

MM's Nightmare Halloween

written by

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INT. DECREPIT ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is dark with only thin rays of daylight seeping through the boarded windows.

In the middle of this broken light sits MICHAEL. On a derelict chair. Motionless. Staring into the abyss whilst holding a butcher's knife in his right hand.

Michael is 6'6", has a broad build and it's difficult to tell his age as he always wears a white William Shatner face mask. Believe me, he looks imposing. Very Imposing.

And he just sits there. Not even a trace of movement.

Until --

Knock! Knock! Somebody bangs on the front door.

Michael very slowly rotates his head in that direction. Stares at it.

Knock! Knock!

VOICE (O.S)
Hey, anybody home?

Michael gets up in zombie fashion, heads that way, slowly.

EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

A POSTMAN (50) waits at the other side of the door. It swings open revealing a stock-still Michael in the doorway, with knife to hand. Hardly welcoming.

POSTMAN
Whoa! Star Trek fan, hey? What's
with the knife? Carving for dinner?
(Michael says nothing)
Got this for you.

The Postman hands a letter Michael's way. Michael looks down at it. Then Snatches it from the postman's hand.

POSTMAN
Didn't think anybody lived here.
I'm new you see, they keep having
to replace people on this roun--
AARGH!

With eyes still on the letter, Michael has stuck the BUTCHER'S KNIFE THROUGH THE POSTMAN'S SKULL. He then drags the postman's body with that knife towards an old DUMPSTER.

Michael opens the lid, pulls the knife from his victim's head and dumps him in. For a brief moment, we see a number of limbs and corpses within -- postmen, a policeman, a stripper, a circus clown.

Michael slams the lid shut, eyes still on that letter.

INT. DECREPIT ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael sits in his chair, letter to hand. He actually moves it into a shaft of light. He's seemingly going to read it

THE LETTER --

'Dear Mr Myers, this is the Devil. Whilst I am a fan of your work, the Halloween slaughter has now become repetitive. In light of this, I forbid you to kill or maim anybody or anything this Halloween. This restriction applies to the 31st of October only and all normality may be picked up thereafter. In reward for such sacrifice, I will promote you to Demon Myers, a slasher lord, where you will have the invisibility and powers to stab everything on the planet. With this in mind, please don't let me down.

Yours sincerely,

Satan'

Michael very gradually looks up from the letter. He sits motionless for a moment, then the tiniest, weeniest trace of a nod. It seems he understands.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JAMIE LEE (mid-60s), in good shape for her age and just looks naturally battle-hardened, is snuggled up on her deluxe sofa watching a film on her massive widescreen TV.

It's Trading places. The scene where Ophelia introduces Winthorpe to her baps.

JAMIE LEE

Not looking bad girl, not looking bad.

Jamie Lee watches on proudly - but then, the room phone rings.

She sighs, presses pause on the remote (it's still the money shot).

Gets to her feet, walks over and picks up the receiver.

JAMIE LEE

JLC, who's this interrupting my
downtime?

(beat)

Oh no, not you again.

(beat)

Yes, I believe you're real and no I
don't want to be cast in Terror
Train again.

(beat)

You're what?

(beat)

Mr Satan, a demonic Michael Myers
is a seriously bad idea, I can't be
dealing with it anymore.

(beat)

Oh ok.

(beat)

So all I have to do is get him to
kill somebody tomorrow?

(beat)

And if I succeed you'll get me cast
in all the upcoming Avatar films,
and if I don't Michael will impale
everyone on the planet?

(beat)

You're on.

Jamie Lee hangs up the phone and then stands pensive.

JAMIE LEE

...Shit.

But soon an idea pops into her head. She picks up the phone
receiver again and dials a number.

She waits with phone to ear.

INT. DECREPIT ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

A wall phone rings. Michael is standing by it. Staring at it.
I don't think this has happened before.

He grabs the receiver, starts breathing into it.

JAMIE LEE

Hi Michael it's Laurie.

(hearing the breathing)

Yep, I'm pretty sure you're there.
Did I ever tell you that you have
another sister -- that's alive?

Michael's breathing intensifies, he tilts his head slightly.

EXT. MCDONALDS RESTAURANT - SUNSET

SUPER: HALLOWEEN, 31st October.

INT. MCDONALDS RESTAURANT - SUNSET

It's close to dinner time, it's busy.

Jamie Lee is at a table with NEVE (49), an attractive brunette who don't half look good for her age.

NEVE

Are you sure this is gonna be safe?

JAMIE LEE

...Yeah. Did you wanna meet him or not?

Jamie sups on her vanilla milkshake, whilst Neve is shooting quite the concerned look.

JAMIE LEE

It'll be fine. Thought you said he was a nonsensical has-been. Remember, tonight you're his sister. Just as a precaution.

NEVE

I'm not scared. Anyway, when's the over-rated loaf getting here?

JAMIE LEE

Couldn't say, Michael moves in mysterious ways.

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

Michael walks down the street, his knife must be in his coveralls pocket as he's not holding it.

It's quite the picturesque street - quaint properties, lined with trees, many sporting Halloween decor.

Michael strides onwards but then...

Stops. A sound gets his attention. It's a sound he's heard countless times. And he doesn't like it --

A COUPLE MAKING OUT. In the house, he's just reached.

He turns in the direction of that house, walks towards it.

EXT. THAT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Michael peers through the window to see a TEENAGE COUPLE, spooning each other on the sofa, whilst the Blair Witch Project plays on the TV.

They pay no attention to the film and are making vulgar exasperating noises.

This Breaks every rule in Michael's book. He stands there, glaring through the window. Eyes burning through that mask.

He reaches down towards his pocket. But stops just short. Starts to breathe very heavily.

Eventually turns around. And walks away.

EXT. MCDONALDS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Michael walks through the entrance to Maccy D's.

INT. MCDONALDS RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Jamie Lee and Neve look up from their table as Michael makes his way over to the counter.

AT THE COUNTER

A TEENAGE STAFF MEMBER turns around to see Michael STARING at her.

TEENAGE STAFF MEMBER
Jeez. Wh-what will it be?

Michael very slowly points towards a picture of a cheeseburger.

TEENAGE STAFF MEMBER
Sure.

She scuttles off and grabs a cheeseburger. Scuttles back and puts it on the counter.

TEENAGE STAFF MEMBER
...Are you like that Jason guy from the horror flicks?

Michael gives her the STARE FROM HELL. Breaths very audibly. His body almost shudders - this is the ultimate test.

But he just grabs the cheeseburger. Turns around, without paying. The staff member wisely says nothing.

Michael then takes his seat with Jamie Lee and Neve. Splats his burger down hard onto the table.

JAMIE LEE

Didn't think you actually ate?

He stares.

JAMIE LEE

Anyway, this is your sister Neve. Neve is being a bitch cos she thinks she is the scream queen cos she's been in five lousy scream films.

NEVE

Hence why I'm the scream queen -- cos they're called scream, duh. And lousy? They're like the most popular horror films ever made.

JAMIE LEE

Oh, shut up.

NEVE

They're inventive, funny and each sequel is different -- they each take an innovative direction, unlike the fodder that you two keep knocking out.

JAMIE LEE

So you don't think much of Michael then?

Neve looks at Michael, who of course is just staring.

NEVE

No, sorry. He's boring. Mute. Ghostface has personality. Michael doesn't. And is kinda dumb and slow.

(to Jamie Lee)

See, I'm not scared, I'm Sidney goddam Prescott.

Jamie Lee looks over at Michael, a wee smile creeping in - was that enough?

Michael just sits motionless. Jamie Lee thinks hard. Bingo --

JAMIE LEE

Why don't tell you him about your favourite Halloween film?

NEVE

Favourite's a strong word.

JAMIE LEE

Go on, which one don't you mind?

NEVE

The only Halloween film that I didn't think was complete shit was... the third one. Halloween Three.

Jamie turns in Michael's direction - this has gotta be it.

NEVE

Sorry, it's true.

Michael stares. Prolonged. Then tilts his head to the left.

He then gets up and heads directly to the restaurant's KITCHEN. Jamie Lee and Neve watch.

NEVE

Can't take criticism, can he?

JAMIE LEE

Nope.

We hear a commotion from the kitchen - screams, thuds, property damage, et cetera.

Neve's eyes then suddenly widen, Jamie Lee looks up excited -

Micheal returns carrying the CHIP FRYER.

He walks right over to Neve and lifts the chip fryer high above her head.

NEVE

Ah nuts.

SWOOSH. He pours all the BURNING HOT FAT over her.

Neve SCREAMS as her skin sizzles. Smoke discharges. For a moment she looks like a female Freddy Kruger. It's all pretty gruesome, fried in her own chair.

The smoke disperses leaving the charred remains of dead Neve.

Anybody still left in the restaurant looks on horrified, except for Jamie Lee who fist pumps and mouths a 'yes'.

CLANG! Micheal drops the chip fryer. Then stares right at Jamie lee - she knows what this means.

JAMIE LEE

Oh shit.

She runs for her life, straight out the doors.

Michael follows, but he's never gonna catch her, not at his pace.

INT. DECREPIT ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A jack-o'-lantern, sitting on top of a chest of drawers, is the only light in the room.

Michael trudges in, weighed down by the three dead bodies he carries on both shoulders.

On one shoulder is that nauseating couple, on the other the McDonald's staff member. All three appear suitably MUTILATED.

He dumps them to the ground. SPLAT.

Walks over to his chest of drawers. Yanks open the top drawer and pulls out a degraded clipboard.

He then walks over to his chair, sits down and reviews his clipboard --



Michael pulls out his blade, stabs it down into the back of McDonalds girl, who lays on top of the pile.

Pulls the knife out which is now dripping with blood.

Carves a change to his list --



Michael spends a moment eyeballing his new number one.

Stands up, walks over his to chest of drawers, returns the clipboard.

Pulls out a cloth. Wipes his knife clean.

Drops it in his coveralls.

Blows the jack-o'-lantern out. All light diminishes.

Michael is now but a silhouette. Now he's THE SHAPE.

He creeps towards his front door.

We hear it slam shut.

FADE OUT.