

Halloween

**A screenplay by
Michael Bellina**

**Based on a film and characters created by
John Carpenter and Debra Hill**

10/13/17

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE.

OPEN on a black screen.

FADE IN TO:

A flickering orange shape starts to form on the left side of the screen, revealing itself to be a jack-o-lantern with a sinister looking grin carved into its face, glowing in the darkness. On the right side of the screen SUPERIMPOSE in orange letters:

HALLOWEEN

The MAIN TITLES CONTINUE, and the CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN on the face of the jack-o-lantern. As we get closer and closer, the pumpkin cracks open, revealing a face inside it. But it is not a normal face. It is a familiar looking white rubber mask. The light from the jack-o-lantern casts an eerie orange glow over it.

The CAMERA CONTINUES TO ZOOM IN on the mask, CLOSING IN on one of the eye holes. It is blank, dark and empty. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE IN until we are inside the eye hole and the screen is completely black.

FADE IN TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET/LAMPKIN LANE - DAY.

The CAMERA moves down LAMPKIN LANE.

SUPERIMPOSE:

HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS
OCTOBER 30, 2002

As the CAMERA continues down the street, we see a typical looking RESIDENTIAL street. The houses all look well kept, some displaying various HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS. We come to a stop on a nice looking, modest-sized, two story home. The number 45 is displayed on the front door. This is the MYERS HOUSE.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY.

A typically normal kitchen. DEBORAH MYERS, 42, is removing dishes, silverware, ect from the dishwasher. At the kitchen table sits her daughter, JUDITH MYERS, 16, a pretty girl with dirty-blonde/light brown colored hair, eating a piece of toast. On the other side of the table we see baby CYNTHIA MYERS, 2, sitting in a HIGH CHAIR. In front of her on the cover section of the high chair is a SIPPY CUP, and CHEERIOS scattered about. Little Cynthia picks them up and eats them one at a time.

JUDITH:

So, um, Mom? Did you have a chance to talk to Dad
about tomorrow night?

DEBORAH:

I did.

Deborah looks at her daughter seriously for a moment, then breaks into a smile.

DEBORAH:

He said it's alright.

JUDITH:

(Excited) Really?!

DEBORAH:

He wasn't exactly thrilled about you spending the night at a stanger's house all the way over in Allentown...But we talked about it, and he trusts you.

JUDITH:

Oh my God! Thanks, Mom! You're the best! (To the baby)
Isn't she the best, Cindy?

Cynthia smiles at her big sister, and it is now that we can clearly see a **DISTINCT LIGHT BROWN BIRTHMARK** on the left side of her neck, as well as a cute little **MOLE** on the inside of her right cheek, slightly above her upper lip.

DEBORAH:

Well, hold on a minute now. You said this boy's parents will be there?

JUDITH:

Yeah, they're Danny's family, Mom. It's his aunt and uncle's house. His cousin is the one having the party.

DEBORAH:

OK. You promise you'll call when you get there?

JUDITH:

Promise.

Judith gets up from the table and leaves the piece of toast she was eating on a plate, half-eaten. Deborah notices this.

DEBORAH:

Is that all you're eating?

JUDITH:

I'm on a diet, Mom.

DEBORAH:

A diet? What is it with you girls nowadays? Everyone's on a diet. Honey, why are you on a diet? You don't need to lose any weight...You have a beautiful figure.

Judith smiles.

JUDITH:

And I wanna keep it. Don't worry, I'll get lunch at school.

DEBORAH:

Oh, Judith...

Judith crosses to her mother. She gives Deborah a kiss on the cheek.

JUDITH:

Bye, Mom. Love you.

DEBORAH:

Love you too.

Judith turns and walks over to the high chair.

JUDITH:

Bye, pretty girl.

She places her hands gently on the sides of the baby's face, and gives her a kiss. Cynthia giggles. Judith turns to leave and runs right into her little brother, MICHAEL MYERS, a seemingly normal, brown-haired boy of 6, as he enters the room.

JUDITH:

Oops! Sorry, Squirt.

Judith smiles and pats Michael on the head, playfully messing his hair a little.

JUDITH (CONTINUING):

See ya later.

She turns and leaves.

DEBORAH:

Good morning, Honey. If you don't want cereal, there's some bagels on the counter. Be careful cutting them.

Michael doesn't answer vocally, but smiles at his mother. Deborah notices Cynthia has spilled her juice all over the cover portion of her high chair.

DEBORAH:

Uh-oh. Did someone make a mess?

She grabs some napkins and a dish rag as Michael crosses to the counter and puts a bagel on a plate. While Deborah is tending to the baby's mess, Michael opens the SILVERWARE and CUTLERY DRAWER. Off to the side is a large BUTCHER KNIFE that seems to catch his eye. Michael removes it from the drawer and stares at it. He begins to breathe heavily and we hear the sound of a HEARTBEAT steadily growing faster.

Michael slowly turns around and faces his mother, who is still cleaning up after the baby, unaware of what is happening behind her. He raises the knife up near his chest, with the blade facing up. There is a distant look in his eyes and he appears to be in a TRANS-LIKE state as he stares at his mother. Deborah turns around to throw away the wet napkins she used to clean up the baby's mess and sees Michael with the knife.

DEBORAH:

Michael! What are you doing? You don't need that to cut a bagel. Give it to me before you hurt yourself.

She carefully takes the knife from his hand and Michael appears to be normal again. Deborah places the knife back in the drawer and closes it. She notices the clock.

DEBORAH (CONTINUING):

Come on, Michael, we gotta get going or we'll be late. We still have to drop your sister off. Grab a drink and you can eat in the car.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL.

He stands there for a moment with a confused look on his face, not sure of what just happened.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY.

WIDE SHOT OF THE BUILDING.

INT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

DAVID MCGUINESS, the school principal, mid 40s, sits behind his desk. Deborah sits opposite him on the other side of the desk. The door is closed as the two are having a private meeting.

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

Mrs. Myers, I thank you for coming in today. I wanted to talk to you about Michael.

DEBORAH:

What about him?

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

His teacher, Ms. McCullah has noticed some changes in his behavior lately, and she's concerned about him.

DEBORAH:

What kind of changes?

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

She said he seems to be becoming withdrawn.

DEBORAH:

Withdrawn?

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

Yes. Keeping to himself. Not really interacting with the other children...

INT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/MAIN OFFICE.

We see Michael sitting in a chair, outside the Principal's office. He thumbs through a HORROR COMIC.

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS (CONTINUING V.O.):

Not during class activities, or even during recess. He also hasn't been handing in some of his assignments.

INT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

DEBORAH:

That can't be right. Michael's always loved school.

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

Have you noticed any changes in his behavior at home?

DEBORAH:

No, not really. I mean, he's always been a bit of a quiet kid, but I didn't think there was anything to be concerned about.

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

I don't mean to insinuate anything, but sometimes this type of behavior is the result of problems at home. Has anything happened recently that might have had a negative impact on Michael? Anything at all?

DEBORAH:

No...Nothing I can think of...I mean he did mention he was having some bad dreams lately, but again, I didn't think that was anything to worry about.

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

Did he describe the dreams at all?

DEBORAH:

Not really. He just said he kept seeing people dead. I figured he was probably giving himself nightmares because of all the scary movies he's been watching lately... You know, with it being almost Halloween and all. (Her concern now showing) Do you think this is something serious?

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

Hopefully not, but it's hard to say. I don't think it would hurt to have him analyzed.

DEBORAH:

Analyzed?

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS :

Yes, by a doctor.

DEBORAH:

You mean a shrink.

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS:

Yes. We can help put you in touch with one. There are some very good ones right here in Illinois, not very far from Haddonfield. It's just a suggestion.

INT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/MAIN OFFICE.

CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL.

He sits still and stares blankly down at his comic book.

PRINCIPAL MCGUINESS (CONTINUING V.O.):

Please, just consider it...for Michael's sake.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT.

Michael is sitting on the couch watching ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S PSYCHO on TV. The movie's infamous shower scene is playing as Michael watches intently, completely entranced by the film. On the opposite end of the couch, little Cynthia is sound asleep in her BLANKET SLEEPER PAJAMAS. Judith enters the room.

JUDITH:

Michael, Mom said to turn the TV off and brush your teeth. It's time for bed.

Michael doesn't move or even acknowledge his older sister. He sits like a statue with his eyes fixed on the TV SCREEN. Judith walks over to Cynthia and picks her up. She looks back at the TV and then at Michael.

JUDITH:

Don't you ever get tired of watching that stuff all the time?

She shakes her head and heads upstairs, carrying the baby with her. Michael just continues to sit there, staring at the TV. A moment later we hear Deborah call out to him.

DEBORAH (O.S.):

Michael...It's getting late. Turn the TV off and get to bed...

Michael doesn't react or respond. A moment later Michael's father, DONALD MYERS, 44, enters the room.

DONALD:

Michael, let's go, Bud...upstairs. Time for bed.

Michael doesn't move. He continues to stare at the TV and it appears as if he hasn't even heard his father.

DONALD:

Michael...Come on, tomorrow night you can stay up later for Halloween...

Michael still doesn't move or react.

DONALD:

Michael!

Michael appears to come to, and looks at his father innocently.

MICHAEL:

Huh?

DONALD:

I said it's time for bed. Get going.

Michael nods and gets up off the couch. Donald picks up the remote and turns the TV off, then watches as Michael walks over to the staircase and heads upstairs to his room.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE/DEBORAH & DONALD'S BEDROOM.

Deborah sits up in the bed with her back against the head-board. She seems a little distressed. Donald enters the room in his pajamas. As he gets into the bed, he notices the expression on his wife's face.

DONALD:
Everything alright, Dear?

DEBORAH:
It's Michael.

DONALD:
What about him?

DEBORAH:
Does he seem OK to you?

DONALD:
What do you mean?

DEBORAH:
I don't know. Lately he just seems to be acting a little strange.

DONALD:
He's a kid. (Smiles) They're all a little strange.

DEBORAH:
No, that's not what I mean. It's like there's something not right.

DONALD:
I haven't noticed.

DEBORAH:
It's not all the time. Sometimes he's fine, but then sometimes it's like he's not all there.

DONALD:
He daydreams. That's nothing. We just need to find him a hobby, maybe a sport or something. He watches too much TV.

DEBORAH:
Well, I'm worried it might be something more serious. I had a meeting with his principal today. He said Michael hasn't really been interacting with the other children much lately.

DONALD:

I hardly think that's anything to be concerned about. A lot of people are like that. He's independent.

DEBORAH:

The principal also said he hasn't been handing in some of his assignments. He suggested that maybe we should have Michael analyzed.

DONALD:

What?! No, that's ridiculous. I'm not having some quack tell me there's something wrong with our son, just because he daydreams a little and didn't hand in his homework. Let me tell you what these people do. They diagnose kids with some bullshit condition and then they recommend weekly visits, all so they can fatten up their wallets. No thank you.

Deborah still looks concerned.

BEAT.

DONALD (CONTINUING):

Look...I'll talk to Michael about the school assignments. I'll make sure he understands that he needs to take school seriously.

DEBORAH:

Do you think we should punish him?

DONALD:

No...It's Halloween tomorrow. The Castles are having their annual party. All the kids from the neighborhood will be there. Let him go and have fun. I'll talk to him after that. He'll be fine...Don't worry.

DEBORAH:

OK.

Donald kisses his wife goodnight, then turns out the light.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DOLLY.

We hear the sound of a HEART BEATING as THE CAMERA GLIDES THROUGH the darkened hall. It reaches a half open door at the end and continues on through it, stopping inside.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/MICHAEL'S BEDROOM.

We see Michael asleep in his bed. He appears to be breathing somewhat heavily, and we hear the sound of the heartbeat begin to speed up and intensify. Suddenly there is a FLASH, transitioning to:

SUBJECTIVE POV.

We see the bloody bodies of Deborah, Donald, Judith, and Cynthia Myers lying dead on the floor. The heartbeat continues to speed up. We see a BUTCHER KNIFE, stained red with blood and gripped in what appears to be the hand of a child enter the shot from the bottom of the frame. Another FLASH, transitioning to:

CLOSE UP - MICHAEL'S FACE.

All of a sudden his eyes shoot wide open.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/JUDITH'S BEDROOM.

Judith lies sleeping in her bed. She begins to stir, and opens her eyes to see Michael standing at the side of her bed, watching her. Judith gasps and jumps back, startled by the unexpected presence of someone in her room. She quickly realizes it's her brother and looks at him puzzled.

JUDITH:

Michael?

Judith sits up, and turns on the lamp on the night stand near her bed.

JUDITH (CONTINUING):

Michael, what are you doing in here?

Michael doesn't respond. He just stands completely still, staring at his sister. Judith removes the covers from herself and moves to the edge of the bed, sitting with her legs hanging over the edge and facing Michael.

JUDITH (CONTINUING):

Michael?

Still no response. Judith places her hands on Michael's shoulders and shakes him a little.

JUDITH (CONTINUING):

Michael?

Still nothing. She shakes him a little harder.

JUDITH (CONTINUING):

MICHAEL!

Michael shakes his head slightly, and seemingly snaps out of his trans-like state.

MICHAEL:

Huh? What happened?

JUDITH:

You were probably sleep-walking. Come on, let's get you back to bed.

Judith gets up and escorts Michael out of her room and down the hall, returning him to his own bedroom. Michael climbs into his bed and closes his eyes as if nothing happened. Judith closes his door.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON.

Children of various ages in costumes walk up and down the block, some with parents, trick-or-treating.

SUPERIMPOSE:

OCTOBER 31, 2002

At the end of the shot we hear the sound of a phone ring.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/KITCHEN.

Judith picks a CORDLESS PHONE up off its base on the counter.

JUDITH:

Hello?

On the other end is Judith's boyfriend, DANNY.

DANNY (V.O.):

Hi, Babe, it's me.

Judith smiles.

JUDITH:

Hey, I was wondering when you were gonna call. What time you picking me up?

DANNY (V.O.):

Uh yeah...That's what I'm calling about. Listen, um...I'm not gonna be able to take you to the party tonight. I'm grounded.

JUDITH:

What?! Are you kidding me?! Grounded for what?!

DANNY (V.O.):

Me and the guys got busted egging cars last night. My parents had to come down to the Police Station and get me. I thought my dad was gonna kill me.

JUDITH:

Yeah? What do you think I'm gonna do to you?

DANNY (V.O.):

I know, I know...I'm sorry, Babe. Don't be mad...

JUDITH:

Oh no, why should I be mad? My boyfriend just completely ruined our night, because he has the maturity level of a twelve year old, but that's no reason to be upset. I should be thrilled.

DANNY (V.O.):

I'll make it up to you.

JUDITH:

Yeah, right.

DANNY (V.O.):

I will...I promise. Look I gotta go, but I'll talk to you later.

JUDITH:

Whatever.

Judith angrily hangs up the phone.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Cynthia is in her PLAYPEN, while Deborah is setting a bowl of CANDY on a small table near the front door. She turns around as Judith enters the room looking upset.

DEBORAH:

Is something wrong, Judith?

JUDITH:

Danny got grounded and now we can't go to the party.

DEBORAH:

Oh, Honey, I'm sorry. So, what are you gonna do?

JUDITH:

I don't know. Nobody really had anything planned for tonight. I guess I'll just stay home. I'll pass out some candy and I'll watch some horror movies with Michael and Cindy.

DEBORAH:

Well Michael's gonna be at the Castle's Halloween party down the street.

JUDITH:

(Smiling half-heartedly) Then I guess it'll just be me and Cindy...Girl's night.

DEBORAH:

You don't have to stay home with the baby. The Mancinis already said they'd watch her for us tonight. You can go out with your friends if you want.

JUDITH:

No, it's ok, Mom. I think I'd rather just stay home at this point.

DEBORAH:

Alright, if that's really what you wanna do...You still have a few hours before your father and I have to leave, just in case you change your mind.

Judith just smiles and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - AFTERNOON.

WIDE SHOT OF THE HOUSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT.

WIDE SHOT OF THE HOUSE.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Judith is sitting on the couch, flipping through the channels on the TV. Random snippets from various horror movies are seen as she tries to decide which movie to settle on. Nearby on the floor, Cynthia sits in her playpen, playing with one of her toys. Just then the phone rings. Judith gets up and walks into the kitchen to answer it.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/KITCHEN.

Judith picks up the phone.

JUDITH:

Hello?

DEBORAH (V.O.):

Hi, Honey. Just wanted to check in. Everything OK?

JUDITH:

Yeah, Mom, everything's fine. Just watching some TV. Cindy's in her playpen.

DEBORAH (V.O.):

OK. We shouldn't be home too late. Just remember to bring your brother home by ten, ok?

JUDITH:

Got it, Mom.

DEBORAH (V.O.):

Alright. Bye, Honey.

JUDITH:

Bye.

Judith hangs up the phone and exits the kitchen.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

As Judith comes back into the living room, she sees Cynthia yawning and rubbing her eyes. Judith smiles as she walks over to the playpen. She reaches down and lifts Cynthia out of it.

JUDITH:

Looks like it's getting to be somebody's bed time. Come on, little lady...Let's get you upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT.

The Castles' annual HALLOWEEN PARTY is in full swing. The basement is decorated with black and orange streamers, as well as SPIDER, SKELETON, and BAT DECORATIONS. MR. & MRS. CASTLE, early 40s, stand off to the side, smiling as they observe their own children, as well as others from the neighborhood, dressed in various COSTUMES, laughing and having fun. They are gathered around watching one child dressed as a PIRATE hitting a large, BLACK CAT PINATA with a stick.

Michael is among the group in a CLOWN COSTUME. He wears a CLOWN MASK over his face. As he watches the child in the pirate costume hit the pinata, he begins breathing heavy. We hear the sound of a HEARTBEAT over the ambient noise in the room. Michael's breathing increases as does the speed of the heartbeat.

There is a quick FLASH, transitioning to:

SUBJECTIVE POV.

We see the bodies of all the other children in the room, as well as the Castles, lying on the floor in a bloody mess. Another FLASH, transitioning to:

CLOSE UP OF THE PINATA.

A final blow causes it to break open and fall to the floor with CANDY pouring out everywhere.

ANGLE ON CHILDREN.

The kids all cheer and rush for the candy. The sudden noise and excitement snaps Michael back to reality.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL.

While the other children run past him, he remains where he is and pulls the clown mask off his face. Wide-eyed, he looks around in confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE/CYNTHIA'S ROOM.

ANGLE THROUGH THE DOOR.

In the F.G. we see part of the railings of Cynthia's crib. In the B.G. we see Judith in the doorway looking in.

JUDITH:
(Softly) Goodnight, Cindy.

ANGLE ON JUDITH.

Just as Judith closes the door, the doorbell rings. She turns and heads down the stairs to the front door, opening it to find nobody there.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE/FRONT PORCH.

Judith steps out onto the porch with a puzzled look on her face.

JUDITH:
Hello?

Not a sound except for CRICKETS. She looks from side to side around the porch, but doesn't see anyone. She shakes her head and rolls her eyes.

JUDITH:

Little creeps.

Judith is about to head back inside, when she hears a RUSTLING NOISE. She quickly turns in the direction of the noise and sees movement in the BUSHES off to the side of the porch.

JUDITH:

Who's over there?

She cautiously begins making her way to the front of the porch to try and get a better look.

JUDITH:

Michael, is that you?

She approaches the front of the porch and leans over the banister a little, peering around the bushes. Suddenly, someone pops out from behind the bushes. It is Judith's boyfriend, DANNY HODGES, 17, a good looking athletic type.

DANNY:

BOO!

Judith jumps, then looks annoyed as Danny starts laughing.

DANNY:

Happy Halloween, Baby.

JUDITH:

Real mature, Danny.

DANNY:

Come on, Judith, where's your Halloween spirit? Everyone's entitled to one good scare.

JUDITH:

What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be grounded?

DANNY:

I am. I snuck out.

Danny starts walking up the steps onto the porch.

DANNY (CONTINUING):

I wanted to see you. I feel terrible about ruining your night.

Judith just looks at him as if to tell him his charm isn't working.

DANNY:

Sooo...Are you gonna let me come in?

Judith continues to just look at him, trying to keep up the notion that she's mad, but she starts to break, and can't help but smile.

JUDITH:
Yeah, come on, you jerk.

Danny smiles and follows her as they both go inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE HOUSE.

The kids are playing hide and seek outside and around the house. A bunch of them scramble to find hiding places as a girl in a PRINCESS costume stands against the large tree on the front lawn, facing it and counting out loud.

PRINCESS:
Eighteen...Nineteen...Twenty...Ready or not, here I
come!

She turns and walks away from the tree, searching for the other children. The CAMERA PANS along the side of the house and we see Michael, ducking down and hiding behind some GARBAGE CANS. He is holding his mask in one hand and smiling. Everything seems normal, but suddenly Michael's head JERKS UP as if he were hit by something. He puts one hand on his forehead and closes his eyes tight. Once again we hear the sound of a rapid HEARTBEAT, steadily growing faster and faster. Michael's breathing becomes heavy and deep.

Just as before we see a FLASH, transitioning the scene to:

SUBJECTIVE POV.

We see the same vision as before: The bodies of all the other children at the party lying dead on the floor. Another FLASH changes the vision to that of the one we saw earlier of the Myers family dead. Another FLASH and we see a large, bloody butcher knife held in a child's hand. The heartbeat crescendos to a peak and stops.

CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL.

His eyes open and he removes his hand from his head. He stands up and slowly looks down the street towards his house. There is an evil look in his eyes. He has undergone a DARK TRANSITION, and this time there's no coming out of it.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL.

He begins walking down the street towards his house as the other kids continue their game of hide and seek, not noticing him.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Judith and Danny are on the couch, making out heavily. After a few seconds Danny stops and smiles at her.

DANNY:

Told you I'd make it up to you.

JUDITH:

Oh, you think it's gonna be that easy? A little making out, and you're off the hook? I don't think so, Mister.

DANNY:

Well...Are we alone?

JUDITH:

Pretty much. My parents won't be home for a while yet. Cindy's upstairs asleep in her room, and Michael's at a Halloween party.

DANNY:

Alright then...What do you say we take this to your room, and I'll really make it up to you?

Judith smiles as Danny gets up and takes her hand, leading her away from the couch. As the two walk out of frame, the FRONT WINDOW is revealed, and we see Michael staring in from the outside, watching them.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE.

Michael stands on the front lawn, still holding the CLOWN MASK in one hand. He slowly walks around to the side of the house and looks up. A light goes on in one of the second floor windows, and a second later Judith and Danny can be seen through it, kissing.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/JUDITH'S BEDROOM.

Judith and Danny continue to kiss passionately and begin to remove each other's clothes.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE.

OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT.

We see the back of Michael's head and his shoulders as he watches his sister and Danny through the window. After a few seconds Danny lifts Judith off her feet and the two drop down out of view.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL.

He slowly raises the CLOWN MASK to his face and puts it on.

OVER THE SHOULDER TRACKING SHOT.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Michael as he turns and walks down the side of the house towards the back until he comes to a door.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/KITCHEN.

The kitchen door opens and Michael quietly steps inside. The room is partially illuminated by the light seeping in from the living room. He looks around for a moment, scanning the room, then slowly walks over to the SILVERWARE/CUTLERY DRAWER. Reaching in he removes the large BUTCHER KNIFE we saw earlier. Michael studies it for a moment, then turns and walks out of the room, into the complete darkness of the DINING ROOM.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/JUDITH'S BEDROOM.

Judith and Danny have finished their love making, and now lay in each other's arms.

DANNY:

So, what do you say? Have I made it up to you?

Judith makes a face as if she is contemplating an answer, then smiles.

JUDITH:

Yeah...

They kiss.

DANNY:

I'm starving...You got anything to eat?

JUDITH:

Wow...Way to kill the mood, Romeo.

DANNY:

Sorry, Babe, but it's true what they say, it does make you hungry.

JUDITH:

There should be some stuff in the fridge to make a sandwich.

DANNY:

Awesome!

He gets out of the bed and puts his shirt and pants back on.

DANNY:

Hey, you want me to get you anything?

JUDITH:
Yeah, just bring me back a bottle of water.

DANNY:
You got it.

He walks to the door and is half way out of the room when Judith calls out to him.

JUDITH:
Hey...

Danny stops and turns back to her.

JUDITH (CONTINUING):
My parents won't be home for a while yet, and we still have a little time before I have to go get Michael. You hurry back and maybe I'll let you make it up to me again.

Danny smiles, then turns and walks out.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Danny enters the kitchen and flips on the light switch. He then crosses to the refrigerator and begins looking for some sandwich materials. He spots a few bottles of beer and picks one up.

DANNY:
(To himself) Don't mind if I do...

He twists the cap off of the bottle and takes a swig, before resuming his gathering of sandwich materials. He pulls out two bags, one of sliced meat and the other, cheese.

SOMEONE'S POV.

Watching Danny from the shadows, as he sets his beer and the sandwich items down on the kitchen table. He then crosses to the counter and grabs the loaf of white bread sitting on top of it, before sitting down at the table.

ANGLE ON DANNY.

He begins to make himself a sandwich. Behind him in the B.G. we see Michael emerge from the shadows in his clown costume with the BUTCHER KNIFE in his right hand. Michael stands there for a moment, silently observing Danny, who is totally unaware of his presence and just continues assembling his sandwich.

Michael raises the knife, holding it up near his chest as he slowly approaches Danny from behind.

Danny finishes assembling his sandwich. Holding it in both hands he smiles, pleased with the outcome. Before he can take a bite though, Michael plunges the butcher knife deep into the side of his neck. Danny's eyes go wide with shock and fear. Michael withdraws the blade and Danny falls to the floor, clutching his wound.

Danny shakes and convulses on the floor as blood gushes from his neck, and through his fingers, quickly forming a puddle under and around him. He tries to call out, but all that comes out is a sick gurgling noise. Danny's body soon becomes still. He is dead.

Michael stands there in silence and tilts his head to the side slightly as he watches the life leave his victim's body. A moment later he turns and exits back into the shadows.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/STAIRCASE/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Judith comes down the stairs wearing a white NIGHTSHIRT.

JUDITH:

(Calling out) Babe, what are you doing down here?
What's taking you so long?

No response. Judith reaches the bottom of the stairs and steps into the LIVING ROOM.

JUDITH:

Danny?

Silence. She starts walking through the room and towards the kitchen. As she gets closer, she sees Danny lying on the floor, but only partially.

JUDITH:

Babe, enough with the Halloween pranks. They're not
funny, they're stupid.

She rolls her eyes when Danny doesn't respond.

JUDITH (CONTINUING):

Seriously? Come on, I mean it. Stop screwing arou...

Judith stops dead in her tracks and mid-sentence when she reaches the entrance to the kitchen. She sees Danny's lifeless body in a puddle of blood on the floor, his face frozen in horror. Quickly realizing this is not a joke, Judith gasps and a wave of terror falls over her. She begins to shake and whimper, but brings her hand up over her mouth to prevent herself from screaming. She looks nervously around, fearing that whoever did this may still be somewhere in the room, but sees nothing.

Judith quickly grabs the cordless phone from its base on the counter, and hurries into the living room, unable to look at the horrific scene any longer.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Judith nervously dials 911 and the phone begins ringing.

JUDITH:

Please! Please! Please!

We hear someone pick up on the other end.

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.):

This is 911, what is your emergency?

JUDITH:

Please help me! Someone killed my boyfriend! They might still be in the house! Please!

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.):

OK, Mam, try to stay calm.

JUDITH:

Please, just get someone out here right away! I'm at 45 Lampkin Lane in Haddonfield, Illinois!

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.):

OK, Mam. We'll have somebody out there as soon as possible. I need you to stay on the line with me. Are you in the house right now?

JUDITH:

Yes! I'm alone with my baby sister!

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.):

OK. I want you to find a safe place for you and your sister. A bedroom, a bathroom...Some place you can lock yourself in until help arrives. Can you do that?

JUDITH:

OK.

Judith turns around and sees Michael standing right behind her, still wearing his mask. There is blood on his clown costume and he still holds the butcher knife. Judith looks at him puzzled for a second as he stares silently at her.

JUDITH:

Michael?

Michael says nothing but rams the butcher knife right into Judith's stomach. She gasps and looks at her brother in disbelief. He removes the knife and Judith's shirt immediately begins turning red with blood. Judith clutches her stomach.

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.):

Mam? Are you there? Hello? Mam?

Judith opens her mouth, but nothing comes out. She stumbles back a few steps and falls to the ground. The phone falls from her hand.

Michael just stands there with the knife at his side and stares at her as she crawls backwards towards the staircase.

JUDITH:
Michael...Oh God...Michael...

No response. Michael just continues to watch her.

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.):
Mam, are you still with me? Are you ok?

Judith reaches the staircase and manages to drag herself up to her feet. Still clutching her stomach, she begins to ascend the stairs, fearing for her life, but each step is a struggle. She is half way up the stairs when Michael enters the frame behind her. He stops at the bottom of the staircase and looks up at her. Judith looks back and sees him at the bottom of the stairs.

JUDITH:
(Pleading) Michael no! Please...please stop!

Michael says nothing but steps forward and begins slowly climbing the stairs after her. Judith manages to reach the top of the stairs and circles around the banister. She whimpers as she struggles to get to her room. Michael reaches the top of the stairs and closes in on her.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/JUDITH'S BEDROOM.

Just as Judith reaches the doorway to her room...SLAM! Michael drives the knife into her lower back. Judith cries out in pain and falls to her hands and knees. Crawling around her bed, she tries desperately to get away from her brother.

Michael advances on her and brings the knife down into her back again and again. Judith falls all the way down to the floor, first onto her side, and then rolling onto her back. Unable to move any more, she looks up in horror and disbelief at Michael, who is standing over her.

JUDITH:
(Weakly) Why?

Michael says nothing. He raises the knife and drives it down repeatedly into Judith's chest and torso. Finally he stops and just looks down at his sister's lifeless body. After a moment he turns his head to the side and sees:

Little Cynthia, standing in the doorway of Judith's bedroom. She just looks at Michael, too young to process what is actually going on.

Michael turns and faces her. After another moment he begins walking towards her.

Cynthia does not appear to be frightened. Unaware of what is about to happen, she remains standing in the doorway as Michael approaches her. Michael looks down at her and raises the knife above his head.

VOICE (O.S.):

Hold it right there!

Michael looks and sees TWO POLICE OFFICERS with their GUNS drawn on him. One officer ushers Cynthia away while the other proceeds to restrain Michael. He doesn't resist.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

WIDE SHOT OF THE OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING.

INT. HADDONFIELD POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM.

Michael sits on one side of a table in the middle of the room, still wearing his blood-stained clown costume, minus the mask. His hands are in cuffs and resting on the table top. Directly across from him, on the other side of the table, sits DETECTIVE DALE CYPHERS, late 30s. He holds a pen in one hand, and in front of him on the table we see a small stack of papers, as well as a small tape recorder.

CYPHERS:

Michael, I really need you to talk to me, Pal. I want to help. Tell me what happened. Did your sister make you mad?

Michael doesn't respond. He sits completely still, staring straight ahead. There is a blank and emotionless look on his face. The boy he once was is completely gone.

CYPHERS (CONTINUING):

You know, if you talk to me, I might be able to get those handcuffs taken off for you...Would you like that, Michael?

Nothing. Michael sits in complete silence.

CYPHERS (CONTINUING):

Alright look, Michael...We're not getting anywhere here. I'm gonna step outside for a little while...Give you some time to yourself. You think about if there's anything you'd like to tell me, and when you're ready I'll listen... ok?

Michael still doesn't respond, or even acknowledge the detective in the slightest manner. Cyphers gets up and exits the room.

INT. HADDONFIELD POLICE STATION/HALL.

As Cyphers comes out of the Interrogation Room he is met by SHERIFF RON BARSTOW, a burly man in his mid 50s, with graying hair.

BARSTOW:

Anything?

CYPHERS:

Nothing. The kid hasn't said a word since they brought him in. Never seen anything like it before. Where are the parents?

Barstow motions towards the end of the hall.

BARSTOW:

'Round the corner.

Cyphers walks to the end of the hall and turns the corner to another hall. There he sees Donald and Deborah visibly distressed by the ordeal. They are looking through a large rectangular window that peers into the Interrogation Room. Through it we can see Michael still sitting at the table. He hasn't moved.

CYPHERS:

Mr. and Mrs. Myers?

They turn to Cyphers.

CYPHERS (CONTINUING):

I'm Detective Cyphers. I know this is a very difficult time for you both, and I'm truly sorry...but if there's anything that either of you can tell me that might shed a little light on this...it would really help.

Deborah is too upset to even speak. The toll this is taking on her is visible all over her face. Her eyes are blood-shot and her make up has run all down her face from crying. Donald is also visibly despondent, but is trying to be strong for the both of them. He ushers Deborah to a chair, then turns back to Cyphers.

CYPHERS (CONTINUING):

Has Michael ever displayed any kind of violent aggressive behavior before?

DONALD:

No...Never.

CYPHERS:

And his relationship with his sister? Did they fight a lot?

DONALD:
No, they got along really well.

CYPHERS:
Can you think of anything...anything at all that might have caused him to...

DONALD:
(Cutting him off) No! This...It doesn't make any sense!
He's...he's always been a good kid...I...I can't...

Donald tries to fight back the tears, but he puts his hand over his eyes, and shakes his head in disbelief, breaking down.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW.

We see Michael still sitting at the table, motionless and silent.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE/NEWS BROADCAST - DAY.

ROBERT MUNDY, a distinguished looking news reporter in his early 30s stands on the sidewalk in front of the Myers house.

ROBERT MUNDY:
45 Lampkin Lane, up until yesterday a seemingly normal home in the typically quiet community of Haddonfield. That all changed last night when police responded to an emergency 911 call, and made the gruesome discovery of a brutal double homicide. Both of the victims were teenagers.

During the following dialogue we see a number of images displayed on the screen: Photographs of Judith and Danny, footage from the previous night of the two bodies in BODY BAGS being removed from the house on GURNEYS.

ROBERT MUNDY (V.O.):
Sixteen year old Judith Myers, a resident of the home, was found in her bedroom on the second floor. She was reportedly stabbed seventeen times with a butcher knife. Her boyfriend, seventeen year old Daniel Hodges was discovered on the floor of the kitchen with a large, gaping stab wound in the side of his neck. Both victims were pronounced dead on the scene. But perhaps the most bizarre part of the story...the suspect...a six year old boy.

A photograph of Michael is shown here.

ROBERT MUNDY (V.O.):

Yes, six year old Michael Myers, the younger brother of one of the victims, was taken into custody last night, and at this time remains the sole suspect in this ordeal. Police are said to have found the boy with blood on his clothes and the murder weapon in his hand.

We once again see Robert Mundy in front of the Myers House.

ROBERT MUNDY:

We will bring you more details as they unfold. This is Robert Mundy reporting live.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY.

SUPERIMPOSE:

SIX MONTHS LATER.

JUDGE WALTER WARD, mid 60s, sits at his bench.

JUDGE WARD:

In thirty years as a servant of the law and this court, I have never been asked to make as remotely cruel a decision as the one I am now compelled to make.

Michael is sitting at the defendant's table. He is completely still and silent, his face void of any emotion whatsoever. Behind him we can see many people in attendance, mostly reporters and journalists, but among them Michael's parents are clearly visible in the front row. They are visibly crushed by the reality of all that has happened. They stare hopelessly at their son.

(CONTINUING)

JUDGE WARD:

However, considering the evidence, as well as the absence of any regret on the part of the accused, and above all, the absence of any sense of right or wrong, which is the foundation of the law with respect to the criminally insane...

Michael just stares blankly ahead.

JUDGE WARD:

I have no choice but to remand Michael Audrey Myers to the Smith's Grove Sanitarium in Warren County, Illinois, where he shall be placed in the care of a resident psychiatrist who shall report to this court regularly.

Deborah begins to weep and Donald does his best to try and comfort his wife.

THE CAMERA PANS to the right until it comes to a stop on a distinguished looking man in his mid 30s, DR. SAM LOOMIS. He sits, silently observing.

JUDGE WARD:

His case shall be reviewed no less than twice a year, and upon recommendation of the psychiatrist the boy may be released back into the custody of his parents. Although it is impossible for me to conceive a lengthy stay for Michael, whose brutal act I believe to have been the product of a passing madness that I hope has discharged itself forever from his system, I am obliged to cite the law concerning criminally insane minors, namely, that at the age of twenty-one they must be brought before a magistrate for a criminal proceeding. If Michael is still at Smith's Grove fifteen years hence, he shall be brought before the court following his twenty-first birthday, where he shall be tried as an adult for the murders of Judith Margaret Myers and Daniel Hodges.

INT. TELEVISION STATION/NEWS DESK - DAY.

TOM LANDERS, a clean cut anchorman in his 40s, reports the details of Michael's sentence.

TOM LANDERS:

The trial of six year old Michael Myers came to an end today. The child was found guilty of murdering his sister and her boyfriend, and was ordered by Judge Walter Ward to the Smith's Grove Sanitarium in Warren County, Illinois.

The shot changes to show footage of Michael being led out of the courtroom and escorted into the back of a transfer vehicle, and footage of Loomis.

TOM LANDERS (V.O.):

There he'll be placed in the care of resident child psychiatrist, Dr. Samuel Loomis. Myers is to remain at Smith's Grove until the age of twenty-one, at which time the court will decide his future.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE - DAY.

Loomis sits behind a large desk with a TAPE RECORDER in front of him. On the other side of the desk sits Michael in a chair. Next to the desk a CAMERA sits on a tripod, recording their interaction.

LOOMIS:

Michael, is there anything you'd like to talk about?
Anything you'd like to tell me? Anything at all?

Michael says nothing.

LOOMIS:

You can talk to me, Michael...About anything you'd like.
I want you to know I'm here to help you. I'm not just your
doctor, Michael, I'd also like to be your friend.

No response. Michael just stares at him silently.

CUT TO:

SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/CAFETERIA - DAY.

Michael is seated at a table in the back corner of the room. At the table with him are Loomis, and both his parents who are visiting. Behind the table and off to the side, leaning against the wall is RON PETERSON, one of the orderlies, mid 30s.

DONALD:

So, everyone thinks the Cubs have a really good team
this year. The local papers are even saying this could
be the year they finally break the curse. When you
come home we can watch the games together like we
used to...

Michael just sits there silently and looking straight ahead.

Donald just stops talking, not really knowing what to say or do. Deborah looks at Michael.

DEBORAH:

Michael, Honey. I want you to listen to me. Your father
and I...we still love you. We want you to get well so
we can take you home. Please let Doctor Loomis help
you, Sweetheart. Please...

Deborah reaches out and touches Michael's hand, but he doesn't respond or even acknowledge her. Doing her best to keep it together, Deborah places a framed picture on the table in front of Michael. It is a photo of the entire Myers family; Donald, Deborah, Judith, Michael and Baby Cynthia.

DEBORAH:

We brought this for you, Honey. We thought you might
like to put it in your room.

Loomis looks at his watch, then at Peterson and nods. Peterson crosses over behind Michael.

PETERSON:

OK, Mikey. Time to go, Buddy. Come on.

Peterson ushers Michael up from his chair, then away from the table. He picks the picture up from the table and looks at Michael.

PETERSON:

We can put this next to your bed, ok?

Michael doesn't say anything and Peterson walks him to the doors at the front of the cafeteria. Deborah and Donald watch with dejected expressions as their son is led out of the room.

DEBORAH:

Why does he just sit there like that. Why won't he say anything?

LOOMIS:

It's too early to say for sure, but it could be a number of things. Usually, in a situation like this, it's a combination of two things...shock and an overwhelming feeling of remorse. I think perhaps the realization of what he's done has set in and it may be too much for him to accept. So he's shut himself down mentally and emotionally in order to deal with the circumstances.

DONALD:

You really think that's what it is, Doctor?

LOOMIS:

As I've said, at this point it's too early to say for certain, but I have seen it before.

DONALD:

So how long until he starts coming around and talking again?

LOOMIS:

It's impossible to say. It could be weeks, it could be months, it could be tomorrow. Each patient and each case is unique.

DEBORAH:

Doctor?

LOOMIS:

Yes?

DEBORAH:

Can you help him?

LOOMIS:

I assure you, I will do everything in my power. Michael will be well cared for.

Deborah weeps softly and Donald puts his arm around her, consoling her.

CUT TO:

SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE - DAY.

We see a series of shots INTER-CUT and DISSOLVING into each other: Loomis at his desk, studying Michael's files, as well as examining crime scene photos and reports; Loomis and Michael in a therapy session with Michael refusing to talk or interact, close up of Michael just staring blankly. As the shots play out we hear the following dialogue:

LOOMIS (V.O.):

It's been three weeks since I started sessions with Michael. I've spent four hours with him every day since his arrival at Smith's Grove. Still he remains unresponsive...I can see this journey will be quite difficult...More difficult than I could have anticipated. Still, I must be patient. I remain confident that I can help the boy if I can get him to speak to me. Communication is the key factor in treating any patient.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE - DAY.

Michael is sitting in a chair in front of the desk, just like before. Loomis stands behind the desk holding some sheets of PAPER and a box of CRAYONS.

LOOMIS:

I thought we'd try something a little different today, Michael...

Loomis lays the paper and crayons on the desk in front of Michael.

LOOMIS:

Do you like to draw?

Michael does not respond.

LOOMIS:

You can draw whatever you like. Anything.

Loomis looks up and sees an attractive brunette, DR. JENNIFER HILL, early 30s, through the glass window in his door. She smiles and holds up an ENVELOPE.

LOOMIS:

Excuse me.

He gets up and walks to the door. Michael looks down at the paper and crayons.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL.

Loomis steps out into the hallway, closing the door behind him.

JENNIFER:

Hi, Sam. Sorry to interrupt...

Loomis smiles.

LOOMIS:

It's quite alright, Jennifer. You're really not interrupting much.

JENNIFER:

Not going too well, huh?

LOOMIS:

Same as always. He hasn't said a word, silent as the grave. I can't seem to elicit even the slightest reaction from him, no matter what I try. I've never seen anything like this before.

JENNIFER:

Well, don't beat yourself up too much, Sam. If anyone can help him, you can.

LOOMIS:

I appreciate the vote of confidence.

Jennifer smiles a little flirtatiously.

JENNIFER:

Oh, I almost forgot.

She holds out the envelope.

JENNIFER:

This must have gotten mixed in with my mail accidentally.

Loomis takes the envelope from her.

LOOMIS:

Thank you.

They look into each other's eyes for a brief moment.

LOOMIS:

I'd better be getting back...

Jennifer smiles and nods.

JENNIFER:

Bye, Sam. I'll see you later.

LOOMIS:

Good day, Jennifer.

She walks off as Loomis turns back to his office.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE.

Loomis re-enters his office. As he walks over to his desk he looks down and notices that Michael has actually drawn something on the paper. Loomis picks the drawing up and looks at it.

LOOMIS' POV.

Michael has drawn a picture of himself holding a large bloody knife, and standing over the bloody body of his sister.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS AND MICHAEL.

Loomis looks down at Michael who just sits there, completely still and silent.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE - LATE DAY.

Loomis sits alone at his desk. In front of him are the picture Michael drew and his tape-recorder. He studies the picture for a moment, then presses record on the tape recorder.

LOOMIS:

Michael has finally shown a small indication of acknowledgment of the world around him. Albeit small, I believe this may be a breakthrough, even if a minor one. The picture he drew supports the notion that he is in fact aware of what he's done. I am confident that if any trace of the boy he once was remains within, I may still reach him yet.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE - DAY.

We see Loomis and Michael sitting in their usual spots on opposite sides of Loomis' desk. They sit in silence for a moment, then Loomis lays the drawing Michael made in the previous scene on the desk between them.

LOOMIS:

Would you like to talk about this, Michael? It's the picture you made the other day. It's a picture of you and Judith, isn't it? Why did you draw it, Michael? Is there something you'd like to tell me?

Michael just stares at him blankly with no reaction.

LOOMIS:

Michael, I want you to understand something...I really do want to help you...But I can't do that if you won't talk to me.

Michael still does not react at all.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS.

We hear Loomis' tape-recordings playing over shots of him and Michael in therapy sessions, Loomis again studying the picture Michael drew, Michael staring blankly, Loomis watching video of his sessions with Michael, trying to analyze Michael's behavior further and looking for even the smallest hints of humanity in him.

LOOMIS (V.O.):

It's been nearly a week since Michael responded to the drawing exercise. I had been hopeful that we were making progress, but unfortunately he has retreated back into his own seclusion. As frustrating as the situation can be at times, I am trying my best to make the most of my time with him. The experience is quite new for me as well. Never before have I treated a patient as young or unresponsive as Michael. If nothing else, perhaps I can learn from it. I do fear that because of his young age, Michael may become a target for bullying by some of the other boys.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/BOY'S JUVENILE WARD/REC ROOM - DAY.

We pan through the room, seeing many of the young patients going about their daily activities. Some sit, gathered around the ward's lone TV set, others sit at various tables, playing games, drawing, ect. As we move through the room we are introduced to a few key patients: WADE, 13, an OVERWEIGHT COMPULSIVE EATER with a strange obsession for HOGAN'S HEROES, and most of his dialogue consists either of references to it or eating. He sits at a table, twiddling his thumbs and speaking softly out loud.

WADE:

Hogan is my hero. Hogan is my hero. Ten minutes to lunch time. Ten minutes. Hogan is my hero. Hogan is my hero...

At the same table, sitting two seats away is ROGER, 13, a SELF-MUTILATOR. There are VISIBLE SCARS all along both of his arms, and a few on his cheeks as well. He has an obsession with THE BIBLE, and is usually heard reading or quoting verses from it, sometimes laughing uncontrollably.

ROGER:

Vengeance is mine, and recompense, for the time when their foot shall slip; for the day of their calamity is at hand, and their doom comes swiftly...Hee Hee Hee...

At the table next to them sits TONY O'MALLEY, 15, regarded as a PSYCHOPATH. He is feared by most of the other inmates and typically runs the ward through acts of violence and intimidation. He stares angrily at Michael, who is sitting a few tables away and by himself. There's some paper and crayons on the table in front of him, but Michael doesn't touch them. He just stares blankly ahead. Suddenly, O'Malley grabs him roughly by the shirt.

O'MALLEY:

Why don't you ever talk, Myers?! Huh? What's your problem?!

Michael just stares at him with no reaction. O'Malley shakes him a little, but Michael just continues to stare blankly at him.

O'MALLEY (CONTINUING):

Answer me! What are you stupid?! Huh? You a dummy?!

Just then Peterson intervenes and grabs O'Malley by the back of his shirt collar.

PETERSON:

Leave the kid alone, O'Malley. Go wash up, it's almost lunch time.

O'Malley glares at Michael, who's expression has not changed.

O'MALLEY:

(Quietly, leaning in close to Michael) I'll make you talk, Myers.

O'Malley walks away. Michael continues to stare at him for a moment, then looks down at the CRAYONS in front of him on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/BOY'S JUVENILE WARD/DORM - NIGHT. LIGHTS OUT.

The room is lined with BEDS against both walls. Young patients lay in their beds, most of them asleep. We move across the room between the rows of beds towards Michael. His bed is the last one on the left, and closest to a window with bars on it. The moonlight shines brightly through the window. Next to his bed is a small night table, where we see the picture of the Myers Family.

Michael lays in his bed, but his eyes are wide open as he stares out the window. After a moment we see O'Malley walk up beside Michael's bed, standing over him.

O'MALLEY:

I'll make you talk, Myers. I'll make you cry like a little girl.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE.

Loomis sits at his desk, looking through Michael's case files when Peterson appears at his door.

PETERSON:

Doctor Loomis. You're here late. I thought you'd gone home hours ago.

LOOMIS:

I was just finishing up some work here, Ron.

Suddenly, we hear a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM from off-camera.

Loomis jumps to his feet, and he and Peterson rush out of the office to investigate.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/BOY'S JUVENILE WARD/DORM.

Loomis and Peterson enter the room and see O'Malley rolling around on the floor, whimpering, with a crayon stuck in his right eye. Roger is kneeling on the end of his bed, laughing maniacally.

ROGER:

Ha Ha Ha! Cry Baby! Cry Baby! Ha Ha Ha! O'Malley's a girly! Ha Ha Ha! If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out! If thy right eye offend...

PETERSON:

My God!

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/DORM/HALL.

Orderlies wheel O'Malley down the hall on a gurney towards the infirmary. Loomis watches from the doorway. Once they are gone he turns around, looking back into the dorm.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/BOY'S JUVENILE WARD/DORM.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL.

In the F.G. Michael just lays in his bed, staring out the window. It would appear that he hasn't moved. In the B.G. we can see Loomis staring at him from the doorway, suggesting he suspects something.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE - DAY.

Loomis and Michael sit in their usual spots, across from one another on opposite sides of Loomis' desk.

LOOMIS:

I'd like to talk about what happened to O'Malley, Michael.
Do you know anything about it?

As usual, Michael says nothing.

LOOMIS (CONTINUING):

Did you have anything to do with it? Was he picking on
you? You can tell me, Michael.

Michael just stares straight ahead in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/CAFETERIA - DAY.

Michael sits at the table in the back of the room. The other patients are spread out at the other tables. They seem to be keeping their distance from Michael, except for Wade, who is sitting just two seats away from him. O'Malley sits at a table off to the side. There is a patch on his eye. He seems much different than before, meek and humbled.

Peterson enters, carrying a BIRTHDAY CAKE. He walks over to where Michael is sitting and sets the cake down in front of him.

Wade eyes the cake eagerly.

PETERSON:

Hey, Michael. Happy Birthday! Make a wish, Buddy.

Michael just stares at the cake in silence.

PETERSON:

Come on, Mikey, it's your birthday. Make a wish, blow
out the candles.

Michael still doesn't react.

WADE:

Well, if he's not gonna eat it...

Wade reaches over and grabs a huge chunk of the cake with both hands. He shovels it into his mouth, smearing it on his face and shirt.

PETERSON:

Wade!

Peterson grabs Wade by the back of the collar and drags him away from the cake, sitting him down at another table.

PETERSON:

Dammit Wade! That wasn't for you!

WADE:

S-Sorry, Mister Peterson.

PETERSON:

(To himself) Damn kid.

Michael slowly turns his head in Wade's direction and stares at him.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/SHOWERS - EARLY EVENING.

Wade is in the shower room by himself.

WADE:

(Singing) Hogan is me hero, Hogan is my hero...

He walks up to one of the shower stalls and turns the knob to start the water. A strong blast of SCALDING HOT WATER shoots out of the shower head, hitting Wade in the face and chest. He screams, bringing his hands up to shield his face. He turns to try and run out of the stall, but slips and falls, and the water continues to rain down on him, now on his back. He finally manages to roll out of the path of the water, and lies on the floor screaming and shaking as steam rises all around him.

Off in a shadowy corner, and through the steam, we see a glimpse of Michael walking away from the WATER HEAT LEVEL CONTROLS.

CUT TO:

SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/INFIRMARY - DAY.

Wade's body lays on a hospital bed, covered entirely with BANDAGES. Two orderlies wheel a gurney next to the bed. There is an unzipped black BODY BAG on top of it. They carefully transfer the body from the bed to the gurney, laying it on the open bag before zipping it up. Loomis stands by, speaking with a NURSE.

NURSE:

He was unconscious when they found him. Second degree burns all over his whole body. Died early this morning in his sleep.

LOOMIS:

And no one saw anything?

The nurse shakes her head.

NURSE:

No, but my guess is he probably did it to himself. An accident. Those shower rooms can get pretty chilly some times. Wade must have tried to make the water a little warmer, and probably didn't realize how high he turned the temperature up.

Loomis just watches, as the orderlies wheel Wade's body out..

CUT TO:

SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOUNGE - DAY.

Loomis sits at a table, drinking a cup of coffee. He looks somewhat distressed. Jennifer walks in.

JENNIFER:

Hi, Sam.

LOOMIS:

Good morning, Jennifer.

JENNIFER:

I heard about what happened to Wade. God, that's terrible.

LOOMIS:

Yes.

JENNIFER:

What's wrong, Sam?

Loomis shakes his head as if to say "Nothing," but Jennifer sees through the facade.

JENNIFER (CONTINUING):

You think this has something to do with the Myers boy?

Loomis looks at her, surprised by her remark, but finding a sense of comfort in the fact that someone else might understand and agree with him.

LOOMIS:

There's nothing conclusive, but I suspect he was involved... somehow. And not just with Wade...O'Malley too. There's something more to Michael...more than he lets on.

JENNIFER:

I think you might be right, Sam. There's something strange about him. I don't know what it is exactly, but something's just not right. I get an unsettling feeling when I'm around him. I think he should be moved to a separate room.

LOOMIS:

Yes. I'm going to put in a request.

JENNIFER:

I'd be happy to back you up.

Loomis smiles and nods.

CUT TO:

SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/CARPENTER'S OFFICE - DAY.

Loomis and Jennifer are in the middle of a meeting with Smith's Grove's EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, DOCTOR JAMES CARPENTER, early 60s. Carpenter sits at his desk, while Loomis and Jennifer sit across from him.

LOOMIS:

I think it would be wiser if we moved Michael into a private room. I feel that he is a danger to the other patients.

JENNIFER:

Doctor Loomis is right. He should be moved immediately. If he were in his own room he...

CARPENTER:

(Interrupting) No, you're both over-reacting. Myers had nothing to do with what happened to the others. Roger all but confessed to O'Malley's injury. And what happened to Wade was just an accident, nothing more.

LOOMIS:

Doctor Carpenter...

CARPENTER:

Stop wasting my time, Doctor Loomis...Both of you. The answer is no. The boy stays where he is.

Loomis shakes his head and walks out of the office. Jennifer follows. In the B.G. behind them a name plate is visible on the door, reading:

DR. JAMES CARPENTER
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL.

Loomis walks down the hallway, aggravated. Jennifer rushes to catch up with him.

JENNIFER:

Sam, I'm sorry...

LOOMIS:

So am I. Carpenter's a damn fool.

JENNIFER:

Don't let him get to you, Sam. You're the most talented psychiatrist I've ever met. I know you'll...

LOOMIS:

(Cutting her off) Jennifer...

JENNIFER:

Yes?

LOOMIS:

Thank you...For everything.

JENNIFER:

(Smiling) If you really wanna thank me, you can take me to dinner, Doctor.

Loomis smiles and nods.

LOOMIS:

I would like that.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

Loomis and Jennifer sit at a table. They each have a glass of WINE in front of them. They seem happy, smiling and enjoying each other's company.

JENNIFER:

I figured I was gonna end up in an institution one way or another. So the only question was, was it gonna be as a doctor or a patient?

They both laugh.

JENNIFER (CONTINUING):

What about you, Sam? What made you want to pursue Psychiatry?

LOOMIS:

The human mind. It's always fascinated me. What it's capable of. I think it may be the single greatest wonder in the universe. I wanted to learn as much as I could about it. How can people be so much alike in some aspects, yet so completely different in others? For example, what makes some people capable of doing things that others would deem unimaginable...

JENNIFER:

Like what makes a seemingly normal six year old boy suddenly decide to murder his sister and her boyfriend?

Loomis smiles a slightly embarrassed smile.

LOOMIS:

I'm sorry...

JENNIFER:

(Smiling) Don't be. It's fine, really...

LOOMIS:

I just can't seem to get away from him, can I?

JENNIFER:

You'll figure it out, Sam.

LOOMIS:

Well, right now I'm only interested in figuring out how I can convince you to stay for one more drink.

Jennifer reaches across the table and puts her hand on top of his.

JENNIFER:

You can promise me we'll do this again.

They both look at each other and smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL - DAY.

Jennifer walks down a hallway on her way to her office. She stops by a closed door and looks through the window built in to it. Inside we see Loomis and Michael sitting in a therapy session.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE.

Loomis and Michael stare at each other in silence. Loomis notices something through his peripheral vision. He looks up and sees Jennifer outside the door. She smiles and waves, and he does the same.

With his attention focused on Jennifer for the moment, Loomis doesn't notice Michael slowly turn his head, ever so slightly, but just enough to see her outside the door.

CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL'S FACE.

He just stares, but there is a dark look in his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

MT. SINCLAIR CEMETERY - DAY.

CLOSE UP - TOMBSTONE.

On the Headstone we see the ENGRAVING:

OUR BELOVED DAUGHTER
JUDITH MARGARET MYERS
BORN DIED
NOV.10, 1985 OCT. 31, 2002

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Donald and Deborah visiting their daughter's grave. Deborah lays an arrangement of flowers down in front of the Headstone. Donald holds a FLASK in one hand and takes a swig from it. They both look visually broken. After a moment Donald puts his arm around his wife and ushers her away.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as they walk a short distance to where their car is parked. Deborah gets in on the passenger's side, while Donald takes another swig from his flask and walks around to the driver's side.

CUT TO:

SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE - DAY.

Michael sits in his usual spot. Peterson stands behind him, watching over him. A moment later the door opens and Loomis enters the room.

LOOMIS:

Thank you, Ron.

PETERSON:

Sure thing, Doc. You need anything, just give a holler.

LOOMIS:

I will, thank you.

Peterson leaves the room. Loomis looks at Michael. The look on his face says that something is wrong. He walks over to where Michael is sitting and stands next to him.

LOOMIS:

Michael...I'm afraid I have some bad news. There's no easy way to tell you this...Your parents...They've...They've been in an accident...And I'm sorry to have to tell you this...They didn't survive.

Michael doesn't react at all. He is completely still and silent.

LOOMIS (CONTINUING):

Your baby sister, she...Well, she's going to be put into state custody, and placed in a foster home.

Michael still doesn't react. Loomis looks at him for a moment, then sits down across from Michael at his desk.

LOOMIS:

Michael...Talk to me. I've just told you your parents were killed. Surely that must make you feel something. Don't you care?

Nothing. Silence.

LOOMIS (CONTINUING):

What about your little sister, Michael? She's the only family you have left...And you may never see her ever again...Is that really what you want, Michael? To stay here for the rest of your life?

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/LOOMIS' OFFICE - LATE DAY.

Loomis sits at his desk. The tape recorder and Michael's file folder are on the desk in front of him. Loomis presses the record button.

LOOMIS:

I had hoped that telling Michael about the death of his parents would elicit some kind of emotional response from him, but even this failed to exhibit even the slightest reaction from him. He appears to be entirely devoid of any feelings or emotions whatsoever. I had initially believed his behavior to be a coping mechanism, which could be overcome in time. However, I am now beginning to fear that he may in fact be too far gone and beyond my capability to help him.

We now move through a series of clips, showing the passage of time, and spanning several years:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/JUVENILE WARD/DORM.

Michael sits on his bed staring at the window. The other patients appear to keep away from him.

LOOMIS (V.O.):

A strange silence seems to have descended on the juvenile ward. Michael's presence appears to have an effect on the other patients, as they all make sure to keep their distance. I have witnessed him turn the most hardened among them to stone with nothing more than a stare.

CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL.

He just sits, staring straight ahead blankly.

CROSSFADE WITH:

Loomis and Michael in more therapy sessions. Michael does not speak or react to Loomis at all.

LOOMIS (V.O.):

Michael's silence continues. He appears totally docile. To most he would seem a model inmate. However, mysterious accidents continue to befall other patients in the ward...

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/RUBBER ROOM.

O'Malley, wearing his eye-patch and now a straight jacket bounces off the walls of a padded cell.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/JUVENILE WARD/DORM.

Roger lays on the floor next to his bed, eyes open wide, dead. His mouth is also open and bloody. Two orderlies look down at him.

ORDERLY ONE:

He bit off his own tongue and choked...

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/PRIVATE ROOM - DAY.

Michael now sits in his own room, by himself. There is a bed, and a small table/desk with a chair, as well as a single window. He sits in the chair, facing the window and staring silently.

LOOMIS (V.O.):

With Doctor Hill's help, I managed to convince Carpenter to have Michael moved to his own room, stating therapeutic reasons. To my surprise he agreed, though he remains unconvinced of Michael's involvement in any of the unfortunate incidents regarding the other patients, and the danger he presents.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/REC ROOM - DAY.

Some of the staff members are decorating the room with streamers and cardboard decorations. Loomis walks by. He stops and looks, puzzled by what he sees. Peterson, who is among the staff, sees Loomis and walks up to him.

PETERSON:

Hey, Doc. How are you?

LOOMIS:

Uh fine, Ron. Thank you. What's going on here?

PETERSON:

Oh, it's for the party tonight.

LOOMIS:

Party? What party?

PETERSON:

Doctor Carpenter's having a Halloween party for the kids.
The boys' dorm's a little bigger, so it's gonna be in here.

Loomis doesn't reply, but walks quickly out of the room.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/CARPENTER'S OFFICE.

Carpenter sits at his desk when Loomis suddenly barges in.

LOOMIS:

A party?! On this night of all nights?! And mixing the girls with the boys...Do you realize what you're proposing to do?!

CARPENTER:

The children requested it. I think it could be good for them.

LOOMIS:

Do you have any idea what could happen?!

CARPENTER:

Spare me the lecture, Doctor Loomis. Your "prize patient" is hardly more than a vegetable.

LOOMIS:

You really think he had nothing to do with what happened to the other patients?!

CARPENTER:

Doctor Loomis, the events of which you speak are unrelated. Isolated incidents, having occurred only on occasion over the course of time. There has never been a shroud of evidence to connect Michael to any of it.

LOOMIS:

Good God, Carpenter...

CARPENTER:

If Michael actually were responsible for any of that, and he does possess these violent tendencies, then why haven't there been more incidents in all this time?

LOOMIS:

The other patients know to keep their distance. They're afraid.

CARPENTER:

Of what?

LOOMIS:

(Angrily) Of him!

CARPENTER:

The fact of the matter is Michael Myers has been a model inmate at this facility since the time of his incarceration. The boy is barely capable of functioning. As far as I'm concerned this conversation is over, Doctor. The children will have their party, and staff will be on hand to supervise.

Loomis stares at Carpenter for a moment, realizing there's no getting through to him.

LOOMIS:

Very well. But if anything happens...The blood will be on your hands.

Loomis walks out of the office in frustration.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE - NIGHT. RAINING.

WIDE SHOT OF THE OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/REC ROOM - NIGHT.

The Halloween party is under way. The rec room has been decorated with orange and black streamers, as well as a few decorations hung on the walls. Children from both the girl's and boy's wards mill around in costumes. Michael stands off to the side of the room, slightly away from the other children.

He is now about 14 years old, and again dressed in a CLOWN COSTUME, and wearing a WHITE MIME MASK.

Dr. Loomis, Jennifer, Peterson & another orderly are on hand.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS.

He sits off to the side a little, staring intently at Michael, carefully watching his every move.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/ REC ROOM.

It is a short while later. A bunch of chairs are arranged in the center of the room, and music is playing. The children are now playing a game of musical chairs. Jennifer is controlling the music.

Michael is participating, but just barely. He walks slowly around the chairs with no enthusiasm at all, in direct contrast to the other children.

Jennifer stops the music and the children rush and scramble to get a chair.

Michael is standing directly in front of a chair, when NANCY, 13, dressed in a WITCH COSTUME slips in front of him and takes the seat. Michael is the only child left standing. Nancy laughs and points at Michael.

NANCY:

You're out!...

Michael just stares at her silently through his mask.

Loomis looks on, waiting for Michael to attempt something.

JENNIFER:

Alright Michael, why don't you step to the side and let the others finish the game.

Michael stares at Nancy for a few more seconds before quietly stepping aside and allowing the game to continue.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE. REC ROOM.

Some more time has passed. The children are now lined up to bob for apples. A large metal VAT full of WATER sits in the middle of the room. Jennifer supervises the kids as they step up to the vat, one by one, to take their turns. Michael is not participating. He sits in a chair off to the side, just watching, the mime mask still on his face.

Loomis sits on the other side of the room, his eyes locked on Michael.

Soon Nancy steps up to take her turn. Just as she bends over the vat of water, there is a bright FLASH of LIGHTNING and a loud crack of THUNDER. All the lights go out, leaving the room completely dark. We hear some commotion in the dark, a few screams and gasps.

PETERSON:

It's alright everyone! Just stay calm and nobody panic.
The emergency lights will kick in soon.

A few seconds later the emergency generator comes on, and light re-enters the room, though somewhat dimmer.

Nancy lies face down in the vat of water, not moving. Jennifer gasps in horror at the site.

Loomis rushes over to Nancy and carefully pulls her head out of the water. He lays the girl down on the floor, and he and Jennifer begin to administer CPR. Though they try their best to revive Nancy, it is too late. The girl is dead.

Loomis looks up and sees Michael, still sitting in the same place he was before the lights went out. He seemingly has not moved. A look of rage fills Loomis' face as he gets up and crosses over to Michael. He grabs Michael's wrists and examines the boy's hands and costume. They are completely dry.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/LOOMIS' OFFICE.

Loomis drags Michael into the office. He angrily sits the boy down in a chair and slams the door.

LOOMIS:

How did you do it?! How did you do it?!

Michael does not answer or even react.

Loomis rips the mime mask off Michael's face. He grabs the collar of Michael's costume and begins shaking him.

LOOMIS:

Say something!

Michael still does not react, causing Loomis to reach his breaking point.

LOOMIS:

Say something, damn you!

The door opens and Jennifer enters just as Loomis draws one hand back, and it appears as if he is going to hit Michael.

JENNIFER:

Sam, NO!

Jennifer rushes over to Loomis and grabs his arm. Loomis turns to her and she pulls him into her, hugging him.

JENNIFER:

Please Sam...Calm down. It was an accident. Nancy must have slipped and banged her head.

LOOMIS:

It was no accident.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/HALL.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS & JENNIFER.

Loomis and Jennifer stand just outside the door to Loomis' office, talking in the F.G. Through the open door in the B.G. we can see Michael still inside Loomis' office, sitting in the chair.

JENNIFER:

You said it yourself, he belongs in a maximum security facility like Ridgemont, not here.

LOOMIS:

He belongs in a prison.

JENNIFER:

You may be right, Sam, but you know as well as I do there's no arguing with Carpenter.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL.

The shot changes to now show Michael in the F.G. with Loomis and Jennifer just outside the door in the B.G.

LOOMIS:

I told him this would happen! I warned him! But he wouldn't listen...He never listens! Why can't he see what **HE** really is?!

CLOSE SHOT ON JENNIFER:

JENNIFER:

Sam...Listen to me. I've seen what this case has done to you over the years...What it's still doing to you. We have other things to consider now.

She holds up her ring finger, revealing an ENGAGEMENT RING.

ANGLE ON JENNIFER & LOOMIS.

JENNIFER (CONTINUING):

Our wedding is only two months away. I don't want Michael Myers dictating your life...**OUR** lives any more. I think it's time to start thinking about leaving Smith's Grove. He's a hopeless case, Sam. Your talents are being wasted here. We can start our own private practice...Together. Please Sam, let them find someone else to handle Michael.

Loomis sighs.

JENNIFER:

Why don't you go home...Get some rest. We can discuss it more tomorrow.

LOOMIS:

I have to fill out an accident report on Nancy. After that.

Jennifer nods and places her hand gently on Loomis' cheek.

JENNIFER:

I love you, Sam.

LOOMIS:

I love you too.

Jennifer leans in and kisses him tenderly.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL.

The shot changes to again show Michael in the F.G. sitting in Loomis' office. Though he hasn't moved, he has heard every word of their conversation. In the B.G. just outside the door we see Loomis and Jennifer embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE - GUARD STATION.

We see two SECURITY GUARDS working the graveyard shift. One is leaning over a small control panel, while the other looks on from a few feet away. Behind them on the wall are several security screens, all of which display nothing but static.

GUARD ONE:

Anything?

GUARD TWO fiddles with a few switches on the control panel.

GUARD TWO:

No. The cameras aren't linked to the back up generator.
Only the lights and the medical equipment in the
infirmary.

GUARD ONE:

So what do we do?

GUARD TWO:

Nothing we can do, until the power's actually fixed.

GUARD ONE:

Think it'll be long?

GUARD TWO:

Nah. They'll probably have it sorted out by morning.
And all the patients are already in their rooms for the
night. Shouldn't be a problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE - NIGHT. A LITTLE WHILE LATER.

Loomis walks out the front door of the building with his briefcase and heads towards the staff parking lot. Upon reaching his car, he pauses for a moment, sets his briefcase down on the ground, and pulls a pack of cigarettes and a lighter out of his coat pocket. He removes one from the pack and lights it.

We see a light FLASH of LIGHTNING and hear a gentle RUMBLING of THUNDER. Though it had stopped raining for the moment, there is obviously more rain on the way.

INT. JENNIFER'S OFFICE.

In the F.G. we see Jennifer sitting at her desk, filling out an accident report. Through the door in the B.G. we see a shadowy figure at the end of the hallway. Jennifer spots the person through her peripheral vision and turns in their direction, just to see the figure turn the corner at the end of the hall away from her.

JENNIFER:

Hello? Who's over there?

She gets up from her desk and begins to walk down the hallway, then picks up speed to a jog as she attempts to catch up with the figure, believing it to be a patient. As she turns the corner, she sees the figure up ahead in the distance opening a door and walking through. As the figure does so, it passes through just enough light for Jennifer to see that it is in fact a patient by their garb, but it is impossible for her to tell who.

JENNIFER:

Wait! Stop!

Jennifer runs down the hall in pursuit. She reaches the door and opens it.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/STAIRWELL.

Jennifer looks up and sees the unidentified patient at the top of the stairs stepping through another door, this one leading to the ROOF.

JENNIFER:

Stop please! Whoever you are, come back!

Fearing that the patient may be about to commit suicide by jumping off the roof, Jennifer hurries up the stairs in pursuit.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE/ROOF.

Jennifer steps through the door and onto the roof of the sanitarium. She looks around and sees the patient standing near the ledge with their head down. She still cannot make out who it is.

There is a FLASH of LIGHTNING and RUMBLE of THUNDER, a little louder than the one we heard before.

Jennifer slowly and carefully begins to approach the patient. She doesn't say anything until she is only about 10 feet away.

JENNIFER:

Don't do it...Please! It's ok...It's going to be ok. Please, let me help you.

She cautiously moves a little closer.

JENNIFER:

Just come with me. Come back inside and it'll be alright. I promise. Just take it easy...

Jennifer is only about three feet or so from the patient now. Suddenly the patient whips around, turning to face her, revealing that it is in fact Michael.

Another RUMBLE of THUNDER as a FLASH of LIGHTNING illuminates his face. There is a dark and evil look in his eyes.

Jennifer gasps. Her eyes widen and a look of fear comes over her face when she sees who the patient is.

JENNIFER:

Michael!

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE/PARKING LOT.

Loomis takes the final drag of his cigarette and flicks it away. He picks up his briefcase and is just about to get in his car when we hear a HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM of TERROR O.S.

Loomis turns just in time to catch a glimpse of something falling from the roof of the building. His eyes go wide as he drops the briefcase and takes off, sprinting back towards the building. As Loomis gets closer to the building he circles around to the side where the object landed.

CLOSE UP ON LOOMIS.

His eyes widen even more with terror as he discovers just what it was that fell from the roof.

LOOMIS:

No!

LOOMIS' POV.

There on the ground we see the lifeless body of Jennifer. Her eyes wide open with fear, her neck broken, twisted in a hideous position.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS AND JENNIFER'S BODY.

Loomis approaches the body of his dead fiancée and falls to his knees beside it.

LOOMIS:

God no! Please! No!

Loomis breaks down crying. He looks up at the roof of the building, but sees nothing there. After a moment he falls forward, laying his head on Jennifer's chest.

Another flash of lightning and rumble of thunder, and it begins to rain.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN TO:

MAGISTRATE'S CHAMBERS - DAY.

Loomis is appearing before Judge Ward, giving one of his annual reports to the court. Judge Ward sits behind his desk, sipping a cup of coffee. Loomis sits on the other side of the desk.

LOOMIS:

Michael Myers must be removed from Smith's Grove immediately. It is my personal and professional opinion that he poses a serious threat to the other patients, as well as the staff. I would suggest the maximum security ward at Ridgemont.

JUDGE WARD:

Those are serious accusations, Doctor.

LOOMIS:

It's the truth.

JUDGE WARD:

Doctor Loomis, we've been over all this before...

LOOMIS:

Have you read my notes?

JUDGE WARD:

Yes, I have. I've also read the reports from Doctor Carpenter. As well as your colleagues, Doctor Wynn and Doctor Rogers. The three of them have all stated that they have never once, from the time of his admittance at Smith's Grove, observed the boy displaying even the slightest form of aggression. According to their analyses the boy is a catatonic, exhibiting comatose behavior. No reaction to external stimuli.

LOOMIS:

I'm the one that's spent hours a day...Every day with him! Every day since his sentencing. Eight years. Not Carpenter, not Wynn, not Rogers...Me! And I tell you now with the utmost certainty, Michael Myers is the most dangerous patient I have ever observed.

JUDGE WARD:

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

LOOMIS:

Evidence?! You want evidence?! What about all the so-called "accidents" and incidents involving the other patients?!

JUDGE WARD:

Many of those patients had histories of exhibiting acts of violence and self-mutilation long before Michael Myers was ever brought to Smith's Grove.

LOOMIS:

And Doctor Hill?

JUDGE WARD:

Doctor Loomis, I assure you I am truly and deeply sorry for your loss. You have my condolences. But the fact remains that in eight years you have not been able to provide any proof whatsoever linking Michael Myers to any of the incidents you mention in your reports.

LOOMIS:

He's covering up. This catatonia is a conscious act.
There's an instinctive force within him. He's waiting.

PAUSE.

JUDGE WARD:

For what?

LOOMIS:

I wish I knew.

JUDGE WARD:

Doctor, it is only your reputation that keeps me from making some rather critical remarks right now. And while I do respect your professional opinion, I cannot run my court or make decisions based on speculation and hunches, or anything but cold hard evidence. I'm sorry, Doctor, but unless you can come up with something, something he says, something he does, I can see no justifiable reason to alter the patient's treatment or move him from Smith's Grove.

LOOMIS:

Smith's Grove is a minimum security institution. The staff isn't adequately prepared to deal with him. Your Honor please...I am begging you to reconsider your decision.

JUDGE WARD:

Doctor Loomis, perhaps you should reconsider keeping him as your patient. I can assign someone else to him.

(BEAT)

LOOMIS:

No...I'll stay with him.

JUDGE WARD:

Very well. Now, if there's nothing else, Doctor, I will bid you good day.

Neither man speaks another word as Loomis picks up his coat and hat, and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE - DAY.

Loomis walks down a hallway, passing by doors to patients' rooms. He reaches the door to Michael's room and stops. Looking through the small square window in the top of the door he sees Michael sitting in a chair, facing the window, just staring silently at it.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/MICHAEL'S ROOM.

Loomis opens the door and enters Michael's room, pulling the door shut behind him. Michael just sits silently, staring out the window. He does not react to Loomis or even acknowledge his presence. Loomis stares at the boy for a moment.

LOOMIS:

You've fooled them, haven't you, Michael? You've fooled them all.

Michael does not react or even look at Loomis.

(CONTINUING)

LOOMIS:

But not me. No, not me, Michael. I know who you really are...**WHAT** you really are.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/REC ROOM - EARLY EVENING.

SUPERIMPOSE:

OCTOBER 30, 2017.

The rec room is mostly full with patients. Some engage in activities, while others just mill about. Off to the side, Michael, now 21, sits like a statue by himself. He is facing away from the camera, so we do not see his face. None of the other patients dare go near him.

Not too far from him, in one of the back corners of the room sits a TV set, currently showing the nightly news. We can hear the voice of a newscaster.

NEWSCASTER:

...Reconstruction is set to begin in February of next year.
And now for local news, we go to David Kelly, coming to us live from Haddonfield.

The word "Haddonfield" grabs Michael's attention and upon hearing it he turns his head towards the TV.

CLOSE UP ON TV.

DAVID KELLY, late 30s, stands in a high school gym. Next to him stands a 17-year old female student. She is quite attractive in a shy, unassuming, girl next door type of way.

DAVID KELLY:

Thanks Ken. I'm standing in Haddonfield High School, where the students have just wrapped up this year's annual Halloween Drive. Every year the students collect candy and toys, which are donated to the Children's Hospital of Chicago. With me now is the head of this year's student committee, senior, Laurie Strode. Laurie, why don't you go ahead and tell our viewers a little about the drive...Why Halloween?

LAURIE:

Um, well...Our school started doing it a few years back. They just wanted to do something nice for the kids who are patients there.

As she speaks the shot changes to an EXTREME CLOSE UP ON LAURIE. The BIRTHMARK on her neck, and the MOLE on her cheek are clearly visible.

LAURIE (CONTINUING):

Since they can't go out trick-or-treating or anything, it's kinda like bringing a little Halloween to them. Hopefully it cheers them up some.

DAVID KELLY:

I'm sure it will.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL.

Michael sits in the F.G. with his back to the camera watching the news broadcast. The TV is in the B.G.

DAVID KELLY (CONTINUING):

And if any of you watching missed the chance to make a donation, don't worry...

CLOSE UP ON MICHAEL'S HAND.

Michael's hand slowly closes and clenches tightly into a fist as he continues to watch the TV.

DAVID KELLY (CONTINUING O.S.):

The students will also be carrying out similar drives for both Thanksgiving and Christmas. Is that right, Laurie?

LAURIE:

Yes.

CLOSE UP ON TV.

DAVID KELLY:

Laurie, thank you very much. And keep up the good work.
I think what you kids are doing is terrific. Ken, back to you.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL - NIGHT.

Peterson walks down a long hallway. He comes to a door and stops. There is a name plate that reads:

DR. TERRANCE WYNN
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Peterson knocks.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/WYNN'S OFFICE.

DR. TERRANCE WYNN, 49, the new Executive Director of Smith's Grove sits behind his desk, completing some paper work.

WYNN:

(Calling out) Come in...

Peterson enters the office.

PETERSON:

You wanted to see me, Sir?

WYNN:

Yes. Ron, please see to it that Michael Myers is prepped
and ready to go in about an hour.

PETERSON:

Prepped, Sir?

WYNN:

Yes, the transfer personnel will be coming in to get him.
They'll be taking him over to Hardin County. I have a
few matters to attend to, so I won't be here when they
arrive, but I trust you can handle this?

PETERSON:

Sure thing, Sir.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL - NIGHT.

Peterson and a relatively new orderly, STEVE MITCHELL, 28, walk down a long hallway. Peterson carries restraints in his hands, consisting of a set of wrist and ankle chains. Both men have BATONS fastened to their belts.

MITCHELL:
You ever done anything like this before?

PETERSON:
Patient transfer? Yeah, it's pretty routine.

MITCHELL:
(Indicating the restraints) What do we need those for then?

PETERSON:
Just a precaution. It's standard procedure. You don't have anything to worry about with this one though. I've been taking care of him for fifteen years. He doesn't talk...He doesn't do anything. He hardly even moves.

They stop at a metal door with a small screened window.

PETERSON:
This is it.

Mitchell removes a large KEY RING from his belt. He selects a key and unlocks the door.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/MICHAEL'S ROOM.

Michael sits in a chair in front of a small desk. His back is to us and we do not see his face. The desk is empty except for the framed picture of the Myers Family that his mother brought to him so many years earlier.

Peterson and Mitchell both enter the room.

PETERSON:
Alright, Mike...It's time to go, Pal. Stand up for me. I gotta put these restraints on you. It won't hurt or anything, I promise...OK?

Michael slowly stands up. He is about 6'2" and around 200-210lbs.

PETERSON (CONTINUING):
That's it. OK, now just relax, Mike...

Peterson approaches Michael, about to put the restraints on him when suddenly Michael springs forward and grabs Peterson by the throat with one hand, slamming him against the wall. Peterson tries unsuccessfully to pull Michael's hand off his throat. He reaches for his Baton with one hand, but

Michael grabs the orderly's arm with his free hand and crushes his wrist.

Peterson's eyes bulge and he tries to call out, but all that comes out are choking whimpers.

Michael slams Peterson's head against the wall.

Mitchell removes his Baton from his belt and hits Michael between his neck and shoulder with it repeatedly. Michael seems unaffected as he smashes Peterson's head against the wall three more times and blood splatters on the wall. Mitchell hits Michael again with no affect.

Michael releases Peterson's lifeless body and it falls to the floor. He turns to Mitchell, who swings the Baton again. This time Michael catches Mitchell's hand. Mitchell tries to resist as Michael pulls his hand and the Baton towards him. Then suddenly Michael thrusts his hand forward, causing the Baton to hit Mitchell square in the nose.

Mitchell stumbles backwards, dazed, and falls to the floor. His nose is broke and bleeding. He crawls to Michael's bed, trying to use it to stand.

ANGLE ON WALL.

We see the silhouettes of Michael and Mitchell reflected on the wall. Michael strikes him with the Baton over and over again. Blood sprays on the wall over the silhouettes.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL.

DOUG WILLIAMS, a JANITOR, sets up his bucket in the hallway and begins to mop the floors. He is dressed in a pair of dark blue COVERALLS and black shoes. He wears a matching CAP on his head and in his ears are a pair of EARBUDS, as he is listening to music on an IPOD fastened to his belt.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/GUARD STATION.

CLOSE UP - TV.

On the screen we see GEORGE ROMERO'S CLASSIC "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD" playing.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal WILL HENDRICKSON, 48, one of the graveyard shift security guards sitting in a chair. He is leaning on the table in front of him, with his cheek and chin resting on one of his hands, sleeping.

On the wall behind him are several security monitors. On one of them we see Doug, the janitor mopping the floors.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL.

As Doug goes about his work, we see the door directly behind him open slowly in the B.G. An out of focus figure stands in the doorway, watching him. Totally engrossed in his music, Doug is completely unaware.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/GUARD STATION.

ANGLE ON SECURITY MONITOR.

Michael springs from the doorway and grabs Doug from behind. He covers the janitor's mouth with his hand and quickly pulls him inside his room.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/MICHAEL'S ROOM.

Doug's cap falls off as he struggles in vain to break free of his attacker's grasp. His eyes go wide with panic as he sees the dead bodies of Mitchell and Peterson.

Michael forces him face down onto the floor. He takes hold of Doug's head with both hands and quickly twists it a full 180 degrees, snapping his neck and killing him instantly.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL.

Michael slowly walks out of his room, now wearing Doug's coveralls, shoes and cap. He takes hold of the janitor's mop and bucket and begins to push it slowly down the hall with one hand. In his other hand he holds Mitchell's KEY RING. Walking calmly down the hallway, he unlocks each room as he goes. Patients poke their heads out and begin wandering from their rooms.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/GUARD STATION.

As Will continues to sleep, we see the newly FREED PATIENTS wandering the halls on the security monitors behind him.

The door opens, and another security guard, EDDIE JUDGE, 34, comes in, holding two cups of hot coffee. He quickly notices the activity on the monitors.

EDDIE:

Oh shit! Fuck, Will! What the hell?!

Will jumps, startled from his sleep.

WILL:

Huh? What?

He turns and sees the monitors.

WILL:

Whoah! Shit! How the hell did they all get out?!

EDDIE:

You tell me! You were supposed to be watching!

WILL:

Well we gotta get them back in their rooms.

Just then there is a knock on the door. Though his features are concealed by the shadows, Eddie sees the cap and janitor uniform and thinks it is Doug. He opens the door.

EDDIE:

What is it, Doug?! We got a big problem. Every...

WHAM! Eddie is cut off mid-sentence as Michael hits him in the face with the wooden shaft of the mop. Eddie staggers backwards and falls into a chair.

WILL:

Hey! What the hell are you doing, Doug?!

Michael snaps the shaft of the mop in half, exposing sharp jagged wooden edges. Before Eddie can react, Michael rams the broken shaft into the side of his neck, killing him. He then turns his attention to Will, who stares wide-eyed in disbelief and horror.

Michael advances on Will. The security guard reaches for the gun in his holster, but Michael is on him before he can get it fully out and it falls to the floor. Michael slams Will's face against the wall, and he falls to the ground completely dazed. Michael stares down at him for a moment, then picks the TV up and smashes it down onto Will's head.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/STAFF PARKING LOT - NIGHT. RAINING.

Light rain is falling and we see Michael, but only from behind as he walks through the lot, and approaches a WHITE VAN. On the side of the vehicle we see an EMBLEM that reads:

SMITH'S GROVE PATIENT TRANSPORT
WARREN COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Michael gets into the van and starts it up. A moment later he pulls away. There is a FLASH of LIGHTNING and a RUMBLE of THUNDER.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRODE HOUSE - NIGHT. RAINING.

The camera pans slowly over the house and up to a window on the second floor. It is raining much harder now. LIGHTNING FLASHES and THUNDER CRACKS as THE CAMERA MOVES CLOSER TO THE WINDOW.

FADE IN:

INT. LAURIE'S BEDROOM.

Laurie lies sleeping in her bed. She is restless, tossing and turning, experiencing a nightmare.

CLOSE UP ON LAURIE'S FACE.

Laurie lets out a few gasps and whimpers in her sleep as her head thrashes from side to side, suggesting her nightmare is intensifying. We hear more thunder in the background, and another FLASH of LIGHTNING illuminates the room, transitioning the scene to:

LAURIE'S DREAM.

Laurie's nightmare is actually a memory from her subconscious. The images appear as FLASHES, coinciding with the FLASHES of LIGHTNING and THUNDER from the storm outside.

Little Laurie, two years old, walks up to the doorway of her sister's bedroom. She looks inside.

FLASH of LIGHTNING and THUNDER.

CUT TO:

LITTLE LAURIE'S POV.

Judith Myers lies sprawled out and motionless on the floor. There is blood all over her body and a puddle of it on the floor underneath her. Standing over her is six year old Michael dressed in a clown mask and costume, and holding a large, bloody butcher knife.

FLASH of LIGHTNING and THUNDER.

Young Michael turns and looks at little Laurie. He cocks his head to the side for a moment and walks toward her, knife in hand.

CUT BACK TO:

CLOSE UP OF LAURIE.

Her head thrashes back and forth more frantically now.

LAURIE:

No!....

FLASH of LIGHTNING and THUNDER.

CUT BACK TO:

LAURIE'S DREAM.

LITTLE LAURIE'S POV.

Michael is standing only about a foot or so away from her now. He raises the knife above his head and brings it down on her.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LAURIE'S BEDROOM.

LAURIE:

No!

Laurie's eyes open wide as she quickly springs up in her bed. She breathes heavily and looks around. Realizing that she was only dreaming, she closes her eyes and takes a moment to gather herself, relieved to find that she is safe in her own room. A low rumble of thunder can be heard from outside. Opening her eyes, Laurie continues to calm herself as she slows her breathing down. After a few more seconds she lays back down and pulls the covers up to her neck.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - EARLY MORNING.

We see a bunch of small businesses and shops on both sides of the main road, some with Halloween decorations hanging in the windows, and a few cars parked on both sides of the street. Some leaves blow across the sidewalk and street. The town is mostly quiet at the moment, as it is early in the morning, and most of the stores have not yet opened for the day.

SUBTITLE FADES UP, SUPERIMPOSED:

HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS
OCTOBER 31st, HALLOWEEN

On one side of the street sits a BLACK PICKUP TRUCK. A decal on the truck's door displays the emblem:

PHELPS GARAGE & TOWING
EUREKA, ILLINOIS
(555) 514-1031

On the opposite side of the street, a BLUE VAN pulls up and parks in front of one of the stores. A sign on the front of the store reads:

HADDONFIELD DISCOUNT MART

SOMEONE'S POV.

Watching from across the street as HARRY GRIMBRIDGE, 50s, the owner of the DISCOUNT MART, steps out of the van and circles around to the back. He opens the van's rear doors and grabs a bag of supplies out of the back and heads to the front door of his store.

We see a CLOSED sign hanging on the inside of the door, visible through the glass as Harry approaches the door. He pulls a pair of keys out from his pocket and unlocks the door.

The POV continues to watch as Harry enters the Discount Mart and disappears from our view.

INT. DISCOUNT MART.

As Harry enters the store, we hear a BELL RING. It is hung at the top of the door to signal whenever someone enters or exits. Harry pulls the door closed behind him, but does not change the sign from CLOSED to OPEN. He flips on the lights and walks to the GLASS DISPLAY CASE which doubles as the CHECK OUT COUNTER at the back of the store.

Grabbing a remote from behind the counter he turns on a TV mounted on the wall. A familiar commercial advertising three popular children's Halloween masks plays. We see a JACK-O-LANTERN MASK, a SKULL MASK, and a GREEN WITCH MASK as we hear an all too familiar tune playing:

COMMERCIAL (V.O.)

Happy, Happy Halloween! Halloween! Halloween! Happy,
Happy Halloween! Silver Shamrock! Happy, Happy
Halloween! Halloween! Halloween! Happy, Happy Halloween!
Silver Shamrock!

The commercial ends and we hear a news-type program.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.):

Welcome back to Good Morning Haddonfield. Well, it's Halloween again, and as most of us are gearing up for parties, costumes, and tricks and treats, we're also reminded of perhaps the darkest episode in our town's history. This year marks fifteen years since Michael Myers savagely murdered his sister, Judith and her boyfriend, Dan Hodges.

Harry walks over to a painted white door behind the counter. Inserting another key, he unlocks and opens it. Still carrying the bag of supplies he flips on another light switch and enters the STORAGE AND INVENTORY ROOM.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.):

Myers, now twenty one, has been incarcerated at the Smith's Grove Sanitarium in Warren County since the time of the murders when he was just six years old. He is scheduled to appear before a federal court this week, where he will be tried as an adult for the crimes.

The camera pans through the Discount Mart and down one of the aisles, which is completely filled with Halloween supplies and costumes. As the camera travels down the aisle we see rows of masks, including the jack-o-lantern, skull, and green witch mask from the Silver Shamrock commercial. We see some other classic character masks as well, FRANKENSTEIN, THE DEVIL, Ect. Finally the camera stops on **THE MASK**; white face, brown hair, expressionless and cold-looking. Below it we see a tag that reads: **BOOGEYMAN**.

BACK TO HARRY:

Still in the storage room, Harry checks his inventory and places some of the supplies he purchased onto various shelves. As he goes about his work, the bell on the door rings, indicating that someone has entered the store.

HARRY:

Shit!

As Harry comes out of the storage room, he catches a quick glimpse of someone who quickly disappears from his line of sight.

HARRY:

(Calling out) Hey! We're not open yet. Can you do me a favor and come back in half an hour?

No answer.

HARRY:

Hello? Excuse me...

Harry starts walking toward the front of the store.

HARRY:

Look, Pal, I get it's Halloween and all..But I'm really not in the mood for pranks right now. It's too early.

CLOSE UP SHOT OF THE MASK.

We see a hand reach out and take it from the rack.

BACK TO HARRY:

Harry reaches the front of the store but doesn't see anyone. He begins walking along the aisles and looks up the first one, finding it empty.

HARRY:

Look, I know you're in here, so why don't just save us both the trouble and come on out?

He checks the second aisle, and finds it empty as well. He continues to check the rest of the aisles, but the result is the same each time. Finally he comes to the last aisle, but that too is empty. He looks around, puzzled and annoyed.

HARRY:

Alright, enough of the bullshit, Buddy! This ain't funny, and you're starting to get on my nerves now.

Not sure what else to do, he walks back to the checkout counter at the back of the store. He turns and looks back toward the aisles, waiting to see someone come out of one of them.

Nothing.

Suddenly, we see THE SHAPE step out of the storage room so that he is standing only about a step or two behind the unaware shop owner. He stands silently and still, watching and waiting.

After a moment Harry takes a step backwards and bumps right into him. Startled, Harry turns around quickly, just as The Shape reaches out with one hand and grabs him by the throat. Harry's eyes widen. He clutches his attacker's forearm and struggles frantically, trying to remove The Shape's hand from his throat.

With his other hand, The Shape grabs Harry by the hair. He doubles the hapless store owner over and slams him head first into the glass display case/check out counter, shattering it. The Shape pulls Harry back upright. Harry's face is cut in numerous areas from the glass and BLEEDING.

The Shape removes his one hand from Harry's throat and picks up a JAGGED SHARD of BROKEN GLASS from the shattered display case.

Harry tries in vain to break free of The Shape's grasp.

HARRY:

What do you want? (Seeing the glass in The Shape's hand).

No! Please! Noooo....

His cry is cut off as The Shape rams the shard deep into his throat. Harry's eyes bulge in fear. He clutches his throat as blood pours down his neck and chest. He tries to cry out, but all he can do is make a sick gurgling sound.

The Shape lets go of Harry's hair and he falls to the ground dead. The Shape just stares at Harry's corpse for a moment, then reaches down and grabs hold of one of its legs and drags it towards the storage room.

CUT TO:

INT. STRODE HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING.

PAMELA STRODE, mid 40s, is preparing breakfast for her family. She sets a plate of scrambled eggs, bacon and toast down on the table, which is empty.

PAMELA:

(Calling out) Breakfast! Come on, you two, get a move on!

A moment later Laurie enters the room with her backpack. She sets her backpack down on the floor near her chair and sits down at the table.

PAMELA:

Good morning, Honey.

LAURIE:

Morning, Mom.

Laurie begins to eat her breakfast, but rather half-heartedly, while Pamela pours a glass of orange juice and sets it down in front her her daughter.

PAMELA:

You ok, Honey?

LAURIE:

Yeah, Mom. Just a little tired. Kind of a rough night.

PAMELA:

(Crossing to the counter) Oh I know, that storm was terrible last night.

Pamela pours herself a cup of coffee. Through the kitchen window behind her we see The Shape in the distance. He is standing in the yard, looking up at the window, but neither Pamela nor Laurie notice him.

LAURIE:

No, well...

Laurie stops herself mid-sentence, deciding not to say anything about the horrible dream she had.

PAMELA:

(Turning back to Laurie) What's that, Sweetheart?

LAURIE:

Hmmm? Oh, uh yeah...Yeah, the storm was pretty bad. It sounded like rocks coming down out there.

Just then MORGAN STRODE, mid 40s, enters adjusting his tie.

PAMELA:

Good morning, Dear.

MORGAN:

Good morning.

Pamela gives him a quick kiss as she sets a plate down for him at the table. During this exchange we can see the kitchen window behind them again. The Shape is now gone.

MORGAN:

Sorry, Hon. No time. I gotta get to the office. I'm already gonna be late. (Turning to Laurie) Laurie, can you do me a favor?

LAURIE:

Another one? (She pauses for a moment, then smiles).
Sure, Dad. What is it?

Morgan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a set of keys. He sets them on the table near Laurie.

MORGAN:

Drop these off for me on your way to school.

LAURIE:

Yeah, no problem. Where at?

MORGAN:

The old Myers place, over on Lampkin Lane.

LAURIE:

Yeah, I know where it is. You're gonna show that house?

MORGAN:

I am.

LAURIE:

And someone actually wants to buy it?

MORGAN:

Maybe.

LAURIE:

Oh God. I can't imagine anyone wanting to live there after what happened.

PAMELA:

I know. Oh, I don't even like to think about it. They should've just knocked that place down years ago and gotten rid of it.

MORGAN:

It's just a house.

PAMELA:

It's a bad omen. A constant reminder of the terrible things that happened there.

MORGAN:

That was a long time ago. The house has been empty for years. The family's long dead and the kid's locked away somewhere. He's never coming back.

PAMELA:

It still gives me the creeps.

MORGAN:

Well, the clients are contractors. Probably gonna fix it up and flip it for a profit. Whatever they do, it'll be good to get it off our hands. (To Laurie) Just leave the keys under the mat on the front porch, ok?

LAURIE:

Sure.

MORGAN:

Thanks, I owe you one.

LAURIE:

(Smiling) You owe me three, but who's counting?

MORGAN:

I gotta go.

He gives Pamela a quick kiss on the lips, then crosses to Laurie and kisses her on the forehead.

MORGAN:

Have a good day at school, Sweetheart.

He turns and exits.

LAURIE:

Bye, Daddy.

Pamela sits down at the table across from Laurie with her cup of coffee.

PAMELA:

So, any plans for tonight, Honey?

LAURIE:

I'm babysitting for the Doyles.

PAMELA:

Again? Are you sure you don't wanna go out with your friends? It is Halloween.

LAURIE:

Annie'll be around. She's babysitting for the Wallaces. It's just a few houses down.

PAMELA:

I just hate to see you working and studying all the time. You gotta have a little fun every once in a while too, Sweetheart.

LAURIE:

(Smiling) Oh it'll be plenty of fun. Pumpkin carving, popcorn and scary movie marathons.

PAMELA:

You know your father and I are going to the annual Halloween party at the country club. If you wanna come...

LAURIE:

That's ok, Mom.

PAMELA:

Well there might be some people there your age.

Laurie just gives her mother a slightly sarcastic look as if to say "Seriously?"

PAMELA:

I could pick you up a costume while you're at school.

LAURIE:

(Smiling) It's fine, Mom, really. You and Dad have a good time. I'll be fine tonight.

PAMELA:

(Reluctantly) OK.

Laurie takes a big swig of her orange juice, finishing it.

LAURIE:

I gotta go. Bye, Mom.

Laurie gets up and crosses to her mother. She kisses Pamela on the cheek, then grabs the keys to the Myers house and her backpack and exits.

PAMELA:

Bye, Honey. Have a good day and be careful.

EXT. STRODE HOUSE - DAY.

Laurie walks out the front door of her house, pulling the door shut behind her. She fastens her backpack onto her back as she comes down the front walkway to the sidewalk and begins walking down the street.

TRACKING SHOT - LAURIE.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Laurie as she walks down the residential streets of her neighborhood. A number of houses decorated for Halloween can be seen in the background. Red and brown leaves blow around slightly in the autumn breeze. As she turns onto a side street, TOMMY DOYLE, an 8-year old boy, comes running up to meet her.

TOMMY:

Hey, Laurie! Wait up!

Tommy runs up next to her and they continue down the street together.

LAURIE:

Hi, Tommy.

TOMMY:

You coming over tonight?

LAURIE:

(Smiles) Sure am.

TOMMY:

Cool! Can we watch some scary movies?

LAURIE:

I don't know. Are you gonna get scared?

TOMMY:

I don't get scared.

LAURIE:

(Teasing) Oh no? What about last year?

TOMMY:

(Trying to sound brave) That was last year. I'm more mature now. I don't get scared anymore.

LAURIE:

(Laughs) I guess we'll find out tonight then.

TOMMY:

You'll see.

Laurie just smiles as if to say, "Whatever."

TOMMY (CONTINUING):

Can you bring a pumpkin over to make a jack-o-lantern?

LAURIE:

I thought you had one...

TOMMY:

Yeah, I did, but I left it out on the porch and someone smashed it last night.

LAURIE:
Yeah, don't worry about it. I'll bring one.

TOMMY:
(Happy) Great!

They turn down another side street and continue walking. The street sign reads Lampkin Lane.

TOMMY:
Hey, how come you're walking this way?

LAURIE:
My dad's showing a house today and I have to drop the keys off for him.

TOMMY:
Where?

LAURIE:
Right here.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

They stop in front of the old MYERS HOUSE, which is now run down and dilapidated due to years of neglect. Tommy's eyes go wide. He can't believe what Laurie just said.

TOMMY:
Here?! No way! You can't go up there!

LAURIE:
Just watch me.

She holds up the keys and begins walking up to the front porch, passing a by a "STRODE REALTY" sign planted in the front yard.

TOMMY:
Don't!

Laurie looks back at Tommy and just shakes her head and smiles.

WIDE SHOT - LAURIE, TOMMY & THE MYERS HOUSE.

From behind a tree a few houses away we can see Laurie approach the porch. She bends down and lifts the old, beat-up welcome mat and places the keys under it, while Tommy waits nervously for her on the sidewalk.

We hear heavy breathing and The Shape steps into frame just to the side of the tree. Only the back of his head and one of his shoulders are in view as he watches Laurie walk away from the house and back over to Tommy.

ANGLE ON LAURIE & TOMMY.

Laurie and Tommy stand in the F.G. In the B.G. we can see The Shape standing next to a tree, watching them. Laurie and Tommy don't notice him.

TOMMY:

Oh man, that was close!

LAURIE:

(Giggling) You watch too much TV, Tommy.

TOMMY:

I'm serious, Laurie! That's the Boogeyman's house!

LAURIE:

(Rolls her eyes) Oh God...

TOMMY:

I mean it!

LAURIE:

Well don't worry, Tommy. I don't think he was home.

TOMMY:

It's not funny, Laurie. He's in there!

In the B.G. The Shape steps back behind the tree. Again Laurie and Tommy do not notice anything as they continue talking.

LAURIE:

Who told you that?

TOMMY:

Lonnie Elam. Him and Richie said never to come over here. They told me really bad things happened in there once and now it's haunted. They said the Boogeyman lives there and he waits for someone to go inside, and then he gets them!

LAURIE:

It's a wonder those two even made it to the third grade. Don't believe everything you hear, Tommy. Especially from Lonnie Elam and Richie.

Tommy just shrugs.

TOMMY:

Well, I gotta go. See ya tonight.

Laurie:

Bye.

Tommy takes off across the street and runs off down an adjacent block, away from Lampkin Lane. Laurie continues walking down Lampkin alone. She begins humming softly to herself.

ANGLE DOWN STREET.

Laurie walks off down the street and away from the Myers House.

CLOSE TO CAMERA - THE SHAPE moves into frame. Again only the back of his head and one of his shoulders are visible. We hear him breathing heavily through the mask as he watches Laurie. He turns his head to the left and THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS GAZE, showing Tommy way off in the distance and still running. THE CAMERA AGAIN FOLLOWS THE SHAPE'S HEAD as he turns his attention back to Laurie.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie continues to walk, passing a series of tall bushes and hedges lining the edge of one of the properties. In the B.G. we see THE SHAPE begin to silently follow her. Laurie seems to sense something and stops for a second. THE SHAPE steps behind the bushes just as Laurie turns and looks back over her shoulder. Seeing nothing there, she turns back around and continues on her way.

ANGLE ON STREET.

THE SHAPE steps partially out from behind the bushes and continues to watch Laurie as she disappears around the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM/HALL - DAY.

DR. LOOMIS, now in his early 50s, strides quickly down the hall towards Michael's room. He is followed by DR. WYNN & DR. ROGERS, late 40s.

WYNN:

It wasn't our fault, Sam. We're not responsible.

LOOMIS:

(Angrily) Oh no, of course not.

WYNN:

I've given the authorities his complete profile.

LOOMIS:

(Sarcastically) Wonderful. Did you tell them how "HARMLESS" he really is too.

ROGERS:

He won't get far.

LOOMIS:

Two road blocks and an all points bulletin wouldn't stop a five year old.

WYNN:

We had no way of knowing something like this would happen, Sam.

ROGERS:

Yes, and he was your patient, Doctor. If the precautions weren't strong enough, you should have told someone.

LOOMIS:

I told everyone! I told you all from the beginning! No one ever listened!

INT. SMITH'S GROVE/MICHAEL'S ROOM.

They reach Michael's room. There is yellow crime scene tape across the doorway. Loomis tears it open in the middle.

WYNN:

Sam wait, you can't...

Loomis ignores him and enters the room. Wynn and Rogers wait at the door, looking in at him. Loomis looks around the room. The room has already been cleaned and the mattress has been removed from the bed frame. There are three WHITE OUTLINES on the floor where the bodies of the orderlies and janitor once lay. Loomis notices something, a PICTURE FRAME face down in the corner of the room. He walks over to it, bends down and turns it over. The glass is cracked, but behind it is the old picture of the Myers Family. Loomis carefully removes it from the broken frame and stares at it for a second, his attention is drawn to baby Cynthia. Suddenly he gets up and quickly walks out of the room and past Wynn and Rogers. They begin to follow him.

WYNN:

Sam, what is it?

LOOMIS:

You need to get back on that phone and tell them exactly what walked out of here last night, and where he's going!

Wynn & Rogers look at each other confused.

WYNN:

And where is he going?

LOOMIS:
Home.

WYNN:
Haddonfield?!

ROGERS:
That's ridiculous.

LOOMIS:
I'm wasting my time.

WYNN:
Sam, Haddonfield is a hundred and fifty miles from here. How would he get there, walk? He can't drive.

Loomis stops and turns around to face his colleagues. He smiles sarcastically at them.

LOOMIS:
Keep underestimating him.

Wynn & Rogers say nothing.

LOOMIS:
Now, if you'll excuse me.

He turns and walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY.

Laurie approaches the school grounds and sees three POLICE CARS parked in front of the building's main entrance. She stops and gives a puzzled look for a moment, then continues to the school's main entrance.

INT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL/HALL.

Laurie steps into the school's front hall and immediately notices a rather large group of students gathered and looking towards the main office. Curious to see what's going on she joins the group and begins to navigate her way through it.

Standing near the front of the crowd is her friend, ANNIE BRACKETT, 17, an attractive brunette.

LAURIE:
Hey Annie.

ANNIE:
Hey.

LAURIE:

What's going on?

ANNIE:

Somebody broke into the school.

LAURIE:

Why would anyone wanna do that?

ANNIE:

Who knows? All kinds of sickos in this world. I wouldn't be surprised if it was Paul.

LAURIE:

Paul?

ANNIE:

Yeah. Jerko's failing chemistry and algebra. If he doesn't get his grades up, he won't be able to play football any more. Probably broke in to try and change his grades.

Laurie smiles and shakes her head.

LAURIE:

He's really failing chemistry and algebra?

Annie nods.

LAURIE:

Aren't you supposed to be tutoring him?

ANNIE:

Well it's the strangest thing, but whenever we get together...(Smiling) we always wind up studying "**Biology**" instead.

Laurie giggles.

ANNIE:

It's not funny. The coach actually called his parents.

LAURIE:

What happened?

ANNIE:

They grounded him. So of course he can't come over tonight. Thank God they're still letting him go to Homecoming.

LAURIE:

Wait. I thought you were babysitting for the Wallaces tonight.

ANNIE:

I am. But Paul usually comes over to, well, you know... (Smiling) keep me company. Lindsey knows him. And besides, once she goes to bed...

LAURIE:

You're terrible.

ANNIE:

And what does the amazing girl scout have planned for tonight?

LAURIE:

I'm babysitting for the Doyles. It's only right down the street. We can keep each other company, but um, don't expect too much after the kids go to bed.

Annie rolls her eyes and laughs.

ANNIE:

Great. How will I ever stand the excitement?

CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE.

The office appears to be in a state of disarray. One of the windows is broken, indicating the spot where the intruder entered. We also see a file cabinet overturned. Two more still stand upright, but the drawers are open and there are papers and folders scattered on desks and the floor around the room. On one of the desks we see a file folder labeled "LAURIE STRODE" on top of one of the messes. Its contents have been scattered about.

A few faculty members stand by while police officers inspect the office. Principal NANCY CURTIS, mid 50s, consults with one of the officers, SHERIFF LEIGH BRACKET, 45, while a second officer, DEPUTY GARY HUNT, 31, stands next to the sheriff, looking on.

BRACKETT:

We've checked all the classrooms. Everything seems to be in order. Nothing unusual. Looks like the office here is the only room they hit.

PRINCIPAL CURTIS:

Thank you, Sheriff. Do you have any idea who might have done it?

BRACKETT:

Afraid not. My guess is it was probably some smart-ass kids pulling a prank, you know, with it being Halloween and all.

Hunt nods in agreement.

PRINCIPAL CURTIS:

What ever happened to kids just throwing eggs, or soaping windows, or throwing toilet paper in trees? Now they're actually committing acts of vandalism.

HUNT:

They lack discipline. And that starts at home with the parents. When kids act up, they're just "expressing" themselves. They're never to blame, it's always someone else's fault. It's ridiculous if you ask me.

PRINCIPAL CURTIS:

We've never had anything like this happen here before.

BRACKETT:

I wouldn't worry too much about it. Like I said, it was most likely just a prank. But if there's anything else we can do for you, just give us a call. I have to get going. Deputy Hunt will finish taking your statements.

PRINCIPAL CURTIS:

Thank you, Sheriff.

Brackett exits.

INT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - HALL.

Brackett comes out of the office. Annie sees him and immediately walks over to him. Laurie follows.

ANNIE:

Hi, Dad.

BRACKETT:

Hi, Annie, Laurie...

LAURIE:

Hi, Mr. Brackett.

ANNIE:

What happened? Did you find out who broke in?

BRACKETT:

Annie, you know I can't discuss an ongoing investigation with you.

ANNIE:

Relax, Dad. It's not like I'm gonna go broadcasting it or anything. I just wanted to know if you have any idea who might have done this.

BRACKETT:

No...But it's most likely just some kids.

ANNIE:

You blame everything on kids.

BRACKETT:

Well now who else is gonna break into a high school and trash the office?

ANNIE:

(To Laurie) It's hard growing up with a cynic for a father.

BRACKETT:

I gotta get going girls. Annie, I'll see you at home.

ANNIE:

You probably won't see me until tomorrow, Dad. I'll be home after one.

BRACKETT:

And where exactly are you gonna be?

ANNIE:

Chill out, Dad. Me and the girl scout here (indicating Laurie) are babysitting.

BRACKETT:

Well, come home right after, ok?

Annie rolls her eyes.

BRACKETT (CONTINUING):

I mean it, Annie. I don't want you out there tonight. All the nuts come out of the woodwork on Halloween.

ANNIE:

Alright, alright...Calm down. I'll come home afterwards. Paul's grounded anyway.

BRACKETT:

Alright. I gotta be getting back. You girls be careful tonight...

ANNIE:

Bye, Dad.

LAURIE:

Bye, Mr. Brackett.

Brackett walks off. Just then we hear Principal Curtis' voice over the P.A. system.

PRINCIPAL CURTIS (V.O.):

Alright everyone. There's nothing to see, and nothing to worry about. The police have informed me that this little incident is nothing more than a tasteless prank. Report to your homerooms...But know this, if I find out anyone here is responsible for this, it'll be a week suspension and a month's worth of Saturday detentions for anyone involved. Now move along.

The bell rings and the students begin to disperse.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION/TOWING GARAGE - DAY.

Loomis' car pulls into the gas station and up to the fuel pumps. He turns the car off and gets out. Looking around he notices a big sign above the garage reading:

PHELPS GARAGE & TOWING

The garage door is open, but no one seems to be around.

LOOMIS:

(Calling out) Hello? Is anyone here?

No response. As he continues to look around, something catches his eye. At the edge of the lot sits a familiar looking white van. Loomis rushes over to it, and sure enough there is an emblem on the side of the vehicle reading:

SMITH'S GROVE PATIENT TRANSPORT
WARREN COUNTY, ILLINOIS

Loomis looks back to the open garage door. There is no movement anywhere, no sign of life. He approaches the garage.

LOOMIS:

Hello?

No answer. Loomis reaches into his trench coat and withdraws a large .357 MAGNUM HANDGUN, before cautiously stepping inside the garage.

INT. MECHANIC'S GARAGE.

Loomis searches through the garage carefully.

LOOMIS:
Is there anybody here? Hello? Is anyone...

Loomis freezes mid-sentence and stares.

LOOMIS' POV.

Near the back of the garage, next to a car with an open hood, lies a mechanic, face down and dead in a pool of blood. The back of his head is a bloody mess, bashed in. On the ground, a few feet away from the body is a large, bloody PIPE WRENCH.

LOOMIS:
My God!

Loomis quickly exits the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL/HALL.

In the F.G. we see Laurie exit the bathroom and step into the hall. In the B.G. we see The Shape standing in the middle of the hallway. Laurie spots him through her peripheral vision and turns in his direction, slightly startled.

LAURIE:
Oh...Hey...Nice costume.

The Shape says nothing. He just stares at her, breathing heavily through his mask.

LAURIE:
Yeah, well...um, see ya.

With an uneasy feeling she turns away from him and begins walking back to her class. She only takes a few steps when The Shape starts after her. Laurie reaches the end of the hall and turns the corner into a second hallway. A moment later The Shape turns the corner behind her.

Laurie looks back over her shoulder to see The Shape following her. Getting scared now, she begins to walk faster, but she can't seem to put any more distance between him and herself. She turns to face him, but continues moving away from him, walking backwards now.

LAURIE:

OK, whoever you are, you're really starting to freak me out! This isn't funny.

The Shape does not respond, but simply continues his pursuit. Laurie turns to run just as the bell rings. Within seconds the hallway is flooded with students, some in costumes, and The Shape vanishes among them. Laurie stands there for a moment, scanning over the sea of faces, searching for her stalker, but he is gone. She turns to walk back to her classroom and bumps right into LYNDA VAN DER KLOK, 18, a pretty blonde cheerleader type. Laurie lets out a small scream.

LYNDA:

Well, nice to see you too.

LAURIE:

Sorry.

LYNDA:

A little jumpy today?

Laurie continues to look around for any sign of her tormentor.

LAURIE:

Uh...yeah...yeah, I guess I am.

LYNDA:

You totally are...Who are you looking for?

LAURIE:

No one...I don't know...Some guy was following me.

LYNDA:

Oh, sounds like you've got yourself an admirer.

Annie calls out from down the hall.

ANNIE:

Hey!

She walks over to Lynda & Laurie.

ANNIE (CONTINUING):

You two ready to get outta here? (To Laurie) Where's your stuff?

LAURIE:

In Mr. Warlock's room. I gotta go grab it.

LYNDA:

She must have forgot it. Someone was chasing her.

ANNIE:
What?

LYNDA:
A guy.

ANNIE:
Really?! Well whatta ya know? Some guys do like the shy, quiet type.

LAURIE:
I don't think so. He was wearing this creepy white mask.

LYNDA:
Well it is Halloween, Laurie. This may come as a surprise, but some people actually do like to put on costumes and try to scare people.

LAURIE:
I don't think this was a joke, you guys. He was...

ANNIE:
He was what?

LAURIE:
I don't know...Something just seemed weird about him.

ANNIE:
Most guys are weird.

LYNDA:
Totally.

ANNIE:
Don't sweat it. Now come on, go get your stuff. We'll wait here for you.

LAURIE:
OK.

Laurie walks down the hall to Mr. Warlock's class, while Lynda and Annie hang back, waiting for her.

INT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL/CLASSROOM.

Laurie walks into the classroom. She walks towards her desk, by the window, and begins to gather her books and bag. Looking out the window, she suddenly stops.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape stands across the street, staring at her.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie stares back at The Shape with a frightened look on her face.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape does not move. He just continues to stare right at her.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She seems frozen, unable to look away.

ANNIE (O.S.):

Laurie?

Laurie jumps slightly and turns to see Annie standing in the doorway.

ANNIE (CONT'D):

Are you coming?

LAURIE:

Yeah.

Laurie looks back toward the window, The Shape is gone. She quickly grabs her stuff and rushes out of the room.

CUT TO:

MT. SINCLAIR CEMETERY - DAY.

Loomis' car pulls up on a small road winding through the cemetery. Loomis gets out of the car, along with ANGUS TAYLOR, mid 60s, the cemetery's grounds keeper. Taylor looks at a small note pad.

TAYLOR:

Now let's see...Myers...Judith Myers...Ah, here it is,
Row 18, plot 20. Over this way.

The two men begin walking through the cemetery while the CAMERA follows them.

TAYLOR (CONTINUING):

Yeah, Judith Myers. I remember her. Sweet girl, such a shame. Just couldn't believe it. A young boy like that doing something so terrible. Her own brother too. Just awful.

LOOMIS:

Agreed.

TAYLOR:

You know, every town has something like this happen though. I remember over in Russellville about fifteen years ago. Charlie Bowles. Nicest guy you could ever imagine. Good, hardworking family man. Then one night, for no particular reason, he finished dinner and excused himself from the table. He went out to the garage and got himself a hacksaw. Then he went back into the house, and he kissed his wife and his two children goodbye, and then he proceeded to butcher them one by one. They found him two days later sitting on the floor with the bodies and covered in blood.

LOOMIS:

That's some story. Where are we anyway.

TAYLOR:

Should be right up there a little ways.

The two men continue walking.

TAYLOR:

What do you suppose it is, can make a man do something like that?

LOOMIS:

I don't know, Mr. Taylor. Something dark...sinister. Something that most people couldn't even begin to comprehend.

Taylor stops cold.

LOOMIS:

Are we lost?

TAYLOR:

(Annoyed). Why do they do it?

Taylor points to a plot right in front of them. Loomis looks. The headstone that should be there is missing, and appears to have been uprooted from the ground.

LOOMIS:

Who?

TAYLOR:

Kids. Damn kids. They'll do anything for Halloween. They don't respect anything these days, not even the dead. Probably get a call in a day or two that it's on somebody's lawn.

LOOMIS:

Who's grave is that?

Taylor checks his notebook, then counts the rows and plots.

TAYLOR:

18, 19...Judith Myers...

Loomis turns and begins to walk away.

TAYLOR:

Hey, where you going?

LOOMIS:

You won't find it.

TAYLOR:

What makes you so sure?

LOOMIS:

He's come home.

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY/SCHOOLYARD - AFTERNOON.

A dismissal bell rings, signaling the end of school for the day and children pour out of the building, many of them dressed in COSTUMES, running off in all directions. After a moment Tommy Doyle comes out the door. He starts off across the SCHOOLYARD, beginning his walk home. A moment later three BOYS, LONNIE, RICHIE and KEITH come out of the doors. LONNIE, the RINGLEADER of the group spots Tommy and points at him. The boys smirk and run over to Tommy, surrounding him.

LONNIE:

Hey Doyle, where ya going?

TOMMY:

Home.

LONNIE:

By yourself?

Lonnie and his friends look at each other as if they're surprised to hear this.

LONNIE (CONTINUING):

That's not smart, Tommy.

RICHIE:

Yeah, not at all...

TOMMY:

What are you talking about?

LONNIE:

It's Halloween...Don't you know what happens on Halloween?

TOMMY:

Yeah, we get candy.

The boys laugh at Tommy.

RICHIE:

He really doesn't know.

KEITH:

Where have you been, Doyle?

Tommy just looks at them confused.

LONNIE:

Every year on Halloween the Boogeyman comes out, looking for fresh victims.

TOMMY:

No, he doesn't!

LONNIE:

Yes, he does...And you know who he goes after? Kids who don't believe in him...like you!

RICHIE:

Yeah, he comes to their house and takes them away!

LONNIE:

If they even make it home. Sometimes he grabs them when they're walking home from school all alone.

TOMMY:

You're lying!

RICHIE:

He doesn't believe us.

LONNIE:

Remember Eric Simpson? He didn't believe us either... And you know what happened to him?

TOMMY:

He moved away.

Lonnie shakes his head.

LONNIE:

That's just what people said to cover it up. Only his parents moved...After the Boogeyman got him!

KEITH:

He's gonna get you too, Tommy!

The boys all get up in Tommy's face and begin chanting in unison.

BOYS:

He's gonna get you! He's gonna get you! He's gonna get you!

TOMMY:

Leave me alone!

Tommy turns to run away. Richie sticks his foot out, tripping him, and Tommy falls to the ground. The boys all laugh and walk away high-fiving each other. Tommy turns over and sits on the ground, glaring at the other boys.

LINDSEY WALLACE, a cute 8-year old enters the frame. She bends down beside Tommy.

LINDSEY:

Are you ok, Tommy?

TOMMY:

Yeah...

LINDSEY:

Don't worry about those guys, they're jerks.

Lindsey helps Tommy up, and he brushes himself off.

LINDSEY:

(Smiling) Wanna walk home with me?

Tommy nods.

TOMMY:

Sure.

Tommy and Lindsey start walking together.

SCHOOLYARD ENTRANCE/GATE.

On the other side of the schoolyard Lonnie, Keith and Richie walk through the gate, smiling. They turn the corner onto the sidewalk and run right into The Shape. The three boys look up at him in astonishment, as we hear his heavy breathing through the mask. The boys back up a few steps slowly, then quickly run around The Shape and down the block.

The Shape begins slowly walking along the outside of the fence, lining the schoolyard. THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM. Up in the distance we see Tommy and Lindsey exiting the schoolyard and walking down the sidewalk. THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRACK WITH THE SHAPE to the BLACK PICKUP TRUCK we saw earlier.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK.

The Shape gets in the truck and starts the engine. He pulls away from the curb.

POV FROM TRUCK WINDOW.

The truck turns at the corner and slowly moves down the street. Up ahead we see Tommy and Lindsey walking on the sidewalk. The pickup follows them slowly at a distance. Tommy and Lindsey turn onto a side street. The truck picks up speed and continues down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON.

Annie drives, while Laurie sits in the front passenger seat and Lynda is in the back seat. "DON'T FEAR THE REAPER" by BLUE OYSTER CULT can be heard playing on the radio. Laurie seems a little out of it, like something is bothering her. Annie notices.

ANNIE:

Hey, what's up? You still spooked?

Laurie shrugs.

LAURIE:

He was really creepy.

ANNIE:

Relax, Laurie. I told you, it was just some jerk from school playing a stupid prank.

LAURIE:

I don't know. I guess.

LYNDA:

Yeah, it was probably Davon Graham. He's always doing things like that.

ANNIE:

Oh God. That guy is such a creep.

LYNDA:

I think he's cute.

ANNIE:

Of course you do.

Lynda gives Annie a sarcastic look as if to say, "Oh Ha Ha."

LYNDA:

He probably likes you, Laurie. You know, he's gonna be at Craig Stephens' party tonight. You should come by. Maybe he'll ask you to Homecoming.

LAURIE:

I can't. I have to babysit tonight.

LYNDA:

Oh God. Is that all you ever do?

LAURIE:

(Quietly) I'd rather go with Ben Tramer anyway.

Annie and Lynda giggle at Laurie's response.

ANNIE:

A Ha! I knew it. She does think about those things.

LYNDA:

(Teasing) Ben Tramer, huh?

LAURIE:

Oh, shut up.

LYNDA:

What? He's cute.

ANNIE:

You know, he's on the football team with Paul.

LAURIE:

So?

ANNIE:

So...I'm sure we could hook you two up...if you want...

Laurie shrugs.

LAURIE:

I don't know...

ANNIE:

Well think about it. We can talk about it more tonight.

EXT. STREET/STRODE HOUSE.

Annie's car pulls up in front of Laurie's house, and Laurie gets out of the car.

ANNIE:

The Wallaces are leaving around six, so I'll be by to pick you up about five thirty.

LAURIE:

That's fine. The Doyles are leaving about the same time.

ANNIE:

Alright, see ya then.

LAURIE:

Bye.

LYNDA:

(From the back seat) Bye, Laurie.

Laurie waves as Annie's car pulls away. Once the car is gone she turns to go inside, but stops for a second when she sees a few children in costumes TRICK-OR-TREATING. Laurie smiles.

LAURIE:

(Out loud to herself). Happy Halloween.

She turns and unlocks the front door and goes inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DISCOUNT MART - LATE AFTERNOON.

Three POLICE CARS are parked in front of the store, with their FLASHERS on, but SIRENS off. Directly in the middle of them, an AMBULANCE is parked. A fourth police car pulls up to the curb and stops. Sheriff Brackett gets out of it and walks over to the sidewalk in front of the store, where Deputy Hunt is standing. A small crowd of onlookers watch from a distance.

BRACKETT:

What do we got?

HUNT:

Homicide...Harry Grimbridge...

BRACKETT:

What? Harry? Oh Jesus...

Just then two PARAMEDICS, wheel Harry's body, encased in a black body bag, out on a gurney and begin to load it into the back of the ambulance.

BRACKETT:

What do we think happened, robbery gone bad? What else do we know?

HUNT:

Not much at this point, but it doesn't look like a robbery. Nothing's missing from the store. Doesn't look like the cash register was even touched. And he was killed with a shard of glass.

BRACKETT:

What?!

During Hunt's dialogue, in the B.G. we see Loomis emerge from the crowd of onlookers and start walking towards Brackett and Hunt. The paramedics close the back door of the ambulance, and walk around to the front of the vehicle and get in.

HUNT:

There's a shattered display case in the back of the store. Again, nothing missing. But whoever did this took a piece of the broken glass and jammed it into poor Harry's throat. Robber most likely would have had a gun.

Brackett nods in agreement as Loomis walks up behind him.

LOOMIS:

Excuse me, Sheriff?

Brackett and Hunt turn to him.

LOOMIS (CONTINUING):

I'm Doctor Sam Loomis.

BRACKETT:

Leigh Brackett.

LOOMIS:

I really need to speak with you...It's urgent.

BRACKETT:

This really isn't a good time, Doctor. As you can see we have a pretty serious situation here.

LOOMIS:

Yes, and I think I may be able to help. I know who did this.

Brackett and Hunt look at each other and then back at Loomis.

BRACKETT:

You do? Alright, I'm listening.

LOOMIS:

It was Michael Myers.

Brackett and Hunt both stare at Loomis for a second, then smirk.

BRACKETT:

Michael Myers? OK, look, I know it's Halloween and all, but this really isn't the time for games. Which one of these clowns put you up to this?

LOOMIS:

This is no game, Sheriff.

BRACKETT:

Michael Myers has been locked away in an institution for what, the last fifteen years?

LOOMIS:

He escaped from Smith's Grove Sanitarium last night. Killed five employees of the facility and another at a garage on his way...And now he's come back here.

HUNT:

Wait, what did you say your name was again?

LOOMIS:

Loomis...Sam Loomis.

HUNT:

Yeah, yeah, Sam Loomis. I thought that name sounded familiar. You're the doctor. The one they assigned to treat that kid, aren't you?

LOOMIS:

Yes...

The ambulance starts up and begins to pull away.

LOOMIS (CONTINUING):

And he's not a kid anymore. And I know him better than anybody, and I'm telling you he's here in Haddonfield. And unless you help me to stop him, that won't be the last body that gets loaded into an ambulance tonight.

Hunt and Brackett look at each other, then back at Loomis.

BRACKETT:

Alright, Doc, I'll tell you what. You know where the station is?

LOOMIS:

Yes.

BRACKETT:

Why don't you come by? We have to finish up here, but it shouldn't be more than an hour or so.

LOOMIS:

I'll be there.

CUT TO:

INT. STRODE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DUSK.

Laurie is gathering her bag and the PUMPKIN she promised to bring for Tommy.

LAURIE:

(Calling out) Mom? I'm going. Annie just texted me. She'll be here in a minute.

Pamela comes into the room. She walks right over to Laurie.

PAMELA:

OK, Sweetheart. Dad and I will probably be getting back around the same time as you. You be careful. I love you.

She gives Laurie a kiss on the cheek.

LAURIE:

I love you too, Mom. Tell Dad I said "Bye," OK?

PAMELA:

I will.

EXT. STRODE HOUSE - DUSK.

Laurie comes out of the house and waits by the front walkway. The sun is nothing more than a pale glow in the trees. She hears the sound of laughter and looks to see a few groups of children in COSTUMES, some with parents or older siblings, walking from house to house, trick-or-treating. Laurie smiles.

A moment later Annie's car comes down the block and pulls over to the curb in front of Laurie's house.

SOMEONE'S POV - FROM WINDOW.

Watching as Laurie walks over to Annie's car and gets in on the passenger's side.

EXT. STREET.

Annie's car pulls away from the curb and starts off down the street. A second later we see the BLACK PICKUP TRUCK pull out and begin following them from a distance.

INT. ANNIE'S CAR.

ANNIE:

What's with the pumpkin?

LAURIE:

It's for Tommy. He said someone smashed his last night.

ANNIE:

The old girl scout to the rescue!

Laurie just rolls her eyes.

ANNIE (CONTINUING):

Well, I guess I can't make too much fun since I'll practically be a girl scout myself tonight. I plan on making popcorn, and watching the Horrorthon. Six straight hours of horror movies. Little Lindsey Wallace won't know what hit her.

Laurie smiles and shakes her head.

ANNIE:

So?

LAURIE:

So what?

ANNIE:

So, have you thought any more about Ben Tramer.

LAURIE:

I don't know, Annie.

ANNIE:

What?

LAURIE:

Well, I mean we're in US History together, but we've never even said two words to each other. I don't know anything about him.

ANNIE:

Kinda the whole point of going out with someone, Laurie. You get to know each other. You should call him.

Behind them, in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR, we see the black pickup still following.

LAURIE:

I wouldn't even know what to say to him.

ANNIE:

Uh, you could start with, "Hi, it's Laurie from US History. Would you like to go to the Homecoming Dance with me?"

LAURIE:

I couldn't do that. You could do that. I couldn't.

Annie smiles to herself.

ANNIE:

Well, you never know what might happen. Sometimes fate has a way of bringing people together.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE.

Annie's car drives through the main square of Haddonfield. Following behind is the black pickup.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT.

The sun has completely set, and the moon now shines brightly in the sky as Annie's car moves down a quiet little residential street and pulls up in front of a two-story house set back from the street: THE DOYLE HOUSE.

POV FROM THE PICKUP'S WINDSHIELD.

Through the windshield we see Laurie get out of Annie's car, say goodbye and walk up to the Doyle House. Then Annie's car continues up the block a little. She stops about five houses down and pulls into the driveway of THE WALACE HOUSE on the opposite side of the street. Annie gets out of the car and walks around to the front door. The pickup continues on a little further and turns on the first side street, where it parks.

TRACKING SHOT BEHIND THE SHAPE.

The Shape gets out of the pickup truck and walks towards the Wallace House. He stops near a tree, across the street from the house. Annie can be seen through the front window talking to THE WALLACES as they put on their coats and get ready to leave.

The Shape moves behind the tree, concealing himself from sight, just as the front door opens. The Wallaces come out of the house and get into their car, which is parked on the street in front of their house. A moment later the car starts up and sets off down the street.

Annie closes the door. The Shape steps out from behind the tree and stares at the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD POLICE STATION/BRACKETT'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING.

Brackett sits behind his desk, while Loomis stands in front of it. They are in the middle of a conversation.

BRACKETT:

Why would he come back here?

LOOMIS:

To finish what he started fifteen years ago. For her.

Loomis hands the old photograph of the Myers Family to Brackett.

LOOMIS (CONTINUING):

He's come back for his little sister.

BRACKETT:

Wait a minute, Doc. The baby was taken into state custody when the parents died and put up for adoption. There's no telling if she's still even living in the state. She could be anywhere. How the hell would he even know where to look?

LOOMIS:

He knows, Sheriff...Believe me, he knows.

BRACKETT:

(Laughing) Come on...

LOOMIS:

Sheriff, I assure you this is no laughing matter. Now, there has to be records. Couldn't you request to see them in a situation like this?

BRACKETT:

By Illinois state law all adoption records are closed. The only way they can be opened is through a court order. And I can tell you right now, no judge is gonna issue an order based on a hunch and some wild story.

LOOMIS:

This is no wild story, Sheriff! This is a matter of life and death! Where ever that girl is, she's in mortal danger! He's come back here to kill her and anyone else who might have the misfortune of running into him!

Brackett just stares at Loomis. He is beginning to consider just how serious the situation may be.

LOOMIS (CONTINUING):

Please, Sheriff...He's already killed seven people between Smith's Grove and here. Help me stop him from killing any more. The girl is the key. She's our best bet at finding him. There has to be something you can do.

BRACKETT:

Maybe there is. I got a buddy that works at Town Hall. He may be able to get us access to those records, but we'll have to wait until the building's closed. What do you think we should do in the mean time?

LOOMIS:

I think we should check his house.

BRACKETT:

That place has been abandoned for years.

LOOMIS:

It's what he knows...what's familiar to him. It's where he'll go if he hasn't already.

BRACKETT:

Alright, Doc. We'll check it out.

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Laurie and Tommy, now dressed as an X-WING PILOT FROM STAR WARS, are sitting on the couch watching the 1941 classic, The Wolfman. Tommy looks like something is bothering him.

TOMMY:

Laurie?

LAURIE:

What?

TOMMY:

Is the Boogeyman real?

LAURIE:

Of course not. What's with you and this Boogeyman obsession today?

TOMMY:

The kids at school said he was coming to get me tonight. They said he goes after kids if they don't believe in him.

LAURIE:

What kids told you that?

TOMMY:

Lonnie, and Richie, and Keith.

LAURIE:

I should have known. Tommy, there is no Boogeyman. Those guys were just trying to scare you.

TOMMY:

Why?

LAURIE:

Because that's just what people do on Halloween. They play tricks and try to scare each other. They think it's fun.

Tommy just shrugs, wanting to believe Laurie, but not totally convinced.

LAURIE (CONTINUING):

OK. I can prove to you that the Boogeyman's not real.

TOMMY:

How?

LAURIE:

I'm here right now, aren't I?

TOMMY:

Yeah.

LAURIE:

Well, I don't believe in the Boogeyman.

TOMMY:

But you're bigger. He comes after kids.

LAURIE:

Tommy, I never believed in him, even when I was your age. Now don't you think if he was real, he would have come to get me back then?

TOMMY:

I guess so...

LAURIE:

Well there you go. He never did, or else I wouldn't be here with you right now. So see? There's no Boogeyman.

TOMMY:

OK.

Laurie smiles at Tommy. It seems she is getting through to him. Just then the doorbell rings.

LAURIE:

I'll get it. You keep watching TV.

Laurie gets up and walks over to the front door. She opens the door to find a group of children dressed in various Halloween costumes.

CHILDREN:

Trick or treat!

LAURIE:

(Smiling) Wow, look at all of you. I like your costumes.

Laurie grabs a LARGE BOWL of HALLOWEEN CANDY from a small SNACK TABLE set up near the front door, and begins to hand candy out to the children. Tommy gets up from the couch to take a look at the kids' costumes, but he spots something out of the corner of his eye and walks over to the front window.

TOMMY'S POV.

Across the street, under the glow of a STREETLIGHT, stands The Shape, staring at him and looking into the house.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Tommy's eyes widen. He swallows hard and backs away from the window slowly.

LAURIE (O.S.):

Bye. Happy Halloween.

Tommy turns and runs to get Laurie.

TOMMY:
Laurie! Laurie come here! The Boogeyman is outside!

LAURIE:
What? Tommy, we just went over this. There is no
Boogeyman, remember?

Tommy grabs her by the hand and leads her to the front window in the living room and points.

TOMMY:
Look!

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape is gone and the street is empty.

ANGLE ON LAURIE & TOMMY.

LAURIE:
There's nobody there, Tommy.

TOMMY:
But he was! I saw him! He was right there!

LAURIE:
You must have just saw someone trick-or-treating.
Come on, let's go finish watching the movie.

Laurie leads Tommy back towards the couch.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT.

A police car pulls up to the curb in front of the old house. Brackett and Loomis get out and walk towards the front door. Brackett is carrying two FLASHLIGHTS.

LOOMIS:
No one else ever moved in here?

BRACKETT:
You kidding? Every kid in Haddonfield thinks this
place is haunted. Maybe every adult too.

LOOMIS:
They may be right.

Brackett hands Loomis one of the flashlights as they approach the front door.

INT. MYERS HOUSE.

The front door slowly opens. Brackett and Loomis stand in the doorway for a moment and glance at each other. The house is completely dark. Both men turn their flashlights on and begin shining them around the house. They enter the foyer.

Suddenly there is a loud CRASH sound. Brackett and Loomis both jump and draw their guns. They spin around in the direction of the noise, shining their flashlights. A piece of PLASTER has fallen from the CEILING. The flashlights reveal that the inside of the house is even worse condition than the outside.

Brackett looks at the large HANDGUN in Loomis' hand: A 357 MAGNUM.

LOOMIS:

Heightens my sense of security. (Smiles) Oh, I do have a permit.

Brackett just nods. The two walk through some of the house's first floor, shining their flashlights in the different rooms. Nothing. The house appears empty.

LOOMIS:

We should check upstairs.

Loomis and Brackett cautiously make their way up the stairs. At the top, they shine their lights down the hall, then turn right heading towards Judith's old bedroom.

INT. MYERS HOUSE/JUDITH'S BEDROOM.

The two men enter the bedroom and look around.

LOOMIS:

He's been here.

BRACKETT:

How do you know?

Loomis shines his flashlight over to a corner of the room where the TOMBSTONE of Judith Myers is sitting on the floor, propped up against the wall.

BRACKETT:

OK, that is definitely creepy. But kids could have done that. You'd be surprised the lengths some of them will go to for a prank, especially on Halloween.

LOOMIS:

This isn't a prank, Sheriff.

BRACKETT:

You think he did this? Come on, Doc. That thing weighs half a ton. There's no way one man could lift it.

LOOMIS:

He isn't a man.

BRACKETT:

Alright. Well what is he exactly?

LOOMIS:

Evil...Pure evil.

BRACKETT:

You really believe that, don't you?

LOOMIS:

I've seen it, Sheriff, experienced it, first hand. I first met him fifteen years ago. I'd dealt with all different types of patients throughout my career, but I'd never met anyone like him. At a glance he was a seemingly innocent six year old boy, but his eyes told the real story...cold...black...the eyes of the devil. Still I spent the first eight years of my time with him trying to help him, to reach him somehow, but in time I came to realize there was no reaching him. There was nothing left within him that was even remotely human. No conscience, no reason, no emotion...Nothing but darkness...Nothing but evil. And for the last seven years I've done everything in my power to ensure that he never got out...To keep the evil locked away forever.

BRACKETT:

Well we know how that turned out, don't we? So what do we do now?

LOOMIS:

This is where it all began. He's been here once already. I have a feeling he may come back. I'm going to wait for him.

BRACKETT:

Well I can call the radio and TV stations and have them put word out...

LOOMIS:

No. If you do that, then they'll be seeing him everywhere, on every street corner, in every house. Just tell your men to be sharp. Keep their eyes open and their mouths shut.

BRACKETT:

Alright. I'm gonna see what I can do about getting those adoption records. I'll check back in about an hour.

Brackett turns and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Laurie and Tommy sit on the couch watching THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

TOMMY:

I want popcorn.

LAURIE:

Alright, I'll go make some.

Laurie gets up from the couch and heads to the kitchen.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Laurie opens a cabinet and searches for the microwavable popcorn, when her cell phone starts ringing. She looks at the screen, which reads ANNIE, before answering.

LAURIE:

Hey, what's up?

ANNIE (V.O.):

(Disguising her voice) Are you alone in the house?

LAURIE:

Ha Ha, Annie, very funny.

ANNIE (V.O.):

How'd you know it was me?

LAURIE:

Um, maybe because your in my phone as a contact.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

ANNIE:

Oh yeah. Duh!

Annie laughs at her own naivety.

ANNIE (CONTINUING):
So, how's your night going so far?

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

LAURIE:
Great. Just about to make some popcorn.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

ANNIE:
Whoa! Are you sure you can handle that much fun all
by yourself?

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

LAURIE:
Well, it will be tough, but I think I'll manage.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

Behind Annie, through the kitchen window in the B.G. we see The Shape looking in, watching her.

ANNIE:
Well, don't worry. I'm about to inject a little excitement
into your life.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

LAURIE:
Oh really? (Giggling) Do I even wanna know?

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

Annie is completely unaware of The Shape as she continues her conversation.

ANNIE:
Oh believe me, you wanna know.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

LAURIE:
OK. So then tell me.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

The Shape continues to watch Annie.

ANNIE:

I will, but not on the phone. I'll be over with Lindsey
in a few minutes.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

LAURIE:

Oh great, so now I have to babysit three kids.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

The Shape is now gone.

ANNIE:

Funny. See you in a few.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

LAURIE:

(Laughing a little). OK. Bye.

Laurie hangs up her phone and takes a bag of microwavable popcorn out of one of the cabinets.

LAURIE:

(Calling out) Tommy...Annie and Lindsey are coming
over. Keep an eye out for them and open the door when
they get here, ok?

TOMMY (O.S.):

OK.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Lindsey is sitting on the couch, watching the Horrorthon intently. She is dressed as DOROTHY FROM THE WIZARD OF OZ. A big JACK-O-LANTERN with a smiling face carved into it is visible in the B.G. sitting in the FIREPLACE. Annie enters from the kitchen.

ANNIE:

Lindsey, get your coat on.

LINDSEY:

But I'm watching this...

ANNIE:

Well we're going over to Tommy Doyle's house. You
can watch it over there.

LINDSEY:

(Excitedly) Really?!

ANNIE:
Yup.

LINDSEY:
OK!

ANNIE:
Alright...So come on, Dorothy, click your heels and let's
get a move on.

Lindsey turns off the TV and gets up off the couch.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Annie and Lindsey come out of the Wallace House with their coats on. Annie carries a small duffle bag of Lindsey's things. The wind blows as they start down the street. Annie puts one hand around Lindsey and ushers her to walk faster.

ANNIE:
Come on, Lindsey, it's cold out here.

LINDSEY:
I'm walking as fast as I can.

As the girls make their way down the street, The Shape appears behind them and begins to walk silently after them. Annie and Lindsey continue down the street, unaware that they are being followed.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Tommy, who is watching TV, turns and looks out the window, where he sees Annie and Lindsey. He walks over to the window and watches as they begin to cross the street.

TOMMY:
(Calling out) Annie and Lindsey are coming.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

Laurie is taking a few cans of coke out of the refrigerator.

LAURIE:
(Calling back) OK. Just open the door for them.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Tommy continues to watch Annie and Lindsey when suddenly he notices The Shape walking slowly behind them.

TOMMY:

Laurie!

LAURIE (O.S.):

What?

TOMMY:

It's the Boogeyman! The Boogeyman is behind them!

Tommy runs into the kitchen.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

Tommy runs up to Laurie, scared as can be, and wraps his arms around her.

LAURIE:

What's wrong?

TOMMY:

The Boogeyman! He's outside! He's following Annie and Lindsey! He's gonna get them!

LAURIE:

Oh Tommy...

Suddenly there's a LOUD KNOCK on the door and Tommy jumps. Laurie starts towards the living room to answer it.

TOMMY:

No! Don't answer it, Laurie! It's the Boogeyman!

LAURIE:

Oh Tommy, stop it now. I already told you there's no such thing as the Boogeyman.

Laurie continues to the living room. Tommy follows cautiously behind her. Just as Laurie gets to the door, there is another loud knock. Laurie unlocks the door and opens it to find Annie and Lindsey, who hurry into the house.

ANNIE:

My God, it's cold out there.

Laurie turns to Tommy.

LAURIE:

See? No Boogeyman.

ANNIE:

Boogeyman?

LAURIE:

He thought he saw someone outside.

TOMMY:

I did see him! It was the Boogeyman! (To Annie and Lindsey) And he was following you!

LAURIE:

Tommy, I told you before, you just saw somebody trick-or-treating.

TOMMY:

Nobody believes me.

Lindsey walks over to Tommy and puts her arm around him.

LINDSEY:

I believe you, Tommy.

ANNIE:

(Teasing) Of course you do. Why don't you and your little boyfriend go watch TV? I have to talk to Laurie for a minute.

LINDSEY:

He's not my boyfriend.

ANNIE:

Yeah, whatever, just go watch TV.

Lindsey and Tommy walk over to the couch and sit down to watch the Horrorthon.

ANNIE:

So, I have some big news for you. What would you say if I told you that you're going to Homecoming tomorrow night with one Mr. Ben Tramer?

LAURIE:

I'd say Halloween pranks are supposed to be scary, not cruel, Annie.

ANNIE:

Oh this is no prank, my dear.

LAURIE:

What are you talking about?

ANNIE:

(Smirks) Don't worry about it. I got you covered.

LAURIE:

Come on, Annie...What did you do?

ANNIE:

I called Paul after I dropped you off this afternoon and told him to talk to Ben for you at football practice.

LAURIE:

Oh he didn't...Please tell me he didn't.

ANNIE:

He did.

LAURIE:

Oh Annie, why did you tell him to do that?

ANNIE:

Because you needed a little help. Don't you even wanna know what he said?

LAURIE:

Who the hell is Laurie Strode?

ANNIE:

Oh, he knew who you were. Said he saw you on the news.

LAURIE:

He did? Oh great...I wasn't embarrassed enough already.

ANNIE:

What are you embarrassed about? You're like a celebrity.

LAURIE:

I was so nervous, Annie. I looked like such a geek.

ANNIE:

You looked fine. Now let me tell you the good part.

LAURIE:

Oh great, there's more?

ANNIE:

Yeah. He told Paul he thinks you're really cute.

Laurie blushes and can not help but smile upon hearing this.

ANNIE (CONTINUING):

And he said he'll go with you.

LAURIE:

Really?!

ANNIE:

Yes.

LAURIE:

I don't know...

ANNIE:

What?

LAURIE:

It's just...I mean you had Paul talk to him. Don't you think that might make me look desperate?

Annie places her hands on Laurie's shoulders.

ANNIE:

Laurie, you **ARE** desperate. But who cares? You like him and he likes you, and he already said he'd go, so what difference does it make who talked to who?

LAURIE:

I guess you're right.

ANNIE:

Of course I'm right. You two are gonna make a great couple.

LAURIE:

Well what am I gonna wear. I don't even have a dress.

ANNIE:

Nope. You're not using that excuse. We have all afternoon tomorrow to go shopping and get you something. And don't tell me you don't have the money, because you probably have a small fortune stashed away from all the babysitting you do.

Again Laurie can't help but smile a little.

ANNIE (CONTINUING):

And even if you don't, I'm sure your mom would be happy to get you something. She'd probably be thrilled to hear you have a date to Homecoming.

LAURIE:

Yeah, she would. She was just telling me today I need to go out and have some fun once in a while.

ANNIE:

See? Mother knows best.

LAURIE:

I just hope I'm ready for this.

ANNIE:

Will you stop stressing out? You're ready. Look, you two can even come with me and Paul if you want. How does that sound?

Laurie smiles.

LAURIE:

It sounds terrific. Thanks, Annie.

They hug.

ANNIE:

You owe me for this, Strode.

LAURIE:

Yeah, I do.

ANNIE:

I'm glad you agree. You can actually settle up with me right now.

LAURIE:

How?

ANNIE:

Watch Lindsey for a little while so I can go pick Paul up.

LAURIE:

I thought he was grounded.

ANNIE:

He is...He's sneaking out. His parents went out for the night. So, you take her off my hands for a few hours and we'll call it even. Don't worry, I'll be back to get her in plenty of time before the Wallaces come home.

LAURIE:

Deal.

ANNIE:

Thanks. I'll text you later.

LAURIE:

Have fun.

ANNIE:

You know we will. See ya.

Annie heads out the door. Laurie closes the door and looks over at Tommy and Lindsey on the couch, totally engrossed in the Horrorthon.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Annie exits the Doyle House and heads back up and across the street. As she reaches the Wallace House she turns into the driveway and approaches her car. She reaches into her one coat pocket and then the other. She pulls out a single key and realizes that this is the spare key to the Wallace House and that she does not have her car keys.

ANNIE:

Damn!

Annie sighs and heads to the front door of the house.

EXT. WALLACE HOUSE/FRONT PORCH.

Annie fumbles with the key for a second before finally inserting it into the lock on the front door.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE.

Annie enters the living room through the front door. She walks through the silent and empty house as she tries to remember where she left her purse. She passes through the dining room which is completely dark, and turns left into the kitchen. Flipping on the light switch she finds her purse on the kitchen counter. She begins searching for her keys inside the bag.

Behind Annie we can see the back door which leads to the yard. It is slightly opened, but Annie hasn't noticed it. Just as Annie finds her car keys a sudden gust of wind blows the door shut with a bang. The noise startles Annie and she quickly turns in the direction of the door. Walking over to it, she turns the knob back and forth, confirming that it is unlocked. She looks around the room for a few seconds with a puzzled look on her face, but she soon dismisses the notion of anything being wrong and simply locks the door.

Just then the doorbell rings loudly, breaking the silence of the house. Annie is once again startled by the noise, then shakes her head in disgust.

ANNIE:

Jeez Annie, chill. Get it together, will ya? You've been watching too many horror movies, girl.

Grabbing her keys and purse off the counter Annie flips the light off as she exits the kitchen and walks through the dining room back into the living room.

Next to the front door is a small table with a big bowl of candy on it. Guessing that it was trick-or-treaters who rang the bell, Annie reaches into the bowl and takes out a few pieces of candy. She opens the front door.

ANNIE'S POV.

No one is there. The porch is empty.

ANGLE ON ANNIE.

She looks around, confused.

ANNIE'S POV.

Suddenly Lynda jumps out, scaring the holy hell out of Annie.

LYNDA:

(Yelling) TRICK OR TREAT!!!!

Annie gasps and drops the candy from her hand, before realizing it's just Lynda. Lynda is dressed in a slutty nurse costume. She begins laughing, pleased with the success of her prank.

ANNIE:

Jesus, Lynda! What the hell are you trying to do, give me a heart attack?

Lynda stops laughing and appears to get serious.

LYNDA:

Actually, I have something I have to tell you. I can't keep it a secret any more. Annie...I came over here to seduce you...

Lynda strikes a sexy pose and begins laughing again.

Annie rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

Annie:

What ARE you doing here? I thought you and Bobby were going to Craig Stephens' party.

LYNDA:

We did. It was totally lame. So we thought we'd come keep you company, ya know, with you being stuck here babysitting and all...

ANNIE:

Actually, I left Lindsey with Laurie across the street. I was just about to go pick Paul up.

LYNDA:

Cool! Hey um...Why don't me and Bobby just wait here for you guys?

Annie knows exactly what Lynda is up to.

ANNIE:

Oh...Came to keep me company, huh?

LYNDA:

Oh come on, Annie! I'd do it for you.

Annie just looks at her as if to say "Oh really?"

Behind Annie, off in the distance The Shape's white mask appears as if floating in the darkness of the dining room. Lynda doesn't notice it and neither of the girls sense its presence. A beat later it fades back into the shadows as if it were never there.

(CONTINUED)

LYNDA:

Besides, what are you and Paul gonna do, watch TV?

ANNIE:

Fine. Use the guest room. And make sure you make the bed and clean up.

LYNDA:

We totally will. Thanks Annie, you're the best!

ANNIE:

Yeah, yeah... Hey, where's Bobby anyway?

Lynda motions to the side with her head, and Annie looks to see Bobby's van parked in the driveway.

ANNIE:

Tell him to park on the street, will ya? He's blocking me in.

EXT. WALLACE HOUSE.

Bobby's van backs out of the Wallace's driveway and Annie's car follows. As Annie's car drives off, Bobby's van parks directly in front of the Wallace House. A moment later, ROBERT "BOBBY" SIMMS, a good-looking 18-year old steps out of his van. He is dressed as a deranged DOCTOR, wearing a white Doctor's coat which is stained red with fake blood. He also wears a head mirror and large GLASSES, which hide his looks some.

Bobby removes two BOTTLED SIXPACKS of BEER from the back seat and walks up to the porch, where Lynda is waiting.

LYNDA:

Paging Doctor Simms...You are needed in the examination room immediately for a full body check-up.

BOBBY:

Right away...Though I am going to require some assistance, Nurse. This is going to be a very "Hands On" examination.

LYNDA:

Oooohhhh....You've got it, Doctor.

They kiss and Lynda pulls Bobby inside the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLISTER HOUSE - NIGHT.

Sheriff Brackett, and one of his officers, JOHN RAMSAY, 32, stand on front the porch of the house, engaged in a conversation with TED HOLLISTER, mid 40s, and an employee of TOWN HALL.

HOLLISTER:

Leigh, you know I can't legally do that. Those records are confidential...sealed by law.

BRACKETT:

I know, Ted. And I'm sorry to put you in this position, but it's extremely important that we find this girl. Her life might depend on it.

HOLLISTER:

Look, Leigh, I'd like to help you out, I would...But...If word of this ever got out, not only would I lose my job... I could go to jail!

BRACKETT:

Ted, I promise you that won't happen. It's not going to get out. You have my word...No matter what, there's no way this comes back to you. It stays between us. I just need to

know where this girl is. We have reason to believe she may be in danger. If it turns out she's not, then we go about our business and we never have to speak of this again. But if she is...Well, I guess I'm asking you to help me save her.

Ted looks at Brackett and Ramsay, contemplating what to do.

HOLLISTER:

(Somewhat Reluctantly) Alright. It may take a little time though. The new system only has records from the last ten years saved in its database. We'll have to actually dig up the paper files from the storage cellar.

BRACKETT:

Whatever you have to do. Officer Ramsay here'll come with you. (To Ramsay). As soon as you find it, you radio me, ya hear?

RAMSAY:

You got it, Sheriff.

BRACKETT:

Alright.

Brackett turns and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT.

The room is illuminated by the moonlight shining in through the window, as well as a small NIGHT LIGHT in a WALL SOCKET. Lynda and Bobby are in the bed making love. Lynda is on top, riding Bobby with a steady rhythm. They both moan with pleasure. Suddenly we see a shadow move across Lynda's back, but neither she nor Bobby are aware. Their moans become louder and more intense until they both climax. Lynda rolls off of Bobby and lays next to him in the bed.

BOBBY:

That was incredible!

LYNDA:

Totally.

BOBBY:

I could go for a beer right now.

LYNDA:

So, go for one...And bring me one too.

BOBBY:
Why don't you go get me one?

LYNDA:
(Indicating her breasts) 'Cause I already gave you two...
of these...You can call me in the morning, Doctor.

Lynda laughs at her own joke and Bobby smiles.

BOBBY:
Alright.

He gets out of the bed and puts his pants on. He stands there for a minute and shivers.

BOBBY:
Damn, it's cold in here.

LYNDA:
Hot in here...So hurry back.

Bobby laughs as he picks up his bloody Doctor coat from the floor and puts it on. He also puts on the glasses and head mirror.

BOBBY:
Don't get dressed...The Doctor is not done operating yet,
and you're gonna need another injection. Doctor's orders.

Lynda laughs as Bobby leaves the room.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/KITCHEN.

Bobby enters the kitchen. Though the lights are off, Bobby doesn't bother to turn them on. The room is fairly lit from the moonlight seeping in through the windows. He walks over to the refrigerator and takes out two bottles of beer. Closing the refrigerator door, he turns to leave and comes face to face with The Shape. Startled, Bobby jumps and drops the beers. The bottles break as they hit the floor and beer spills out everywhere.

BOBBY:
Jesus, Paul! You scared the shit outta me, man!

Bobby looks down at the mess.

BOBBY (CONTINUING):
Great...Look what you made me do, Dumb-Ass.

He crosses to the counter a picks up a few rags, then walks back and begins to wipe up the mess as The Shape just watches him silently. Gathering the broken bottles up with the rags Bobby crosses to the garbage can and throws everything away, then returns to his previous spot. He looks at The Shape for a moment.

BOBBY (CONTINUING):

Dude, that is a freaky looking mask...Creeping me out.

The Shape just stares at him.

BOBBY (CONTINUING):

(Smiles) Yoooo...I just got a great idea. Lynda's upstairs in the guest room. You should go scare her, Bro.

The Shape doesn't respond.

BOBBY (CONTINUING):

Hey, did you get Annie already? I know, let's ...

Bobby's speech is cut off as The Shape's left hand shoots out and grabs him around the neck. Pushing forward with inhuman strength, The Shape drives Bobby back to the wall, slamming him against it. Bobby tries to call out, but can't and gags from the pressure. He attempts to fight back, but he can't break free of The Shape's grip. We see his feet leave the ground as The Shape lifts him off the floor, holding him several feet off the ground with one hand.

Bobby continues to struggle as The Shape raises his other hand, which holds a large BUTCHER KNIFE. With a SLAMMING THUD, The Shape drives the knife deep into Bobby's chest all the way up to the hilt. He does so with such force that the blade penetrates all the way through Bobby's body and becomes embedded in the wall behind him.

The Shape steps back and stares at Bobby, who hangs there, impaled on the wall with his eyes still open in horror, dead.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/BEDROOM.

Lynda lounges on the bed, smoking a cigarette and playing with her cell phone. We hear the door open and Lynda looks up.

A figure whom she believes to be Bobby stands in the doorway, covered with a large SHEET, like a GHOST. The figure wears Bobby's glasses and the head mirror from his doctor costume over the sheet.

Lynda laughs.

LYNDA:

Oh that's cute...Was it **THAT** good?

The ghost doesn't respond as Lynda laughs at her own joke. She puts her phone aside and takes one last drag of her cigarette before putting it out in an ashtray on top of the night table. She slides the sheets down from her body, exposing herself to him. She runs her hands up her body and through her hair in a sexy manner.

LYNDA (CONTINUING):

I know...You must have died and gone to Heaven...
See the Angel in front of you?

Lynda laughs again, but still no response from the ghost.

LYNDA (CONTINUING):

Oh, what's wrong? Can't I get your ghost, babe?

The ghost just stares at her silently.

LYNDA (CONTINUING):

Alright, so where's my beer?

No response. Lynda is getting annoyed now.

LYNDA (CONTINUING):

Well, can you answer me?

Lynda gets up off the bed and walks over to the ghost, standing only about a foot or two away from him. She is annoyed and tired of this stupid little prank.

LYNDA (CONTINUING):

OK! Oooooohhhh, I'm really scared, Mr. Ghost. Now,
will you stop being an ass and answer me already?!

Some blood starts seeping through the front of the sheet, and Lynda notices it.

LYNDA (CONTINUING):

Oh, good job, genius...That crap you put on your costume
is running through the sheet. That belongs to the Wallaces,
you know. I hope you didn't just ruin it.

Suddenly the ghost lunges forward, knocking Lynda to the ground and landing on top of her. We now see the knife wedged in the back of the sheet, right where the person's neck should be. The back of the sheet is also stained with the blood that is running through it. The Shape had used the knife to hold Bobby's dead body up through the sheet, obscuring himself from Lynda's view, before tossing it on top of her. Lynda is not aware of any of this yet as she struggles beneath the ghost.

LYNDA:

Ow! What the hell, Bobby?! God! Get off me, you
asshole!

Lynda continues to struggle to move the ghost off of her, when she starts to notice the blood and knife. A look of confusion crosses her face. A second later part of the sheet comes off, revealing Bobby's dead body under it, and her confusion quickly turns to fear.

A shadow falls across her face and Lynda looks up in horror to see The Shape standing over her.

Lynda scrambles backwards on the floor as The Shape advances on her. She starts to scream, but her scream is cut off when The Shape reaches down and grabs her by the throat.

Lynda squirms and writhes desperately to escape her attacker's grasp, but The Shape yanks her up off the floor and to her feet. She tries her best to fight The Shape off, but he is just too powerful for her. The Shape wraps his other hand around Lynda's neck. Her eyes bulge and her mouth opens as she tries desperately to take in air. We hear a sick cracking sound as The Shape's iron grip crushes Lynda's neck. Her eyes roll back in her head and her body goes limp. The Shape continues to squeeze for a few more seconds, then finally drops the lifeless body of his victim to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT.

WIDE SHOT OF THE HOUSE.

It looks creepy and ominous in the darkness. Leaves dance across the unkempt and dead front lawn, and the hedges sway from the October breeze.

INT. MYERS HOUSE.

Loomis waits in the living room. He shines his flashlight around the room, then down the hall and into the kitchen.

LOOMIS:

Where are you, Michael?

Suddenly, the sound of someone approaching can be heard O.S. Dousing the flashlight, Loomis looks out the front window and and sees:

The three boys from the playground, Lonnie, Richie, and Keith walking up the sidewalk.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE.

The boys stop in front of the house. Richie and Keith seem to be tentative and cautious, while Lonnie is playing up the fearless leader role.

LONNIE:

Well here we are. Come on.

Lonnie struts his way up to the porch. Richie and Keith remain where they are.

LONNIE:

Well? You guys coming, or what?

RICHIE:

(Trying not to sound scared) Ah, come on, Lonnie, this is dumb.

KEITH:

Yeah. Let's go do something fun.

LONNIE:

I knew it. I knew you guys would chicken out.

RICHIE:

We're not chickening out.

KEITH:

Yeah.

LONNIE:

OK. So prove it then, and get your candy asses over here!

Richie and Keith look at each other and shrug. Not wanting to admit they're scared, they slowly walk up to the porch and join Lonnie.

LONNIE (CONTINUING):

Alright. Let's go.

Before they can take another step though, the front door suddenly swings open, revealing a headless figure in a tan trench coat standing in the doorway.

The boys' eyes go wide and the three of them stare in horror as the figure extends its arms in front of its body and starts walking towards them, moaning loudly. The boys take off running and practically fly down the dark street away from the house, scared out of their minds.

A moment later, the figure reaches up and unbuttons the collar button on its trench coat. It pulls the coat down a little and Loomis' head pops up through the open collar. Taking a few steps down the walkway, he looks down the street in the direction the boys ran off and smiles to himself. His train of thought is soon broken by a noise O.S. Turning in its direction, Loomis pulls out his flashlight and shines it around the side of the house.

LOOMIS' POV.

The light shines over the side of the house and the space next to it. Nothing there.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS.

A hand enters frame behind him and grabs his shoulder. Loomis jumps and spins around, reaching for his gun, but standing there is Brackett.

BRACKETT:

Whoah! Easy, Doc. It's just me. You ok?

LOOMIS:

(Relieved) Yeah...

BRACKETT:

Anything?

LOOMIS:

Not yet.

BRACKETT:

Me neither. Nothing out of the ordinary. Just kids playing pranks, trick-or-treating, partying, the usual. I'm starting to think you might be way off on this, Doc.

LOOMIS:

I wish I were, Sheriff. I wish I were.

BRACKETT:

Look Doc, my guys have been checking things out all over town, and there's nothing going on.

LOOMIS:

You call that body you removed from the convenience store a few hours ago nothing?

BRACKETT:

We don't know if that was him.

LOOMIS:

How many homicides typically occur in Haddonfield annually? In fact, until today, when was the last time one did occur? I'll wager a guess that it was fifteen years ago to the day. Coincidence? Death has come to your little town, Sheriff. You can either ignore it, or you can help me to stop it.

Brackett just looks at Loomis for a moment.

BRACKETT:

Alright, Doc. We'll keep at it, just on the chance that you're right. And if you are...God help us.

LOOMIS:

Were you able to obtain the adoption records?

BRACKETT:

I got one of my officers on it. He'll radio me as soon as they find something.

LOOMIS:

I hope it's not too late already.

BRACKETT:

Yeah...I'm gonna do another sweep and check in with my guys again. I'll be back in a little while.

Brackett walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLACE HOUSE - NIGHT.

Annie enters through the front door with her boyfriend, PAUL FREEDMAN, a nice-looking, well-built, 17-year old. The living room is empty and the house is completely silent. Annie looks around for a second.

ANNIE:

(Calling out) Lynda? Bobby?

Annie stands and listens for a second. She looks a little puzzled that no one is answering her.

Paul walks around her. He heads into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator door.

ANNIE:

(To Paul) What are you doing?

PAUL:

(Taking out a bottle of beer and holding it up) Just getting something to drink. Want one?

Annie shakes her head.

ANNIE:

(Calling out a little louder than before) Lynda?

Still nothing. Paul takes a sip of his beer.

ANNIE:

(To Paul) You don't think they left, do you?

PAUL:

(Walking over to Annie) Bobby's van's out front.

ANNIE:

So why the hell isn't anybody answering me?

PAUL:

(Smiling) Because they're probably too busy having fun.

Annie turns and looks toward the stairs.

ANNIE:
Maybe we should check on them.

She's about to start up the stairs, but Paul stops her.

PAUL:
Babe, seriously. You really wanna walk in on them?

He runs his hand down her cheek, slowly caressing it, then leans in and kisses her softly on the lips.

PAUL (CONTINUING):
C'mon. Why don't we just let them do their thing? And you and me can get down to doing ours.

She looks at him for a second then smiles. He takes her hand and starts to lead her away from the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HALL/BASEMENT/FILING ROOM - NIGHT.

The room is completely dark. Through a glass door we see two figures. The door opens and the lights turn on. It is Hollister and Ramsay. They enter the room, which is filled on all sides with rows of FILING CABINETS.

HOLLISTER:
This is it.

RAMSAY:
You gotta be shittin' me...

HOLLISTER:
Believe it or not, most of this stuff should be organized. We have to find where they stashed the old adoption records. Once we find that it shouldn't be too hard. They should be arranged by year, and then alphabetically.

RAMSAY:
(Sighs) Alright. We might as well get started then.

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Laurie, Tommy and Lindsey are sitting at the kitchen table. A freshly carved jack-o-lantern sits in the center of the table between them. Laurie finishes lighting a candle inside of it and places the cut-out top section back on.

LAURIE:
Looks pretty good. Alright, what's next?

TOMMY:
Let's go watch some more TV.

LINDSEY:
Yeah!

The kids get up and start off for the living room. Tommy stops and turns back to Laurie.

TOMMY:
Laurie, can we put the jack-o-lantern on the mantle?

LAURIE:
Sure.

Tommy runs off and joins Lindsey in the living room. Laurie gets up from the table and picks up the jack-o-lantern.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

The kids are sitting on the couch, already watching the next horror movie. Laurie enters the room carrying the jack-o-lantern. She carefully sets it on the mantle. She walks over to the window and looks down the street towards the Wallace House.

LAURIE'S POV - THE WALLACE HOUSE.

Laurie sees Bobby's van parked in front of the house, and Annie's car in the driveway.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She smiles to herself.

LAURIE:
Everybody's having a good time tonight.

She turns away from the window and joins the kids on the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Paul sits shirtless on the couch with a bottle of beer in his hand and Annie straddling and kissing him. Annie takes the beer from his hand and pours some of it on his neck, allowing it to run down his chest. She gives him the bottle back and begins to lick the beer off him, working her way down his chest and stomach towards his crotch. She unbuttons his pants and proceeds to go down on him. Paul closes his eyes and moans, leaning his head on the back of the couch. After a few moments, he opens his eyes:

PAUL'S POV.

The Shape is hovering over him, staring down at him. Paul's eyes widen, but before he can react The Shape covers his mouth with one hand and runs a butcher knife across his throat with the other.

Paul shudders and tries to cry out but can only make grunting moans as blood begins to pour out of his wound, running down his body.

Annie is unaware of what just happened until she feels Paul's blood running onto the top of her head.

ANNIE:

Come on, babe! You're getting beer all over me...

Annie looks up to see Paul clutching his cut throat, trembling and dying, as The Shape stands behind him staring down at her.

ANNIE:

Oh my God!

Annie screams as she scrambles to her feet and makes a run for the front door. Before she can open it though, The Shape takes hold of her, grabbing her by the hair. Annie screams and struggles in vain to break away from her attacker's grasp as The Shape plunges his knife into her back. Removing the knife, The Shape yanks Annie by the hair, throwing her across the room and to the floor. She lands on her back as The Shape begins to walk towards her. Annie tries to back away and begins to cry.

ANNIE:

No! Please! Please No!

Though injured and weakening, she turns onto her stomach and tries to crawl away from her tormentor in a last, desperate attempt to get away as The Shape advances on her. In a matter of seconds The Shape is standing directly over her. He plunges his knife in and out of Annie's back, stabbing her over and over again. Annie lets out a few whimpers, but they quickly fade and her body goes limp as The Shape continues to stab her. Finally satisfied, The Shape stops and stands straight up, surveying his work as he looks over both Annie and Paul's lifeless bodies.

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

Laurie sits on the couch with the kids watching the Horrorthon. After a few seconds, she checks the time on her phone. She goes into her contact list and selects Annie. We hear the phone ringing.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

We see ANNIE'S PHONE lighting up and ringing on the living room table. We then see Paul, dead on the couch, and Annie lying dead on the floor. The Shape is still standing over her. He turns his head in the direction of the phone. The Shape walks over to the table and stares down at the phone.

CLOSE UP - PHONE.

On the lit up screen we see the name: LAURIE.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

We hear the phone continue to ring, and then Annie's voice-mail. Laurie hangs up, then brings up Lynda's name from her contacts. We hear the phone ringing on the other end, but no one picks up. Eventually we hear Lynda's voice-mail answer as well. Laurie looks puzzled. She walks over to the window and looks toward the Wallace House.

LAURIE'S POV - THE WALLACE HOUSE.

Laurie catches a glimpse of someone standing in the front window through the blinds. The figure quickly backs away from the window, seemingly upon seeing Laurie.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie looks confused. She looks at her phone and sends a group text to both Lynda and Annie.

CLOSE UP - LAURIE'S PHONE.

We see the message Laurie is sending, which reads:

What's going on over there? Everything ok?

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She looks back towards the Wallace House.

LAURIE'S POV - THE WALLACE HOUSE.

Suddenly all the lights in the house go off.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie thinks for a moment. She looks down at her phone, but no one is responding to her text. Then a look of realization and partial annoyance crosses her face, as she believes her friends are messing with her. She looks at the kids on the couch.

LAURIE:

Hey, I gotta take a walk across the street. Will you guys be alright by yourselves for a few minutes?

The kids both nod, not diverting their attention away from the Horrorthon.

KIDS:

Yeah...Uh-huh...

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT.

Loomis stands silently behind the hedges watching the Myers House. He turns and looks up and down the street, shining his flashlight...Nothing. He glances down at his watch, then looks back at the house, shining the light around the side of it.

Suddenly we hear the sound of a car approaching from O.S. Loomis turns in its direction, and as it gets closer we see flashing red and blue lights, indicating it's a POLICE CAR. The car comes to a stop in front of the house and Brackett steps out of it.

BRACKETT:

Anything?

LOOMIS:

No.

Brackett shrugs.

BRACKETT:

Me neither. In fact, if I'm being perfectly honest, with the exception of what happened earlier today at the Discount Mart, this has actually been one of the quietest Halloweens I can remember.

LOOMIS:

In all honesty, Sheriff, I do hope it stays that way...But the night isn't over yet.

BRACKETT:

Look Doc, I can appreciate your concern, but...

Before Brackett can finish his sentence, we hear a voice over the police radio in his squad car.

RAMSAY (V.O.):

Sheriff Brackett, this is Ramsay, come in please...

Brackett quickly picks up the receiver to his radio.

BRACKETT:

This is Brackett...What is it, Ramsay?

RAMSAY (V.O.):

I got the details on the Myers baby. Sheriff, you're not going to believe this, but the baby was adopted by Morgan and Pamela Strode.

BRACKETT:

Laurie! My God...

RAMSAY (V.O.):

What do you want me to do, Sheriff?

BRACKETT:

Get back into town and keep your eyes peeled! I want all available units over to the Northwest section of town...A complete sweep of everything from Pleasence Boulevard to Seventeenth Street, and down to the Bypass.

RAMSAY (V.O.):

Copy that.

Brackett hangs up the radio as Loomis approaches the other side of the squad car.

LOOMIS:

You know the girl?

BRACKETT:

She's my daughter's friend.

LOOMIS:

Do you know where she is tonight?

BRACKETT:

They're both babysitting over in the Northwest part of town. It's about twenty minutes away.

LOOMIS:

Then there's no time to waste!

Loomis opens the passenger side door to get in.

BRACKETT:

Hold on, Doc. We'll check everything out, and if we find him, you'd better believe we'll pick him up, but we keep this quiet. I don't want Laurie finding out about this, any of it. She's a good kid...A good student...Got a bright future ahead of her. No need to be letting old skeletons like this out of the closet. Those records were confidential, and as far as I'm concerned they're gonna stay that way for Laurie's sake. Hell, I don't even think she knows she's adopted. I ain't about to go springing something like this on her. You read me?

LOOMIS:

Yes, Sheriff. Loud and clear. My main concern is finding and stopping him.

BRACKETT:

Alright, let's go then.

They both get into the squad car and speed off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Laurie comes out of the Doyle House and locks the door behind her. She puts the key into her pocket and walks out into the street.

TRACKING SHOT - LAURIE.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she makes her way towards the Wallace House. The wind blows her hair and causes her to shiver a little.

LAURIE'S POV - THE WALLACE HOUSE.

MOVING SHOT towards the Wallace House. It is completely dark, giving it an ominous and creepy vibe.

EXT. WALLACE HOUSE.

Laurie looks from Annie's car in the driveway to Bobby's van, parked in front of the house as she makes her way up the pathway and to the front porch. She stands there for a moment, and listens, as if to hear some sound of life from inside. She KNOCKS on the door and RINGS the DOORBELL, then waits. Nothing but silence. She tries the door, and it is UNLOCKED.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.

Laurie steps into the house. It is dark. Only a small trickle of light seeps in through the windows from outside the house. The bodies of Paul and Annie are no longer there, and it is too dark to see blood stains on the couch and floor.

Laurie stands there for a moment, staring into the darkness.

LAURIE:

(Calling out) Annie?...Paul?

No one answers.

LAURIE (CONTINUING):

Lynda?...Bobby?...Hello?

Still nothing. She begins feeling around on one of the walls, searching for a LIGHT SWITCH. Finding it, she flips it, but nothing happens.

LAURIE:
Oh Ha Ha, you guys...Really funny.

Laurie moves a little further into the living room. She hears a THUMP from upstairs. Laurie spins around to the staircase, and looks up. Another SOUND from upstairs. This one sounds like FOOTSTEPS and something DRAGGING across the floor.

Laurie smiles, thinking it is her friends playing a Halloween prank on her. She moves to the head of the staircase.

LAURIE:
Alright, you guys, the joke's over. I know you're up there, I can hear you moving around.

The footsteps and dragging suddenly stop abruptly. Silence.

LAURIE:
Come on now, cut it out! That's enough. It's not funny...

More silence. Laurie slowly starts making her way up the staircase.

LAURIE:
(To herself) I swear to God, if anyone jumps out at me, I'll kill you...

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS Laurie as she slowly moves up the stairs. She reaches the top and stops, staring down the hallway.

LAURIE'S POV - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY.

Everything is dark, except for a faint ORANGE GLOW peeking through the edges of the guest bedroom door, in the middle of the hall.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She moves quietly towards the door. Half expecting her friends to jump out and scare her, she turns the knob ever so cautiously and quietly pushes the door open.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/GUEST BEDROOM.

The JACK-O-LANTERN that was downstairs in the fireplace earlier now sits on the night table, casting an eerie glow all around the room. As Laurie slowly enters, she notices the covers on the bed are pulled all the way up, and can tell that there are two people underneath them.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Believing that she has gotten the drop on her friends and foiled their prank, Laurie smiles to herself as she quietly approaches the bed.

LAURIE:

Gotcha!

She quickly pulls the covers down, revealing the bodies of Lynda and Bobby.

LAURIE'S POV.

Lynda and Bobby lie side by side on their backs. Their faces are a pale and chalky white color, and Bobby has a large gaping stab wound in the middle of his chest.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie's expression changes to complete fright as she screams at the top of her lungs. Wide-eyed and horrified she begins to whimper. Trembling, she starts to slowly back away from the bed and towards the doorway.

Behind her in the B.G. we see The Shape cross from right to left, just outside the door. Laurie continues to back up towards the doorway, totally unaware of the looming danger in the hall.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY.

Laurie continues to whimper as she backs out of the bedroom. Reaching into her pocket, she pulls out her cell phone. Her hands are shaking as she frantically tries to dial 911.

CLOSE SHOT - LAURIE'S BACK - HAND.

A hand reaches out and grabs hold of Laurie's shirt, near the collar area.

CLOSE SHOT - LAURIE.

She screams as she jumps back and spins around. The sudden movement causes a piece of her shirt to rip off in her attacker's hand.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

He stands in the hall, staring at Laurie. In one hand he holds the torn piece of her shirt, in the other a large BUTCHER KNIFE.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie's eyes widen as she recognizes her stalker from the school hall earlier today. With her mouth open in horror, she whimpers and breathes frantically as she starts to slowly back away.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

He stands between Laurie and the staircase, cutting her off from it. There's no chance of getting by him. She is trapped.

ANGLE ON SHAPE & LAURIE.

The Shape moves for Laurie. He raises the butcher knife and slashes at her. Instinctively, Laurie raises her arm defensively as she jumps back, and the blade of the knife hits her cell phone, knocking it from her hand and across the hall.

Suddenly Laurie spots her only chance, the MASTER BEDROOM at the end of the hall. She dashes to it and quickly ducks inside.

INT. WALLACE HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie slams the door shut and locks it. Just to her left is Mrs. Wallace's VANITY TABLE with a CHAIR in front of it. She quickly grabs the chair and props it up under the DOOR KNOB. However, she knows she is still trapped on the second floor and frantically begins looking around the room for a possible exit.

She turns around, and to her horror discovers the bodies of Annie and Paul laying on the Wallace's bed.

LAURIE'S POV.

Paul is laying on his back, his face wide-eyed, and his throat slashed. There is partially dried blood all over his neck and torso. Annie is face down with her head turned slightly to the side. There are numerous stab wounds all over her back.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She brings her hands up to her mouth and whimpers.

ANGLE ON DOOR.

The door knob begins to rattle, then suddenly there is loud pounding, shaking the chair and the door as The Shape attempts to get in the room.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie looks in the direction of the door, and knows it won't hold much longer. Turning to the back wall she sees her only option, the WINDOW, and rushes over to it. Looking out of the window and down, Laurie finds a glimmer of hope:

LAURIE'S POV.

The PORCH ROOF, which is only about ten feet down from the second floor.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie quickly opens the window and begins to climb out of it. She is about half way out when:

ANGLE ON DOOR.

CRASH! The chair breaks as the door comes crashing down off its hinges.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

The Shape enters the room and sees Laurie in the window. He moves towards her.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie lowers herself down, outside the window until she is hanging from the SILL by her hands with her arms fully extended.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

Approaching the window, The Shape reaches out for Laurie.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Just before The Shape can grab her, Laurie lets go of the window sill, dropping the remaining five feet or so to the porch roof. She lands on her feet, but falls to her hands and knees. She is not hurt though and hurries to the end of the porch roof, climbing down as quickly as she can, again hanging by her hands then dropping the remaining few feet. Once on the ground Laurie looks up at the bedroom window.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape stares down at her from the window for a second before he disappears back inside the house.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She quickly turns and runs down the street as fast as she can, racing back to the Doyle House.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE/PORCH. NIGHT.

Laurie rushes up to the front door. She reaches into her pocket, fumbling for the key. She looks back towards the street.

LAURIE'S POV - THE WALLACE HOUSE/UP THE STREET.

The front door opens and The Shape steps out onto the porch. He looks in Laurie's direction and steps down off the porch and onto the lawn, walking towards her.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - PORCH.

Shaking, Laurie removes the key from her pocket, but drops it on the porch. It falls into one of the cracks between the porch's wooden planks. Laurie drops to her hands and knees to retrieve it, but it's gone, down and out of sight.

LAURIE:

No!

She looks back towards the street.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape is in the street now, walking slowly towards her.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She quickly scrambles to her feet and begins pounding frantically on the door.

LAURIE:

Open the door!

INT. DOYLE HOUSE.

Tommy and Lindsey nearly jump out of their skin, startled by the sudden noise.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE/PORCH.

Laurie continues to bang on the door desperately.

LAURIE:

Tommy! Lindsey! Open the door! It's me! Open the door!

She looks back to the street.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape is still coming. He is almost to the sidewalk.

OVER THE SHOULDER TRACKING SHOT.

We see back of The Shape's mask and his shoulder as THE CAMERA MOVES with him. Laurie can be seen on the porch up ahead.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She continues to bang on the door.

LAURIE:
Tommy please! Hurry up! It's Laurie! Please!

INT. DOYLE HOUSE.

Tommy hurries nervously to the door and opens it. Laurie scrambles inside, nearly barreling him over in the process. She locks and bolts the door frantically from the inside. She peers through the peephole.

LAURIE'S POV - THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE.

We can see the front porch of the Doyle House. Nothing there. Empty. Silent. No sign of The Shape.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE.

Tommy and Lindsey are visibly becoming scared.

TOMMY:
Laurie, what is it?

LAURIE:
Tommy, I want you and Lindsey to go upstairs now!

TOMMY:
Is it the Boogeyman?

Suddenly The Shape appears outside the living room window, staring in. Lindsey screams at the sight of him. Laurie rushes to the window and pulls the CURTAIN.

The kids run to Laurie in a panic. She huddles them close together.

LAURIE:
Listen to me! You two get upstairs right now! Get into your bedroom and lock the door, and don't come out until I say! Understand?! Go!

Just then the TV and the lights go out, indicating that someone has cut the power. The JACK-O-LANTERN on the mantle is the only light in the downstairs area of the house. The kids both scream.

LAURIE:
Right now, Tommy! Go!

Tommy and Lindsey run up the stairs, completely terrified.

Laurie hurries over to the telephone. She picks up the receiver and starts to dial 911. No dial tone. The phone is dead. She puts the phone down and looks nervously around the room.

LAURIE'S POV - THE FIREPLACE.

Laurie quickly crosses to the FIREPLACE and picks up one of the POKERS. She backs away cautiously, again looking around the room.

LAURIE'S POV.

Scanning the room and the downstairs area. The hall and some of the first floor area are partially illuminated by the light coming from the jack-o-lantern.

From the living room we can see into the dining room. The curtains covering the sliding glass doors are blowing from a breeze, revealing that one of the doors is open.

LAURIE:

Oh no...

Laurie slowly backs up to the wall and shrinks against it. She clutches the fireplace poker tightly to her chest with both hands and begins to cry softly, her face filled with terror.

Suddenly, we become aware of something just past the end of the wall. From the darkness of the hallway we see the outline of The Shape standing there. His mask appears first and the outline slowly becomes more and more clear until we can see his whole body standing there with the butcher knife in hand. It almost looks as if he materialized out of thin air.

Laurie sobs softly, seemingly unaware of the danger.

The Shape lunges around the side of the wall, thrusting the knife towards Laurie's head.

Laurie manages to move at the last second and the blade narrowly misses her, embedding itself in the wall.

Laurie screams and swings the poker, hitting The Shape in the ribs. The Shape doubles over for a second, but appears to recover rather quickly. Laurie backs away terrified as The Shape stands back upright and pulls the knife out of the wall. He turns towards her.

Laurie dashes to the stairs. She begins to run up them when Bam! The wooden railings attached to the banister splinter as The Shape rams his hand and butcher knife through them.

CLOSE SHOT - LAURIE'S CALF - IN MOTION.

The knife sinks into Laurie's calf.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She cries out in pain and falls on the staircase.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

The Shape withdraws the knife and walks around to the bottom of the staircase.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie clutches her wound. She looks down over her shoulder.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape stands at the bottom of the stairs, staring up at her.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Fighting through the pain she scrambles to the top of the stairs and manages to stand, using the top of the banister for support. She looks back.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape begins walking up the stairs in pursuit.

ANGLE ON LAURIE:

She stumbles away from the staircase and against the wall, still clutching the fireplace poker in her right hand. Next to her, directly to her right is a small wooden display table. On top of it is a MARBLE FIGURINE of a woman about 8 inches tall.

Spotting it. Laurie immediately switches the poker over to her left hand and picks the figurine up with her right. She quickly looks back to the stairs.

LAURIE'S POV:

The Shape is only a few steps from the top of the staircase.

ANGLE ON LAURIE:

Laurie steps forward and throws the figurine at her attacker as hard as she can.

ANGLE ON SHAPE:

The figurine strikes him directly in the forehead, causing him to stagger back and lose his footing. He tumbles down the entire staircase, landing with a THUNDEROUS CRASH at the bottom as the back of his head slams against the front door.

ANGLE ON LAURIE:

She slowly staggers over to the top of the staircase and looks down.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape lies sprawled out at the bottom of the staircase with the knife by his side, a foot or so away from him. His head is propped up some against the door. He doesn't move.

CUT TO:

INT. BRACKETT'S SQUAD CAR - NIGHT.

Brackett drives, while Loomis sits in the front passenger's seat, shining a flashlight onto various areas as he keeps a lookout. Suddenly something catches his attention.

LOOMIS:

Wait! Wait! Stop the car!

BRACKETT:

What is it?

Loomis points and shines the light.

LOOMIS:

Right there.

LOOMIS' POV.

Parked on the side of the street is a familiar BLACK PICKUP TRUCK. On the door we can see the large decal reading:

PHELPS GARAGE & TOWING
EUREKA, ILLINOIS
(555) 514-1031

LOOMIS:

The emblem on that truck...It's the same as the garage where I found the Smith's Grove van earlier today. He's here.

Loomis opens the door and steps out of the car. He turns back to Brackett.

LOOMIS:

I'll check the fronts of the houses on this block. You drive around the backs, and check the neighboring streets.

Brackett hands Loomis a WALKIE-TALKIE.

BRACKETT:

Here, take this...You see anything, you radio me immediately.

Loomis nods and Brackett drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT.

Laurie stands at the top of the staircase, looking down at The Shape who is completely still. Holding on to the banister with one hand and clutching the fireplace poker in the other, she begins to slowly limp down the stairs, whimpering and trembling. As she approaches the middle of the staircase, The Shape suddenly comes to. His head turns upright and he sits up. He looks straight at Laurie, who gasps in horror.

The Shape looks down at the knife by his side. He picks it up and gets to his feet. Laurie turns and begins to stagger back up the staircase as fast as she can as The Shape begins to ascend the stairs after her.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie reaches the top of the stairs and hobbles down the upstairs hallway to the doorway of the GUEST BEDROOM at the end of it.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

The Shape reaches the top of the stairs, butcher knife in hand. He pauses for a second, staring at Laurie, then starts towards her.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She ducks into the GUEST BEDROOM, still holding the poker with one hand.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/GUEST BEDROOM.

Laurie looks around the room frantically, desperately searching for some type of escape route. All she can find is the door to a BATHROOM at the back of the room.

The Shape appears in the entrance to the bedroom. He enters the room and moves toward Laurie, the knife glistening in his hand.

Laurie limps into the bathroom as fast as she can.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/BATHROOM.

Laurie slams the door shut and locks it from the inside. A second later the knob begins to rattle violently as The Shape attempts to open it from the other side. Laurie whimpers as she backs slowly away from the door, clutching the poker tightly.

Suddenly there's an explosion in the middle of the bathroom door as The Shape's hand breaks through and begins searching for the lock.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She turns and discovers a second door at the other end of the bathroom, leading to the DOYLE'S MASTER BEDROOM.

ANGLE ON DOOR.

The Shape's hand finds the lock and opens it.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie hurries out the other door and into the master bedroom, closing the bathroom door behind her.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

The Shape pushes the door open and enters the bathroom, finding it empty. Machine-like he walks to the door at the other end of the bathroom, turns the knob and pulls it open.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM.

The Shape enters and begins to look around, silently surveying the room, searching for his intended victim.

THE SHAPE'S POV.

We see a large double window in the back wall. Moonlight pours in, illuminating the room. THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY ACROSS the room, passing over the bed, and stopping at the doorway, which leads out to the hall.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

He stands silently for a second before walking slowly towards the hall.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY.

Just as The Shape approaches the doorway Laurie leaps out from the other side and swings the fireplace poker as hard as she can. She hits The Shape squarely in the face, the shaft of the poker striking him right across both eyes. The Shape staggers back a few steps into the bedroom, dropping the butcher knife and covering his eyes with one hand. He is momentarily stunned.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She limps into the bedroom with the poker poised, ready for a second strike, but she notices something on the floor.

CLOSE SHOT - THE BUTCHER KNIFE.

The knife lays on the floor a few feet away from Laurie, between her and The Shape.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie rushes for the knife. Discarding the poker, she picks it up.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

Removing his hand from his eyes The Shape shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Grasping the knife with both hands she thrusts it forward.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

The knife plunges deep into The Shape's chest, directly in the heart. He slumps over a little.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She pulls the knife out of The Shape's chest, but continues to grasp it tightly with both hands.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

The Shape staggers, clutching his chest with both hands. He stumbles back a few steps and collapses, falling straight onto his back.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

She stares down at The Shape, clutching the knife and breathing heavily.

LAURIE'S POV.

The Shape lies completely motionless on the floor of the bedroom. His body appears to be lifeless.

ANGLE ON LAURIE.

Laurie closes her eyes and inhales deeply. She takes a few deep breaths, trying to calm herself. She is visibly shaken, but now feels a sense of relief, believing the hellish ordeal to be over. She opens her eyes and turns away from The Shape. Slowly she limps towards the doorway. She whimpers. Now that her adrenaline is dying down the pain in her leg is becoming more intense.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY.

Laurie slumps down against the door frame exhausted and in pain. She puts the knife down next to her.

LAURIE:

Tommy...Lindsey...It's ok. Come on out.

Slowly the bedroom door across the hall opens. Tommy and Lindsey emerge looking completely terrified. They run to Laurie. She hugs them both.

LAURIE:

It's ok kids. It's all over now. Don't look.

Laurie keeps them from looking in the bedroom.

LAURIE:

Now I need you to do something for me, ok? You're gonna take a little walk.

TOMMY:

Aren't you gonna come with us? I don't wanna go without you.

LAURIE:

I can't Tommy. I hurt my leg...bad. That's why I need you two to do this for me. Do you understand?

Tommy and Lindsey both nod reluctantly.

LAURIE (CONTINUING):

Good. Now listen to me. You two walk down the block to the McKenzies' house. You knock on their door and you tell them to call the police and an ambulance, and send them over here. You got it?

The kids nod.

LAURIE (CONTINUING):

Ok. Now go.

TOMMY:

What about you?

LAURIE:

I'll be ok.

TOMMY:

What about the Boogeyman?

LAURIE:

You don't have to worry about the Boogeyman any more, Tommy.

TOMMY:

Why not?

LAURIE:

I killed him.

TOMMY:

You can't kill the Boogeyman.

LAURIE:
Just get going, Tommy. Do as I say.

Laurie watches as the children get up and walk to the stairs. Once they've gone she sits back, again resting against the door frame.

ANGLE THROUGH BEDROOM DOOR.

Laurie sits in the F.G. She closes her eyes and breathes deeply, trying to keep her composure. In the B.G. behind her we can see The Shape still lying on the bedroom floor.

O.S. we hear the children's footsteps descending the staircase.

Suddenly The Shape sits up and turns his head towards Laurie. She is totally unaware.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT.

Loomis continues to search for a possible sign of Michael. Suddenly he hears SCREAMING coming from O.S. He turns in the direction of the noise to see Tommy and Lindsey running up the street in his direction. He runs towards them.

LINDSEY:
Help! Help!

TOMMY:
Help! The Boogeyman!

Loomis reaches the children. Their faces convey sheer terror and panic.

LOOMIS:
What is it? What happened?

TOMMY:
The Boogeyman! He's in my house! He's after Laurie!

LOOMIS:
Where?

Tommy and Lindsey point in the direction of the Doyle House.

(CONTINUED)

LOOMIS:
What house? What's the number?!

TOMMY:
Fifteen thirty!

The kids run off, continuing on their way to the McKenzies' house, as Loomis heads down the street for the Doyle House. Loomis pulls the walkie-talkie from his coat pocket.

LOOMIS:

Brackett! It's Loomis! Get over to 1530 Orange Grove!
He's here!

INT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT.

ANGLE THROUGH BEDROOM DOOR.

Laurie still sits against the door frame in the F.G. Behind her in the B.G. we see The Shape fully standing now. He begins to silently advance on her. She is completely unaware until...

The Shape grabs Laurie by the hair and shakes her violently.

Laurie screams and grabs and claws at The Shape's hand, trying to break free of his grip. As she struggles she remembers the knife still by her side. She reaches down with one hand and grabs hold of the hilt just as The Shape yanks her violently up to her feet.

ANGLE ON LAURIE & THE SHAPE.

Laurie brings the knife up and runs the blade across the top of The Shape's hand, slicing it open. The Shape releases his grip on Laurie and pulls his hand back in pain.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY.

Laurie stumbles free of The Shape and across the hall. She steadies herself against the wall and turns to face her attacker.

The Shape enters the hall and takes a step towards Laurie.

Laurie raises the knife and lunges at The Shape. She brings the knife down in a stabbing motion, aiming right for his heart, but The Shape brings his left arm up in a defensive manner and the blade plunges into his forearm.

The Shape grabs Laurie by the throat with his right hand and squeezes. Laurie chokes as she tries to scream. She twists and squirms and claws at him, but is unable to break free of his grip.

The Shape throws Laurie backwards. She collides with the wall behind her, her back and head hitting hard. Her eyes roll in her head as she slumps to the floor, still conscious, but dazed. She stares blankly up at her attacker, unable to do much of anything else.

The Shape pulls the knife out of his left arm. He looks down at Laurie for a second, then raises the knife. Ready to finish his victim off, he takes a step towards her.

Suddenly, BLAM! A thunderous explosion is heard and The Shape drops the knife as he is sent careening back into the bedroom.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS.

Standing near the top of the stairs is Loomis with the .357 Magnum in his hand. He rushes to the bedroom.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

The Shape just stands silently in the bedroom staring at Loomis.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS.

Loomis raises his gun and fires.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

The Shape is hit in the chest and knocked back. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three more shots find their mark in The Shape's torso, each one knocking him further back and closer to the bedroom's double window.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS.

He takes aim and fires.

ANGLE ON SHAPE.

BLAM! The final round hits The Shape directly in the heart, knocking him back against the double window with such force that he smashes through it.

EXT. DOYL HOUSE - WIDE ANGLE.

The Shape falls from the second story window and crashes to the ground with a THUD.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/BEDROOM.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS.

Loomis stares at the broken window, the barrel of his .357 Magnum smoking. He walks over to it and looks out.

LOOMIS' POV.

The Shape lies motionless on the ground in the back yard. For all intents and purposes he appears to be dead.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS.

Loomis breathes a sigh of relief. The nightmare is finally over. He turns away from the window and walks back into the hallway.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY.

Loomis kneels down beside Laurie.

LOOMIS:

Are you alright?

Laurie looks at him still partially dazed. O.S. we hear the faint sound of sirens. They gradually begin to grow louder, indicating they are getting closer.

LAURIE:

It WAS the Boogieman...

LOOMIS:

As a matter of fact it was.

Laurie begins to sob as Loomis comforts her. The sirens can be fully heard at this point, then they shut off. The police have arrived.

BRACKETT:

(O.S.) Loomis?! Loomis?!

LOOMIS:

(Calling out) Up here!

Sheriff Brackett, Deputy Hunt and two other officers come up the stairs with their guns drawn. Other officers remain downstairs.

BRACKETT:

(Seeing Laurie) Jesus! Laurie, are you alright?

Laurie doesn't answer, but just continues to sob.

BRACKETT:

(To Loomis) Where is he?

Loomis cocks his head towards the bedroom. Brackett turns and sees the broken window.

LOOMIS:

The yard. It's over...

BRACKETT:

(To Hunt) Get down there! And get someone on the radio. Tell them we need an ambulance over here right away!

HUNT:

Yes, Sir.

Hunt and the other two officers head downstairs.

Brackett re-holsters his gun and bends down near Laurie. He places a hand gently on her shoulder in order to console her.

BRACKETT:

Laurie...Listen to me...It's ok. You're gonna be ok.
You're safe now.

Tears run down Laurie's face as she continues sobbing. Brackett puts his arms around her, trying his best to comfort her as she cries in his arms. After a moment we hear...

HUNT'S VOICE (OVER WALKIE-TALKIE):

Sheriff Brackett, come in...

Brackett takes his own walkie-talkie off his belt and responds into it.

BRACKETT:

Brackett...What is it, Deputy?

HUNT'S VOICE (OVER WALKIE-TALKIE):

Sir, um...There's no one down here...

Loomis' eyes grow wide with shock upon hearing this, and Brackett looks up at him confused.

BRACKETT:

Say again...

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE/BACK YARD.

CLOSE SHOT ON HUNT.

As Hunt speaks we can see the flashing red and blue lights of the squad cars in the B.G.

HUNT:

There's no one out here, Sir. The yard's empty...

INT. DOYLE HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY.

Loomis rushes back into the bedroom and over to the shattered window.

LOOMIS' POV.

Looking down into the yard from the window we see the spot where The Shape landed now empty. Hunt and a few other police officers shine flashlights, searching the premises for any sign of The Shape, but he is gone.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS.

He backs away from the window in disbelief. This is beyond even his comprehension. As he turns back to Laurie and Brackett the astonished look on his face confirms their worst fear...He's still alive. The nightmare isn't over!

Laurie's eyes are filled with fear. She begins crying harder. Brackett just looks at Loomis in complete shock.

SERIES OF SHOTS.

The police searching the back yard, the front of the Doyle House, the street, the Wallace House in the distance, a jack-o-lantern on someone's front porch with its light piercing the darkness.

The Shape has disappeared, vanished into the night...But he's out there...Somewhere...

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLE END CREDITS.

THE END.