jane, that's not fair.

JANE

What is? My point is the last time anything happened in Haddonfield that was really special, really worth your time or mine, was, what, '88? '89? You put a seven year old girl in peril and you've got something. But you covered all of that in your last book.

The WAITER drops off the check. He eyes Jane's cigarette.

WAITER

I'm sorry, ma'am. There's no smoking in this section.

JANE

Isn't this the thirty percent section?

WAITER

Can I get you an ashtray?

JANE

(ashes in a wine glass)
Just the check.

The waiter feigns a smile. Shuffles off.

AUTUMN

Jane, Haddonfield was in the news just last week. The town finally had the Myers house torn down. I even saw a story about it in The New York Times.

JANE

I saw it, too, dear. On page eleven! And it was nothing more than a glorified blurb tucked in next to an ad for an off Broadway production of "The Vagina Monologues" starring Joan Van Ark.

AUTUMN

Come on, Jane. How long have we known one another? Fifteen years? How many of my books have you published?

JANE

How many of them best sellers?

AUTUMN

I prefer to ignore that comment.

JANE

I'd prefer you didn't.

AUTUMN

What are you trying to say?

JANE

Listen, Autumn, what I'm saying is simple. It's basic economics really. I'm a publisher, a very successful one. I supply the masses with books they want to read, books they demand to read - and the sad fact is they stopped demanding your books half a decade ago.

AUTUMN

But "Jezebel's Kiss" --

JANE

"Jezebel's Kiss" hit the top ten, yes, but Jesus, Autumn, that was twelve years ago. You haven't gotten back there since. And while we're getting down to it, I might as well say - that expose on the Haddonfield murders... whew, what a stinker! Critics hated it! But at least they read it. No one else did. And why did you ask to meet me today?

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

After eleven months of dodging my calls, a follow-up to "The Haddonfield Murders" is the best idea you've come up with?

AUTUMN

But the book was published in '97. What about the murders in Summer Glen? What about Laurie Strode?

JANE

What about her? Laurie Strode is dead, Autumn.

AUTUMN

They never found her body.

JANE

You think she's alive.

AUTUMN

She could be.

JANE

Her room at the sanitarium was ripped apart. Two guards were slaughtered. Laurie's blood was all over the yard.

AUTUMN

And an inmate there claimed to see Michael Myers. So what?

JANE

(exasperated)

I can see this is useless.

Jane extracts an envelope from her bag. She places it on the tabletop, slides it to Autumn. Autumn skims the contents.

AUTUMN

What is this?

JANE

It's a copy of your contract with Laramie.

AUTUMN

I know what it is. Why are you giving it to me?

JANE

I warned you six months ago,
Autumn. You're in breach, and
Laramie is cracking down.

AUTUMN

So that's it? Laramie is dumping
me?

JANE

Very good! And "The Haddonfield
Murders" critics said you lacked
instinct!

AUTUMN

Please, Jane. I just need a
little more time.

Jane gathers her bag. Gets up to leave.

JANE

I'm sorry. I've covered for you
as long as I can. As long as I
want to. Get over Michael Myers,
Autumn. He's stale - has been for
fifteen years.

Jane heads for the door.

AUTUMN

I'm going to Haddonfield, Jane.
With or without Laramie.

JANE

(over shoulder)
Send us a postcard. Something
with cows.

AUTUMN

You're going to be sorry, Jane!
Laurie Strode is alive!
(to herself)
And I'm going to prove it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAUGHTERS & SISTERS SHELTER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A nondescript building on the poor side of town. A bum digs
in a trash can by the curb. A taxi speeds by.

SUPER: Boston, Massachusetts.

INT. SHELTER - HALLWAY/GROUP MEETING ROOM - DAY

A long, dingy hallway. Cracked wallpaper. Dusty, yellowing light globes. We move toward an open door at the end of the hall. A VOICE comes from beyond.

BRENDA (O.S.)

So Ben, you know, he goes down and gets himself a job at the school. Workin' nights mostly. It's not a very good job. Janitor stuff. Takin' out the trash, cleanin' the toilets. You know.

We move through the doorway into a small room.

Several YOUNG WOMEN sit in a circle. One woman has her back turned so that we can't see her face. Another - BRENDA - haunted eyes, a cast on her arm - continues with her story. From Brenda, we move from face to face around the circle, taking them all in. Mostly a sullen lot.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

He comes home early and he likes for his breakfast to be cooked when he gets in. Eggs. Sunny side up. That's his favorite... This one morning, though, I didn't get up. Volume was down on the alarm.

We keep moving around the circle.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Ben didn't say anything when he got home. He only looked at me for the longest time. Like for five minutes he just looked at me. I got scared and tried to get up, but he pushed me back down... And then he hit me. With his fist. Then he starts kicking me, over and over again... After he left, I came here.

The lone man in the group -- DR. HENRY CLARK -- watches Brenda carefully as she talks. Henry's 45, with glasses. As we pass over him, he speaks.

HENRY

You love him, don't you?

BRENDA

Yeah, I do. I love him, but I'm scared of him, too. This isn't the first time he's done this.

We finish the circle with the woman who had her back turned. We know her as LAURIE STRODE, but to the girls at the shelter, she's Mary Lloyd. Laurie/Mary leans forward.

LAURIE

You have to stand up to your demons, Brenda.

BRENDA

How?

LAURIE

Just stop running. Fight back.

BRENDA

But, Mary, he's stronger than me.

LAURIE

You can still fight. You just have to be smarter. I spent years running from my demon. He kept coming back, over and over again. He killed a lot of my friends, and a lot of my family.

(beat)

He wanted to kill me, too.

The girls all watch Laurie intently. Spellbound.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

But eventually I got tired of running. So I stopped and set a trap for him. And then I waited...

BRENDA

So you stood up to him then. Did you kill him?

LAURIE

No...

(half-smiles)

He stabbed me in the back and dropped me off a three-story building.

A brief moment of reverence for Laurie. Of silent awe. Then the girls burst into uproarious laughter.

Laurie laughs, too, but her laughter is the first to die away. Only Henry doesn't laugh. He sits stone-faced, studying Laurie.

BRENDA

So... it was all for nothing?

LAURIE

No, it was for something. Look at me. I'm still here... right here in front of you. You can stab me, knock me around -- throw me off a building even -- but I'm not going to give up... and I'm not going to be afraid. Not anymore.

There is another moment of eerie silence in the room. Laurie has their utmost attention again.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(quieter, menacing)

And if he ever comes back for me again, I will kill him.

CUT TO:

INT. SHELTER - HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Henry sits behind his desk with an open journal before him. Henry flips through, studying the contents.

INSERT - JOURNAL

Pages and pages of notes. We catch fragments here and there--

"...Mary is extremely smart - and extremely secretive. Her name is NOT Mary Lloyd. Who is she?"

"...the girls love her. She's very good with them. Firm, resolute, but with a caring streak a mile wide. I'm considering keeping her around..."

"...she finally confided in me. Today, Mary Lloyd has a new name, and it's Laurie Strode..."

"...begun having nightmares again. About her daughter. It's cyclical, she claims, just like her drinking. Halloween is the catalyst. I worry about her..."

Henry takes a pencil and makes an entry in the journal. We WATCH as he writes:

"I got a call today from Grace Anderson Sanitarium in Illinois..."

A KNOCK comes at the door. Laurie peeks in.

LAURIE

You wanted to see me?

Henry quickly closes the file. Deposits it in a desk drawer. Inside the drawer we catch a glimpse of a plane ticket. The destination is Illinois.

Laurie notices his quick cover-up. She says nothing though.

HENRY

Yeah, come on in.

Laurie rounds the desk. Sits on the edge. And then unexpectedly... leans over to kiss him. He's unreceptive.

LAURIE

Okay, spill. What have I done now, Henry?

HENRY

That was an interesting story you told in group.

LAURIE

Interesting, huh? Is that a polite way of saying boring?

HENRY

No, not boring. With you, never boring... But I worry that you may be giving the girls bad advice.

LAURIE

How? By telling them to stand up for themselves? To face their fears?

HENRY

Facing them in their mind is one thing. Facing them in the flesh is another.

LAURIE

If I can do it, so can they.

HENRY

Maybe you should show the girls your scars sometime. Temper the melodrama with a little stone-cold reality.

LAURIE

(coy)

You never seem to mind seeing my scars.

Laurie makes another move to kiss Henry. Again he shies away.

HENRY

Oh, no. See, I've got you all figured out. First the joke to distract. Then the kiss. You're getting stale, Ms. Strode.

LAURIE

And you're getting leftovers for dinner, Dr. Clark.

HENRY

I'm serious, Laurie. No more Michael Myers homilies in group.

Laurie sighs. Gets up.

LAURIE

'Tis the season...

Henry studies her. Decides to push his luck. Laurie's past is a touchy subject with her.

HENRY

You tossed and turned all night, you know. More bad dreams?

LAURIE

Just the usual suspects.

HENRY

Michael or Jamie?

LAURIE

A little of both actually.

HENRY

Care to talk about it?

LAURIE

(testy)
Do I ever?

Henry exhales laboriously. He's obviously aggravated.

HENRY

I have to go out of town for a few days. Can you keep an eye on things here for me?

LAURIE

You sure you trust me enough?

HENRY

I should ask you the same thing.

LAURIE

(sighs)

I wouldn't have moved in with you
if I didn't trust you, Henry.

HENRY

Sleeping with someone isn't the
same as trusting them.

LAURIE

These days it is.

(smiles)

Where are you going?

Henry hesitates. He can't tell her the truth.

HENRY

New York. I've been invited to
participate in a panel on
psychosexual abuse.

LAURIE

Fancy. When do you leave?

HENRY

Tomorrow night.

Laurie's face clouds with worry. Only for a moment.

LAURIE

Tomorrow? You'll be gone on
Halloween.

HENRY

Yeah. I'm sorry. It's a nice
gig, though. You gonna be okay?

LAURIE

I'll survive.

(beat)

I always do.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY (DREAM)

An old-model station wagon. Gray. The back seat is
separated from the front seat by a wire mesh, like in a
police car. Laurie is behind the wheel. Henry is in the
passenger seat.

Through the windshield are the streets of Boston. They race
by impossibly fast.

LAURIE

Are you sorry, Henry?

HENRY

Sorry for what?

LAURIE

For telling them. For telling them who I am.

HENRY

I don't know what you're talking about. But please, Laurie, slow down!

In response, Laurie floors the accelerator.

Ahead the road has changed. We're outside the city now, on a deserted country highway. The sun is going down.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Where are we?

LAURIE

We're going home. To Haddonfield.

HENRY

Not so much as a sign for five miles on this road.

Laurie glances over into the passenger seat, but Henry is gone. Bathed in shadow is a bald man with a goatee. He's wearing a trench coat -- DR. LOOMIS.

LOOMIS

It's the beauty of the countryside, Laurie. I thrive on it!

LAURIE

He's back, you know.

LOOMIS

Of course he is, dear. He never really left. None of us do.

Loomis throws Laurie a sly grin. Then he motions into the backseat, tapping the wire mesh with his cane. Laurie peers into the rearview. Gasps.

On the other side of the mesh cage sits a little girl in a clown costume. Seven years old. Her mask and costume are splattered with blood. It's JAMIE LLOYD. She clutches a pair of scissors. Raises them.

JAMIE

It's the Nightmare Man, Mommy. He came to get me.

Laurie's gaze returns to the road ahead. It's now grown dark. Night has fallen. Beyond the glow of the station wagon's headlights, a road sign speeds by. HIGHWAY 18.

LOOMIS

You've certainly made a mess of things, haven't you dear?

LAURIE

I've moved on. I'm going to forget.

LOOMIS

But will He?

Loomis raises his cane again, taps on the windshield.

Standing in the middle of the highway is a man wearing a pale, featureless Halloween mask. It's THE SHAPE. He raises a huge kitchen knife.

Laurie floors it, an intense hatred burning in her eyes.

Suddenly the Shape vanishes, the highway with it, and the station wagon is air born. A tree appears out of nowhere and the car slams into it.

EXT. HIGHWAY 18 - NIGHT (DREAM)

Laurie and Loomis stand on the highway's shoulder. Near them, the station wagon is wrapped around a fat oak tree. Fire licks out from beneath the hood.

LOOMIS

You have to go now! Hurry!
They'll come soon!

LAURIE

But Jamie...

Laurie stumbles down a slope toward the station wagon.

LOOMIS

Don't worry about her. I'll watch
out for her!

In the back seat of the wagon, Jamie, still in costume, pounds mercilessly on the back glass with her scissors.

JAMIE
 (muffled)
 Mommy, help me! Don't leave me!

Suddenly the station wagon explodes in a huge fireball. The world goes black as Laurie is thrown to the ground.

Then, as Laurie opens her eyes, we see the night sky above. Stars twinkle. Crickets chirp. And suddenly, the sky is blocked out as the form of the Shape looms over her. He reaches down with impossibly long arms, as if reaching across time and space.

LAURIE (O.S.)
 No! NO! NOOOO!

Laurie thrusts up at the Shape with a huge kitchen knife. It thuds into his chest, tapping a geyser of blood. The mask glows red, then orange, then begins to morph into something else...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laurie snaps awake. She lies on her side, shivering. Sweating ice. She clutches herself, her sheets, making sure she's here, alive and well in her own bed.

Suddenly an arm snakes over her shoulder and wraps around her throat. She screams bloody murder.

Henry pops up in bed behind her.

HENRY
 Settle down. It's just me.

Laurie stares, disbelieving, then allows Henry to curl up to her back. She continues to stare into the darkness, as if waiting for it to beckon her. Knowing eventually it will.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A car motors down a residential street lit by street lamps. This is one of the wealthier areas of Haddonfield. All of the houses are old two and three-story numbers with wellkept lawns and paved drives. The car stops at one such house.

IAN and MARIE JOHNSON - a 30-something couple, dressed formally - climb out of the car and enter the house through the garage.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Ian helps Marie inside. She's had one too many to drink.

IAN
Jenny, we're home!

Marie leans in on her husband.

MARIE
I think I'm going to be sick.

IAN
Not in front of the baby-sitter.
I told you to take it easy on the
White Russians.

As the pair passes the dining room, Ian notices the patio door is ajar. He frowns.

IAN (CONT'D)
Stay here, hon...

Ian leaves his wife on the sofa in the living room and enters the dining room. He peers into the backyard. Slides the patio door closed. Bolts it. Then he turns... and freezes.

On the dining room wall is a framed family photo. Ian and Marie are pictured along with their six year-old son, Christian. A giant kitchen blade has been driven through the child's face and into the wall.

IAN (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Jenny? Christian!?

Ian takes a step back toward the living room. It's as far as he gets. In the kitchen floor beyond the bar lies the family dog in a pool of blood. The animal's tongue juts between his canines. His eyes are black and glassy.

IAN (CONT'D)
Dear God...

Suddenly a SCREAM rips through the quiet house. It comes from upstairs.

Ian races out of the kitchen, through the living room, and up a winding staircase.

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

At the end of a hallway, Marie cowers in an open doorway, mouth agape, staring at something unseen. Her husband pushes past her into the bedroom. He freezes.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A Lite Bright with a jack-o'-lantern pattern glows on the night stand. In its eerie orange light, two teenagers (JENNY and RICHIE) are visible lying on the bed. Both of their throats have been slashed. Their limbs are intertwined in a death embrace.

IAN

Christian?...

(to Marie)

Where's Christian?!

Marie only sobs. She can't seem to tear her eyes away from the ghastly image on her son's bed. The mattress is soaked through with blood.

A SOUND comes from the closet. Ian turns. Hurries over. He tears open the closet door to find --

CHRISTIAN curled up in a ball between a toy box and a shoe rack. He says nothing, only gazes into the darkness as if he doesn't see his father. He cradles his legs, rocking softly...

IAN (CONT'D)

Christian!

Ian sweeps his son up in his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. ART BUILDING - DAY

A quaint little building apart from the main high school. Fifteen tables are arranged around the room, two students at each. MRS. BOYLES has a desk near the door.

Ellie sits in the back with her friend MEGAN. She's 17 and black, with attitude to spare. Both are bent over drawings.

Mrs. Boyles rises and takes the floor. In her hands she clutches a painting in a brown paper wrapper.

MRS. BOYLES

Some of you may remember the contest I told you all about at the end of the last school year. Art students from across the state were invited to submit pieces which best represented the historical legacies of their hometowns.

(MORE)

MRS. BOYLES (CONT'D)

The winners, as I said, would have their works included in the Winter issue of The Illinois Review.

Ellie looks up from her drawing.

MRS. BOYLES (CONT'D)

At first I was a tad disappointed because only one of you chose to submit a piece. However, I'm now pleased to announce that student's work has been chosen, not just for inclusion in the magazine, but for -- drum roll, please -- the cover. That lucky girl is none other than our own little Van Gogh, Ellie Sumner.

Ellie flashes a patronizing smile. There is applause, only some of it genuine. Whispers of "brown nose" and "Mayor's daughter" come from the back of the room.

MRS. BOYLES (CONT'D)

Come on up and get your painting, dear. The magazine will be out at Thanksgiving.

Ellie trudges up to the front of the room, takes the wrapped painting. As she returns to her seat, Megan is sizing up the drawings on the table. Megan's is rather unlovely.

MEGAN

You make me sick, Ellie.

ELLIE

Nice.

MEGAN

No, it's a compliment. There's nothing you can't do.

ELLIE

I can't get a date.

MEGAN

You don't want one.

ELLIE

You have a point.

MEGAN

What's your painting of?

ELLIE

It's nothing.

MEGAN

Oh, come on. Let me see!

ELLIE

Really, Megan. I told Mrs. Boyles not to make such a big deal out of it. She insisted on telling everyone.

MEGAN

Why the big secret?

ELLIE

No secret. It's just personal.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Ellie and Megan watch as PRINCIPAL HOUGHTON -- a fat, balding man -- enters. He hands Mrs. Boyles a sheet of paper. She looks it over, sets it down on her desk, and they begin chatting quietly. Both of their faces are grave. Principal Houghton ushers Mrs. Boyles outside.

Through a window, Ellie and Megan can see the two talking. Principal Houghton places a hand on Mrs. Boyles' shoulder.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I wonder what's up. Looks pretty serious.

MEGAN

I bet they're having an affair.

ELLIE

Would you have an affair with Mrs. Boyles?

MEGAN

I would if I looked like Mr. Houghton.

ELLIE

You've been watching too many repeats of "Knots Landing."

MEGAN

It's good, girl!

Ellie gets up and heads for Mrs. Boyles' desk.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ELLIE

To sharpen my pencil. Keep an eye out.

MEGAN

Ellie, no!

Megan waves her back, but Ellie's already at Mrs. Boyles' desk. Megan leans back in her chair. Peeks out the window. Trying hard to be clandestine and failing miserably.

Ellie pries the shavings receptacle off of a pencil sharpener mounted on the edge of Mrs. Boyles' desk. She pretends to empty it into a waste basket as she leans in to read the note Principal Houghton delivered.

INSERT - NOTE

As Ellie scans the scrawled note, the words "JENNY LEWIS AND RICHARD SAYER FOUND MURDERED LAST NIGHT" jump out at us.

Ellie returns to her chair, visibly shaken.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

A love poem, huh? I knew it.

ELLIE

Jenny Lewis and Richie Sayer were killed last night.

MEGAN

What? How?

ELLIE

They were murdered.

MEGAN

Oh my God! I've got to call Leslie!

Megan digs a phone out of her bag.

Ellie, meanwhile, takes out her award-winning painting, the one that will be featured on the cover of The Illinois Review. She slides it out of its wrapper. Studies it.

The painting is a very good rendering of the Wallace house circa Halloween night, 1978. On the porch is a glowing jacko'-lantern. In the moonlit clouds above the roof lurks the ghostly face of Michael Myers.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY AND LAURIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The phone RINGS as a key scrapes into the front door. Laurie hurries in, a bag of groceries in her arms, and snatches up the cordless. She glances at the Caller ID. It reads: TATE, JOHN. She answers.

LAURIE
(into phone)
Don't even start.

Laurie moves to the kitchen. Deposits the groceries on the bar. There is a newspaper wedged in with the groceries. Laurie heads for the bedroom.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Just called to say 'hi,' huh?
Like I buy that. No one ever
calls me the week before Halloween
just to say 'hi.'

Laurie places her shoes in the closet, slides out of her jacket, and returns to the living room. She flips on the TV as she breezes past. It's tuned to Headline News.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll play. Hi, John. How
are you?... Yeah, I got a call
from Molly last week. She said
the same thing. You should be
nicer to her... Yeah, yeah. It's
never your fault.

In the kitchen again, Laurie begins shelving groceries. She sets the newspaper aside. It unfurls on the counter top.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Oh, no. Here we go... No, I will
not come stay with you two. I'm
a big girl. I can cope. Besides,
there's nothing to cope with.
Maybe I have a nightmare here and
there, and, sure, I get a little
jittery when someone knocks at
the door unexpectedly, but I'm
fine. And I've got Henry here.
He's good for me... John, I'm
your mother. Eighty-six the sex
jokes, okay?... Yes, I'm very
proud of you for having a healthy
sex life. I'll be even prouder
when you make me a grandchild. A
girl, if you please.

Laurie takes out a pot, fills it with water. She crumbles some noodles. Places the pot on the stove. Turns it on.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Okay, yes, I promise. I'll be fine though. Halloween is just another day, right? And I've lived through it before. A few times... Thanks for the call, John. Really... And hide Molly's diaphragm for me... Love you, too, hon. See you at Thanksgiving. Bye.

Laurie hangs up the phone, smiling. She checks the noodles on the stove, picks up the newspaper. Her smile fades.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

On the front page is a picture of the Johnson home in Haddonfield. A headline above the photo reads: "HADDONFIELD HORROR - 2 Killed in Mysterious Slashing."

Laurie drops the paper, backs away. A report from the TV behind her catches her attention.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

...two bodies were found upstairs in a home in Haddonfield, Illinois late last night.

Laurie spins.

ON THE TELEVISION

Two bodies are carted out of the Johnson home in the early morning hours as police officials and paramedics mill about.

ANCHORMAN (V.O., CONT'D)

The young victims were apparently baby-sitting when someone broke into the home and murdered them with what early reports suggest was probably a large blade of some type. No suspects have been confirmed, but local authorities are quick to stress these are isolated murders and have no apparent connection to--

Laurie lunges into the bathroom and vomits in the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD POLICE STATION - DAY

An old building. Tired and weathered.

Suddenly the front door is thrown open. In strolls Autumn Harris, brazen, as if she owns the place. The officer working the desk -- BILLY -- glances up. He's young and green.

BILLY

Can I help you, ma'am?

AUTUMN

I'll bet you can. My name is Autumn Harris. I'm here to speak with Sheriff Meeker.

BILLY

Ben's busy just now. Did you have an --

AUTUMN

I'd like to ask him some questions about the murders last night. About the Lewis girl and her boyfriend.

BILLY

(losing interest)
Press conference is tonight at eight. Ben will --

AUTUMN

Young man, I'm not just any old run of-the-mill newshound. I grew up here. I wrote the best seller "The Haddonfield Murders." Perhaps you've read it?

BILLY

I only read fiction.

MEEKER (O.S.)

Well, do yourself a favor, Billy. Pick up a copy of Autumn's book.

BEN MEEKER steps out of his office. Comes over. Fifteen years older, but he hasn't lost his swagger. Nor his distaste for bullshit.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

It's a real page-turner.

(to Autumn)

Well, well, Ms. Autumn Harris. I wondered how long it would be before you graced us with your presence. I bet tomorrow, so looks like I lost the pool.

AUTUMN

Oh, now, Sheriff, never bet on me to be predictable.

MEEKER

Only thing predictable about you, lady, is that when death is in the air, you can't be far behind.

BILLY

You know her, Ben?

MEEKER

Sure do. And you stick around, you will, too. Ms. Harris here will be the first to tell ya, if it wasn't for Michael Myers, she'd be Haddonfield's most famous former citizen.

Autumn beams.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

Sad thing is she's even less popular around these parts than ol' Doc Loomis was, if you can imagine. Ain't that right, Ms. Harris?

AUTUMN

Oh, come on! My arrival isn't exactly a harbinger of doom.

MEEKER

No. Just bad taste. Now what is it you think I can do for you today, Autumn?

AUTUMN

Well, now that you've brought it up, I'd like to know what you're doing to stop whoever killed those poor kids.

MEEKER

We've got a few leads.

AUTUMN

Were any messages scrawled in blood found on any walls? Any family portraits missing from the victims' homes?

MEEKER

What are you getting at?

AUTUMN

Surely someone in your department has considered the possibility that the Lewis girl or her boyfriend could be distant relatives of the Myers or Strodes...

MEEKER

Autumn, don't start. These were isolated murders. Every town has something like this happen every so often. It's just a fact of life.

AUTUMN

Come on, Ben! This isn't just any old town. This is Haddonfield. You can't so much as sneeze around here without someone blaming it on Michael Myers.

MEEKER

Times have changed, Autumn. Michael Myers is dead. He hasn't been in some sanitarium somewhere plotting his return to Haddonfield for the last three years. He's been in the ground. I saw the dirt tossed over him myself. And I'll tell you something else -- about the last thing this town needs right now is some gold-digging busybody stirring up talk that Myers has returned. Understood?

AUTUMN

Ever hear of the First Amendment, Sheriff? It's one of those pesky little civilian freedoms you're paid to protect. Besides, I'm only pointing out the obvious.

MEEKER

Like in your book?

AUTUMN

Ben! Surely you're not still holding a grudge about the book? Why, I never so much as implied that it was the police department's fault that forty-two people died in 1988 and '89 when Michael returned. Or that because of your incompetence those drunken hillbillies stormed around town blowing away innocent bystanders. Or that you couldn't even stop Myers from slaughtering your own daughter, let alone Jamie Lloyd.

MEEKER

(thin-lipped)

Autumn, as always, it was a pleasure. Billy, if you'd escort Ms. Harris to her car now? If word is out she's back in town, there could be a lynch mob waiting in the parking lot.

AUTUMN

It's okay, young Bill. I'm a thorough reporter. I had the foresight to bring along my billy club.

Autumn swaggers toward the exit.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(over shoulder)

Sticks and stones, Sheriff. See you at the press conference.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIE'S JEEP - DAY

Ellie drives her Jeep home from school along tree-lined streets. Megan rides shotgun. In the back is LESLIE, 18, the Prom Queen type.

ELLIE

I just can't believe it. It's all anyone could talk about today at school.

LESLIE

Isn't it awful? I was on annual staff with her.

ELLIE

She was only sixteen. And Richie Sayer had just turned seventeen. Such a waste.

MEGAN

It's a waste all right. For a white boy, Richie was kind of cute.

ELLIE

Megan!

MEGAN

Oh, lighten up, Ellie. I'm only playing. He's a sophomore anyhow. I only go out with college men.

LESLIE

You don't know any college men!

MEGAN

I do, too. I meet them all the time on the internet.

LESLIE

Geeks, Megan. Those are geeks.

MEGAN

Whatever, you're just mad 'cause your boyfriend's gay.

LESLIE

Megan, I've told you a hundred times -- Josh isn't gay.

MEGAN

How long you been going out with him?

LESLIE

Two years, three months, and sixteen days.

MEGAN

And you're still a virgin?

LESLIE

He wants to wait for marriage.

MEGAN

Gay!

Leslie shifts in the backseat. Ellie's painting is taking up most of her leg room.

LESLIE

What is this, by the way?

ELLIE

It's my painting. The one I did for the Illinois Review contest.

Leslie slides the picture out of its wrapping.

LESLIE

Michael Myers, Ellie? You need a new hobby.

ELLIE

Mrs. Boyles wanted to put it up in the library.

LESLIE

Morbid bitch. Why didn't she?

ELLIE

I wouldn't let her.

LESLIE

Why not?

Ellie shrugs.

MEGAN

Ellie thinks her dad would freak out. He just tore the Myers house down after all.

LESLIE

Good call.

MEGAN

Ellie, can we stop by the Discount Mart?

ELLIE

What for?

MEGAN

I need some poster board for the Festival.

ELLIE

Sure.

The girls pull up to the curb in front of Leslie's house. Leslie gathers her things.

LESLIE

When are you going to get your ass a car anyway, Megan? I know your Dad can afford it, what with his lucrative janitor salary and all.

MEGAN

Shut up, bitch. And I have a car. It just needs some oil and a new tire.

LESLIE

And someone with a tow truck to steal it.

MEGAN

Oh yeah?
(flounders)
Well... your boyfriend's gay!

Leslie hops out of the jeep laughing. She flips Megan the bird as she crosses her lawn.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Call me!

Ellie pilots the jeep back onto the street. She's lost in thought.

MEGAN

He is though, you know.

ELLIE

He is what?

MEGAN

Hi there, Ellie. Welcome back to Earth. Gay. Her boyfriend is gay.

ELLIE

Sorry, I'm just a little distracted today...

MEGAN

(under breath)
And every other day.

ELLIE

...double-murder and all. And he's not gay. He plays football.

MEGAN

Yeah, I hear he's going to make All State this year. Widest receiver this town has ever seen.

They both laugh.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Seriously, though, El... you okay?

ELLIE

I'm fine. The murders just bring it all back, you know?

MEGAN

Just don't let your imagination run away with you.

ELLIE

It's Haddonfield. I'm used to it. It's Dad I'm worried about. He's going to be nuts until this thing gets solved.

MEGAN

He'll be fine. He's strong. You both are.

Megan smiles at Ellie. Ellie smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY AND LAURIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Henry enters with a key. Instinctively, he knows something is wrong. Smoke billows from the kitchen. He hurries in, sees the pot on the stove. It's a smoking mess. He turns off the burner.

HENRY

Laurie? You here?

Henry moves down the hall into the bedroom. He spots Laurie on the bed. She is wide-eyed, seemingly catatonic, staring into space. On the night stand is an open bottle of pills.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh God! Laurie!

Henry rushes over, shakes her, checks her pupils. He fishes a cell phone out of his pocket. Dials 911.

LAURIE

(weak)

Wait.

Surprised, Henry hangs up the phone. Picks up the pills.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I didn't take them.

Laurie sits up on the bed.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I'm drunk, but I didn't take them.

HENRY

Laurie, what's wrong with you?
You scared the hell out of me.

LAURIE

Two kids were killed. In
Haddonfield.

HENRY

I heard it on the radio. It
doesn't mean anything.

LAURIE

To the untrained eye.

HENRY

What's that supposed to mean?

LAURIE

It means you may be a hell of a
shrink, but you don't know
jackshit about Michael Myers.

HENRY

I'm not going to fight with you.

LAURIE

Good, because I don't have the
energy.

HENRY

So what now?

LAURIE

What do you mean, 'what now'?

HENRY

Can I look forward to another six months of booze-hound, pill-popping Laurie Strode?

LAURIE

I didn't take the god-damned pills!

HENRY

You obviously thought about it. What changed your mind?

LAURIE

I thought of Jamie.

Henry nods. He's hurt.

HENRY

Jamie's dead, Laurie. I'm still very much alive. And so is John.

Laurie crawls out of bed, heads for the bathroom.

LAURIE

If you say so.

Henry sighs. He sits on the edge of the bed, takes out his phone, dials.

HENRY

(into phone)
Hi, Margie. Is Jarrod around?

LAURIE

(turns)
What are you doing?

HENRY

I'm canceling my trip to New York.

LAURIE

Why?

HENRY

Because you need me more than they do.

Laurie comes over, sits beside him, hangs up the phone.

LAURIE

You're not canceling your trip.

HENRY

Why shouldn't I?

LAURIE

Because you'll resent me for it.
And because I don't need you here.

HENRY

You really scared me, you know.

LAURIE

I'm sorry, Henry. I freaked out.

HENRY

And you'll never do it again, right?

Laurie looks at him, almost smiles. They both know better.

LAURIE

Go to New York. Please.

HENRY

I'll go to New York if you'll
make me a promise.

LAURIE

Shoot.

HENRY

Promise me you won't go to
Haddonfield while I'm gone.

Laurie eyes Henry. Considering.

LAURIE

Promise.

CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD CHILDREN'S CLINIC - NIGHT

Meeker stands in a long corridor with DR. JANNING, the
hospital's administrator. They talk quietly.

DR. JANNING

Just for the record - I don't
feel right about this, Meeker.

MEEKER

Settle down, Janning. Where are
the parents?

DR. JANNING

The father went home to get a
shower. Mother's asleep down the
hall. I'm giving you five minutes.

MEEKER

I'll only need three.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Meeker enters. Christian sits in a chair gazing out the window. His back is turned.

MEEKER

How you doing, Christian? I'm Sheriff Meeker. Remember me? I came down to your school last year to talk about being a policeman.

The boy gives no response.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

You asked if you could see my gun. You remember that?

Still only silence.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

Well, I brought it with me today. In case you'd like to take a peek.

Meeker goes over to the boy. Places a large hand on Christian's shoulder. Kneels beside him.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

What are you looking at out there, son? What do you see?

CHRISTIAN

(faint whisper)
Jenny.

MEEKER

Did you say Jenny?

Christian nods gently.

CHRISTIAN

The ghost... the ghost got her.

MEEKER

You don't believe in ghosts, now do you, Christian? Ghosts are just make-believe.

Christian shakes his head. Faces Meeker.

CHRISTIAN

The ghost with the white face.

Meeker's face goes dark. He swallows hard, deciding whether or not to push the boy. He reaches into his jacket pocket. Takes out a drawing. Unfolds it.

INSERT - DRAWING

A police sketch of Michael Myers.

MEEKER

Is this the ghost you're talking about, son?

Christian eyes the drawing. Suddenly his arm shoots out, clutches Meeker's coat.

CHRISTIAN

He's coming back.

Meeker recoils. Spooked. He puts the drawing away.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

He's going to get you, too.

Suddenly the door opens. Janning leans in.

DR. JANNING

Okay, Meeker. Time's up.

Meeker turns.

MEEKER

Coming.

When Meeker turns back, Christian is staring out the window again. It's as if he never spoke at all.

CUT TO:

INT. SUMNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellie makes her way around the dining room table, clearing dishes.

SUMNER (O.S.)

(from kitchen)

So I ran into Clara Boyles today at the bank.

ELLIE

Oh yeah?

SUMNER (O.S.)

Yeah.

Ellie waits for more. None comes.

ELLIE

Wow, Dad, that's such a coincidence.
I ran into her today, too. In class.

SUMNER (O.S.)

She said you've been turning in
some really great work.

ELLIE

Well, it's what I do, Dad. I paint.

Ellie gathers up the last load of plates and carries them into the kitchen. Sumner is at the sink washing dishes. He doesn't turn.

SUMNER

Clara says you even have a
painting that's been accepted for
publication in The Illinois Review.
Part of some contest or something.

ELLIE

(under her breath)
Busybody cow.

SUMNER

What?

ELLIE

Nothing. Did you have a point?

SUMNER

The Illinois Review, hon? Doesn't
that seem like something you might
run home to tell your old man about?

ELLIE

I stopped running home when I was
twelve, Dad. Besides, you
wouldn't have approved.

SUMNER

Approved of what? My daughter's
burgeoning art career?

ELLIE

Of the subject matter.

SUMNER

And just what is the subject matter?

ELLIE

You already know, so just grab the podium already, will you?

Sumner turns to his daughter.

SUMNER

I just don't think your painting is what this town needs right now. And this obsession you have with Michael Myers - honey, it's just unhealthy.

ELLIE

And your obsession isn't?

SUMNER

I'm not obsessed.

ELLIE

Yes, you are! You moved us back here because of what Michael Myers did to Mom. And you ran for mayor - why?

SUMNER

Ellie --

ELLIE

And don't get me started on that whole Myers house deal! Dad, you and the rest of your friends down at City Hall can go on pretending Michael Myers never happened as long as you want, but it doesn't change anything. Michael Myers is as much a part of this town's heritage - of our family's heritage - as you or me. So don't expect me to follow your lead. He killed my mother, and I can't forget that. I won't.

SUMNER

Ellie, I'm not asking you to forget. I'm asking you to try to understand what I'm doing for this town.

ELLIE

But I don't, Dad! I don't understand why you're trying to erase the past. To act as if none of it ever happened.

SUMNER

In order for Haddonfield to have a future, the town has to start fresh. We all have to do our part to make that happen.

ELLIE

I'm not one of your constituents, Dad, so don't talk to me like one.

SUMNER

Fair enough, Ellie. But don't talk to me like I've forgotten what happened to your mother. Because I haven't.

ELLIE

I know you haven't. That's my point. You remember, but you want everyone else to forget.

CUT TO:

INT. SHELTER - LAURIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Laurie sits behind her desk, examining case files. She stretches. Looks at the clock. Her gaze is drawn across the hall to Henry's office. The door is ajar. She gets up. Crosses the hall and enters.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Laurie rounds Henry's desk. Takes a seat in his chair.

She eyes a drawer, the one Henry deposited his journal in the day before. She tugs on it. It's locked.

Laurie sits back. Contemplating. Looking a little guilty. Then she digs out a pair of scissors and pries the drawer open. It gives with a POP.

Laurie extracts the journal. She opens it, flips through.

INSERT - JOURNAL

As before, pages and pages of entries. Laurie stops at one. The entry reads:

"...I contacted Grace Anderson Sanitarium today. Part of me hates myself for it, but I know it's the right thing to do."

Laurie's face goes blank. Her mouth begins to tremble. She exits the office, taking the journal with her.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF HADDONFIELD LIBRARY - NIGHT

A big, sprawling place which - much like the rest of Haddonfield - is sliding into a state of disrepair.

Seriously understaffed with out-of-date fliers on the bulletin boards and technology straight out of the Dark Ages.

INT. MICROFICHE ROOM - NIGHT

Autumn is at a machine, scrolling and reading.

Articles dart by with headlines like "7 Dead in Latest Halloween Killings," "Webcast Murders Under Investigation," "Dangertainment Promoter Facing Lawsuit."

The scrolling stops.

"MYERS DEAD: Serial Killer Interred Today" fills the screen.

Autumn scans the article. A name which we do not see catches her attention. She thumbs through a stack of recent issues of The Haddonfield Gazette beside her. Tugs one out.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

Autumn skims the pages. A headline jumps out at us --"Myers House: Landmark?" Autumn reads the article under her breath.

AUTUMN

(reading)

"In opposition to Mayor Sumner's plan, Joe Alves, a retired mortician and Haddonfield resident of thirtyseven years, believes the house should remain where it stands on Lampkin Lane."

Autumn takes an old spiral notebook from her bag, flips through it. Just as she locates the page she's looking for, her cell phone RINGS. She takes her time in answering it.

Several students glare at her from across the room.

Autumn answers the phone. Doesn't even try to be quiet.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Oh, Jane, hi!... No, I was expecting your call. Anticipating it, even... Well, I'm having a wonderful time here. Haddonfield in the fall -there's nothing like it.

Autumn heads for the microfiche filing cabinet. Moving quickly. She knows exactly what she's after. She brings the phone along.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Is that so? The book is selling like mad, you say?... Well, thank you, Jane. I'm glad Laramie is so enthusiastic.

Autumn rifles through a microfiche cabinet, finds the reel she's looking for. She returns to her table, paying no mind to the CHORUS OF SHH's that follows her.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Yes, it is too bad they severed my contract. But you'll be happy to know that I'm putting together some really great stuff for the follow up. This sequel's going to turn some heads to be sure... The manuscript? I don't know. Odds and ends. I hope to have it done by January.

Autumn threads the new microfiche reel into her machine.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, to be quite honest, I don't think they have a clue. The press conference was a joke... Yeah, well thanks again, Jane. For everything. But I have to be going now - I have Doubleday calling on the other line... Mmmhmm. You, too. Bye-bye.

Autumn hangs up, smiling from ear to ear. Serving crow is much more fun than eating it.

Across the aisle a GRAD STUDENT stares and taps his pencil. Autumn snarls at him. Goes back to her research.

ON THE MICROFICHE SCREEN

An old issue of The Haddonfield Gazette. From November of 1978. We don't see which article.

Autumn smiles again. Big.

As she gathers her materials to leave, she tears out the article she was reading and adds it to her things -- after all, copies are expensive.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - CHECKOUT DESK - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

ABBY MILLS, a cute grad student, looks up as Autumn comes up.

ABBY

May I help you?

AUTUMN

I couldn't help but notice you don't have "The Haddonfield Murders" in your card catalog.

ABBY

Yeah, we couldn't keep it on the shelf. Someone kept tearing all of the pages out and leaving the spine in a urinal on the third floor.

AUTUMN

And you have no plans to replace it?

ABBY

Well, after you go through six copies, you have to draw the line. Try B. Dalton. It's always in stock.

AUTUMN

(smug)

I'll do that. Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Autumn makes her way down a windblown sidewalk that runs from the library to a parking lot nearby. The lot is mostly empty. The wind carries DISTANT CHEERS from a pep rally.

At her car Autumn tosses her bag inside and pauses. Something appears to have caught her attention in a nearby grove of trees. She strains to see.

AUTUMN
 (nervously)
 Is someone there?

Other than the rough wind in the trees, there is no discernible movement. The grove and the surrounding campus are deserted.

Satisfied she's alone, Autumn climbs into her car.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY AND LAURIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laurie sits cross-legged before a dying fire, examining Henry's journal - the one she found in his office. A KNOCK comes at the door. Instantly, Laurie is on her feet and alert. She hides the journal in her bedroom before moving into the bathroom. She reaches under the sink. Extracts a pistol. A six-shooter. The kind of weapon Dr. Loomis would wield.

Back in the living room, Laurie approaches the locked door with the gun drawn. She leans to the peephole... then tucks the gun into the back of her jeans. She cracks the door.

A man in his mid-forties stands before her. MATT HEFFNER.

LAURIE
 Yes?

HEFFNER
 Are you Mary?

LAURIE
 Yes. Do I know you?

HEFFNER
 My name's Matt Heffner. I'm a friend of Henry's.

Laurie doesn't make a move to let him in.

HEFFNER (CONT'D)
 Do you suppose I could come in for a moment?

Laurie smiles belatedly. Opens the door. She has to remind herself often not to look paranoid.

LAURIE
 Sure. I'm sorry. I just wasn't expecting company.

HEFFNER

No worries. I know it's late. Is Henry around?

Heffner moves into the living room, looks around. Laurie follows.

LAURIE

He's in New York for a few days. How do you know Henry?

HEFFNER

We went to Princeton together. Haven't seen him in a few years.

LAURIE

Really? What do you do now?

HEFFNER

I have a practice. In Illinois.
(beat)
Ever been there?

Laurie is instantly on the defensive.

LAURIE

Never. I'm from the South. Arkansas.

HEFFNER

Arkansas? You don't have much of an accent.

LAURIE

Voice coaching. At my mother's insistence. And I haven't lived there in years.

An awkward beat. Laurie seems to be growing increasingly anxious. She and Heffner eye one another.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

But where are my manners? Please. Have a seat.

Heffner laughs. Takes a seat on the sofa.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Would you like something to drink?

Laurie heads for the kitchen. Quickly.

HEFFNER

Coffee would be nice. Thanks.

In the kitchen, Laurie begins to breathe heavily, a panic attack threatening. She can sense something is very wrong about this man's visit. The kitchen has two exits. A second doorway leads into the hall.

HEFFNER (O.S.; CONT'D)

You and Henry must be pretty close.
Living together and all.

LAURIE

We enjoy each other's company.

Laurie peers around the second doorway. Heffner is still on the sofa with his back to her. She darts down the hallway into her bedroom. Snatches up Henry's journal with shaky hands.

INSERT - JOURNAL

Laurie flips through the pages frantically. She arrives at the last entry. Scans it. We catch the following bit:

"...got a call today from Grace Anderson Sanitarium in Illinois. A guy named Heffner. He asked me about Laurie..."

Laurie peeks into the hallway. In the living room Heffner is standing near the fireplace. In his hands is a framed photograph of John and his girlfriend Molly. He studies it.

Laurie ducks back into the bedroom. The panic attack is coming on strong now. Laurie fights it. Hurries to her closet. Tugs out a suitcase. Throws some clothes in. She grabs her purse from the night stand. Moves to the bedroom window. Raises the sash.

EXT. BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Laurie crawls from her apartment onto a rickety staircase. She closes the window and descends quickly, suitcase in tow.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie hails a taxi. She climbs in.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The greasy TAXI DRIVER looks back at Laurie.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

Laurie says nothing. She's shaking. After a moment, she finds her voice.

LAURIE
You go to Illinois?

The taxi driver raises an eyebrow.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
The bus station then.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - CHECKOUT DESK - NIGHT

Abby checks in the last of the day's returns. JEFF CUNNINGHAM approaches. He's cute. About Abby's age.

JEFF
Will you do the honors?

ABBY
With pleasure.

Abby fiddles with the intercom. Presses a couple of buttons.

ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)
(robotic, over P.A.)
The University of Haddonfield
Library will be closing in ten
minutes. Please proceed to the
checkout counter with any
materials you wish to borrow.
Thank you.

JEFF
If you'll do the walk-through,
I'll finish checking those in.

Abby glances at the stack of books on the desk. It's tiny.

ABBY
No way, Jeff! What do I look
like? A Freshman?

JEFF
Come on, Abby. I'll take you to
dinner on Friday.

ABBY
Where?

JEFF
The Husker Hut?

Abby snorts.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Okay, okay. The Haddonfield Grill.

ABBY
And a movie after.

JEFF
Fine. But something gory.

ABBY
Deal.

Abby swings around the counter. Heads for the elevator.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(over her shoulder)
But not the drive-in, Jeff. I'm
not faking anymore orgasms for you.

A STUDENT approaches the checkout counter with an arm-load of books. He raises an eyebrow at Jeff.

JEFF
I didn't hear her complaining
last night.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Abby strolls quickly through the library, glancing up and down aisles.

Near the elevator bay she notices an open carrel doorway. It's dark inside. She moves in slowly.

ABBY
Hello? The library is closing.

As if to back her up the PA system blares again.

ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)
The University of Haddonfield
Library is now closed. Please
exit the building. Thank you.

Abby steps inside the carrel. Flicks on the light.

The small room is empty, but a window is open in the corner. A sturdy tree limb is visible beyond. Abby backs out of the carrel. Hurriedly. She's crept out.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

Jeff approaches the front doors with a ring of keys. To his right he catches a quick glimpse of a SHADOWY FIGURE stepping into the stairwell.

Jeff turns.

JEFF

Hello?

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Abby mounts the elevator. Presses the button for the lobby. The doors whoosh shut. She eyes the counter nervously.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

As the elevator doors part, Abby steps into the lobby.

ABBY

Jeff? Did you lock up?

She moves to the checkout counter, skirts it. Jeff is gone.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Jeff, please answer me. I found an open window on the third floor. Did you open any carrels tonight?

Still no answer. Abby reaches for the phone.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Fine. But I'm calling Dr. Montgomery. There's a murderer on the loose after all.

Abby brings the phone to her ear. No dial tone.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Damn it. Jeff!

Abby reaches under the desk. Tugs out her purse. She paws the contents.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Jeff, have you seen my phone?

Abby shoulders her purse and heads for the front doors.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I'm leaving, Jeff. I'm going to drive down to the police station. If you're fucking around --

Abby pushes on the front door. It's locked. She tries another. Same results.

ABBY (CONT'D)

JEFF!

VOICE (O.S.)

(weak)

Help me.

Abby spins. The voice came from the stairwell. Abby approaches. Grabs up a huge dictionary. Wields it.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Marbled steps lead up and down. There's no one around.

Abby steps inside. She climbs to the first landing. The door CLICKS shut behind her.

ABBY

Jeff? Is anybody there?

Suddenly the lights go out. Abby screams.

An emergency lamp snaps on, bathing the stairs in a strange orange hue.

Abby returns to the first floor exit. She tugs the handle. It won't give. The doors lock when the power fails.

ABBY (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Abby hurries up the steps to the second floor, tries the door. No luck.

She peers up at the third floor landing. The door has been propped open, almost as if someone wants her to come that way. She climbs to the landing. She has no choice.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

At the far end of the floor - fifty yards away - is the open carrel. It's visible in the glow of a security lamp.

Abby steels herself. Then runs like mad.

Half way down the aisle, she stumbles over something in her path. She hits the carpet. Hard. She flails about in the darkness. Disoriented.

Abby sits up to find herself face-to-face with Jeff's disemboweled corpse! There is blood everywhere!

On Abby's face! Her hands! Her blouse!

Abby rises. Turns. Between two shelves in the nearest bookcase, a white mask glows in the darkness like a beacon of terror. The Shape is watching her.

Suddenly he lashes out with one quick hand, connecting with the bookcase that stands between he and Abby. It topples over, burying Abby in a rain of medical encyclopedias.

The bookcase crashes into the bookcase on the other side of the aisle. It teeters over and takes out the next one, and the next. Bookcases tumble over all the way to the wall, the final shelf shattering through the glass partition at the edge of the room.

Abby crawls toward the carrel door, brushing aside books. The Shape steps into her path. She retreats. Climbs over and under fallen bookshelves. The Shape gives chase, jabbing the knife down at Abby's scrambling arms and legs.

Abby pulls herself up through the last bookcase. It juts out over the lobby through the smashed glass wall. With the Shape right behind her, Abby clambers out to the farthest reaches of the shelf.

A series of light fixtures dangle from the library's ceiling. Just in reach. Abby crawls onto the first globe. Looks down. The floor of the main lobby is three stories below.

The Shape leans out, swiping at Abby with his knife. The globe begins to crack.

As the knife flirts with her skirt, Abby leaps for the next fixture. She almost makes it - her hands grasp the suspension cord, but her feet miss the globe. She slides down the cord until her bloody fingers gain purchase on the globe. We can hear it start to give...

ABBY

No! Please, God, no!

Suddenly the globe disintegrates in Abby's hands. She plummets three stories to the floor of the main lobby, landing on a jagged art sculpture in the shape of a city block. It impales her through the mid-section.

PAN DOWN from the bloody mess to see the sculpture's title -- "The Future of Haddonfield."

EXT. HADDONFIELD CITY HALL - MORNING

Bustling with activity. News vans line the street. A TARDY REPORTER hustles up the steps to the front door. Enters.

INT. CITY HALL - TOWN MEETING ROOM - MORNING

A maelstrom of activity. A small auditorium is packed with REPORTERS and TV CREWS. The press has descended upon Haddonfield.

Meeker stands at a podium answering questions. He looks as if he'd rather be fishing. Sumner and Abernathy flank him.

REPORTER #1

Sheriff Meeker, we've heard rumors among the citizens of Haddonfield that some kind of cult could be behind these murders. Is there any truth to those rumors?

MEEKER

Those stories have been around for a decade. They're entirely without merit. Our department has never uncovered any proof of any cult operating in Haddonfield. Next question.

REPORTER #1

You mentioned at the last press conference Michael Myers wasn't a suspect in the Lewis and Sayer murders. Have you changed your mind?

MEEKER

Absolutely not. Nothing we've found at either crime scene suggests Michael Myers is in any way involved. And as you all know, Myers is dead. Who's next?

Autumn raises her hand in the front row. Waves. There will be no ignoring her.

AUTUMN

I have a question.

Meeker and Sumner exchange glances.

MEEKER

Yes, Ms. Harris?

AUTUMN

Dr. Sam Loomis wrote in his
memoirs that Michael Myers was --
(looks at notes)
-- and I quote, "pure evil." My
question is, can you ever really
kill evil?

Meeker looks to Sumner. Sumner shrugs.

MEEKER

Well...I guess not, Autumn.
You're still with us.

The room has a good laugh. Autumn fumes.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

Next quest--

AUTUMN

(loud)
I saw him, you know.

MEEKER

Autumn, you've had your --

AUTUMN

Michael Myers.
(beat)
Last night. Outside the library.
I was there doing research for
my new book.
(adds quickly)
Which will be out first quarter
from Doubleday, by the way.

Sumner whispers to Meeker.

SUMNER

What's she talking about?

MEEKER

(to Sumner)
I warned you about her.

AUTUMN

He was standing in a grove of
trees. Just staring at the library.
Probably plotting the demise of
that poor, sweet girl.

The room full of reporters hangs on Autumn's every word.
Notes are jotted. She's stolen the show.

SUMNER

(to Meeker)

Do something.

MEEKER

Autumn, I've already told you -
Michael Myers is dead.

AUTUMN

Are you sure, Sheriff? Did you
check his pulse yourself?

MEEKER

No, but I was there to see him
buried. And I saw the body. At
the morgue. He's dead all right.

AUTUMN

Okay, so he's dead. Death never
stopped Michael before.

MEEKER

What are you saying? That
Michael's ghost killed these kids?

AUTUMN

This is Haddonfield, Sheriff.
Stranger things have happened.

PAN BACK over the crowd of reporters to the rear of the room.
Standing alone in an alcove is a woman. Watching. She wears
a long coat with a baseball cap pulled down around her ears.
It's Laurie. Head down, she makes her way out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Laurie parks her rental car on a quiet residential street.
Gets out. This is her street - the street she grew up on.
Before her is the Strode house, newly renovated.

As she watches, the front door opens and a MAN AND HIS
TEENAGE DAUGHTER exit, talking and laughing. They climb into
a car and back out of the drive. Laurie smiles to herself.
Moves on.

FOLLOW HER as she strolls down the sidewalk, absently
wandering along the path she took to school in the original
Halloween. The wind blows. Leaves dance. It's like she
never left.

A tall hedge approaches on the right. Laurie eyes it
suspiciously.

Suddenly a man steps from behind the hedge. A man in a white mask. The shape. Almost transparent, though. Like a ghost. Laurie takes a deep breath and the image vanishes.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - MAIN HALL - AFTERNOON

The Jenny Lewis viewing. Soft organ music drifts out of the chapel. Stifled sobs all around. Old women with hankies.

Laurie, in sunglasses, sneaks through the crowd and down a narrow corridor. A closed door stands before her. A placard reads: EMBALMING. NO ADMITTANCE. Laurie tries the knob - it's unlocked. She creeps inside and down a flight of polished stairs.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The place is deserted. On a table in the middle of the room is a body draped to the waist with a sheet - it's Richie Sayer. Laurie approaches. The boy's throat is ripped open.

ALVES (O.S.)

(stern)

May I help you?

Laurie turns to find JOE ALVES watching her. Black, late 50's. He wears a white smock and rubber gloves.

LAURIE

I'm here to see Joe Alves.

ALVES

I'm Joe Alves. Though today I'll also answer to Mr. Popularity.

Joe steps between Laurie and the embalming table, tugs the sheet up over Richie's pale face.

ALVES (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to be down here. It's illegal.

LAURIE

I know that, sir. But it's important. I just have a couple of--

ALVES

I've answered all the questions I'm going to for today. Why can't you reporters leave well enough alone? Just like vultures, you people. Always preying on the dead.

LAURIE
I'm not a reporter, sir.

ALVES
Doesn't matter. Now if you'll
kindly head back the way you came.
(nods to body)
I've got rigor mortis setting in.

Joe ushers Laurie toward the door.

LAURIE
I knew your wife.

Joe stops. His face sags.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Well, I met her once anyway. The
night she died. At the hospital.
She was head nurse.

ALVES
(indignant)
I know who she was. Question
is --who are you?

Laurie takes off her glasses.

LAURIE
Laurie Strode.

Joe's hand goes to his face. It trembles.

ALVES
Laurie Myers, you mean.

LAURIE
(taken aback)
At one time, yes.

Joe chuckles. It echoes strangely in the antiseptic room.

ALVES
That family! You can't kill it!

LAURIE
Tell that to my sister.

ALVES
Touché. Tell me, Ms. Myers - why
are you here?

LAURIE
I heard about the murders.

ALVES

This town has a pull, you know.
You can't get away from it.

LAURIE

I did.

ALVES

Oh, you can leave for a while.
Tried it myself. It'll let you
think you've made it, that you're
going to move on with your life,
start fresh. Then it starts
eating at you in the middle of
the night. It gets into your
dreams, beckons to you. So you
come. You come back. Back to
Haddonfield.

LAURIE

You worked on my brother. After
the last murders. You put him in
his coffin.

ALVES

So they say.

LAURIE

And he was dead?

ALVES

Looked dead to me.

LAURIE

Did you embalm him?

ALVES

It's standard procedure. Got to
keep 'em pretty for the viewings.

(laughs)

Not that we had one for your
brother. Never the most popular
kid in school, was he?

LAURIE

And he was buried? You saw him
buried?

ALVES

Leave it alone, Ms. Myers.

Joe begins to walk away. Laurie hurries after him, grabs
his coat.

LAURIE

Please! I need to know!

Joe pulls free from her grip. Annoyed.

ALVES

Yes, he was buried. He's out at
Eternal Peace. A few rows over
from my wife.

(beat)

And a few rows down from your
sister. Go and see for yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Laurie follows a fat GROUNDS KEEPER across the graveyard.

GROUNDS KEEPER

It's right over here, Miss...

LAURIE

Clark, and it's Mrs.

The grounds keeper nods.

GROUNDS KEEPER

Yup, it's right over here. I was
here the day they put him in.
Unmarked - at the family's request.

LAURIE

What family? I was under the
impression the Myers family was
extinct.

GROUNDS KEEPER

(chuckles)

Oh, you've done your research all
right. Between you, me and the
wind, 'twas more of an executive
decision, if you know what I mean.
City council thought it'd be best.
Word gets out to the lookie-loos
there ain't nothin' to see,
eventually they quit comin'.

Laurie says nothing. She's anxious. It's all over her face.

Laurie stops before two headstones. The first belongs to Jimmy Lloyd. A fresh bouquet of carnations has been placed on the grave. Laurie notices. Frowns.

On the other stone, the inscription reads, "Loving daughter." It's Jamie's grave.

AUTUMN (O.S.)

Remembering the one that got away?

Laurie turns. Standing behind her - arms crossed and smirking - is Autumn Harris.

LAURIE

Excuse me?

Autumn's mouth stretches into a wide grin.

AUTUMN

Why, if it's not Laurie Strode, back from the dead. Again.

LAURIE

My name is --

AUTUMN

Save it for the grave digger, sweetheart. A Strode by any other name is still a Strode. By the by, you've got more lives than, well, your brother. When he does finally take you out, I do hope you'll consider donating that resilient body of yours to science. They could cure cancer.

An awkward beat as the women size one another up.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Oh, how rude of me. Now I know your name and you don't know mine. I'm Autumn Harris. I wrote the best seller "The Haddonfield Murders."

LAURIE

I know who you are. And you do throw around the term "best seller" lightly. I was under the impression that book was a critical and financial flop.

AUTUMN

A media bias. You've read it then?

LAURIE

Oh, of course. You were the first to suggest I didn't die in that car accident and that I was living under an assumed name in hiding.

AUTUMN

And I was right.

LAURIE

60 Minutes II apparently thought so. Michael found me because of you.

AUTUMN

Speculation. Michael found you because that old geezer Loomis left a paper trail. But what more could you expect - after all, he was almost as crazy as Michael near the end.

LAURIE

He devoted his life to stopping Michael.

AUTUMN

And what did he have to show for it? Besides some nasty scars and fifteen minutes of fame?

LAURIE

It was more than you got.

AUTUMN

I made the talk show rounds, doll. And I'm here writing another book. Just wait 'til I reveal to the world that Laurie Strode is not only alive and well, but right back here in Haddonfield to boot. Grieving the daughter she gave away, even. The hardback printing will go half a mil, easy.

Laurie bristles at the last.

LAURIE

Those murders in Summer Glen are on your head, Autumn. You led him to me. My boyfriend Will, my son's friends - you might as well have slaughtered them yourself.

AUTUMN

I'm not the one chopping off
paramedics' heads. Father of
three, right? How did that feel,
Ms. Strode? Or is it Tate today?

LAURIE

Tread lightly. You don't know
who you're dealing with.

AUTUMN

My father was an alcoholic.
Granted, he was never in the nut
house like you, but I think I can
handle myself.

LAURIE

I'm not talking about me. It's
my brother you'll have to watch
out for. I'm the nice one.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A quaint little bed and breakfast on the outskirts of town.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dark and quiet. A clock on the wall ticks away the evening.
A ceiling fan spins. Laurie lies prone on the bed. Sleeping
deeply. Not moving. Not even seeming to breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY (DREAM)

Laurie is traveling down the streets of Haddonfield. It's
Autumn. Leaves fall. CHILDREN rush by in costumes.

Far ahead, just turning a street corner, is a little girl in
a clown costume - Jamie Lloyd. She looks briefly at Laurie,
then moves away up the sidewalk.

Suddenly a gray station wagon idles up to the corner between
Laurie and Jamie. Emblazoned on the side are the words,
"Smith's Grove, Warren County Sanitarium." The driver turns
his face to Laurie - the Shape! The station wagon turns
right, pursuing Jamie up the sidewalk.

Laurie breaks into a run as the station wagon brakes beside
Jamie. The passenger door swings open. A beat as Jamie looks
at Laurie - at us - with sad eyes. Then she climbs into the
station wagon. The door slams shut behind her.

The car speeds away as we --

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Laurie GASPS AWAKE. Her arms flail about her, grasp the bed, steady herself. She sits up. Looks at the clock.

9:30 P.M.

Beside her on the night stand is a bottle of vodka. She takes a blast from it, moves into the bathroom. As she catches sight of herself in the mirror, she pauses - not liking what she sees. With unsteady hands, she slowly pours the booze down the sink.

She grabs her coat and heads for her car. At the door, she pauses. Returns to the closet. Takes out her suitcase. Opens it.

From beneath her garments, she removes the pistol and tucks it into her coat pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUMNER HOUSE - NIGHT

A car pulls up to the curb with the headlights off.

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Leslie and Megan are up front. Ellie's in the back.

ELLIE

I can't believe I let you two talk me into this.

LESLIE

Oh, come on, Ellie. It's the weekend. Live a little.

ELLIE

Fine. But just this once. Where did you leave it?

MEGAN

It's in my bag. In the pocket on the side.

Ellie crawls out of the backseat.

ELLIE

You bitch. Bringing pot to my house. My dad would have a fit.

MEGAN

Just hurry.

EXT. SUMNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellie sneaks around the house into the backyard. She unlocks the back door and lets herself inside.

INT. SUMNER HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

The house is dark except for the kitchen. VOICES drift out, irate and frustrated. Ellie, curiosity piqued, crosses the den stealthily. Peeks in.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sumner is gathered around the kitchen table with Briggs and Abernathy.

ABERNATHY

So what are we to do then?

SUMNER

Not much we can do.

BRIGGS

The fuck there isn't. We can call off the Festival. Warn people. Keep them off the streets tomorrow night.

SUMNER

And flush the last six months of planning down the drain? If rumors start flying that Michael Myers is back, this town is finished. We're just barely keeping our head above water as it is. And we've put a lot of money into this thing.

ABERNATHY

He's right. The publicity alone has cost twice what --

Briggs snatches up a set of photos from the tabletop, waves them at the other two men.

BRIGGS

These are not rumors, damn it!
Myers is alive!

Abernathy takes the photos. Flips through them.

INSERT - PHOTOS

Security camera photos. They're extremely dark, but in some, a blurry figure with a white face can be made out. It appears to be the Shape.

ABERNATHY

I'm still not sure these are what you think they are. Look at the edges. The way they're smudged.

SUMNER

You think the pictures are a hoax?

ABERNATHY

They could be.

BRIGGS

I got them from Meeker himself, for Christ's sake! They were taken last night at the library.

A METALLIC NOISE comes from O.S. The sound of two fire place pokers bumped together in the den.

ABERNATHY

What was that?

SUMNER

I didn't hear anything.

ABERNATHY

Where's your daughter?

Sumner moves to the threshold of the den, peers in. There is no one around. He returns to the kitchen table.

SUMNER

It's okay. She's at the high school. Working on decorations for the Festival with her friends. We're alone.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Ellie cowers behind the sofa, holding her breath. She peeks over the back. The coast clear, she slinks to the back door and exits quietly.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The councilmen continue their discussion.

BRIGGS

So we're going to do nothing then?

SUMNER

Look, Tom. Meeker and I are in agreement on this. Until someone can actually prove that Michael Myers is back, there's no reason to panic the people of Haddonfield. Have you been out to the cemetery lately?

BRIGGS

No.

SUMNER

Well, I have. Michael's grave is untouched. Not so much as a pebble out of place.

BRIGGS

(holds up photos)
Then how do you explain these?

SUMNER

Well, I don't believe in ghosts, so I choose to believe they're fakes. Someone yanking Meeker's chain.

ABERNATHY

So the Festival goes on?

SUMNER

Absolutely. Meeker is providing extra security. And the football field will be well-lit. What's the worst that could happen?

CUT TO:

INT. LAURIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Laurie's gun rests in the passenger seat. PAN UP to reveal Laurie behind the wheel. She pilots the car into a dirt lot.

EXT. EARL'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A seedy bar outside of town. Lots of 4 X 4 trucks in the lot. Laurie gets out of her car and makes for the entrance.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Redneck city. Neon beer signs. Behind the bar is a framed photo of a portly fellow in a Peterbilt hat. Earl.

Laurie enters. Takes a seat at the bar. The bartender comes up. Her nametag reads JACKIE. Pushing fifty now, but probably a real looker in her youth.

JACKIE
What'll it be, hon?

LAURIE
Vodka, on the rocks.

Jackie pours. Laurie downs it.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Another, please.

JACKIE
(pouring)
You okay, Miss?

LAURIE
Not even close. But I'd like some privacy.

JACKIE
(moves away)
Your dime.

As Laurie sips her drink, Autumn enters the tavern. She sidles up to the bar and takes the stool next to Laurie's.

Shelley West comes on the jukebox - "Jose Cuervo, You are a Friend of Mine."

AUTUMN
I just love this song, don't you?
Though I'm more of a Merlot girl myself. Something classy about a woman who drinks Merlot.

Autumn eyes Laurie's empty glass.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)
Speaking of classy, looks like we better get you another.
(to Jackie)
Glass of Merlot. And one more for her.

Autumn rattles Laurie's glass.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Vodka, huh? Well?

Laurie smiles at Autumn. A nasty smile. Motions to Jackie.

LAURIE

Excuse me, what's your most expensive vodka?

JACKIE

Ketel One.

LAURIE

Make it a double.

JACKIE

You got it.

AUTUMN

(to Laurie)

Well, aren't you just an AA superstar? Graduated top of your class, I bet.

LAURIE

What do you want, Autumn?

AUTUMN

Just some decent conversation. These are the sticks, you know.

LAURIE

You were never too good for this place growing up.

AUTUMN

People change.

LAURIE

Do they?

AUTUMN

Still grinding that ax? Listen, I wrote the book because --

LAURIE

It's more than the book, Autumn, and you know it.

Suddenly a kid of about 21 -- EDDIE GARDNER -- appears between the two women. Greasy, but with a Tom Cruise smile.

EDDIE

Mind if I buy you gals a drink?

AUTUMN

What's your name, kid?

EDDIE

It's Eddie. And I'm older than you think I --

AUTUMN

Mind if I call you Ed then?

EDDIE

Whatever. Ed's doable.

AUTUMN

So it seems. Will you do me a favor, Ed?

EDDIE

Name it.

AUTUMN

Beat it. Can't you see the grownups are talking?

Eddie disappears, his face somewhere down around his ankles.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(to Laurie)

So you knew then? I always wondered.

LAURIE

About you and Jimmy? The whole town knew. How could I not? Missed the chapter on adultery in your book though.

AUTUMN

Conflict of interest.

LAURIE

I'll bet.

AUTUMN

Something else I always wondered - was it me? Did what Jimmy and I have drive you back to the drink?

LAURIE

Don't flatter yourself. You were a diversion for Jimmy. Nothing more.

AUTUMN

Say what you will about me, Laurie.
I probably deserve it. But I
loved him. More than anything.
When he died, a part of me did, too.

LAURIE

Only a part? That's too bad.
(gets up)
If you'll excuse me, Autumn.

Laurie heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laurie enters and takes a deep breath. Despite her cool demeanor at the bar, it's obvious the conversation has affected her.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Autumn sips her drink. Glances down. Notices Laurie's purse on the floor. She looks around furtively. Casually leans over and picks it up. She begins to dig.

O.S. someone CLEARS A THROAT.

Autumn looks up. Caught.

LAURIE

Autumn, tell me that's not my purse.

Autumn tugs Laurie's keys out and shakes them.

AUTUMN

Friends don't let friends drive
drunk?

Laurie snatches her keys from Autumn...

LAURIE

I'm not your friend.

...and then hauls off and pops her in the mouth. Autumn hits the floor. People turn.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Stay away from me, Autumn. This
is the last time I'll warn you.

Laurie grabs her purse, throws some money on the bar, exits.

A BAR REGULAR close by offers Autumn a hand. She waves him off, wiping a thin trail of blood from her lip. She stands. Glares at the lookie-loos. They turn away.

Autumn grabs her drink, swigs, eyes Eddie. He's playing pool at a nearby table.

AUTUMN

Hey, Tom Cruise, you wanna make
fifty bucks?

Eddie turns and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Laurie walks alone across the mostly-deserted campus. As she passes the library, we see a hastily scrawled sign hanging in the front window - CLOSED FOR POLICE INVESTIGATION.

RE-OPEN OCTOBER 31ST.

Laurie crosses a courtyard. She passes a YOUNG COUPLE holding hands. A smile plays at the corners of her mouth. The wind picks up and her coat billows around her. A flag whips and snaps on a nearby pole.

Laurie comes to a tree. She runs her fingers over the bark, examining it. The fleeting smile returns.

ON THE TREE

A heart has been carved into the tree's thick skin, long ago. In the center of the design are two sets of initials - J.L. and L.S. Jimmy Lloyd and Laurie Strode.

Laurie moves on. She comes to a long concrete stairwell that leads down to the main thoroughfare. Descends.

At a landing halfway down, two walks lead off to different campus buildings. As Laurie crosses, there is a hint of motion to the right. She turns.

LAURIE

Hello?

Laurie approaches a shadowy alcove, fingering the gun in her coat pocket.

A dark, motionless form lies on the ground. Laurie kneels. Touches it. Her hand comes away wet... with blood. It's a body.

Laurie rises. As she does, the outline of a man becomes visible right behind her. A white mask materializes over her shoulder. The Shape! He reaches out for Laurie.

Sensing his presence, Laurie spins.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Michael.

The Shape lunges at her. Laurie backpedals, tripping over the body and sprawling to the pavement. She yanks out the gun...

THE SHAPE

(muffled, tearing at
mask)

Hey, don't shoot!

...and fires. The Shape goes down.

She moves to the Shape's fallen form. He is breathing heavily, painfully. The mask is halfway off. Laurie yanks it over his head. It's Eddie!

Behind Laurie "the body" sits up.

EDDIE'S FRIEND

Oh my God... you shot him...

Laurie turns, confused. She raises her fingers to the moonlight. The blood seems darker now. And thicker. Like motor oil.

LAURIE

(to Eddie's friend)

Go! Call an ambulance!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT - LATER

Laurie watches as her gun is wrapped in a plastic bag and sealed. Evidence. The ambulance has already taken Eddie away. Meeker is busy questioning his friend. He comes over with the gun.

MEEKER

Is this yours, Laurie?

Laurie nods.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

Permit?

LAURIE

No.

Meeker takes out his handcuffs. Stops. Smiles.

MEEKER

How are you?

LAURIE

I've been better.

Meeker nods.

MEEKER

(grinning)

Heard you had yourself a bit of an altercation earlier this evening. With Autumn Harris?

Laurie is quiet.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

Took the old bird down with one shot. Or so the tale goes.

Meeker almost chuckles. He takes out his handcuffs.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

Guess you know what comes next.

Laurie puts out her wrists. Meeker cuffs her. Gently. It's obvious he doesn't want to.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

Come on down to the station with me. Help me get this sorted out.

Meeker leads Laurie to the car. As he's putting her into the backseat, she glances up. At the top of the stairs stands a man. In a white mask. The Shape. Meeker's body briefly blocks her line of sight. When he steps out of the way, the Shape is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD POLICE STATION - CELL - MORNING

Laurie is alone in the town lockup. Sleeping fitfully. Behind her lids her eyes dart back and forth.

LAURIE'S DREAM

Laurie's first dream. With Loomis and the car. Images fly by as we rapidly FAST FORWARD through the dream.

As the Shape looms over Laurie after the explosion, time slows. Laurie jabs up with the knife. The geyser of blood returns. The Shape's mask oozes and glows and morphs. Into a man's face. It's JIMMY LLOYD. His mouth opens. He speaks.

JIMMY LLOYD
 (Billy's voice)
 Laurie Strode. Wake up. He's
 come for you.

INT. CELL - MORNING

Laurie's eyes snap open. She sits up, looks around. Billy is standing just outside the cell's open door. Waiting patiently. He motions for her to come with him.

SUPER: October 31, 2004. Halloween.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING (LATER)

HOLDING ROOM

Laurie is led into an interrogation room. Henry is there. He smiles when Laurie enters. She doesn't return the gesture. Billy leaves.

LAURIE
 What are you doing here?

HENRY
 Good morning to you, too.

LAURIE
 Don't be petty.

HENRY
 I got a call from Lyla Stevenson. She was worried when you didn't show up at the shelter yesterday. I went home. The apartment was empty. That gun you keep under the bathroom sink was gone. I put two and two together.

LAURIE
 You knew about the gun?

HENRY
 (nods)
 Laurie, you're going to have to learn to trust me. I can't have you lying to me and sneaking around behind my back. Shooting kids.

LAURIE

Is he okay?

HENRY

The bullet bounced off a rib.
You're very lucky.

LAURIE

I wouldn't go that far.

HENRY

I told them I'm your psychiatrist.
The Sheriff is going to release
you under my supervision.

LAURIE

I don't need a babysitter.

HENRY

You sure?

Meeker pokes his head in.

MEEKER

A few words, Doc?

HALLWAY

Henry follows Meeker to his office. They step inside and Meeker closes the door.

LOBBY

Sumner enters the precinct, Ellie and Megan in tow. Sumner, looking haggard, heads for Meeker's office.

SUMNER

Have a seat, girls. I won't be
long.

Ellie and Megan grab a bench. As soon as her father is out of sight, Ellie turns to Megan.

ELLIE

I need a favor.

MEGAN

Uh-uh. No way, Ellie.

Ellie nods to the front desk. Billy is working it.

ELLIE

Come on, Megan. Billy likes you.
I've got to talk to Laurie.

MEGAN
Your dad hates me already.

ELLIE
Oh, he does not. He just doesn't appreciate you the way I do.

MEGAN
Fine. But you owe me. Big time.

Ellie shoves Megan toward the front desk.

ELLIE
Go!

Billy looks up.

MEGAN
(coy)
Hey, Billy. Whatcha doin'?

BILLY
Megan Jones. You get cuter every time I see you.

MEGAN
Oh, shut up! I do not.

BILLY
I'm not kidding. When you going to let me take you out?

MEGAN
My daddy says I can't date 'til I turn twenty. One. Twenty-one.

BILLY
Well how old are you now?

MEGAN
Seventeen.
(adds quickly)
But I just turned.

Ellie quietly approaches the desk.

ELLIE
Bathroom?

BILLY
(barely notices her)
Down the hall.

As she passes behind Billy, Ellie motions for Megan to keep it up. Megan flashes her a look. A promise of future death.

MEGAN

(leans in)
So, tell me, Billy. How big is your gun?

Billy chokes on his coffee.

HALLWAY

Ellie hurries down the hall, peeking in doorways. She stops outside the holding room. Through the window in the door she can see Laurie. Ellie looks both ways. Slips inside.

HOLDING ROOM

Laurie looks up as Ellie enters.

ELLIE

(awed)
You're Laurie Strode.

LAURIE

What's it to you?

ELLIE

I just... I wanted to say hi.
That's all.

LAURIE

So, hi.

Ellie comes over uninvited. Gushing. As if meeting a celebrity. In her mind she is.

ELLIE

I've been reading about you since I was eight. I always wanted to meet you.

LAURIE

I shot a kid last night, you know. About your age...

ELLIE

Just that prick Eddie Gardner. He had it coming.

LAURIE

Well, aren't you a ray of sunshine.

ELLIE

It's hard growing up with a
cynical father.

Laurie smiles. Ellie's winning her over.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

My name's Ellie Sumner.
(beat)
I believe you, you know. About
Michael. He's back.

LAURIE

Why do you say that?

ELLIE

I have my reasons.

LAURIE

They tore down the Myers house.

ELLIE

Do you think that has something
to do with the murders?

LAURIE

I've been seeing Michael. Seeing
him, but not seeing him, you know?

Laurie laughs nervously. Grows serious.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Do you believe in ghosts, Ellie?

Ellie thinks it over.

ELLIE

In Haddonfield? Absolutely.

Suddenly there is a commotion outside. Meeker's office is
emptying.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I've got to go. Will you meet me
later? I've got something that
will help you. Proof.

LAURIE

Where?

ELLIE

The library.

HALLWAY

Ellie quickly steps into the hall. Pretends she's coming back from the rest room. Meeker and Henry pass her. Nod.

HOLDING ROOM

Meeker enters followed by Henry.

MEEKER

You're free to go, Laurie. Dr. Clark is going to make sure you get back to Boston.

LAURIE

What about the boy I shot?

MEEKER

Eddie Gardner? He's a punk. Got a rap sheet that would stretch halfway to Hardin County. I've talked to him. Made it clear it's in his best interest not to press charges.

HENRY

Why would he want to scare Laurie?

MEEKER

Claims somebody put him up to it. A woman. My guess is Autumn Harris. Your girlfriend there cleaned her clock last night down at Earl's.

Henry raises his eyebrows at Laurie, almost scolding. She shrugs.

LAURIE

There's some bad blood there.

MEEKER

No kidding.

(a beat)

I don't know for sure that it was Autumn, but when I see her, I intend to find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Laurie and Henry descend the police station steps and climb into Henry's car. Henry pilots the car onto the street.

PULL BACK to reveal Autumn parked across the street in her raggedy Taurus. Waiting. She starts her car and follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ILLINOIS HIGHWAY - DAY

Henry's car speeds by a road sign that reads: "You are now leaving Haddonfield, Home of the Huskers."

INT. HENRY'S CAR - DAY

Henry and Laurie ride in silence. In the backseat are Laurie's suitcases and bags. They're headed home.

LAURIE

I can't leave, Henry.

HENRY

You don't have a choice. Meeker likes you. He feels sorry for you. But I wouldn't push him. He could have sent you back to the sanitarium, you know.

The comment catches Laurie by surprise. She glances at Henry, but says nothing.

An uncomfortable silence settles in. Henry breaks it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Did you really punch some lady out?

LAURIE

She's no lady.

Henry pulls into a Mom & Pop gas station. He gets out to pump.

HENRY

Do you want anything?

LAURIE

World peace.
(beat)
And a bag of peanuts.

HENRY

Can't you at least pretend to be nice?

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Henry begins pumping gas.

Laurie, meanwhile, sits quietly in the passenger seat. Gazes out the window at a homemade witch propped up in a chair by the station's front door. Every few seconds, the witch CACKLES. Laurie looks away, unnerved. As she does, something in the console area draws her attention - a brochure poking out of a side flap on Henry's organizer. Laurie eyes Henry. He's leaning against the car, his back turned. She tugs the brochure out.

INSERT - BROCHURE

A pamphlet on the services offered by Grace Anderson Sanitarium. Near the bottom of the brochure is a map with directions to the facilities. The map has been circled in ink.

Laurie's hand begins to shake. She returns the brochure to the organizer, her paranoia fueled once again.

Outside Henry finishes pumping. Holsters the gun on the pump. Above it a sign scrawled in magic marker reads: NO

CREDIT. CASH OR LOCAL CHECK ONLY.

HENRY
(to himself)
Of course.

Henry leans into the car and extracts his organizer from the console. He flips through, pulls out a twenty. Zips it back up. He pauses. Then leans back through the window and takes the keys from the ignition. He dangles them before Laurie.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Temptation is the mother of all sin.

Laurie watches him go. Then she quickly unzips the organizer and digs a spare key from an empty credit card slot.

LAURIE
And necessity is the mother of
invention.

She slides behind the wheel.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
The old Girl Scout comes through
again.

INT./EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Henry steps up to the checkout counter with a cup of coffee in his hand. On whim he grabs a bag of peanuts from a counter display.

CASHIER

Will that be it?

Henry nods, throws down the twenty. O.S. a CAR STARTS. Instinctively Henry knows what is transpiring. He bolts out of the store just in time to see his car tear out of the parking lot, kicking up a rooster tail of dirt.

HENRY

LAURIE!

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - A/V ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ellie enters. She hurries through the main lobby, searching for Laurie. She finds her at a table in the A/V Room.

LAURIE

What took you so long?

ELLIE

I had to get away from my dad.

LAURIE

I know the feeling.

ELLIE

I brought these.

Ellie tugs an envelope from her backpack, places it on the table. Laurie opens it. Several security camera photos slide out. The same ones from the night before. With the blurry images of the Shape.

LAURIE

Where did you get these?

ELLIE

I found them in my dad's study. They were taken here the night Abby Mills and Jeff Cunningham died.

LAURIE

They knew...

ELLIE

Dad and his friends have been covering it up. I think Sheriff Meeker might be in on it, too.

LAURIE

Why would they keep these from the public?

ELLIE

Dad has a plan for this town. He calls it regeneration. I call it obfuscation. That's why he tore down the Myers house. There are people in town who want to forget Michael Myers ever existed.

LAURIE

But why?

ELLIE

A lot of reasons. The town has put a lot of time and money into the Fall Festival. This plan Dad has for Haddonfield was the cornerstone of his campaign. It got him elected.

(beat)

Then there's my mother.

LAURIE

What does your mother have to do with this?

ELLIE

(hesitant at first)

Your brother... Michael... He killed her. In 1988. She was a police officer.

LAURIE

I'm sorry, Ellie. I didn't know.

ELLIE

It's okay. I was young. I never even knew her.

LAURIE

That somehow makes it worse.

Talking about her mother with Laurie seems different for Ellie. Laurie's different.

ELLIE

Everyone says she was a terrific person. I don't think my dad ever got over it. He... he doesn't like to talk about it. Neither of us do.

LAURIE

Did you know my daughter Jamie?

It's Laurie's turn. Like Ellie, she seems comfortable. It's as if these two have been waiting years to find one another. Like two parts of a whole.

ELLIE

I'm too young. I remember hearing about her death though. That's when I started following the MyersStrode story.

LAURIE

I let Jamie down.

ELLIE

You had no choice.

LAURIE

You always have choices. I wasn't strong enough. I wasn't well back then. But Jamie...Jamie was the love of my life. When the state took her away --

ELLIE

Took her away?

LAURIE

There's a lot even you don't know about me, Ellie. This town has secrets. Always has. Always will.

ELLIE

You didn't give Jamie to the Carruthers?

LAURIE

Those years were the darkest part of my life. If I wasn't strung out, I was drunk. When my son John was born, I tried to get my act together, but couldn't. John's father left me and took John with him... That was when I fell in love with Jimmy Lloyd.

ELLIE

You met him that night, right? In 1978? The night Michael came for you?

LAURIE

We became friends then. It wasn't until John's father left that we began dating. Jimmy...Jimmy was good. And Jamie came along soon after. We were like a family. I'd never had that before, not with John's father. Having Jimmy and Jamie in my life helped me get straight. I got off drugs. I quit drinking. I was happy. Or as happy as I could be. Considering.

ELLIE

So what happened?

LAURIE

One day Sam Loomis called me. He said Michael was waking up from his coma... There were no physical signs, but Loomis knew. He just knew - just as he'd known before. He told me to be ready, to get prepared...

ELLIE

And you fell apart?

LAURIE

I fell apart. I kept it from Jamie. God knows how, but I did. Jimmy knew though. He knew I was taking pills again. And then came Halloween night, 1987...

Ellie places a gentle hand on Laurie's arm.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I was on acid and having nightmares. But the waking kind. Hallucinations. I was seeing Michael everywhere. He kept coming for me. Over and over. So I grabbed a kitchen knife and I... I stabbed him.

Laurie begins to cry softly.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

When I woke up, I was in jail. They told me... they told me I had killed Jimmy.

Ellie gasps.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

The Carruthers took Jamie in then.
I didn't hold it against them.
They're good people. And they
wanted another child.

ELLIE

So you faked your death?

LAURIE

I got out on bail the first week
of November. I said goodbye to
Jamie... I got into my car...
And then I drove it into a tree
at eighty-five miles per hour.
Loomis helped me. He knew people.

ELLIE

Jamie died in 1995?

LAURIE

Michael killed her... And I've
never forgiven myself.

(beat)

Or him.

ON AUTUMN

Lurking behind a bookshelf. In her hand, she clutches a
tape recorder. She's smiling broadly.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

But enough memory lane. What are
we going to do about these?

Laurie wipes her eyes, points to the photos.

ELLIE

Do you think it's Michael?

LAURIE

It has to be.

ELLIE

But these pictures...look at them.
The edges are smudged. My dad
thinks they might be a hoax, but,
to me, the man in these pictures
looks almost...

LAURIE

Ghostly.

ELLIE

(nods)

That's not possible. Is it?

LAURIE

You said it yourself earlier - this is Haddonfield. Anything is possible.

ELLIE

What are we going to do?

LAURIE

We aren't going to do anything. I'm going to wait for dark. Then I'm going to dig up Michael's grave. I have to be sure.

ELLIE

I'm going with you.

LAURIE

Ellie, you can't. I've already made so many mistakes in my life... too many to count... but you've got your whole future ahead of you. And if we get caught - well, graverobbing isn't exactly the kind of thing you put on your Yale application.

(beat)

Besides, you've got the Festival.

ELLIE

Screw the Festival. Listen. I know Michael has taken a lot from you. But he's taken from me, too. He took my mother! I have a right to be a part of this. I'm going.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY (MONTAGE)

A whirlwind of activity as arts and crafts booths are set up, pumpkins are carted in for a jack-o'-lantern carving contest, bingo cards are sorted. Leslie and Megan can be seen carrying the thrones for the Halloween King & Queen contest. As this sequence ends THUNDER ROARS. All over the field Haddonfield citizens look to the sky.

PAN UP to see huge storm clouds rolling in.

Sumner stands on the sidelines with Abernathy and Houghton.

SUMNER

Think it'll blow over?

Abernathy grimaces.

SUMNER (CONT'D)

Damn it.

PRINCIPAL HOUGHTON

There's always the gymnasium.

SUMNER

Frank, get Meeker on the phone
for me, will you?

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETERY - TWILIGHT

Lightning streaks across the blackening autumn sky, briefly illuminating the faces of concrete angels. Henry's car pulls up to the front gates. The headlights flicker off. Laurie and Ellie climb out and scale the fence, shovels and flashlights in tow.

LAURIE

This way!

She has to shout to be heard over the rising wind. Ellie follows her across the cemetery.

They reach Michael's unmarked grave.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

This is it.

Laurie sets her flashlight on a nearby tombstone. Thrusts her shovel into the soil.

Reluctantly Ellie takes her shovel and joins her.

BACK AT THE GATE

Autumn scales the fence. Ducks to avoid being seen. She slinks along the fence row. Darts behind a mausoleum. Peeking around the crypt's corner, she sees Laurie and Ellie shoveling away at Michael's grave.

Autumn raises her camera, grinning as usual. She begins rapidly snapping pictures, the camera's flashes lost in the staccato bursts of lightning.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT(LATER)

Metal clanks against metal. Laurie scrapes her shovel along the top of Michael's coffin, brushing aside the last of the dirt. She climbs into the grave. Grips the coffin's lid.

LAURIE

Ready?

Ellie throws a look over both shoulders. Nods. She's frightened senseless.

Another burst of lightning rips across the sky as Laurie pries the coffin open. The lid hangs on a clod of outcropping dirt. Laurie tugs harder. The lid gives suddenly, spilling Laurie back against Ellie.

They lean forward together, peering into the open grave. Ellie's mouth drops open. Laurie's eyes widen.

Inside the coffin, there's nothing but four large jugs of formaldehyde.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The Festival is in full swing. Children in costumes bob for apples. Old men and women are gathered around bingo tables. Haddonfield's finest are posted at every exit.

At a table near the bleachers, Megan and a nerd named WENDY CHAPPELLE work the Halloween King & Queen contest. Several huge jars labeled GRADE 12, GRADE 11, and so forth are set up on the tabletop. As carnival-goers pass by, they drop change into them. Megan, dressed as Carrie White, wears a blood-soaked Prom gown. She also looks thoroughly pissed.

MEGAN

Excuse me, Wendy.

Megan hops up from the table and climbs into the bleachers, where several couples sit. All are formally dressed. King & Queen hopefuls. Among them are Leslie and JOSH, her boyfriend, 17. Leslie smiles at the passersby, waving, like a supermodel.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Kate Moss, you seen Ellie yet?

LESLIE

No, Paris, I haven't.

MEGAN

I'm gonna kill that whore. No way I'm working that table with Wendy Chappelle all night. She smells like candy corn.

JOSH

Maybe you shouldn't have loaned her your douche.

MEGAN

Hey, Josh, do you think Mrs. Shepherd bought an extra tiara this year, just in case you and Leslie win?

JOSH

What?

(to Leslie)

What's that crazy bitch talking about?

LESLIE

(to Josh)

Nothing. Just smile and look pretty.

(to Megan)

Maybe she got cold feet. She is weird about Halloween and all. Why don't you call her?

MEGAN

I did. Five times. Her phone's been off all day.

JOSH

Maybe you should take a hint.

MEGAN

Maybe you should eat a --

LESLIE

Megan!

MEGAN

(whispers)

I swear to God, Leslie. One more time and the gloves are coming off.

LESLIE

There's Ellie's dad. Why don't you ask him where she is?

Megan turns. Sumner is being bullied toward the dunking booth by a couple of friends.

SUMNER

(laughing)
Okay, okay, I'm going. But you guys can forget about that new on ramp.

MEGAN

(waving him over)
Mr. Sumner! Mr. Sumner!

SUMNER

Not now, Megan. I'm busy.

Megan sits down, embarrassed. Josh leans forward to comment.

LESLIE

(to Josh)
Not a word.

Josh leans back in his chair, pouting.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Laurie cranks on the wipers. The rain has begun to fall.

ELLIE

Where are we going?

LAURIE

To see Joe Alves. You know where it is?

ELLIE

That old man who tried to stop the destruction of the Myers house? He lives on Poplar. Why?

LAURIE

He was the mortician who worked on Michael before they put him in the ground. Did you see those jugs of formaldehyde?

Ellie nods.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

You know about Alves' wife, right?

ELLIE

My God. Michael killed her. In '78.

LAURIE

He has something to do with this.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

MRS. SHEPHERD, the Senior Class sponsor, sidles up to the Halloween King & Queen table.

MRS. SHEPHERD

Okay, that's enough, guys. Go enjoy the carnival.

A CHEER rises from the dozen couples sitting in the bleachers. They scatter.

LESLIE

(whines)

Already?

Megan looks up from counting pennies at the table.

MEGAN

Settle down, hot stuff. There's always Prom.

LESLIE

Way to think outside the box, Meg. Have you heard from Ellie yet?

MEGAN

No. And I'm getting worried.

LESLIE

I'm getting horny. Could Josh's pants be any tighter?

MEGAN

Well, do something about it. He's your man after all. You want sex, you take it.

LESLIE

It doesn't work like that.

MEGAN

It does in hetero relationships.

LESLIE
Megan, don't start.

Josh comes up.

JOSH
Start what?

LESLIE
Oh, nothing. Don't I hear the
Cake Walk calling your name?

JOSH
The Cake Walk is for fags.

An eruption of laughter from Megan. She doubles over.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What's she laughing about?

LESLIE
Nothing, Josh. Seriously.

JOSH
No, I want to know.

MEGAN
What's funny, Mr. Pot, is you
calling the kettle black.

JOSH
I'm not gay, Megan. Just because
Leslie found that video under my
bed --

MEGAN
Prove it.

JOSH
With you? Doubt it!

MEGAN
With Leslie.

LESLIE
Come on, you two. Be nice.

MEGAN
She's rearing to go. Told me so
herself. If you're so straight,
take her somewhere and prove it.

JOSH
That's stupid. Right, Leslie?

LESLIE
 (contemplative)
 It's really not such a bad idea.

Megan cackles.

JOSH
 We, uh, we can't leave. They'll
 be announcing the winners soon.

MEGAN
 Not for another twenty minutes.
 For you that should be plenty of
 time.

JOSH
 Bitch.

MEGAN
 Takes one to know one.

LESLIE
 Come on, Josh. It'll be fun.

JOSH
 How will we get past the door guy?

Megan peeks around the couple. She snorts. The door guy is
 Billy.

MEGAN
 Oh, I got this!

Megan hurries over, pushing her breasts up in her top.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Billy, hi!

Billy's face lights up.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 I didn't know you were working
 tonight.

BILLY
 (all machismo)
 It was last minute. I've never
 worked foot patrol before. But,
 you know, Ben needed me, so...

MEGAN
 Well, my word, you look so much
 taller when you aren't all crammed
 behind that little old desk. How
 tall are you?

BILLY

Six-one. And I'm still growing.

Megan takes Billy by the shoulder, turns him away from the door. Leslie sneaks past, dragging Josh, tugs it open. The two disappear inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's dark. The only light comes from an EXIT sign at the far end of the hall. Leslie prods Josh along.

JOSH

I don't know about this, Leslie.

LESLIE

God, I'm horny!

Leslie throws herself at Josh. She's all over him, groping and slobbering like a dog in heat.

JOSH

Right here? In the hallway? What if someone sees?

LESLIE

You are having sex with me tonight, Josh! I don't care if it kills you!

Leslie points to a door twenty feet down the hall.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

How about there?

JOSH

The teacher's lounge?

LESLIE

It's perfect! Come on. You can jizz in Principal Houghton's coffee cup.

Josh allows himself to be dragged along.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALVES RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A small cottage back off the road. The porch light is off, but inside a light burns. Laurie pounds on the door.

LAURIE
Mr. Alves, open up!

ELLIE
Maybe he's gone.

LAURIE
No, he's here. There's a light.
(knocks harder)
Alves!

Suddenly the door is yanked open. Joe Alves peers out.

ALVES
Why, Ms. Myers, happy Halloween!
And the mayor's daughter, too!
I'm afraid I'm without any treats.

LAURIE
No, but you've played your share
of tricks. We need to talk to you.

ALVES
I told you yesterday - I'm all
talked out.

LAURIE
We can talk to you or we can talk
to Sheriff Meeker.

Alves regards the two women standing in his doorway. They're covered in dirt. He understands.

ALVES
Fine, fine. Come in.

INT. ALVES HOUSE - NIGHT

Laurie and Ellie enter.

LAURIE
We were just at the cemetery.

ALVES
Paying your respects?

LAURIE
Just to Michael.

ALVES
And I'm sure he's smiling down at
you from Heaven.

LAURIE

We know what you did. We dug up Michael's grave.

ALVES

Ms. Myers! Seems to me someone who's already two "deaths" to her credit would want to steer clear of open graves.

LAURIE

Where is Michael's body?

Alves eases into a rocking chair.

ALVES

I don't know what you're talking about. As far as I know, it's out at the --

LAURIE

Stop lying!

Ellie steps forward and pulls the security photos from her backpack. She hands them to Alves.

ELLIE

Mr. Alves, look at these.

Alves takes them, studies them. His hands tremble.

ALVES

Where did you get these?

ELLIE

They were taken at the library. The night those two kids were killed.

Alves goes into the kitchen, laughing again. He grabs a bottle of Jack Daniels, swigs from it.

ALVES

Oh, they've done it now, haven't they! What rough Beast, its hour come round at last, slouches toward Bethlehem to be born...

ELLIE

What do you mean?

ALVES

Those poor saps down at City Hall.
Your father, young Ellie. They
tore that house down and brought
him back.

ELLIE

The Myers house?

ALVES

It wasn't right, I tell you. It
just wasn't right. To think -
they were going to bury that man,
that monster, twenty yards from
my wife! I couldn't allow it!

ELLIE

Where is the body, Mr. Alves?

ALVES

I tried to warn them. I tried to
stop them from tearing it down.

ELLIE

Why do you keep bringing up the
Myers house?

Laurie steps into the kitchen.

LAURIE

Because that's where he buried
Michael's body.

Ellie searches Alves' face for confirmation.

ELLIE

Is it true?

ALVES

(retreating into his
own mind)
Hallowed grounds are for the good.
For the righteous!

ELLIE

Is it true or not?

ALVES

From a Place of Evil did it come
and to a Place of Evil shall it
return.

Alves cracks up, laughing maniacally. Laurie seizes Ellie
by the arm.

LAURIE

Let's go!

ALVES

(to himself)

Now the streets of Haddonfield
will run red again...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Leslie and Josh make out in the darkened room. Leslie pushes Josh onto his back on a table. She climbs atop him.

LESLIE

Don't worry. I'll do all the work.

She unbuttons Josh's pants, slides her hand inside. Josh cries out.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

What?

JOSH

Your hands are cold.

LESLIE

Sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS LOT - NIGHT

Laurie and Ellie make their way up a cracked sidewalk to a flattened earthen area. The rain is coming down in buckets.

ELLIE

Laurie, this is impossible! Let's go find my dad!

LAURIE

We have to be sure.

Laurie is already in the middle of the muddy lot. Her flashlight beam dances as she searches.

Ellie joins her, shielding her face against the pelting rain.

ELLIE

We'll never find it!

Ellie turns with her flashlight. She suddenly tumbles out of sight.

LAURIE

Ellie!

Ellie pulls herself up in the mud. She's fallen into a hole. Laurie shines her light on it.

PULL BACK to reveal the ladies standing on the edge of an oblong pit. It's about three feet deep, six feet long.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus.

Along the ragged edges of the hole, several handprints can be made out - as if something dug its way out!

ELLIE

Laurie, come on.

Laurie doesn't move. She's petrified. Ellie takes her hand.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Laurie! We have to go! We have to warn them!

LAURIE

He's come back...

Ellie tugs Laurie's hand. The two women run for the car in the pouring rain.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A SHADOWY FIGURE travels up the dark hallway to the teacher's lounge door. The figure is breathing heavily. As if through a mask.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Things have gone badly. Leslie is still on top of Josh. Her hand is in his pants, stroking furiously. She looks pissed.

JOSH

I'm sorry. It's just there's a killer on the loose and all. And the storm. I can't concentrate.

LESLIE

(quietly)
Or maybe it's me.

JOSH

What the hell does that mean?

LESLIE
 (building)
 It means maybe Megan is right.

JOSH
 Leslie --

LESLIE
 (loud)
 It means maybe I've wasted the
 last two years of my life going
 out with a guy who doesn't even
 like girls.

JOSH
 Leslie --

LESLIE
 (shouting now)
 It means maybe you're gay!

Suddenly Leslie arches forward with a gasp! PAN UP to reveal the Shape standing behind her. Leslie slumps over on top of Josh, a kitchen knife protruding from her back.

Josh screams. Like a girl. Or a gay man.

The Shape grips the knife handle, yanks it free. Josh shoves Leslie's body into the Shape. The knife drops. In the scuffle, a paper cutter falls from the table and smashes on the floor. The blade breaks loose.

Josh tears out of the room.

The Shape picks up the paper cutter blade and glides out of the teacher's lounge.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Josh sprints back toward the gym door. Still screaming.

The Shape draws the paper cutter blade over his head and hurls it, long dart style, thirty feet into Josh's back!

Josh crashes into the metal gym door. Hard!

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Billy, standing guard two feet away, never even hears Josh hit the door, the sound drowned out by the Haddonfield Junior High Band's rendition of "Monster Mash."

CUT TO:

EXT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Autumn comes bustling up the walk and enters the gym. She's in a hurry. The police officers working the door have mysteriously disappeared.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Autumn pushes through the costumed crowd.

Nearby, Meeker is talking with Briggs. Autumn's movement draws his attention.

MEEKER

(to Briggs)

Excuse me for a moment, Tom.

We FOLLOW Meeker as he follows Autumn. She's fifteen feet ahead of him. Suddenly Henry steps into Meeker's path.

HENRY

Sheriff Meeker, I have to talk to you. Laurie's missing.

MEEKER

Hold up a second, Doc.

Meeker steps around Henry. He scans the crowd. Autumn has disappeared, swallowed up by the Festival. He frowns. Turns back to Henry.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

What do you mean she's missing?

Suddenly, the lights go out, plunging the gymnasium into darkness. The festivities come to a halt. The band quits playing. The bingo barker falls silent. NERVOUS CHATTER builds.

MEEKER (CONT'D)

(loud)

This is Sheriff Meeker. Everyone needs to stay where they are and remain calm. We're going to get the power back on. Houghton, you around?

PRINCIPAL HOUGHTON

Right here, Ben.

MEEKER

Good. Can you show me where the fuse box is?

Meeker takes a flashlight from his belt, flicks it on. FOLLOW HIM as he and Houghton move into the lockup in the corner of the gym where the sports equipment is kept.

PRINCIPAL HOUGHTON

It's there. In the corner.

Meeker's light reveals the fuse box. Houghton steps forward. Opens it. NERVOUS CHATTER begins to rise again.

NEAR THE HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE

Megan approaches the area where Billy was standing guard.

MEGAN

Billy? You there?

No answer. There comes a soft CLICK as the door he was watching eases shut.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Leslie? Josh?

Megan moves toward the door. A jack-o'-lantern grins from atop a nearby hay bale.

Megan grips the door's handle. Draws her hand away. She holds it up to the light of the jack-o'-lantern. It's wet.

EQUIPMENT LOCKUP

Houghton runs his hand over the wall of fuses. The main is flicked to OFF. Meeker sees.

PRINCIPAL HOUGHTON

A prank?

MEEKER

Let's hope so.

Houghton throws the switch to ON.

THE GYM

The lights come on. The PA system squelches. The bingo barker jumps to kill the noise. Sumner takes the mike.

SUMNER

(into mike)

All right, folks. Let's get back to it!

People slowly return to what they were doing.

BACK ON MEGAN

She stands alone, studying her hand. It's covered in blood. She backs away from the door, mouth agape. She looks down, notices she's standing in a trail of blood. She spins to run - but her feet come right out from under her!

Megan sits up and suddenly there are two heads in frame. She turns and sees what we SEE - Billy's decapitated head is resting atop a pile of pumpkins behind her!

THE HALLOWEEN KING & QUEEN BOOTH

Wendy Chappelle drops a quarter as she counts the money from the contest jars. As she bends to retrieve it, something catches her eye. She turns to see...

Josh and Leslie's blood-splattered corpses have been propped up in the Halloween King & Queen thrones!

ON MEGAN

She turns from Billy's head to see that the jack-o'-lantern isn't resting atop a hay bale after all. Instead, it's planted firmly on the shoulders of Billy's headless corpse!

Megan screams. In unison with Wendy.

THE GYM

A beat as people look up from their activities. Startled. And then a stampede begins. Parents grab children. Boyfriends snag girlfriends. Everyone hustles toward the nearest exits. Confusion reigns.

EQUIPMENT LOCKUP

MEEKER

Oh, Jesus.

Houghton lunges to get out of the room, but the door is inadvertently shoved closed by the frenzied mass pushing toward the main exit in the gym lobby. Houghton's hand is caught between the door and the frame! Bones SNAP!

THE FRONT LOBBY

The first fleeing party-goers reach the bank of glass doors. They hit them hard, bounce back. A costumed PIRATE MAN points. The exits have been bound with chains and padlocks! From the outside!

PIRATE MAN

They're locked! Someone locked
the doors!

Suddenly there is a ground swell of terror in the crowd and it surges forward again. The Pirate Man is crushed against the glass. He screams as his face begins to CRACK...

CUT TO:

EXT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The lobby doors shatter, spilling Haddonfield residents to the concrete steps. People pour out of the gym. An OLD WOMAN dressed as a toadstool is crushed underfoot. PAN OVER from the chaos to reveal two dead POLICEMEN lying beneath the hedges that fringe the gym.

Their throats have been slashed.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - REAR EXITS - NIGHT

Another wad of terrified people streams toward the back doors, Sumner and Abernathy among them. A FAT MAN in a Bluto costume shoves Sumner into a barbecue grill set up for the Festival. It tumbles over, spilling a butane tank up against the bleachers. The tank begins to HISS.

Suddenly the loose butane hits the flame of a nearby jacko'-lantern. A huge jet of fire erupts from the pumpkin's mouth and eyes, setting Abernathy ablaze! As Sumner watches in horror, the man spins about, wailing, his skin melting away.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYMNASIUM - REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Laurie and Ellie hop out of Henry's car. Sprint for the gym.

Like the front doors, the metal back doors have been padlocked shut. SCREAMS from beyond.

Ellie darts toward the high school building.

ELLIE

This way, Laurie! Through the
high school!

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Abernathy stumbles around the gym - lighting ablaze everything he comes in contact with - before dropping to the floor. Dead. He continues to burn.

NEAR THE HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE

Megan, now caked in real blood, cowers in a corner behind the pile of pumpkins, cradling her knees and watching the chaos. The lights have gone again. Fires burn across the gym.

Suddenly the door that leads into the high school breezes open. Megan catches her breath as the Shape emerges from the darkness. He moves past, slowly, agonizingly. Megan begins to sob.

FOLLOW THE SHAPE as he glides effortlessly between the bleachers into the carnage he has created, like the Dark Prince returning home.

The Shape approaches the mass of townspeople huddled around the locked doors, knife raised. One by one they turn. The knife plunges down over and over. Bodies fall left and right.

SUMNER

(trapped beneath grill)

You people, get out of here! Run!

The Shape turns his attention to Sumner. The mayor struggles beneath the grill, bone poking through the knee of his slacks. The Shape comes for him.

Sumner grabs a hose, tugs the butane tank over. It hisses wildly. He fishes a lighter out of his coat pocket, grips the butane valve.

SUMNER (CONT'D)

That's right, you son of a bitch.
Come on! I got rid of your house
and now I'll get rid of you.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Daddy, no!

Out of nowhere Ellie is running across the gym.

SUMNER

Ellie, no! Get away!

The Shape spins, raising his knife. Ellie freezes.

LAURIE (O.S.)

Ellie!

Meeker comes running from the lobby, gun drawn.

MEEKER

Ellie, drop!

Ellie hits the floor quickly. Meeker opens fire. BAM! BAM! BAM! The Shape takes six in the chest before going down with a thud.

ELLIE

Daddy, are you okay?

With his help, Ellie tugs the grill off of her father. She leads him away, supporting him.

Meeker approaches the downed Shape, reloading his six shooter. The Shape lies motionless on his back.

LAURIE

Don't touch him. He's not dead.

MEEKER

I don't need anyone to tell me that.

Meeker circles around, stands clear of the body, aiming his weapon.

ON ABERNATHY'S BODY

Flames from Abernathy's body leap to a nearby booth covered in tissue paper. The booth goes up with a ROAR.

The fire grabs Meeker's attention for the briefest of seconds...

MEEKER (CONT'D)

We've got to get everyone out of --

...and the Shape seizes the moment to attack! His hand closes around Meeker's ankle. Meeker flies onto his back. As his gun hand strikes the floor, the revolver discharges.

FOLLOW THE BULLET as it whizzes straight into the crushed butane tank!

MEEKER (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

A HUGE EXPLOSION rocks the gym as the butane tank disintegrates! A giant fireball streaks forward, consuming Meeker. At the exact same moment, the Shape rises, a dark silhouette against the wall of flames. A snapshot of Evil personified.

LAURIE

RUN!

Laurie throws Sumner's free arm over her shoulder. She and Ellie drag him back toward the high school entrance. They stop. Flames have spread across the wooden bleachers and blocked the doorway!

Laurie looks over her shoulder - the Shape is coming for them. Fast!

MEGAN (O.S.)

Up here!

They all look up. Megan stands inside the coach's office at the top of the bleachers. She's holding the door open.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

The roof! We can get onto the roof!

Laurie and Ellie climb the bleachers with Sumner. The Shape follows.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Laurie and Ellie tug Sumner inside. Megan moves to slam the door, but isn't fast enough - the Shape gets his knife arm in. The blade flails wildly, searching for flesh. Megan tries to hold the door against him. She begins to slip...

Laurie grabs the coach's desk and runs it across the room into the door, pinning the Shape's arm.

LAURIE

Go! I'll hold him!

Megan hops across the desk. Ellie is already shoving Sumner up a ladder in the corner that leads to the roof. At the top is a hatch. Sumner unlatches it and crawls through. Megan goes next. Ellie climbs the ladder. At the highest rung, she turns.

ELLIE

Laurie, come on!

LAURIE

Ellie, go! I'll be right behind you.

ELLIE

(near tears)
You promise?

LAURIE
(heartfelt)
I promise.

Ellie disappears through the opening.

Laurie lets go of the desk and turns for the ladder. The Shape hits the door with all his weight, hurtling the heavy desk back across the room with the force of a locomotive. It smashes into Laurie's right leg. She collapses on top of the desk with a cry of pain.

The Shape steps into the room. He swipes at Laurie with the knife. She darts aside and the blade rips through the desktop. Laurie eyes the ladder, gauging her chances. The Shape circles the desk, blocking her escape route.

Laurie grabs a trophy from a shelf. Hurls it through the office window. She scrambles out, but not before the Shape gets hold of her shirt. She struggles in the window, like a fish on a hook. The Shape raises the knife...

Suddenly Laurie's shirt rips. She falls fifteen feet to the hard gym floor.

The Shape peers down. Laurie lies motionless below on the polished wood of the basketball court. He turns his attention to the open roof hatch.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYMNASIUM - REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bedlam. Those lucky enough to have escaped watch on as the gym goes up in flames. Some nurse cuts, cradle broken arms. SIRENS shriek in the distance.

Henry stands alone. His attention is caught by a car parked haphazardly near the gym's rear entrance - his car. He quickly scans the crowd for Laurie. No luck.

Henry approaches a downed policeman. Checks his pulse. Dead. He slides the man's gun from his holster and heads off to find Laurie.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYMNASIUM - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Megan and Ellie help Sumner hobble along. As they approach a steep, shingled part of the roof that rises over the main high school building, Ellie stops.

ELLIE

I'm going back.

SUMNER

Ellie, you can't.

ELLIE

I won't leave her! I won't!

MEGAN

(looks O.S.)

Oh God! He's coming!

Ellie and Sumner turn. The Shape is emerging through the hatch from the coach's office! He stands. Waits a beat. Then begins his pursuit.

ELLIE

(crying)

Laurie!

MEGAN

You can't help her now, Ellie.
Come on!

Megan drags Ellie onto the high school roof. They clamber up, shouldering Sumner. As they reach the peak, they turn to look. The Shape is right behind them!

SUMNER

Leave me!

ELLIE

I'm not leaving you here to die!

Suddenly a shingle gives out beneath Ellie and she falls to her stomach. Sumner snatches at her. Loses his footing. He slides down the rooftop toward the back of the school.

At the same moment the Shape goes for Megan. She ducks the knife, but slips. She barrels down the steep rooftop fast, like a boulder down a hillside, and plunges over the front of the building!

ON BIKE RACK

Megan plummets three stories, landing face-up and prone on a steel bike rack. Her back SNAPS on impact, the rack bisecting her. Her lifeless body dangles there, head between feet, like a wash cloth draped over a towel rack.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Shape goes for Ellie. She slips down the rooftop in the direction her father fell. At the base of the roof the high school connects with another building. Here the roof is flat again. Ellie scrambles to her feet.

ELLIE

Daddy!?

There is no sign of him. At the edge of the building a ladder leads down and out of sight. Ellie runs for it. Looks over her shoulder. The Shape is hot on her heels! The knife is raised! She's not going to make it...

Suddenly a hand shoots out from behind a pile of AC equipment, snatches a bundle of the Shape's pants leg. The Shape looks down, as if annoyed. It's Sumner. He's lying on a bank of glass - a skylight. In his left hand he has a lone brick. It's raised. The Shape cocks his head.

SUMNER

(grinning)

Remember me? You killed my wife!

ELLIE

Daddy, no!

With a deliberate arc, Sumner brings the brick down. Hard. The skylight CRACKS - slowly, laboriously - and then gives way. Sumner plunges down into the darkness, taking the Shape with him!

Ellie descends the ladder and races off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A dark alley behind the school. Near the end is an old Taurus, parked alone. The vanity plates read "BESTSLR." Ellie runs up to it and tries the door. Locked. She picks up a rock and bashes in the driver's side window. Gets in. Hunts for keys.

Suddenly a figure leaps up to the open door! Ellie screams.

It's Laurie.

ELLIE

Laurie!

LAURIE

Where are the others? Your dad?

ELLIE
They didn't make it.

LAURIE
I'm sorry, Ellie.

Ellie freezes.

ELLIE
Did you hear that?

LAURIE
What is it?

ELLIE
Listen.

Ellie, still in the driver's seat, leans into the car. Listens intently. A SOFT, SCRATCHING SOUND comes from inside.

Laurie hears it too. She steps away, peers into the back seat... and finds her face merged with that of the Shape! He's approaching from behind her, his white mask reflected in the rear window. The knife comes up.

LAURIE
(whispers)
Ellie, hide.

Laurie spins. She lunges at the Shape, tackling him. The knife skitters away as they hit the pavement. They wrestle, rolling over one another. Laurie winds up on top. She punches the Shape in the face. The Shape kicks her off.

Both are up quickly. The Shape immediately grabs Laurie by the neck, choking the life out of her. Laurie knees him in the balls. No effect. With one last effort, she brings both legs up and kicks the Shape in the midsection, driving him back.

Laurie scrambles up the trunk of the car and ends up on the roof. The Shape follows. He raises the knife and slashes into Laurie's arm. She screams.

The Shape grabs her by the arm and throws her off the Taurus. She lands hard on her leg. The Shape steps down.

Laurie's hurt. She grabs her leg, whimpering. The Shape is before her. He raises the knife to strike -

A GUN SHOT rings out. The bullet strikes the Shape in the back. He just manages to turn as more SHOTS are fired. BAM! BAM! BAM! The Shape tumbles and falls onto his back. Completely still.

Laurie looks. In the distance, a man rushes toward her. It's Henry, gun drawn. He tucks the weapon away and hoists Laurie off the pavement, hugging her furiously.

HENRY

My God! Laurie, are you okay!?

LAURIE

Henry? What are you --

HENRY

The school. He was at the school!
I knew if he was still around,
he'd go for you...

Henry stares at the downed Shape.

LAURIE

He's not dead.

HENRY

I shot him.

LAURIE

He'll get up.

HENRY

Six times.

LAURIE

Trust me.

In almost humorous fashion, they step back a few feet.

INT. TAURUS - NIGHT

Ellie rises from her crouched position. Looks out the window.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Henry tries to hug Laurie once more. She pulls back.

LAURIE

Henry, there's something I need
to know. Why were you trying to
send me back to Grace Anderson?

HENRY

Send you back? Laurie, I was
trying to get you a legal reprieve.

LAURIE

What?

HENRY

So you wouldn't have to live like
this. Wouldn't have to be scared
all the time.

Laurie is shocked. But the shock quickly turns to joy. She immediately grabs Henry and embraces him in a tight hug.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know I should have told you.
But I wanted it to be a surprise...

INT. TAURUS - NIGHT

Ellie can hear everything through the shattered window. She smiles. But something catches her eye. Something rising behind Laurie and Henry! Her mouth opens to warn them...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

HENRY (CONT'D)

I wanted it to be a surprise when
I asked you to --

Henry's words are interrupted by TWO LOUD GUN SHOTS. Henry jerks. Two slugs have hit him squarely in the back. His body goes limp in Laurie's arms.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(dying words, finishing)
-- marry me...

Henry slides to the pavement slowly. In his place, we can SEE the Shape - wielding a pistol!

WOMAN'S VOICE

(muffled)
Parting is such sweet sorrow.

Laurie steps back, stunned. The Shape laughs - a woman's laugh. He reaches up and peels off the mask!

LAURIE

(incredulous)
Autumn...

AUTUMN

You never forget a pretty face,
do you?

LAURIE

But Meeker and Henry - they shot
you!

Autumn rips open her jumper to reveal a body-suit and bulletproof vest.

AUTUMN

And it hurt like a son of a bitch, too.

Laurie reels.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Don't look so surprised. Nothing sells books like a few unsolved murders.

LAURIE

You killed all those people - all those kids - to sell a fucking book?

AUTUMN

Okay, you got me. It wasn't just the publicity. Though that was a nice perk.

LAURIE

Jimmy?

AUTUMN

That's right, sweetie. You got off scott-free on that one, didn't you? Until tonight anyway. After tonight, a few nightmares is going to seem like a walk in the park.

INT. TAURUS - NIGHT

Ellie crouches onto the floorboard. We can still faintly HEAR the RUSTLING, SCRAPING SOUND. Ellie looks into the backseat, curious. It's coming from the trunk.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Autumn keeps the gun trained on Laurie.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

I always knew you were alive. I couldn't find you, but I knew you'd come running if I offered a few kids. And you did - in record time, I might add. Now you're here, and now you'll pay for what you did to Jimmy.

LAURIE

But what about Michael? I saw
the hole. I saw the handprints.

AUTUMN

Nice touch, huh? Alves wasn't
exactly a tough nut to crack.
While you and Sumner's kid were
out playing Hamlet in the cemetery,
I was at the Myers house, doing a
little grave-digging of my own.
When I was done, I just made it
look like Michael was the one
doing the digging.

LAURIE

Why dig Michael up?

AUTUMN

Why not? I knew you'd spill the
beans on Alves. It was only a
matter of time before someone
went out to the Myers lot with a
shovel. And this way, it looks
like Michael really did come back.

INT. TAURUS - NIGHT

Ellie again glances nervously into the back seat. The
commotion in the trunk is growing LOUDER. Whatever's back
there is alive... and pissed.

LAURIE (O.S.)

What did you do with Michael's body?

AUTUMN (O.S.)

Why, I stowed it, of course. In
a safe place.

Ellie's eyes go wide with realization. She slowly looks to
the trunk.

LAURIE (O.S.)

You don't know what you've done.

Peeking through the window, Ellie can see Autumn with her
back to the car. Her gun is still trained on Laurie.

AUTUMN (O.S.)

I know exactly what I've done.
And after I'm through with you
and that little bitch Ellie, I'm
going to take your brother's body
out to the woods, chop it up, and
bury it. Get rid of the Myers
clan once and for all.

Ellie slowly reaches down to the floorboard and... pops the trunk release!

EXT. TAURUS - NIGHT

The trunk door rises slowly, effortlessly, like the lid of Pandora's Box.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Funny, eh? I'm going to accomplish the one task your brother never could. I'm going to kill Laurie Strode. Little old me. Little old Autumn Harris.

The car GROANS as the trunk's cargo steps out, two heavy work boots hitting the pavement.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Guess Michael Myers wasn't so tough after all.

A filthy, burned hand reaches into the car's trunk and retrieves a heavy tire iron.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Now, come on, Laurie. People will buy poor old Henry taking a few in the back due to your paranoia. But you? Only something sharp will do. Why not help a sister out and take one for the team?

Laurie steps forward, drops her arms. She's seen the entire trunk incident unfold.

LAURIE

Okay, Autumn. I'd hate to be the one to deny you your fame. You deserve everything that's coming your way.

AUTUMN

That's a good girl.

Autumn picks up the knife, pockets the gun.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

I hope there are no hard feelings. I've always admired your spunk.

LAURIE

None at all.

AUTUMN

I'll try to make this as painful
as possible.

LAURIE

(smiles)

I just hope it's worth the wait.

Autumn raises the blade. Suddenly, half a foot of tire iron bursts from her chest! She's yanked off her feet! Her eyes go wide, suddenly full of knowledge. Full of terror. And then full of nothing at all.

Standing behind Autumn, in shadow, is the dark outline of a man. His face is hidden, but he wears dirty coveralls and has the tire iron planted in Autumn's back, holding her off the ground with brute strength. It is THE SHAPE - Michael Myers in all his glory!

Autumn's knife drops to the ground. Then the mask. Then, as the Shape allows it, Autumn herself. She sags to the ground like an empty sail, her wind all gone.

A hand reaches down. It picks up the mask. It picks up the knife.

Laurie watches as the Shape pulls the mask down over his decomposing face... and sees his sister.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Hello, Michael.

The Shape gives the mother of all head tilts. Like everyone else, he's surprised to see Laurie.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Where were we?

Laurie backs away.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Come on!

The Shape flips the knife around. Brandishes it so that Laurie sees. And then come he does.

Laurie runs. Clutching her leg. Limping.

The Taurus' door opens and Ellie crawls out. Looks after them. She goes to her knees beside Autumn's crumpled form. She pilfers her jumper. Pulls out the gun.

EXT. BUS LOT - NIGHT

Laurie scales a chain-link fence and drops into a parking lot full of school buses. She darts into the maze.

The Shape approaches the fence. Peers through.

Laurie finds a bus with an open door. Scrambles inside. She cranks the folding door shut and ducks into a seat halfway down.

Outside, the Shape glides between the buses. Quickly. Hellbent. As he passes Laurie's bus, he cranes his head. Notes the front door is closed.

INT./EXT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

Laurie leans out into the aisle. Glances both ways. Sees nothing. She crouches in the seat. Behind her - over the seat back - we SEE the Shape lower himself into the bus through a roof hatch.

Laurie rocks herself. Suddenly a huge knife blade slices through the seat! It misses Laurie's nose by a millimeter. She jumps up. Limpes to the front of the bus.

Laurie yanks at the crank handle to open the front door. It won't budge. Through the door panes she can see a tire iron has been wedged into the jamb.

Behind Laurie the Shape rises. He stalks down the aisle toward her.

Laurie looks around. Frantic. She grabs a toolbox from beneath the driver's seat. Hurls it through the windshield. Climbs through onto the hood.

The Shape lunges through the window, snatches her arm. Laurie struggles against him, slips free. She plunges off the hood and crashes to the pavement. Hard enough to knock her breath out.

The Shape grabs the door crank. Gives an angry tug. The tire iron shoots out of the jamb and ricochets off the next bus. The door folds aside and the Shape descends.

Laurie gets to her feet. Limpes toward the nearest building - a bus garage. She crawls through an open window.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage is a cavernous place with several mechanic bays and rows and rows of huge bus tires.

Laurie's attention is drawn to one of the mechanic bays. Beneath the hydraulic lift is an open cement pit. Laurie hurries toward it, a plan forming.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS GARAGE - NIGHT

The Shape steps through the window. Surveys the garage. He moves inward. Searching. He senses a presence near him and turns.

Laurie cowers at the back of the mechanic's pit. The Shape approaches to see a ladder leading down into the pit. He descends it and faces Laurie, his eyes dark canyons of nothing.

LAURIE

Come on, Michael. You want me -
you come get me!

The Shape moves forward. Closes the gap between them.

Now we SEE Laurie clutches a metal box. She presses a button, and the hydraulic lift begins to lower.

The Shape doesn't notice, his mind singularly consumed with slaughtering the woman before him. The one that has always escaped his knife. Laurie Strode. His sister.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

That's right, Michael. Come on!
We'll go together.

Suddenly a SHOT rings out. A bullet whizzes past the Shape's head. He turns. Ellie is standing at the rim of the pit.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Ellie, no!

ELLIE

Laurie, get out of there!

The Shape glances up and spots the lift. He steps out of the way quickly. He glares at Laurie. Betrayed. He grabs the ladder and angrily climbs toward Ellie.

Ellie darts down an aisle of tires. It ends in a wall.

ELLIE

Fuck!

Ellie squeezes behind a stack of tires. Crouches down. There is a chain-link partition behind her. Suddenly two arms shoot through! One of the Shape's hands closes around Ellie's throat and begins to squeeze. As she begins to slip away, Ellie raises her gun to the Shape's temple, but she's too far gone to pull the trigger. In an almost loving motion, the Shape removes the pistol from Ellie's limp hand.

Out of nowhere a chain swings around the Shape's chest! And again. And again. It's pulled taught, hauling him back. Laurie has snared him with an engine hoist!

Ellie hits the floor. She claws at her throat, trying to breathe.

Laurie yanks at the chain, hand over fist, so that the pulley system drags the Shape off his feet. He dangles before her. The knife clatters to the concrete floor.

Laurie helps Ellie up. Kicks the knife away from the Shape.

LAURIE

Go to the gym, Ellie. Bring help.

ELLIE

Come with me!

LAURIE

I can't let him get away.

ELLIE

But Laurie --

LAURIE

Do as I say!

Ellie hugs Laurie with tears in her eyes. Somehow she knows this is goodbye. Laurie hugs her back.

ELLIE

Laurie, don't do this. Please.

Laurie pulls away.

LAURIE

Ellie, go.

Ellie slowly heads for the exit. She looks back. Laurie nods. Ellie climbs through the window and disappears.

Laurie turns to the Shape. Her face is grim. He watches her silently, not even struggling with his chains. Inhumanly patient.

There is a container of gasoline nearby. Laurie takes it and unscrews the lid. She douses the Shape. His arms. His chest. His mask.

The Shape only continues to stare.

Laurie picks up a welding gun. Lights it. She moves in.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Are you ready, Michael?

Suddenly - in a perfect, instantaneous motion - the Shape's right arm arcs up. The gun is in his hand! As he squeezes the trigger, a bullet slices clean through the chain holding him up. He drops to the concrete floor.

Surprised, Laurie hurries forward with the welder. She's too late! The Shape seizes her throat. Laurie touches the welder's flame to his chest. Flames speed up and down his body as he flares alight. He wraps his arms around Laurie, burning her. She screams.

As they burn, the Shape wrestles his sister to the floor. He straddles Laurie's midsection, throttling her, his mask melting away in rivers of white-hot goo.

Laurie's right hand flails about... reaching. It closes around the welding gun.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

It's time, Michael. It's finally time.

Above her head Laurie swipes the gun across the cement floor in a smooth arc. The flame touches a metal drum of petroleum.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Michael.

The flame burns through!

EXT. BUS GARAGE - NIGHT

Half the garage disintegrates as a pillar of flame jets straight up into the October night, setting it aglow in a ghastly Halloween display. As burning debris begins to fall...

PRIEST (V.O.)
 ...hers was a life of great
 struggle... of hardship and
 adversity... both mental... and
 physical...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A cold November afternoon. A light drizzle falls.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 ...but that's all over now. For
 now, she is with Our Lord. At
 peace... At rest...

As a PRIEST delivers his closing remarks, a crowd of MOURNERS
 gather around an open grave. Most clutch black umbrellas.
 Ellie is front and center.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 It is with great sadness, but
 also great joy, that we commit
 our sister Laurie Strode to
 eternal slumber.

As the eulogy concludes, Ellie's face betrays no emotion.
 Her face is an infinite blank. She's calm. Cold. Composed.
 But there is something that wasn't there before. A secret
 knowledge perhaps. A secret wisdom.

The crowd begins to disperse as Ellie approaches Laurie's
 coffin, suspended over the hole which will become Laurie's
 final resting place. Ellie places a white rose on the coffin.
 Closes her eyes. Says a brief prayer under her breath. Then
 she turns.

Standing near the back of the crowd is Joe Alves. Ellie
 fixes him with an icy stare. He nods.

As Laurie's coffin is lowered into the earth...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

Another coffin. Suddenly flames are reflected in its glossy
 veneer.

ALVES (O.S.)
 You haven't changed your mind,
 have you?

PULL BACK from the coffin to reveal it lying atop a raised metal track. Nearby a pulsing-hot cremation chamber glows.

Ellie and Alves stand beside the coffin. Alves looks to Ellie. Studies her. As before, her face is cold, expressionless.

ELLIE

Stop stalling and do it.

ALVES

The path to revenge runs along a slippery slope, Ellie. I just want to make sure you understand the choice that you're --

ELLIE

I've already made my choice, Alves. But you -- you have no choice. Now do it.

Alves stares at Ellie, a hatred burning in his eyes. Ellie has the upper hand and he knows it.

ALVES

Fine. But the cremation process can take up to three hours. Why don't you go home and get some rest. I'll call you when it's done.

Ellie thinks it over. Nods.

ELLIE

But no funny business. If I find out you've pulled one over, I'll go straight to --

ALVES

Alright! I get it!

Ellie glares at Alves, then reaches up to the coffin and lifts the lid. Takes one last look at the charred form of the Shape.

ELLIE

Rot in Hell, Michael.

Ellie closes the coffin. Makes for the door. Alves follows.

EXT. CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

Alves hovers in the doorway as Ellie exits.

ALVES

Now remember, Ellie - what happens here tonight stays between you, me, and Mr. Myers. You can't tell anyone.

Ellie peers up at the mortician. For the first time, her face betrays her feelings.

ELLIE

Don't worry...
(sadly)
There's no one left to tell.

Alves watches Ellie go and then slams the door.

INT. CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

Alves observes the coffin. The look of immense hatred that burned in his eyes moments before has been replaced by a deep melancholy. He seems tired, worn down.

ALVES

(with a sigh)
A slippery slope indeed...

Alves steps forward and begins to push the coffin toward the waiting furnace...

Suddenly a charred hand snares him at the wrist! Alves gasps, turns to see...

The Shape standing before him! Dark eyes stare out at Alves from behind a mask that has melted into piebald patches of rubber and hair. Alves begins to tremble.

ALVES (CONT'D)

No! God, no!

The Shape rips open the casket and lifts Alves. Without effort he tosses the old man into the elongated box. Alves claws at the Shape's heavy grip, but his efforts are in vain. The Shape slams the lid down on the man. Locks it! He holds for a moment, and then with one hand swats the coffin into the furnace. The hungry embers flare up as Alves begins to SCREAM.

The Shape watches for a moment. Turns. Held in perfect silhouette by the flames behind, the Shape exits the crematorium and steps into the night.

FADE OUT.

THE END