

HALLOWEEN ENDS

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHESTNUT HILL CEMETERY - MORNING

The freshly decorated tombstone of KAREN NELSON STRODE, Born January 5, 1980, Died October 31, 2018, has become a shrine of sorts with an array of fresh flowers, framed photographs of family and friends.

The tomb of husband RAY NELSON to the right of hers. Also showered with flowers and pictures.

Standing over them both is --

LAURIE STRODE. A deep sadness hidden beneath a pair of dark sunglasses. The cracks of her stone face convey an utter hopelessness.

A pick up truck comes to a stop about fifty yards away. Out steps an aged GROUNDSKEEPER, flannel shirt and dirty jeans. He stares in Laurie's direction.

She is long gone.

EXT. 1530 NORTH ORANGE GROVE AVENUE (DOYLE HOUSE) - MORNING

Laurie, still hidden under a pair of shades and a ball cap, walks up a sidewalk, gazes across the street at...

The Doyle House. Where it all started.

The man of the house dumps a bag of trash in a curb side plastic receptacle. He doesn't notice...

LAURIE

...suspiciously watching him in her terrible disguise.

Laurie, a bit nervous, pretends to move on.

EXT. STRODE HOUSE - MORNING

Laurie's childhood home is almost exactly how we remember it. The epitome of white bread suburbia.

Laurie comes up a side street, spots it in the near distance. She removes her shades. Her eyes welled with tears as memories of a life lost hit her like a ton of bricks.

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The image of a 17 year old Laurie toting a pumpkin in her arms as she squats on the corner.

And that image slowly disappears before Laurie's eyes.

A second memory plays out before us. Laurie, Annie and Lynda walking up the sidewalk.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Old jerko got caught pulling me
into the boy's locker room again.

LAURIE (V.O.)
Exploring uncharted territory?

LYNDA (V.O.)
It's been totally charted.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Haha. Very funny.

The three girls disappear. Laurie grows even sadder.

INT. STRODE HOUSE - CASSIE'S ROOM - MORNING

CASSIDY "CASSIE" RYAN (17), pretty blonde teenager, tall and slender, finishes brushing, spits up in a sink, walks to her work desk, snags up a book bag rested on a swivel chair.

She stares out her bedroom window, shocked to find...

LAURIE

...staring up at her from the side lawn. She is blank, emotionless, eerily familiar to Michael.

CASSIE
Mom?!

No answer. Cassie faces her open doorway. A quick flash of NINA RYAN (40s), Cassie's mother, passes as she fastens a pair of earrings, seemingly in a rush.

NINA (O.S.)
If you're coming, let's go. We're
gonna be stuck behind all those
buses. I'm showing The Nelson
House in forty minutes, so shake a
leg. It's gonna be a hard enough
sell as it is.

Cassie ignores her, faces her window.

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Laurie now gone. A phone RINGS.

Cassie faces her mattress, a portable house phone rested on top of her freshly made bed. She rushes over, answers.

CASSIE

Hello?

LAURIE (O.S.)

You're not safe. Meet me in the senior lot at the high school. Thirty minutes.

CASSIE

I don't understand. Who is this?

A dial tone.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Laurie's long gone.

INT. NINA'S CAR - MORNING

A nervous Nina checks the time on her dash as Cassie twirls her hair, something on her mind.

CASSIE

Mom, who was that strange woman who kept calling and asking about me all last week?

Nina, a bit surprised.

NINA

You knew about that, did you?

CASSIE

It's a small house. I hear things.

NINA

Oh yeah? Why didn't you say something earlier?

CASSIE

I thought maybe it was him. You know. Dad. So I didn't ask. Sore subject and all.

Beat.

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NINA

You said woman. What makes you think it's a she?

CASSIE

For a split second I thought maybe it was Laurie Strode.

Nina is shocked.

NINA

What?

CASSIE

It's Halloween. I just thought maybe she was just...

NINA

Has she been in contact with you?

CASSIE

What? No. I'm just saying. It only makes sense. Being that...

NINA

Being we live in a haunted house? The boogeyman's playground?

Nina cracks a grin.

CASSIE

Kids at school are saying he's still alive.

NINA

The kids at school. The experts. He's dead. They blew his head clean off his shoulders. Everyone's accepted that. That crazy old woman's the only one still having trouble accepting reality. Ya know, she went berserk and stabbed her own granddaughter's friend last year?

CASSIE

No.

NINA

Some poor kid from school who dropped by to check on Allyson after she'd been skipping for three weeks.

(MORE)

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NINA (CONT'D)

Helped himself inside, tip toed it to the top of the steps and took a six inch blade to the chest for his troubles. They finally drug her away before she did any more damage to that girl. Or anyone else.

Cassie appears sad for Laurie.

NINA (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Cassie faces her mother.

NINA (CONT'D)

If you see her or hear from her...call me right away. I'm serious.

Cassie nods.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - STUDENT DROP OFF - DAY

Cassie is dropped at the bus stop. She steps out, waves bye to Nina as the car pulls away.

Cassie waits until Nina is long gone. She takes a long look around her. Lots of quiet streets. Trees. No sign of Laurie in the vicinity. Buses approaching. STUDENTS jump off, head for first period.

TEACHERS, ADMINISTRATORS and other STAFF file in from the teacher's lot.

A frizzy BLONDE WOMAN comes toward us, somewhere lost behind the automobiles. As she comes closer, into view...

It isn't Laurie.

Cassie gives up, heads into the main building.

EXT. SENIOR PARKING LOT - DAY

As the first period bell rings, Cassie walks away from the school grounds, rushes across the street and into a small dirt patch. The senior parking lot.

Laurie stands at the far end of the lot. Behind the cars and out of view of the passing traffic.

Cassie spots her. She makes her way closer.

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And from in between the parked cars walks...

SHERIFF BARKER who blocks Cassie's path.

SHERIFF BARKER

That's far enough Miss Ryan. Why don't you head on back to class.

Laurie is taken back. Her jaw drops.

Sheriff Barker faces Laurie.

Cassie reluctantly heads back.

INT. SHERIFF BARKER'S BRONCO - MOVING - DAY

Laurie sits in the back. Her hands cuffed in front of her.

SHERIFF BARKER

Your granddaughter said you'd be in contact with her. She's been through a lot, that Cassidy. Her and her mother. Deadbeat, abusive father with criminal ties. Forced to relocate. This is a fresh start for them. They don't need the likes of you filling their heads with all kinds of paranoid fantasies about Michael Myers.

Laurie is strangely quiet. Not the out of control, combatitive Laurie we know.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

He left this place. He's become someone else's problem. Alive or dead. Doesn't matter. He ain't here. Even Michael Myers knows when there's too much heat. We brought him a fight even he wasn't prepared for.

LAURIE

Paranoid fantasies. You unbelievable piece of shit. You lied.

SHERIFF BARKER

You and me. Your friend Mister Doyle. Sure, we may know the truth. But ask around.

(MORE)

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SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

According to most folks in Haddonfield, Michael died in those woods. He died because that's how it has to be. To keep the peace. Or maybe you want this town to rip itself apart. Hundreds of other lives ruined, just like yours.

LAURIE

They'll know the truth. Sooner or later. And they won't be prepared.

SHERIFF BARKER

And maybe they get their heads so full of fear and so hungry for revenge they go out and kill some innocent kid. Just like you almost did.

Sheriff Barker shakes his head.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

Can't have that.

LAURIE

So you're just gonna sit on your hands?

SHERIFF BARKER

We're watching the old Myers house. Around the clock. And The Doyle House. And your old house. And every other damn thing for the next twenty four. We're not completely inept, Miss Strode. And we're not taking any chances. That includes letting you run around town, scaring the shit out of people.

LAURIE

You won't be able to hold me.

SHERIFF BARKER

Yeah, I know. Guess I got my hands full, don't I?

EXT. FURNITURE WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCKS - DAY

TOWNSPEOPLE of all ages move up a short set of steps, file inside the main warehouse area.

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In the lot below sit a line of cars. A couple of Haddonfield Police cruisers are included.

INT. FURNITURE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Carefully packaged furniture of all shapes and sizes are stacked up in steel riser shelves throughout the bulk of this large warehouse.

Near the back of the room, in a tight corner, sits a dimly lit gathering of sorts. TOMMY DOYLE stands before a good four rows of metal folding chairs. Several residents of Haddonfield in attendance.

TOMMY

Alright, we all know what today is. Tonight can go one of two ways. We can sit on our hands and watch it happen again...or we can do our part.

Tommy steps aside, allowing some room for...

DEPUTY HARRIS (20s), our rookie cop from last year and special friend to young Julian.

DEPUTY HARRIS

As a peace officer, I can't allow riots in the streets. Or a repeat of last year. The more residents in the streets, the more likely Myers goes into hiding. Sheriff and The Mayor are all but expecting a mess tonight. We're not gonna give them a reason to expect otherwise. We let them patrol our streets, keep Haddonfield on lockdown. I'll be out tonight doing my part.

In the front row sits PETE DOBBER (60s), an old classmate of Laurie's. He clears his throat.

PETE

Sounds to me, after all this time, meeting in secrecy, devising this master plan, that you have no plan at all.

Tommy huffs in frustration.

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PETE (CONT'D)

You're basically saying let the department take point and back off. How is any of this supposed to make our families safer?

TOMMY

What Deputy Harris is saying...is that the more we let on that we'll be taking the streets...the more men in uniform will be on the pavement tonight.

Pete is unconvinced, slumps in his chair.

MISS REARDON (O.S.)

Mister Doyle.

Tommy's attention drawn to the back of the crowd. And hidden slightly in the shadows is SHEILA REARDON (40s), a natural beauty, school teacher. She stands up.

Tommy gets a better look, liking what he sees.

TOMMY

Tommy. Please.

Miss Reardon grins.

MISS REARDON

Tommy. All do respect. This does sound an awful lot like you're letting the Deputy here talk you into surrendering.

TOMMY

We had a plan. There are some of us here who have concerns that plan may be flawed. So we move to plan B.

Sitting behind Pete is none other than the infamous BEN TRAMER (60s), a handsome, distinguished gentleman who was most likely a ladies man in his time.

BEN

Plan B. And what's that?

TOMMY

Not taking to the streets doesn't mean we have to surrender. We can just as easily get the same message out to the people of Haddonfield.

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MISS REARDON

A message?

PETE

What message?

Deputy Harris squints, as confused as the others. She moves closer to Tommy.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Yeah. What message?

Tommy grins at his audience.

TOMMY

Now just hear me out a sec.

INT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Cassie dips out of first period as the bell continues to ring. Through the crowd, across the hall, she spots her soon to be boyfriend NICK TRAMER (17), football jersey, a born stud like his grandpa.

The two meet halfway.

CASSIE

What're you doing on this side of the building?

NICK

I got lost on the way to second period and somehow ended up here. Crazy, I know.

CASSIE

Yeah I bet.

NICK

All kidding aside, are you able to come out tonight or what's going on? You're kind of leaving me hanging here. I'm in high demand, you know.

Cassie scoffs.

CASSIE

Oh really?

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NICK

Well, maybe not. But that doesn't mean I won't make some lucky young lady's night tonight if you force my hand.

Nick awkwardly leans on a wall, tries to play up the cool factor but comes off nervous and unsure.

CASSIE

This is all kind of happening fast. New town. New school.

NICK

New boyfriend.

CASSIE

No. It's not like that. There was somebody, a while ago. But it's long over. It's just...a lot to take in.

NICK

Come out tonight. No pressure. No stress. You can come to the game. Watch the game. Come to the dance afterwards. You don't even have to speak to me if you don't want. Just play it by ear. No pressure. Deal?

CASSIE

You're gonna be late.

NICK

I don't care.

CASSIE

Well I'm gonna be late. Talk later, okay?

Cassie gets lost in the crowd. Nick left disappointed. He turns around, heads to second period. On the back of his football jersey reads...

Tramer.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - DAY

Nina's car pulls into the driveway. Out steps Nina, dressed for success and ready to sell. She carries with her a small handbag filled with realtor's paperwork.

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As she heads to the door, we see a sign posted into the ground. TRAMER REALTY. A nice shot of BEN TRAMER and his million dollar smile.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - DAY

Enter Nina. As she moves through the home, we find a very familiar setting. The foyer. The staircase. The living area. The white paint.

Nina moves for...

THE KITCHEN

...where she rests her handbag on the counter. She immediately notices...

The glass of the rear kitchen door has been busted out as shards blanket the tile.

NINA

Oh great.

Nina hears footsteps upstairs. She looks to the ceiling.

NINA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Shit.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Sheriff Barker's Bronco comes to a swift stop as he's dropping Laurie curbside.

INT. SHERIFF BARKER'S BRONCO - DAY

Laurie is now out of cuffs and sitting next to Sheriff Barker.

LAURIE

What is this?

SHERIFF BARKER

This...is a lot of things. This is your second chance. This is me sticking my neck on the line. This is the last time we speak. And this is the last time you step foot in Haddonfield.

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Laurie spots ALLYSON awaiting her under an awning. Her bags are packed, rested on the pavement. Allyson makes eye contact with Laurie, quickly stands.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)
You have a granddaughter. And if you're serious about keeping her safe, you'll wanna get her out of here as quickly as possible. Get any ideas of retribution out of your head.

Laurie seems reluctant.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)
Keeping her safe. Away from Myers. It's what you want, right?

Laurie is hesitant to speak.

LAURIE
I don't understand. Where am I going?

SHERIFF BARKER
I'll let Allyson fill you in on the details.

LAURIE
You two are on a first name basis now?

SHERIFF BARKER
Go on. Get going. She's waiting. I gotta get back. Square away security for tonight.

Sheriff Barker hands Laurie a brand new cell phone.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)
To keep in touch with you. Just in case I need to get a hold of you. Allyson's waiting.

Laurie isn't thrilled by this plan as she dips out of the truck and stares back at Sheriff Barker.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)
Good luck to you. To both of you.

Laurie shuts the door. Sheriff Barker wastes little time in leaving Laurie in the dust.

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Laurie slowly turns to Allyson. The two share an awkward, long overdue exchange.

Allyson makes the first move, walks to Laurie.

ALLYSON
It's been awhile, huh?

Laurie cracks an awkward grin.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)
Missed you.

Allyson hugs Laurie, who doesn't hug back at first. She is almost frightened. As if scared to make too big of a connection with Allyson.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SOUTH WING HALLS - DAY

Cassie ducks into class just as the third period bell rings, just missing the mark.

INT. THIRD PERIOD CHEMISTRY - DAY

Cassie ducks into class, rushes to her seat. Her teacher MR. WORLEY (50s), a smug hardass with a referral permanently glued to his hands, gives Cassie a hall pass.

MR. WORLEY
Miss Ryan. You're presence is required in the main office.

The class all "Oooh" and "Aaaah" in unison.

CASSIE
I was literally like three seconds late.

MR. WORLEY
Yes, I know. That's what you said the last four times. Miss Reardon would like a word with you. I told her as soon as you graced us with your presence, I'd send you on your way, so...

Mr. Worley motions to the door, grabs a stack of graded tests from the edge of his desk.

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CALLIE

I don't understand. Is everything okay?

MR. WORLEY

Miss Ryan, if you don't mind, I have a class to teach. You've taken more than enough of my time this week, so if you don't mind.

Mr. Worley hands her an "F". Nothing but red marks on her last exam.

MR. WORLEY (CONT'D)

Don't lose that pass like you did the last one please.

The class once again snicker under their breath.

Cassie rolls her eyes at them on her way out.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Cassie dips inside the office with hall pass in hand. She reads a door marked GUIDANCE COUNSELOR. Inside, behind a modest desk sits Miss Reardon. She smiles back at Cassie, summons her inside.

INT. MISS REARDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cassie stops before Miss Reardon's desk.

MISS REARDON

Take a seat, Cassie.

Cassie squats in a chair.

CASSIE

Everything okay?

MISS REARDON

How are things?

Miss Reardon holds out a jar of hardy candy. Cassie grabs herself a couple.

CASSIE

Things? Things are fine. I guess. Just settling in.

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MISS REARDON

The reason I'm asking...I have some concerns. Your grades are significantly lower since your transfer. It's also no secret you're having trouble making any kind of connection with the other students.

CASSIE

It's been an adjustment. Leaving everything you know to just...start over. In a place you don't know. Surrounded by people you don't know.

MISS REARDON

I had a chat with Miss Thomas back in Russellville. She said this problem with your keeping friends has been an issue for quite some time now. Even before the big move.

CASSIE

What are you, my shrink?

MISS REARDON

No, just a concerned friend. If you want one. I know you have trouble letting your guard down. After what you've been through with your father. Seeing him getting hauled off in cuffs or drunk for most of your youth, not trusting anyone or anything outside your little bubble. I get it. Believe me, I can relate.

Cassie huffs in protest, checks her phone.

CASSIE

I'm late for a quiz.

She stands to leave.

MISS REARDON

I'm sorry. Really. Please.

Cassie isn't so sure.

MISS REARDON (CONT'D)

Please sit down. Let's start over.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Cassie pops a squat.

MISS REARDON (CONT'D)
I know you know this town's
history. And what happened here
last year.

CASSIE
Doesn't everybody?

Miss Reardon can't find the words. She stands, walks around
her desk, strolls the room.

Cassie turns around.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Why did you call me up here?

MISS REARDON
There's some people around here
that believe he's still out there.
That he'll specifically be looking
for her.

CASSIE
Her?

MISS REARDON
Laurie Strode. I know she came to
see you this morning. I spoke with
her. Briefly.

CASSIE
You're kind of scaring me right
now.

MISS REARDON
I don't want you to be scared.
Just mindful. Mindful of your
surroundings. Making sure if you
walk home, you do it with friends.
And never go anywhere alone. And
if you feel like something's off,
or like you're being watched, or
followed. Anything at all...

Miss Reardon hands her a business card with a phone number
listed at the bottom.

MISS REARDON (CONT'D)
You call this number. Right away.

Cassie looks petrified.

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CASSIE

I...I should call my mother.

Cassie grabs Miss Reardon's phone. Miss Reardon stops her, hangs it up.

MISS REARDON

When it comes to Laurie Strode, this town has a nasty habit of disregarding her warnings. Dismissing her as crazy. Now, your mother might agree. So will a lot of other people. I'm not one of those people. If she says there's a chance Michael may return to her childhood home, then I believe there may be a chance. At least a small one. So just be careful, okay?

Cassie nods in agreement.

CASSIE

Okay.

Miss Reardon changes her demeanor.

MISS REARDON

Say. I hear Nick Tramer's taken a liking to you.

Cassie squints, confused.

CASSIE

Yeah. Maybe.

Miss Reardon rests her butt on the edge of her desk.

MISS REARDON

Has he asked you to the dance?

Cassie cracks a bashful grin.

CASSIE

Maybe.

MISS REARDON

Well. Maybe you should go. Give us a chance, Cassie. We might surprise you.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - BUS STOP - DAY

Cassie is quite upset, in deep thought, a blank stare as she roams the halls, headed back to class.

DRIVER'S POV:

An UNKNOWN CAR, cruising along the curbside, creeps up behind her, watches her quietly.

INT. DEPUTY HARRIS CAR - DAY

Deputy Harris slows to a halt, watches Cassie dip down a second hallway and disappear.

DEPUTY HARRIS
Keep your eyes peeled, kid. We got
your back.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

JEFF AND LUKE...a pair of thick bearded, camouflaged game hunters, trample through the sticks and twigs, toting some high powered deer rifles.

JEFF
Where are you taking me? If you're
lost, just say you're lost.
There's no shame in being retarded.
It's how God made you. Own it.

LUKE
I'm telling you. It was right near
here I shot that ten pointer.

JEFF
Yeah. The one you ever so
conveniently never snapped a
picture of. Mmm hmm. Tell me
another one Pinocchio.

LUKE
Hey. I said I shot it. Didn't say
I killed it.

JEFF
How the hell you miss the sumbitch?
You got a zillion mile zoom lens.
Hell, I could be three sheets
pissed and drop that sumbitch with
a twenty two and no scope.

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Luke belly laughs, shakes his head.

LUKE

(pokes fun)

I bet you a hundred bucks I can piss in that sumbitch river down there. Cuz my pecker is so dag gum ginormous.

JEFF

Haha. Laugh it up. Why you think I let you walk in front of me all the time. You come up behind me, you might mess around and trip on it. End up with my pecker in your mouth. Or should I say, someone else's.

LUKE

Hey. What's big and purple and eight feet long.

JEFF

What?

LUKE

My pecker folded in half.

JEFF

Hey, you're real funny. For a retard. If they ever have open mic night for retards, you're all set.

They come upon a slight clearing in the trees where a small lake can be seen through the brush.

EXT. SMALL LAKE - DAY

From a safe distance, we witness...

A nude MAN pop out of the shallow water and stand upright. Only his chest and torso showing. His hair is gray and balding. A fairly thick beard. MICHAEL.

From behind, we witness Michael watch Jeff and Luke make their way toward the embankment.

Michael quietly ducks down. Only his head left visible on the water.

EXT. EMBANKMENT - DAY

Jeff and Luke stop a moment.

JEFF

Now what? That deer for damn sure
wasn't going for a swim. We're
lost.

LUKE

Ain't lost.

Luke is distracted by what appears to be a gray haired man's
head floating on the surface of the water.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Hey. Looks like we got company.

Michael ducks his head under water.

JEFF

Hey!

Michael never comes back up.

LUKE

Strange.

JEFF

Screw it.

Jeff heads off.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Come on, Pinochhio.

LUKE

I got your Pinochhio.

They hump it back up the hill and into the trees.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jeff veers off the beaten path for a moment to himself as he
unzips and takes a quick leak.

LUKE

You need help up there? Don't want
you to hurt your back!

JEFF

Yeah, keep talking!

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Luke has his rifle slung over his shoulder and pops a fresh rolled cigarette in his mouth. He sparks up, stares off into the woods and spots what appears to be a makeshift hut of sorts made from fresh lumber.

LUKE
What in the hell...

Luke makes his way toward the hut, fights his way through some sharp branches and the uneven terrain beneath his clumsy feet.

He draws nearer...finds that this hut, made from hundreds of thick branches, has been carefully and meticulously assembled over time.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Hey, you gotta see this!

Luke pops his head under the short awning, steps inside.

Total darkness. Luke pulls out a pocket flashlight and has himself a good look. There are the bones of several dead animals tossed about the cave like room.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Hey, man! Get your ass over here!

A painful GROAN from deep in the woods. Luke grows frightened, ducks back out.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Jeff!

All is quiet. Luke grabs a pair of binoculars hanging around his neck and checks the area.

To his right...all is fine.

To his left...no Jeff.

And then...

Jeff's lifeless body is hanging on a complicated medusa of thin tree branches. Both EYES have been POPPED OUT.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Oh God!

Luke backs up a pace or two...

FALLS INTO A BEAR TRAP

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CONTINUED: (2)

...and impales himself on TWO separate SPIKES hand carved by Michael himself. One through the leg and one through his right hand.

Luke SCREAMS out in agony. The blood gushing from his open leg wound.

As he slowly loses vision...a nude Michael steps to the edge of the deep bear pit.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Help...me...

Luke slowly fades.

Total darkness.

INT. ALLYSON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Allyson swings open the door to her and Laurie's new pad. An extremely modest and very simple looking two bedroom apartment fully furnished.

LAURIE

Well. Looks like we're already moved in.

ALLYSON

I know it's nothing special. But it's paid for. Up to six months. And it's quiet and out of the way. Just how you like it.

LAURIE

How could you afford all this?

ALLYSON

Actually I couldn't. Sheriff helped out a little. Had to sell my car. But it's okay. Everything we could possibly need is within walking distance.

Laurie already shaking her head in protest.

LAURIE

Wait a minute. Wait a sec. What about your job? School? College?

ALLYSON

Fuck college.

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Laurie scoffs at her.

LAURIE
Your mother's and father's house.

ALLYSON
After you went in the hospital, we
put it up for sale.

LAURIE
We?

ALLYSON
Mister Doyle has been helping me
with the realtor. After what's
happened, it's gonna be a tough
sell. Will probably have to take
first offer.

Laurie hit with an instant headache as she rubs her temples.

LAURIE
I know. I know, baby. But we
can't just stay here.

ALLYSON
Yes we can. For the next six
months, we can and we will. Until
we figure out a new plan.

Laurie is chomping at the bit, walking in circles, stroking
and pulling at her hair.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)
Look at yourself. You need this.
We need this. Just to screw our
heads on straight again.

LAURIE
What happens when he strikes again?
Or don't we care anymore?

ALLYSON
It's not about caring or not
caring. What's important is that
he won't be anywhere near us.
(beat)
I mean, that is the point, isn't
it?

Laurie isn't so sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

It's what you've trained for this whole time. What you trained Mom for since she was a kid. Keeping us safe.

LAURIE

Of course.

Allyson looks a bit disgusted with Laurie. She quickly changes her demeanor.

ALLYSON

Come on. Outside. I wanna show you something.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - LAKE - DAY

Laurie and Allyson sit on a lakeside bench and watch the still and calm waters before them. A few boaters here and there take in the gorgeous weather.

Across the lake sits a quaint little burg full of antique shops, posh cafes and old book stores. A sort of fifties throwback where people keep to themselves.

ALLYSON

It's beautiful here. Peaceful. And there hasn't been a murder since Nineteen Sixty Two. I actually looked it up. Kind of what sealed the deal for me.

Laurie is quiet as she watches the sunset.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

Something about sitting here right when the sun sets and hits the water. And that last bit of sun hits your face. It's so warm. Like a blanket or something. Like a hug. It's like nothing will ever get better than that moment. So you learn to appreciate it. Because you've stopped to take the time.

Laure stares out, into the water, cracks an insincere grin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

Just think, we can come out here every night and enjoy it all over again. And not have to look over our shoulder. Or hide in some basement.

LAURIE

I guess this is what we should've done a long time ago, huh?

ALLYSON

You had trouble letting go of him. Because some dark part of you wanted him to escape. But now you know you can't stop him. Even if we wanted to.

Laurie doesn't respond.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

You understand that now, right?

LAURIE

I lost my parents at a young age. It wasn't long after what happened. September of Seventy Nine. Yet another tragedy I didn't see coming. Without them, a full recovery seemed impossible. I was alone and had no one.

Laurie tears up. Allyson grabs her hand.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

No sense of security. No sense that everything would be okay in the end because it wasn't. That sense of paranoia built and built inside me until there was nothing left. And then your grandfather came along.

Laurie smiles, briefly.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Only by then it was too late. I was a lost cause. Bitter. Tired. And angry. And I just couldn't accept any form of love or affection or understanding from anyone. I forgot how. So, what did I do? I get married again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Laurie scoffs, wipes her tears.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Michael's been the only constant in my life. The thought of watching the life leave his eyes is the only thing that's gotten me this far. He's the reason I still wake up in the morning. He's my reason for being. My morning coffee. And now you're asking me to let that go.

ALLYSON

In the strip across the street. There's a pastry shop. The owner holds a therapy group a couple nights a week. They have a meeting tonight at Eight. I thought we could go.

Laurie isn't thrilled.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

Will you do that for me?

Laurie reluctantly nods.

LAURIE

It is pretty. I guess it's been awhile since I noticed any beauty in this world. Not since you were born.

Allyson smiles.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

A pep rally about to begin. On the fifty yard line stands head coach SCOTT MCKENZIE (50s), Haddonfield Huskers windbreaker, khaki slacks.

The school principal MS. RAWLINS (60s), African American, sharply dressed, all smiles, joins Coach McKenzie, along with a whole line of other athletic boosters.

The bleachers are full. The entire school in attendance. Grades nine through twelve specifically arranged in four sections.

The MARCHING BAND sit dead center and join in as Coach McKenzie sings "The Huskers Song".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH MCKENZIE
From East to West...

The band chimes in.

COACH MCKENZIE (CONT'D)
The fighting Huskers are the best!

School Administrators watch from the steps below.

In the section farthest to the left, a crew of Nick's friends are gathered together. This includes JAY EASTLAND (17), long hair, burnout type. His arm wrapped around the neck of on again, off again girlfriend LAINEE BRIGGS (17), short red hair, nose ring. Next to her is WENDALL WHITE (17), a toe head blonde with hoop earrings and a letter jacket. Specifically, Nick's letter jacket.

JAY
So where's Nick's new chick?

Lainee slaps his hand.

LAINEE
Manners.

JAY
She doesn't care.
(to Wendall)
You don't care, right?

Wendall rolls her eyes.

LAINEE
Yeah, that's why she's still got
his jacket on.

JAY
Wait a minute. I thought you broke
it off.

WENDALL
I did.

LAINEE
She did. Sort of. Temporarily.
Until Nick learns his lesson and
realizes what he had. And comes
crawling back for mercy.

JAY
Okay. So when does that happen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAINEE

It happens when we say it happens.
And shut up.

JAY

Cool.

Jay spots Cassie coming up the bleacher steps.

JAY (CONT'D)

Here comes you know who. Not that
anyone cares or anything.

Cassie and Lainee make eye contact.

LAINEE

Ugh. She's so not you.

Jay gets himself an eye full.

JAY

No. Totally not. She's a little
taller. Her hair's longer.

Lainee slaps him harder this time.

JAY (CONT'D)

Quit hitting me.

COACH MCKENZIE

From Coast to Coast...

The crowd and band chime in.

CROWD

From Coast to Coast...

COACH MCKENZIE

The Fighting Huskers are the most!

CROWD

The Fighting Huskers are the most!

COACH MCKENZIE

And now, without further a
do...welcome your team...The
Haddonfield Huskers!

Nick leads the charge as the rowdy, out of control varsity
football team storms the field and crashes through a paper
banner marked HUSKERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The team all line up, side by side, slapping hands, high fiving, all jacked up.

COACH MCKENZIE (CONT'D)
Please welcome to the mic...our
starting quarterback...our
Captain...Mister Nick Tramer!

Cassie grins as Nick slaps the hands of his fellow players and approaches the microphone.

He is shocked to find...

Tommy and Miss Reardon coming his direction.

NICK
Oh shit.

Coach McKenzie blocks Tommy's path.

COACH MCKENZIE
Hey, Tommy. What's up, pal?

TOMMY
I got something to say.

COACH MCKENZIE
Right now?

TOMMY
For old time's sake. Let me do
this, brother.

COACH MCKENZIE
It's all yours, brother.

Coach McKenzie pats Tommy on the butt.

Tommy spots Nick awaiting by the mic.

TOMMY
Excuse me a sec, Nick. A moment?

Nick is confused.

NICK
Yeah, Uncle Tommy. Of course.

Tommy adjusts the mic as the crowd goes silent.

IN THE CROWD

Jay, Lainee and Wendall sit dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAY

What the hell's he doing here?

LAINEE

Crashing the party from the looks of things.

WENDALL

Things are about to get interesting.

ON THE FIELD

Tommy is a bit nervous, clears his throat. He checks with Miss Reardon who gives him the go ahead.

TOMMY

Most of you know who I am. And what today is. So we don't have to go down that road again. Last year, we were told that evil died in the woods outside Haddonfield. That everything would go back to normal. And it did. For awhile. But there were some of us that know the truth. The truth is...he's still out there.

The crowd all go nuts, chatter amongst themselves, losing focus of Tommy. A few boos and some name calling from the bleachers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

He killed my wife! And a good friend of mine's mother while I watched! I was told to keep quiet! For the sake of Haddonfield! For the sake of peace! I'm done being quiet! The truth is..they killed the wrong guy and covered it up!

The crowd goes absolutely berserk. Coach McKenzie attempts to restrain Tommy.

COACH MCKENZIE

Come on. That's it.

TOMMY

You know what tonight is. What it means. Sure. I could be lying. Just out here for some attention. Nothing better to do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Or...you could listen to what I'm
telling you. And understand that
he's coming. Again. Tonight!

The crowd goes strangely quiet.

LAINEE

Oh my God.

Lainee covers her mouth in shock. As do most of the
surrounding crowd of students.

TOMMY

You can go on. Have your game.
Your dance. Pretend that there's
nothing to fear. Or you can do
what we should've done a long time
ago. And get out of town. Today.
Not later. Not tonight. But right
now! Get out!

Tommy excuses himself from the field.

Several students pull smart phones from their pockets, dial
their parents as others rush down the steps.

The administrators below go into full panic mode as they
attempt to keep the crowd at bay.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - BAND AND CHORUS ROOM - DAY

The student pick up sight near the back of the school is
jammed up with panicked parents attempting to pick up
their kids. Students roam the street in search of a
familiar vehicle.

One student is almost struck head on by an impatient driver.

DRIVER

Get out of the way!

He honks at a crew of students who slap his hood and make
rude gestures.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Rude little jerk!

Miss Rawlins stands at the edge of the street with a
megaphone in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISS RAWLINS
 (to students)
 Hey, get off the road! Watch out!

Disgusted, she turns around, faces Miss Reardon, MRS. CARROLL (50s), the chorus teacher, Coach McKenzie and DEPUTY MONTERO, our chief resource officer.

MISS RAWLINS (CONT'D)
 All my years, I've never seen anything like this. We got bumper to bumper traffic from here to Mission Street. People are cutting each other off, running traffic lights, stop signs, crashing up their cars. So much for an orderly evacuation. Those people are gonna be stuck for hours.

DEPUTY MONTERO
 (to Miss Reardon)
 Thanks to your friend Doyle. And you let him in.

MISS REARDON
 Yeah. I don't remember you trying to stop him either.

Deputy Montero smiles, shakes his head, wanders off.

MISS REARDON (CONT'D)
 (to Miss Rawlins)
 He's just trying to keep everyone safe. Can't you see that he's telling the truth? He killed his wife.

MRS. CARROLL
 Ex wife. Estranged ex wife. A very nasty divorce from what I hear. Him being the last one seen with her alive.

MISS REARDON
 Don't believe everything you hear.

MISS RAWLINS
 Every cop in town is gonna be on traffic duty from here to sundown. If Myers is still out there like your friend says...God help anyone who crosses his path. They're gonna be shit out of luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Miss Rawlins heads off.

MISS REARDON
I've seen him.

Miss Rawlins turns back.

MISS RAWLINS
What?

MISS REARDON
Michael Myers. At The Strode
House. Six months ago. I looked
him right in the eye.

Mrs. Carroll rolls her eyes.

MRS. CARROLL
And that's my cue. Excuse me. I
have a state competition to prepare
for. If I have any students left.

Mrs. Carroll heads back inside.

MISS RAWLINS
You're as crazy as your friend
Mister Doyle. You know that,
right?

MISS REARDON
Yeah, that's about what I expected
everyone to say. It's why I didn't
mention it until now.

MISS RAWLINS
You understand why that's
impossible, don't you, Miss
Reardon? Seeing Myers.

MISS REARDON
Yeah. Because they killed him.
Blew his head off with a hunting
rifle. I heard the story. Well
what if he's right? And they
didn't? And if what I saw was
real, that means Cassie Ryan could
be in danger.

MISS RAWLINS
Darling, Michael Myers is the least
of your problems.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MISS REARDON

What does that mean?

MISS RAWLINS

It means I heard about your little face to face with Cassidy Ryan this morning. She's scared to death. Wanted to leave hours ago only we can't get her mother on the phone. I suppose you told her too?

MISS REARDON

No. I didn't have the nerve. Not until now.

Miss Rawlins gets in her face.

MISS RAWLINS

Oh no you don't. You don't go near her again. Or you can find another job. You got that?

Miss Reardon nods.

Miss Rawlins rushes inside. The metal door slamming shut behind her.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - JOGGING PATH - DAY

Allyson is out for her daily run. A sports bra and jogging shorts. She's working up a good sweat. Her face and eyes are tense and tight. So many thoughts consume her.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Allyson discovers her mother (Karen) on the carpet. Her throat slit open as she desperately attempts to hold in the blood with her hand.

Allyson locks eyes with Michael as he towers over them.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - JOGGING PATH - DAY

Allyson jogs faster and faster now. Her thoughts fill her with rage and push her harder.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Michael drives a kitchen knife into Tommy's second hand. He is nailed to the counter top.

Above him stands Allyson. She reaches a butcher's knife back...ready to drive it into...

Michael...who is sprawled out on the counter top. He has somehow taken Tommy's place according to Allyson's revenge fantasy.

ALLYSON

Die!

She drives the knife into him. Over and over.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

Die!!!

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - JOGGING PATH - DAY

Allyson is running at full speed. At the same time, her eyes fill with tears and regret.

ALLYSON (V.O.)

DIE!!!

Allyson quickly slows to a stop. She keels over, her tears free flowing. An emotional wreck.

KAREN (V.O.)

You have to promise me...and your father...that you'll move on from this...

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LAURIE'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Karen rests her hands on Allyson's shoulders. Allyson in a corner chair, crying over the loss of her father.

KAREN

Don't let Michael Myers ruin your life like he has your Grandma. You have to move past this.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - JOGGING PATH - DAY

Allyson wipes her tears, pulls it together. She continues her jog, much slower now.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - BUS STOP - DAY

Cassie awaits her mother by the curbside. Buses are loaded with anxious students. Administrators roam back and forth between buses.

ADMIN #1

We're gonna be here for hours.
This is ridiculous.

ADMIN #2

They're still pulling pieces of car
off of Main street. Supposed to be
a pretty nasty wreck.

The two administrators turn to find Cassie standing near the curb with her books in tow.

ADMIN #2 (CONT'D)

You waiting on a bus?

CASSIE

No. I got a ride coming, thanks.

Cassie grows worried, checks her phone. The last five texts to her mother have gone unanswered.

She gives up, heads back into the school.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Jay, Laine, and Wendall take a short cut off of school grounds, crossing a grassy soccer field behind the football bleachers. They head for a chain link fence that separates the grounds from a busy highway.

LAINEE

Where's your best bud?

JAY

Looking for his chick probably.

Wendall huffs, just loud enough for all to hear. Laine slaps Jay's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY (CONT'D)

You asked.

Nick races after them.

NICK

Yo! Wait up!

Wendall turns, spots her ex.

WENDALL

Speak of the devil.

JAY

Where you been, man?

NICK

I guess I had the same idea as you guys. Take the short cut and worry about my car later.

WENDALL

So where are you headed?

Wendall grins back at Lainee. Nick notices their strange interaction.

NICK

I'm headed. Home. And getting the hell out. Just like everyone else.

WENDALL

Thought maybe you had a hot date tonight with blondie.

NICK

Yeah, I did. I guess not anymore. School board just cancelled the game and the dance.

JAY

Yeah we figured as much.

LAINEE

(to Nick)

So what you're saying is...you're free?

Lainee smiles back at him. Nick checks with Wendall, who is hiding a sly grin.

NICK

Yeah. I guess. Depends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDALL

On what?

NICK

On whether my folks wanna bounce out of Haddonfield for a couple days.

JAY

Bro. Ain't nobody bouncing anywhere. Not with this traffic. And it's only gonna get worse. Trust me.

NICK

Worse than staying and getting your throat slit?

JAY

Where we're going, ain't nobody gonna find us.

LAINEE

We're talking about making an earlier than expected appearance at the after party. Not without a quick stop at the liquor store of course.

NICK

(to Jay)

What is she talking about?

JAY

Big sister hooked us up. Meeting us at The Zippy Mart in fifteen to get the party favors. And then...off to her parents cabin in the woods. We're gonna make this the one definitive Halloween Haddonfield will never forget.

LAINEE

Hell yes. Bring it on.

Wendall winks back at Nick. He smiles.

They all reach the fence as Jay peels back the frayed wire and lets the girls under. He and Nick follow.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - HIGHWAY - DAY

Jay, Laine, Wendall and Nick hump it up a small hill near the rear end of the school's property to discover a long line of stand still traffic...waiting to get onto school grounds.

Cars HONK. Some CURSING. YELLING.

JAY

Yikes.

NICK

I hope Uncle Tommy knows what he's doing.

JAY

Who?

Nick shrugs him off.

NICK

Nothing. Forget it.

Laine stares through traffic, through the cars. Bob's Zippy Mart Liquor Store sits in a short strip mall across the highway.

LAINEE

Come on. Let's go before it breaks up.

Without blinking an eye, Laine races between the cars, headed for the other side.

WENDALL

(to Nick)

Let's go, lover boy. Who knows what tonight entails. You might get lucky.

Wendall follows Laine. With a shit eating grin, Jay turns to Nick, a bit unsure of his next move.

JAY

I have a good feeling about this.

Jay heads after Laine. Nick takes a moment. He caves, follows after his friends.

INT. MAE BELLE'S AMERICAN CAFE - DAY

A quaint, down home diner full of fifties and sixties memorabilia. James Dean. Elvis. Marilyn.

An old school jukebox blasts some rockabilly.

Laurie sits at a corner table before the shop's manager and operator DORIS (50s), a portly woman with too much eye makeup, dressed in a swing dance skirt.

Doris reviews her resume.

DORIS
So. Lisa Hogue. It says here you
were a cook?

LAURIE
Forty years.

DORIS
Wow. That's a definite check mark
in the qualified box.

Doris makes a note, returns to the resume.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Strode's Eatery. Sounds very
familiar.

LAURIE
World famous cheesecake.

Doris lights up.

DORIS
Really?

Laurie smiles.

LAURIE
To die for.

DORIS
Well. Like the sign says, we're
just looking for some part time
help. Mostly waiting tables.
Milkshakes, soda jerk. That type
of stuff. Not that that would
interest someone with such a long
and very impressive resume such as
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURIE

When do I start?

Doris squints, a bit shocked. Laurie just cracks a goofy smile in return.

EXT. MAC'S BAR - DAY

Tommy uses a drill to board up the windows of his bar. Coach McKenzie, his business partner, steps out with a bottle of beer in hand.

The two friends stare out at the bumper to bumper traffic on the residential street before them.

COACH MCKENZIE

I thought we were getting out. This doesn't look like you're planning on going anywhere.

TOMMY

No. I'm not.

COACH MCKENZIE

So you ruined tonight's game and forced the school board into an emergency meeting. Cancelled tonight's dance. Threw everyone into an outright panic. For what? So you can go be a one man war against Michael Myers.

TOMMY

It's called thinning the herd. With everyone off the street, we got a better than average chance of finding him.

Coach McKenzie watches Tommy frantically board up their windows with a sharp focus about him.

COACH MCKENZIE

You're losing it. Just like Strode. Let the cops handle this thing.

TOMMY

That's exactly what I'm doing.

Coach McKenzie doesn't follow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COACH MCKENZIE

How's that?

He is distracted by the sound of Sheriff Barker's Bronco coming to a stop near the side of the building.

Out steps Sheriff Barker.

COACH MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

Here we go. Keep my name out of this. I had nothing to do with it.

Coach Mckenzie turns, greets Sheriff Barker.

COACH MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

Sheriff.

SHERIFF BARKER

Coach. I'm gonna need a word with Mister Doyle.

COACH MCKENZIE

Yeah I'm sure you do.

Coach McKenzie excuses himself inside.

SHERIFF BARKER

Mister Doyle. Funny to find you still here. After your speech and all. What's this I'm hearing about you going out hunting with one of my deputies tonight.

TOMMY

You heard wrong.

SHERIFF BARKER

That right?

TOMMY

Actually it's three of your deputies. And about twelve others.

Sheriff Barker removes his hat, sighs with frustration.

SHERIFF BARKER

We had a deal. For the sake of the community Myers was dead and buried. Until we see or hear evidence to the contrary.

Tommy finishes drilling his last screw, rests the drill on the window sill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY
You had evidence.

Tommy steps closer...

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I was the evidence. My ex wife was
the evidence.

Sheriff Barker nods to the traffic.

SHERIFF BARKER
Look at this mess. How is this
helping?

Tommy ignores the traffic.

TOMMY
Gee wiz. Sorry I ruined your
chance for reelection Sheriff.

Sheriff Barker sticks his finger in Tommy's face but fights
the urge, restrains himself. He laughs it off, gets some
distance between him and Tommy.

SHERIFF BARKER
Well. Michael would have to be
crazy to come out in this mess.
He's much too visible. Or maybe
that was your plan all along. Get
everybody up in arms. All jacked
up. Just like last year.

TOMMY
No. Not like last year. Too many
got hurt. You're missing the
bigger picture.

SHERIFF BARKER
What's that?

TOMMY
You got about three hours until
sundown.

Tommy nods to traffic.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
That's plenty of time to get these
people out. Get these streets
empty. And I mean empty. And you
let my people help your people
track this bastard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sheriff Barker still unconvinced. He gives Tommy the side eye, reads his sincerity, takes a good moment to think it all over.

SHERIFF BARKER

Since half of Haddonfield is kicking down my front door right about now I guess the troops will have to deploy from some other location. Somewhere kind of like your little pub here.

TOMMY

Yes, sir. Probably smart.

SHERIFF BARKER

Get your people on the horn. We meet back here in ninety minutes. Locked, stocked, ready to rock. Think you can handle that, Mister Doyle?

TOMMY

Yes, sir, Sheriff.

Sheriff Barker heads to his Bronco.

SHERIFF BARKER

Ninety minutes.

Tommy grins.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Cassie stands on a corner, book bag slung over her shoulder, gazes out at the traffic starting to break up.

She notices business owners flipping OPEN signs to CLOSED and locking up for the night.

People are walking straight through the traffic as cars HONK with every other passing citizen.

Cassie dials her mother yet again, awaiting a response from the other end.

CASSIE

Come on already.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nina's phone RINGS. Somewhere.

Her handbag dumped on the floor. The contents spilled all over the tile. Lipstick, wallet, keys...and lastly...

Her PHONE. It RINGS over and over. Cassie's face on the home screen.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

Cassie gives up, stuff the phone in her pocket. She continues up the sidewalk, headed home.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - INTERSECTION - DAY

Deputy Harris directs four way traffic as her squad car sits in a grassy field, just off of school grounds. The bus stop about a hundred yards away.

Miss Reardon rushes away from school grounds, heads toward Deputy Harris in a slight panic.

MISS REARDON
Deputy! Deputy!

Deputy Harris stops traffic a moment as she's interrupted by Miss Reardon.

DEPUTY HARRIS
Yes? What is it?

MISS REARDON
Cassie. I'm looking for Cassie
Ryan. Senior. Tall. Blonde hair.

Deputy Harris at full attention now. A look of great and immediate concern on her face.

DEPUTY HARRIS
Yeah, I know who she is. What's
happened?

MISS REARDON
We need to find her. Right now.

Deputy Harris ignores the four way traffic as they impatiently HONK back at her.

Deputy Harris nods to her squad car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY HARRIS

Get in.

The two head for her car.

DEPUTY HARRIS (CONT'D)

When did you see her last?

MISS REARDON

I don't know. At the bus stop.
About fifteen minutes ago maybe.

DEPUTY HARRIS

She couldn't have gotten far.

EXT. ALLYSON'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY

Laurie seems lost in the beauty of the lake across the street and the tall trees that surround it. Yet her face suggests she's not at peace. At all.

Allyson returns from her run. A sweaty mess. She sets her ear buds on a lamp table as Laurie heads inside.

ALLYSON

How'd it go? The interview?

LAURIE

How did it go? It went. I don't know.

ALLYSON

She recognized you.

LAURIE

No.

(shrugs)

I don't think so.

ALLYSON

Is that weird for you? People not knowing who you are.

LAURIE

It dawned on me. After walking out of there. I've done nothing of any substance with my life.

Allyson huffs. Hands on her hips. Here we go again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURIE (CONT'D)

This whole time thinking that it would all make sense in the end. That she would be protected. And that was the most important thing in the world. The only thing that mattered. And now she's gone.

Allyson grows impatient.

ALLYSON

There's nothing I can say or do that's ever gonna fix you. Is there?

Laure shakes her head.

LAURIE

Not really.

ALLYSON

You have a responsibility. To me. To be here. With me. Because I'm not doing this alone.

LAURIE

You are my responsibility. That's what makes all of this so hard. All day I've been asking myself...Is it okay to move on? Leave it in the past? Or one day, when we least expect it, he finds us. And finishes the job.

Allyson laughs out loud.

ALLYSON

He doesn't care about you! Or me, or Mom! We went after him when we should've been a hundred miles away! The truth is, you don't want it to be over! Because he's the only thing that's every giving you any sense of value in this world! And that's crazy!

LAURIE

I don't know how to move on. Maybe you're right. And I like the attention. Or maybe I am as paranoid and crazy as they say I am. But it's gotten me this far.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I've stayed alive. There's a reason for that.

Allyson can't stop shaking her head in protest.

ALLYSON

I'm gonna take a shower. We can get something to eat and just make the meeting.

Allyson heads to the bathroom, slams the door shut.

EXT. CASSIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Cassie walks up a sidewalk before a row of tree lined homes. A very familiar setting. She can't help but notice that all the driveways are empty. All the cars gone.

It's eerily quiet.

Cassie spots NINA'S CAR in a driveway, about fifty yards off. She pulls her phone out. Still no message from her mother. Half annoyed, but mostly concerned at this point.

Cassie half jogs toward the home. She stops before The Nelson House. A second car...A RED LEXUS at the curb.

CASSIE

Mom!

Cassie heads for the door, cracks it open.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Cassie takes a careful look around. It's far too quiet and all the lights are off.

CASSIE

Mom! Where are you?!

Cassie shuts the door behind her. She slowly and cautiously moves further into the home.

A THUMPING noise coming from upstairs.

Cassie looks to the ceiling, attempts to follow the noise to its source.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Mom, it's me! I'm coming up!
Don't freak out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie heads for the staircase. At the top of the stairs, she spots the SHADOW OF SOMEONE...possibly her mother... moving across the side wall.

Cassie stops a moment.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
 Mom, talk to me! Act like you can
 hear me! Who's up there?!

Cassie looks to the foot of the steps. No one there. All is quiet and calm. She throws caution to the wind and continues up the steps.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - SECOND STORY - DAY

Cassie turns the corner on the top step, uses the stair post to help her up. She looks to the end of the hall and spots a bedroom door creaked open.

Some light spills out, into the hall.

CASSIE
 Hello?

Cassie continues toward the room.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - ALLYSON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cassie pushes open the door to find...

NINA sprawled out on the bed. Her throat slit. Her arms extended out. Her lifeless eyes gazing at the ceiling. And last but not least...

The tombstone of KAREN NELSON STRODE behind her.

Cassie loses it. Tears shoot down her face as she slowly backs away from the scene, bumps into a wall.

She then spots a DEAD MAN in a corner love seat. His throat also cut open. Fresh blood drenches his dress shirt and neck tie.

And then...

His head moves. He stands upright. Michael removes his fresh skin mask.

Before Cassie can see his face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...she's out of there.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Cassie books it for the stairs. SCREAMING out for help.
Full panic mode.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Cassie jets out the front door.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - DAY

As Cassie runs into the street, she's almost struck head on
by none other than...

Deputy Harris squad car.

CASSIE
Please help me!

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker, Deputy Harris and Ben Tramer watch as TWO
CORONERS carefully carry Nina's body bag down the steps.

Miss Reardon finishes comforting Cassie, now sitting
catatonic at a dining room table. She finishes...joins the
others in the living room just as...

A pesky REPORTER and her CAMERA CREW invade the foyer in
search of answers.

REPORTER
Sheriff, will you confirm that
Michael Myers is in fact alive and
responsible for the death of Nina
Ryan?

SHERIFF BARKER
Get out of here! This is a crime
scene! What's the matter with
you?!

Sheriff Barker storms after her.

REPORTER
The people have a right to the
truth, Sheriff!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sheriff Barker grabs her arm, personally escorts her out, slams the door shut.

He turns to find Miss Reardon and Ben before him.

SHERIFF BARKER

And what're you doing? Go wait outside. Both of you.

BEN

I think the cat's out of the bag, Sheriff. Consider yourself busted.

Sheriff Barker can't deal with the stress as he roams back and forth on the carpet.

Deputy Harris peaks back at Cassie, still lost in a trance.

MISS REARDON

We need to get her as far away from here as possible.

SHERIFF BARKER

Yeah I gathered that, thanks.

DEPUTY HARRIS

I'm sorry. I know you didn't want this. We couldn't have known he'd come back here.

SHERIFF BARKER

We sat on The Myers House. The Doyle place. Even Strode's old stomping grounds. And he comes here.

(scoffs)

Of course he does.

Sheriff Barker walks in circles.

BEN

There's some kids from school. My grandson Nick's one of them. They're holding up outside of town at The Briggs House. It's in the middle of nowhere. She'll be safe there. And with friends. If I were her I wouldn't wanna be alone right now.

Sheriff Barker sits on the edge of a couch. He nods in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERIFF BARKER

Alright. You two are elected.
When you get there, you stay there.
Make sure everyone there does the
same. Nobody leaves. Nobody goes
outside. Nobody takes a leak
without a chaperon. And I mean
locked down like this girl's life
depended on it. Got it?

DEPUTY HARRIS

(to Ben)
Let's go.

Deputy Harris and Ben approach a broken Cassie with ease and loving understanding.

Sheriff Barker pulls out his phone. He stares at it. Unsure. He speed dials LAURIE STRODE.

INT. ALLYSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Allyson blow dries her hair as Laurie moves from her bedroom into the kitchen area to find...

Two phones on a dining table. The smaller one, a flip phone, rings incessantly.

Laurie checks over her shoulder. Allyson oblivious, combing her long hair.

ALLYSON

Be ready in a minute. Just gotta pee.

Allyson shuts the door.

Laurie answers the phone.

LAURIE

(to Sheriff Barker)
What's happened?

Laurie listens. Allyson flushes.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I can't help you.

Laurie hangs up. Allyson steps out.

ALLYSON

Ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurie grins.

LAURIE
Yeah. I'm starved.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

Ben has an arm around Cassie as they follow Deputy Harris to her squad car. Ben helps Cassie in the front. He shuts the door and heads to his own car.

Watching them from the window tinted RED LEXUS at the curb is none other than Michael.

Miss Reardon gets in the passenger side of Ben's car.

As Deputy Harris pulls out of the driveway and heads off...

Ben's car trails shortly behind.

The HEADLIGHTS from the RED LEXUS at the curb turn on..as the car pulls away and follows.

EXT. BRIGGS HOME - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

A large, very extravagant two story home, designed in the style of a modernized cherry red log cabin with floor to ceiling pane glass windows.

A good ten or more vehicles, cars, trucks, SUVs, are parked in the driveway, sideways on the lawn, all over the property.

A few of the more rowdy crowd play some TWO on TWO under an expensive basketball rim. They are riled up, sweaty, talking trash.

Some MUSIC blast from the open windows.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - NIGHT

It's a full house as various Haddonfield High STUDENTS gather to make their own homecoming party.

A few bored kids on the couch, squatted on the living room carpet, and standing with sodas in hand, watch with great amusement as WENDALL sits on a football player's back while he attempts twenty push ups. This is CRAIG, the biggest, toughest on the team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDALL

No pressure. Just know that everyone you know is watching you literally bitch out in front of God and everybody.

Craig barely pushes himself up.

CRAIG

Fourteen.

NICK

More like four. Nice try.

CRAIG

Shut up dude.

LAINEE

Lame.

Lainee crawls off the floor, heads into the...

KITCHEN

...where a cooler filled with ice rests on a marbled center countertop.

Lainee rummages her hand through it, comes up with an orange soda and grimaces with disgust.

LAINEE (CONT'D)

What is this?

Her older sister SHAWN (20s) enters in a tight sports bra and some short shorts. Her hair in a ponytail and some thick reading glasses.

All the young men in the room turn and stare. And all the girls look threatened. One of them hauls off and slaps her boyfriend's arm.

LAINEE (CONT'D)

(to Shawn)

Okay. Seriously. What did you do with the booze?

SHAWN

The booze is safe. The booze isn't going anywhere. That includes down any of your friends necks.

Lainee's jaw drops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAINEE

But you said that...

SHAWN

Yeah. I lied. You guys have fun now.

Shawn waves bye to the crowd and dips down a hall with a pint of ice cream in tow. Lainee rushes after her.

LAINEE

What the hell is this? You promised.

SHAWN

Mom says you're not leaving this house tonight. By the way, Miss Reardon's on her way here with your friend Cassie. Sheriff says not only are you staying put, but that goes for your friends. Hope they packed a toothbrush.

Shawn gets herself a big spoonful of ice cream.

LAINEE

Cassie? You gotta be kidding me? She can't come here.

SHAWN

She's coming. Deal with it.

Shawn continues on her way.

LAINEE

What about all of them? The dance got cancelled. I promised them we were gonna get blasted.

SHAWN

And now you can't. What's your point?

Lainee turns around, spots some of her guy friends spying on them from the kitchen. They give a sly and flirty nod hello to Shawn.

FLIRT #1

Don't be shy.

FLIRT #2

We won't bite. Too hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The two flirts high five.

SHAWN
Your friends are lame.

Shawn gags herself with the spoon.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
I'm going in here now.

Shawn opens her bedroom door, dips inside. Lainee grabs the door before it closes, stops her.

LAINEE
What're we supposed to do?

SHAWN
I don't know. Put your phones
down. Talk. Who knows. It might
be fun. Try it.

Shawn shuts the door in her face.

INT. MAC'S BAR - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker, Deputy Montero, Deputy Jackson, along with most of their department, join Tommy and a room full of his own people. This includes Pete Dobber and everyone from the town meeting. Minus Ben Tramer. All of them armed with shotguns, rifles and pistols.

They gather at a round table. On the table are loads of ammunition, pistol cartridges, shotgun shells, and a ton of half drunken soda bottles.

SHERIFF BARKER
Alright. Everybody here?

Tommy takes one last look around.

TOMMY
All present and accounted for.

Sheriff Barker sets the soda bottles aside and unfolds a giant but detailed map of Haddonfield's residential neighborhoods.

PETE
Hell is that?

TOMMY
Haddonfield. From the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER

We got eighteen strong right here.
Way I figure, we got three areas to
cover.

Sheriff Barker points at one upper corner of the map.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

The north end...

Points to the other lower end corner.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

South...

And lastly...points directly in the middle of this map.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

And everything in the middle. So
we're gonna do this in three man
teams. We search every house,
every garage, and every backyard
between here and The Myers place.
Inside and out. You knock first.
Wait thirty seconds. No answer,
you kick it down. Every room.
Every closet. Everywhere. And I
mean the bathtub.

DEPUTY MONTERO

I heard that.

SHERIFF BARKER

You search a house, I want one man
out front. One man in the back.
One on the inside. We cover each
others asses.

Everyone seems to be good with this as they nod in agreement.
Some handshakes are exchanged.

Sheriff Barker nods to Tommy.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

I want six guns right here in the
middle between Orange Grove and
Mission. Doyle, that's you and
your crew.

(to all)

We split into two groups. That
means you're checking every other
house. And you do it quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tommy nods.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)
 Montero. Your guys will be
 starting down here on the south end
 of Maple and make your way up to
 Chestnut.

DEPUTY MONTERO
 Heard.

Deputy Jackson is all ears.

DEPUTY JACKSON
 How bout me, boss?

SHERIFF BARKER
 Meantime, Jackson you and your guys
 will take the north end between
 Howell Branch and Fennel Street.
 (to all)
 Everyone meets up in the middle.

Tommy and the others exchange glances. They all seem good
 with this plan.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)
 We good?

Silence.

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)
 Let's do this.

They all head for the door. Sheriff Barker nods to Tommy who
 is all smiles and ready for blood.

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Enter through the door Laurie and Allyson. They take a good
 look around the modestly decorated family restaurant with
 cheap table cloths and paper napkin dispensers. The place is
 quite busy as our girls spot the daily specials written out
 on a black board staged in the lobby.

Clam chowder. Lobster bisque. Fried Clams.

Laurie turns and comes face to face with a lobster tank. She
 shakes her head, recoils with disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLYSON

So. This is everyone's favorite place.

LAURIE

I guess I never told you. I hate seafood.

ALLYSON

Really?

LAURIE

Never been a fan of eating bugs.

ALLYSON

Yeah. Never really thought about it like that before.

Allyson stares at the lobster tank.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

Kinda gross. Wanna get out of here?

Laurie is distracted by the sound of someone JANGLING a set of car keys. She looks over Allyson's shoulder to see a CASHIER holding up the keys.

CASHIER

(to Waitress)

Hey. Somebody left their keys.

A passing WAITRESS stops with a tray full of red plastic appetizer baskets.

WAITRESS

I think I saw him head to the restroom. Guess he won't get far.

Waitress heads into the kitchen. Cashier sets the keys on the front counter and goes about her business.

ALLYSON

What're you thinking?

Laurie eyes up the keys.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

Grandma.

Laurie snaps out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAURIE

What? Oh. Uh. You know what?
Why don't you go sit down. It does
smell good. I'm sure I can find
something on the menu I can
stomach.

ALLYSON

You sure?

LAURIE

Yeah. I just...need to use the
restroom. A little dizzy all the
sudden. Can you get me some water
or something. A couple aspirins.

ALLYSON

Of course.

A MAITRE D greets them.

MAITRE D

Good evening ladies. Just two of
you tonight?

ALLYSON

Yes.

MAITRE D

Right this way.

Allyson checks with Laurie.

LAURIE

Be right with you.

Allyson smiles, follows the Maitre D all the way toward the
rear end of the dining room.

Laurie wastes no time in snagging up the car keys and booking
it out the front door.

Allyson hears the JANGLING of BELLS and the front door slowly
shutting itself.

MAITRE D

Can I start you out with some
drinks?

Allyson keeps her eyes on the door. A look of suspicion
grows more and more intense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALLYSON
 (to Maitre D)
 Excuse me.

Allyson rushes to the door.

EXT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Allyson races out to find Laurie behind the wheel of a large FORD PICK UP TRUCK. Laurie looks straight into Allyson's eyes as she makes for the exit.

Allyson jumps in her way. Laurie comes to a screeching halt.

LAURIE
 Shit!

Allyson runs to the passenger door, swings open the door and crawls in.

ALLYSON
 What're you doing?!

LAURIE
 He's back! He vandalized your mother's grave!

ALLYSON
 What? When? Are you totally losing it?!

LAURIE
 I have to go back! He called me!

ALLYSON
 Who?

LAURIE
 Sheriff Barker! He called me!
 Tonight! He killed The Ryan woman!

ALLYSON
 Who?

LAURIE
 Nina Ryan! He's after her daughter! Don't you see?! He wasn't looking for her, he came after me! You were wrong! Everyone was wrong!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allyson's face turns to stone.

PICK UP OWNER

Hey! That's my truck! Get out of
my truck!

Allyson turns to find the truck's owner shuffling toward them
as quick as his fat body allows.

PICK UP OWNER (CONT'D)

I said get out!

ALLYSON

Go!

Laurie isn't sure.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

I go where you go! That's our
deal! You're not leaving me again!
Now go!

Laurie takes off just before the truck's owner can grab the
handle of the passenger door.

PICK UP OWNER

Bitch!

Laurie and Allyson tear out of the lot at high speed. They
bolt down the road and they're gone.

EXT. BRIGGS HOME - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Deputy Harris' squad car comes to a stop, parks just on the
outskirts of the other vehicles.

Ben and Miss Reardon pull up behind them.

All four step out. Cassie still very much upset as she
crosses her arms, attempts to comfort herself.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Lets go. Inside.

Ben and Miss Reardon follow them inside.

A THIRD CAR, lights off, creeps up the dirt road about fifty
yards from the property. It stops, cuts the engine.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deputy Harris keeps a protective arm around Cassie as she escorts her through the mayhem of a booming house party. It looks like someone found the booze.

A booty shaking contest ensues. But it's guys only as Lainee and TWO OTHER GIRLS are lined up in chairs. The judges of a lap dance off.

The crowd chant...

CROWD
Take-it-off! Take-it-off!

They all turns to find a dead serious Deputy Harris and a very solemn, very sad Cassie.

LAINEE
Guys knock it off.

Everyone quiets down. Someone kills the music.

DEPUTY HARRIS
Everybody listen up. I'm gonna need everyone in this room to keep a real careful eye on my friend Cassie. Keep her safe. Anyone that's drinking...

Deputy Harris takes a long hard look around the room. A lot of shameful eyes look to the floor.

DEPUTY HARRIS (CONT'D)
I expect you to keep off the roads and stay put. Those of you who aren't drinking...I need you to keep an eye on things while I'm out. Hold the fort down. Because nobody...drunk or otherwise...leaves this house tonight. Am I understood?

The room all turn and stare at each other. A simultaneous nod as everyone seems cool with it.

DEPUTY HARRIS (CONT'D)
You'll be safe here. I'll be back in a bit. Okay?

Cassie nods. Deputy Harris heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendall enters from the kitchen with a cup of booze in hand as she gets an eyeful of Cassie. A look of pure disgust and jealousy.

Cassie spots Nick squatted in a corner chair, half drunk. He offers a warm smile.

And ruining this tender moment...

Wendall pops a squat on his lap. She snarls back at Cassie ...who quickly leaves the room in tears.

NICK
(to Wendall)
Why did you do that?

Nick grabs her butt, pushes her off of him.

WENDALL
I think she wants to be alone,
Nick.

Cassie rushes to a bathroom at the end of a hall, slams the door shut behind her.

Nick gives up about halfway. He turns around, finds Wendall with a very seductive look in her eyes.

WENDALL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get some air. Down by
the water. Care to join me?

Wendall dips behind a wall, out of sight.

Nick's interest piqued. He follows after her. Before he can get any further...

Ben...his grandfather...stiff arms him.

BEN
And where are you going?

NICK
Grandpa? What the hell's going on?
Why are the cops here?

Ben motions to the bathroom down the hall.

BEN
You gotta leave that one alone,
kid. It's not a good time. She
obviously needs a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nick doesn't follow.

NICK
This is about him, isn't it?

Nick waits. Ben won't answer.

BEN
You gotta stay calm. We don't need
a panic on our hands. Not after
this afternoon.

NICK
(angry)
Screw this.

Nick gives up, races toward the back of the house.

BEN
Hey!

Ben tries to follow but Nick is long gone.

EXT. BRIGGS HOME - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Miss Reardon has herself a cigarette as she keeps an eye on things in the front lawn. She spots something rustling around in the trees.

MISS REARDON
Shit.

A couple of DRUNK TEENS stumble out of the woods, head back toward the home.

MISS REARDON (CONT'D)
You go on! Get inside!

DRUNK BOY
Yo, school is out, Miss Reardon.

DRUNK GIRL
Seriously.

Miss Reardon watches as they bypass the house and head deeper into the trees.

MISS REARDON
What did I say? Get inside!

DRUNK BOY
You go inside!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two drunks have a good laugh.

Miss Reardon gives up on them as she hears some more rustling coming from deep in the trees. She slowly, cautiously walks toward the source of this noise.

As she steps further down the dirt path...

...she spots a RED LEXUS parked dead center of the road.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - CURBSIDE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Police cars at the scene. Lights flashing.

Ben dips inside the house. Miss Reardon turns to find THE SAME RED LEXUS parked at the curb. She follows behind Ben.

EXT. BRIGGS HOME - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Miss Reardon snaps out of it.

MISS REARDON

Oh my God.

Miss Reardon nervously fumbles for her phone. She finally digs it out and dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

911 Emergency. How may I direct your call?

MISS REARDON

I'm at 710 Pine Lake Way. The Briggs Residence. I need you to send the police right away.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Yes, ma'am. May I ask the nature of this emergency?

MISS REARDON

There's a suspicious car parked in the middle of the road. The owner of this car was killed earlier tonight. Now, I need to speak with one of your officers right away. If you'd just get Sheriff Barker on the line, I can explain everything.

A SNAPPING OF TWIGS distracts Miss Reardon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Can I get a make and model of this
vehicle, ma'am? Hello?

Miss Reardon slowly backs away from the car. As she moves deeper into the trees...

Michael's WHITE MASK slowly pierces the darkness. He wraps his hand around her neck. The other hand rested on the back of her head. He slowly, brutally crushes the bones in her face as her eyes fill with blood.

The phone drops in the dirt. 911 still on the other end.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ma'am, are you there?

EXT. DEEP WOODS - PRIVATE LAKE - NIGHT

Nick discovers the lake behind the Briggs property. He looks to the water. And around the trees on both sides of the lake as Wendall is nowhere to be found.

NICK
You out here or what?

Without noticing, Nick stomps all over Wendall's clothes, left on the ground.

WENDALL (O.S.)
Looking for trouble?

Nick looks up to find Wendall now in a bikini.

NICK
Aren't you cold?

WENDALL
If you're so concerned, why don't
you come over here and warm me up.

NICK
What is this?

WENDALL
Excuse me?

NICK
We've been here all night. You've
gotten four lap dances. Said about
two words to me since we got here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK (CONT'D)

And when she walks through the door
it's like...

WENDALL

You know, you really shouldn't do
that.

Nick scoffs.

NICK

Do what?

Wendall steps closer. Nick gets an eyeful.

WENDALL

Talk with your mouth full.

Wendall plants a big one on him. He caves. And
finally...pulls away from her.

NICK

Wait a second.

WENDALL

What?

Nick gets himself a good look at Wendall. He's disgusted at
the sight of her.

NICK

Fuck this. I'm going inside.

Nick humps it back through the woods. Wendall snags up her
clothes from the beach, hustles after him.

WENDALL

Sucks watching your other half
grind up on half the room, doesn't
it, Nick?

NICK

Is that what this is all about?
Trying to get back at me? I never
cheated on you.

WENDALL

No, but you tried. Real hard.
Everyone knows it.

Nick laughs, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

What was the plan tonight? Get a few beers in me. Talk me into taking off my clothes, going for a dip. Then running off with my pants and leaving me hanging. You think I'm stupid?

WENDALL

No, just predictable.

NICK

No, man. You're predictable.

Nick sees A SHADOW PASS in front of them. He stops in his tracks. Wendall bumps straight into him.

NICK (CONT'D)

You see that?

WENDALL

Don't try to scare me with this Michael Myers crap. Your grandpa's as loony as Laurie Strode.

Wendall throws on her shorts, humps it back toward the house.

NICK

Hey. Slow down.

Nick rushes after her.

Wendall dips under the trees, into the woods. Nick follows behind, keeps a safe eye on her.

NICK (CONT'D)

You heard the Deputy. We stay put tonight. No one leaves. Shouldn't even be out here.

Wendall turns, walks backward as she faces Nick.

WENDALL

They blew his fucking mind out. Painted the woods red with his brains. What other proof do you need?

And just as Wendall backs under a large tree branch...

Miss Reardon drops from above. Her torso hanging from a pair of jumper cables wrapped around her throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wendall SCREAMS out in terror. Nick grabs her.

NICK
Who is it?

Miss Reardon's dead eyes stare back at them.

WENDALL
Miss Reardon. Oh God.

NICK
We gotta get inside.

Nick and Wendall turn around...

Michael stands before them.

As Nick backs away...he trips and falls. Wendall drops face first on top of him.

Nick watches as Michael grabs Wendall by the hair...yanks her head back...drives the blade through her neck.

Blood shoots out...sprays Nick, fills his eyes.

Michael kicks Wendall off of him. He then buries his boot in Nick's neck until blood SHOOTs from his mouth like a paint sprayer.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassie rests on a toilet seat. Lid down. She wipes her eyes clean with toilet paper. Incessant beating on the door from our drunken guests.

CASSIE
Go away!

INT. BRIGGS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party is winding down a bit as everyone gathers around an arm wrestling competition. Some money is being exchanged, bets are being made.

Two football jerseys get in position. Elbows down.

Ben scoffs at them, shakes his head, roams about the house in search of his grandson.

He spots a familiar football jersey dip out the front door but isn't sure it's Nick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ben heads for the door.

EXT. BRIGGS HOME - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Ben makes his way through the maze of cars parked in every and all directions.

BEN
Nick! Nicky!

Ben walks to his car, parked on the road in front of the house, pops his trunk, grabs a flashlight.

He flicks it ON and OFF.

In a matter of mere seconds...

Michael rushes up behind him...grabs him by the hair...busts his head against the open trunk...STABS HIM IN THE BACK with the brute force of a crazed maniac...then violently shoves him in the trunk and slams it shut.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassie stares at herself in the mirror. Her eye makeup a dripping mess. Her face white. Her eyes sad.

CASSIE
What am I gonna do now, Mom? You
tell me.

Cassie washes out her face with cold water.

EXT. BRIGGS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party has now moved mostly to the couch where a very stupid comedy holds everyone's attention.

Some students are tired, sprawled out on the floor, heads on pillows, sipping beers, chilling.

Jay and Lainee snuggle on the couch. Jay belly laughs as Lainee doesn't get it. She shoots a spray can of cheese whiz into her mouth.

LAINEE
You laugh at the dumbest shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAY

Gross. You expect me to kiss that mouth?

Lainee gets another big mouthful.

LAINEE

(mumbles)

No, but you can kiss my ass.

Everyone laughs at Lainee. From the carpet below Jay and Lainee, Craig rolls over.

CRAIG

(to Lainee)

I like cheese whiz.

JAY

Good.

Jay snags the can from Lainee, shoots a big gob of yellow gunk all over Craig's head.

CRAIG

Dick!

The doorbell RINGS.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Who rings the doorbell at a house party? Somebody order a pizza?

LAINEE

God, I hope so.

Lainee hops up from the couch, heads for the door.

LAINEE (CONT'D)

Nothing good to eat around here.

JAY

You live here.

LAINEE

Don't I know it.

Lainee opens the front door to find...

Nick's dead body before her. It falls face first and hits the floor HARD.

Everyone in the living room is silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The name TRAMER on the back of his jersey.

CRAIG
Yeah that's real funny buddy.

Lainee shakes all over. A panicked mess.

LAINEE
Nick.

Lainee rolls him over. Nick's throat a bloody mess. His eyes definitely dead.

LAINEE (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Craig and the others find Michael standing in the foyer, just behind Lainee.

They SCREAM and charge the back of the house, almost trampling over one another.

JAY
(to Lainee)
Run!

Lainee turns to find Michael behind her.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassie still at the sink. She hears the SCREAMING and RUNNING coming from the living room.

GUY IN CROWD (O.S.)
Run! Go, go!

Panicked FEMALES cry out.

Cassie rushes to the door, puts her ear to it.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lainee runs to her sister Shawn's room, pounds her fist on the door over and over. She turns around.

Michael throws Craig against a wall, shattering a picture frame and knocking it to the floor. Craig attempts to fight him off as...

Michael digs his thumb into his throat. And finally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finishes him with a blade through the sternum.

Lainee watches in horror as she relentlessly pounds her fist on Shawn's door.

Shawn finally opens. Her headphones on.

SHAWN
What is it?

Shawn spots Michael charging toward her room. Without flinching, she slams the door shut. Leaving Lainee to her own devices.

LAINEE
Shawn, open up!

Lainee pounds her fists harder and harder.

Michael drives his knife through Lainee's back...

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shawn listens from the other side. She slides to the floor, bawling her eyes out. Without warning...

Michael punches his fist through the slight wooden door, grabs Shawn by the hair and...

...slices his blade across her exposed throat.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

It has suddenly grown quiet as a church mouse. Everyone gone or dead on the living room carpet. Cassie cracks open the bathroom door, pokes her head out.

She tip toes her way into the...

LIVING ROOM

...where BLOOD has been spilled. BODIES lay here and there. Throats slit. Necks broken.

Cassie faces the open front door. And then...

Michael ducks back into the room. The two make eye contact.

Cassie SCREAMS out, darts down a hallway...

HALLWAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie runs to the basement door, swings it open...

INT. BASEMENT - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Cassie darts down the stairs with only the light of a single bulb leading her way.

As she reaches the bottom, she desperately searches for a hiding place. On the far wall sits a good twenty four feet of slatted closet doors.

Cassie opens the one in the center, crawls inside and shuts the door behind her.

INT. SLATTED CLOSET - NIGHT

Cassie balls herself up in a fetal position, like a scared child. Like Laurie Strode forty years earlier. She looks through the slats of the closet doors to find A SHADOW OF SOMEONE moving in the basement.

She covers her mouth in horror.

The very first door begins to rattle and shake. Cassie watches as Michael opens it. The light from the basement barely breaks the darkness.

Cassie slowly moves further and further away as Michael checks one closet after the next. And then...

Michael gives up.

Cassie exhales a sigh of relief as THE SHADOW OF MICHAEL appears to have left the basement.

And then...

CRASH!

The slatted door above Cassie's head splits into a dozen pieces as Michael reaches inside...

...violently pulls her through the door. He hovers over her, takes in her fear as she struggles to stand.

CASSIE
Please! Stop!

Cassie makes it to her feet...charges toward the staircase...and up the stairs she goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael charges after her, grabs her by the leg, pulls her back down the remaining steps.

Cassie SCREAMS out.

EXT. BRIGGS HOME - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker uses a flashlight to read the license tag of our mystery car parked dead center of the road.

Tommy uses his own flashlight to investigate the interior of the vehicle.

The keys still in the ignition.

TOMMY

He left the keys.

SHERIFF BARKER

That mother fucker is here. Out there somewhere. Always in the wrong place at the right time.

Sheriff Barker and Tommy watch as a half dozen or so UNIFORM DEPUTIES, as well as TOMMY'S CREW search the woods with flashlights and hunting rifles.

TOMMY

How the hell did he find this place?

SHERIFF BARKER

Because we do what we always do. Lead the lambs to the damn slaughter.
(angry)
Sonofabitch!

DEPUTY HARRIS (O.S.)

Sheriff, this is Harris. You copy?

SHERIFF BARKER

Go for Barker.

DEPUTY HARRIS (O.S.)

Just found Sheila Reardon. Wendall White. Nick Tramer. Laine Briggs. We got another slaughter on our hands. Over.

Sheriff Barker sighs. Tommy shuts his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER
I'll be right there.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - WOODS - NIGHT

Laurie's stolen pick up truck barrels down the road at a reasonably unsafe speed. Dust shoots into the air as she takes some sharp corners.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Laurie behind the wheel. Allyson rides shotgun. The two are quiet until they discover RANDOM FRANTIC TEENAGERS running out of the woods and into the road.

FRANTIC TEEN GIRL
Help! Help us!

LAURIE
What's happening?

ALLYSON
Obviously something bad.

Laurie slows down, rolls down her window.

LAURIE
Where is he?! Someone talk to me!

The teens ignore Laurie. Allyson grabs Laurie's arm.

ALLYSON
Keep going.

Laurie gives up, drives on.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Deputy Jackson and Deputy Montero go from body to body, cover them in white sheets. Sheriff Barker stands dead center of the room, takes in the carnage left behind.

Through the door walk Allyson and Laurie. Neither are surprised by what they see.

LAURIE
Ben Tramer. Tom Doyle. Where are they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER
Doyle's with the search party.
Checking the perimeter. Tramer's
missing.

Laurie almost trips over the body of Nick Tramer, now covered
in a white sheet.

Allyson spots Deputy Harris pop her head in.

DEPUTY HARRIS
Laurie? You need to see this.

Allyson and Laurie exchange a look.

INT. SHAWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allyson, Laurie and Sheriff Barker follow Deputy Harris into
the room to discover...

Shawn Briggs body sprawled out on her bed. A crumpled up,
forty year old black and white image of Laurie, Lynda and
Annie, in their high school glory days, has been STABBED
INTO Shawn's torso.

ALLYSON
Oh my God, Grandma.

Laurie isn't the least bit surprised.

LAURIE
Where is she?

DEPUTY HARRIS
Who?

LAURIE
Cassidy Ryan.
(angry)
Who do you think?!

Deputy Harris checks with Sheriff Barker.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
She's living in my old house! He
went back looking for me and found
her! Now where is she?!

SHERIFF BARKER
Missing. She may have escaped with
the others. We're looking into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurie scoffs with disgust, rushes out of the room.

ALLYSON
Grandma! Wait!

Allyson follows.

EXT. BRIGGS HOME - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Laurie takes a moment to grab some air. She is super cautious of her surroundings.

Allyson steps up behind her.

ALLYSON
Why did we even come back here?
You can't stop him! Nobody can!

Laurie faces her.

LAURIE
I told her I would keep her safe.
I promised her. I wasn't here.

Laurie tears up.

ALLYSON
She's not your responsibility! I
am! She's dead! Just like
everyone else! And we're next if
we stay here!

LAURIE
Take the truck. You head back. I
shouldn't have brought you here.

Laurie turns her back on Allyson. Allyson jerks Laurie her direction.

ALLYSON
No. I won't. If we're doing this,
then we do it together. If we
die...then we die together. But
I'm not leaving you. I won't have
your death on my conscience. I
refuse.

SGT. POPE joins them.

SGT. POPE
Just got off the horn with a kid
named Jay Eastland.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. POPE (CONT'D)

He says Cassie had been locked in the bathroom most of the night. Crying. She most likely stayed low until Myers was gone and headed out with the rest.

LAURIE

Then where is she? How come nobody knows?

Sheriff Barker joins them.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

She's out there somewhere.

Laurie steps to the edge of the property, stares out into the infinite darkness.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

And he wants me to find her.

SHERIFF BARKER

You don't know that.

Laurie grins.

LAURIE

Yes. I do.

SGT. POPE

How's that?

LAURIE

Because I can feel him. He's waiting. He's been waiting forty years.

Sheriff Barker sighs. He checks with Allyson who is seemingly on Laurie's side.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

The proof is inside. You saw it with your own eyes. So we can stop pretending this has nothing to do with me.

Sheriff Barker nods.

SHERIFF BARKER

So what we do about it? Am I just supposed to hand you over?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

I think your granddaughter, Mister Doyle, and a lot of other folks are gonna be none too pleased by that decision. They may even try to stop me.

LAURIE

This is my decision. I'm going out there with your help...or without it.

Allyson ponders it all. She walks to Laurie, faces Sheriff Barker and Sgt. Pope.

ALLYSON

Me too.

Laurie faces Allyson, shocked.

ALLYSON (CONT'D)

I told you. If we die, we die together.

LAURIE

And I told you. One thing has kept me alive the last forty years. The thought of one day taking off that mask and watching the life leave his eyes.

Sgt. Pope grows impatient.

SGT. POPE

(to Sheriff Barker)

So what's the play, boss? What's next?

Sheriff Barker steps closer to Laurie, reads the sincerity and seriousness in her eyes.

SHERIFF BARKER

Ask Miss Strode. She's taking point on this operation.

Sheriff Barker grins. Laurie nods with appreciation.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - REAR PORCH - NIGHT

Tommy snags a beer from a mini fridge, pops the cap and chug a lugs it down. He is clearly upset.

Sgt. Pope opens a screen door, lets it slam shut behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. POPE

I see you finally came to your senses and got your ass back here.

TOMMY

Pete Dobber almost blew my head off my shoulders. Dumb sonofabitch. Bunch of old burnouts with beer bellies running around the woods with hunting rifles. Who knew that would go sideways.

Tommy takes another swig of beer. He finishes and grabs another from the fridge.

SGT. POPE

Take it easy with that stuff. We still need you.

Tommy takes another huge belt.

TOMMY

We did everything right. Got the streets emptied. Got everyone out. And somehow seven kids are dead. How do you explain that? How're you gonna tell these kids parents that we did everything we could.

SGT. POPE

He did what he tends to do. Slip through the cracks. He's not like you or me. And you're not a cop. It's not your job to worry about these things. I'm the one who should be power drinking you selfish bastard.

TOMMY

Those kids were here because of me.

SGT. POPE

Right. And they could've been out roaming the streets with targets on their backs. That stunt you pulled at the pep rally. That was the right call. You cut off his food supply when you cleared out this town. Things just took a turn. But we're closing in on him. I can feel it.

Tommy slowly comes around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SGT. POPE (CONT'D)

Look. This thing could've been a lot worse. Like last year. And that's because of you. Everyone knows that.

Tommy nods in agreement.

SGT. POPE (CONT'D)

Now pull it together.

INT. BRIGGS HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker, Deputy Harris, Laurie, Allyson, Sgt. Pope, Deputy Montero, Deputy Jackson, Pete and the remainder of Tommy's vigilante mob gather around the table.

Tommy enters with an old folded up map of the region and lays it out on the table.

TOMMY

This is Pine Lake. About a quarter mile south of here. And about two miles shy of County Road Thirty Three. It's the quickest way to civilization. That, plus the full moon coming off the water is his only source of light. If he knows these woods, he's gotta be headed that way.

Sgt. Pope nods. Sheriff Barker still unsure.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Just to the east of Pine Lake, about fifty yards into the trees there's a clearing. And then a dip. A big dip. It goes straight down. Used to go sledding up there as a kid.

LAURIE

I remember.

Tommy grins.

SGT. POPE

So what about this dip? Why is that important?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

You come up on that hill you think you're falling off the edge of the earth. You can't see what's waiting on the other side. Especially at night.

Sgt. Pope nods.

SHERIFF BARKER

How sure are you that Myers will be holding up near the lake?

LAURIE

Because she's with him. He wants me to see her. Under the moonlight. He'll be waiting.

SGT. POPE

Let me guess. You can feel him.

LAURIE

(to Sgt. Pope)
That's right.

TOMMY

(to Laurie)
That's just the thing. He could be waiting anywhere. This plan could take a shit on us real fast.

LAURIE

I know. I understand. But if there's a chance she's still alive, I'm her best chance at staying that way.

TOMMY

As soon as you make eye contact with Michael, you run. You run like you never ran before. We'll be waiting on the other side.

Laurie is nervous but nods just the same. She checks around the table. At Sheriff Barker. At Allyson. Deputy Harris. Pete. Sgt. Pope. All of them offering a warm smile and a look that suggests they know she's doomed.

LAURIE

Let's get this one back alive, okay?

EXT. DEEP WOODS - PRIVATE LAKE - NIGHT

The full moon is big and bright. It sits low and casts a streak of rippling light across the lake.

Just beyond the lake...a few yards into the trees...we see a truly bizarre sight.

Hanging like a scarecrow on a wooden cross and wearing a blindfold is Cassie. Her hands and feet bound by thick rope.

Footsteps are heard coming up behind Cassie. Twigs and sticks SNAP and CRUNCH.

Michael stares into the dense patch of woods across the lake and witnesses a TORCH catch FIRE. And then...A SECOND TORCH is lit. And a THIRD.

Michael removes her blindfold as Cassie comes face to face with true evil. She SCREAMS out.

ACROSS THE LAKE

Laurie carries a hand made TORCH and lights a tall TIKI TORCH taken from Laine's party. The tiki has already been posted into the earth.

Laurie stares behind her as a full ROW OF TORCHES light a sort of makeshift pathway through the trees.

LAURIE
MICHAEL!!!!

Michael steps closer to the edge of the woods, almost out of the trees and on the beach as he's drawn in by the sound of Laurie's voice.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Michael!

Michael steps out...into the open. And across the lake, standing on the beach is...

Laurie. A torch still in hand.

It's a stand off. Neither making the first move.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Come on, Michael. You know you want to. Come and get it.

Michael begins around the lake, knife in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurie waits for him.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
That's it. Come on.

As Michael reaches the halfway mark...

Laurie turns and books it back into the woods.

Michael chases after her.

CASSIE is left hanging on the cross. She hears an intense rustling of trees coming from her right and is shocked to find...

ALLYSON has come to rescue her.

ALLYSON
Try not to make a sound. We're gonna get out of here.

Allyson uses a sharp blade on the tight ropes around Cassie's hands.

CASSIE
Oh my God. Hurry. He'll be back.

ACROSS THE LAKE - THE WOODS

Laurie is firing through the trees with torch still in hand as...

Michael follows the ROW OF TORCHES posted in the earth and closes in on Laurie.

Laurie stops a moment...turns to find the crackle of her TORCH POST casting a fiery light on a familiar WHITE MASK moving through the trees.

LAURIE
Come on, Michael! I'm right here!

Meantime...

Allyson cuts the ties from Cassie's feet and helps her down from the cross. They make a run for it...

...headed out of the woods and back toward the house.

ALLYSON
Go, go, go!

THE WOODS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Laurie carefully walks backwards...through the remaining maze of TIKI TORCH POSTS.

Michael closes in on her.

LAURIE

What're you waiting for?! Do it!

Laurie steps back a few more paces and stops. Michael charges toward her.

Laurie ducks down, over a hill and out of view.

Michael comes to the edge of a VERY STEEP HILL. He almost trips and tumbles over the side.

And suddenly...he's hit with Sheriff Barker's own personal SPOTLIGHT. And then dozens of HEADLIGHTS from cars parked at the foot of this sloping ravine.

The Haddonfield Police force, Tommy, everyone staring up at Michael with a bloodlust.

Shotguns, rifles, pistols aimed.

And hiding just over the hill is Laurie. She comes back up the hill with a surprise for Michael. AN AXE.

And with everything she has...

Laurie SWINGS HER AXE into Michael's chest. He goes tumbling down the steep ravine as the axe itself rips from an open chest wound.

As Michael reaches the bottom...

Sheriff Barker, Tommy, Sgt. Pope all converge on him, aiming their weapons and ready to put him away.

The remaining crowd spot Laurie making her way down the hill with the fallen axe in hand.

The on scene officers along with Tommy's mob split into two parts, making way for Laurie, as she lumbers her way through the crowd and toward Michael.

Allyson and Cassie arrive on the scene. Allyson in tears, overwhelmed by the sight of Laurie standing over a wounded Michael with axe in hand.

Laurie checks with Allyson, who grins, nods back at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Michael.

Michael, now helpless, looks up at Laurie, as well as the armed to the teeth townspeople surrounding him.

Laurie forcefully rips the mask from his face. Michael collapses, face first, hands grasping the ground.

Laurie gets one last look at him.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Michael.

She swings the axe backward...and with great force...TAKES HIS HEAD OFF with one clean swing and the grunt of a wild animal.

Sheriff Barker lowers his shotgun. As does Tommy. And the remaining crowd.

They all take a moment. It is indeed over. For real. Forty years of fear and darkness come to a halt.

LATER THAT NIGHT

A most glorious BONFIRE burns tall and bright. Michael's body slowly roasting on a bed of timber.

Allyson cries. Truly overwhelmed.

Sheriff Barker removes his hat. He nods back at Tommy who is all grins. Proud.

Sgt. Pope also happy as he rubs Deputy Harris' shoulders.

Pete Dobber shakes Tommy's hand.

Deputy Montero and Deputy Jackson look tired. Whipped. Hands rested on their knees.

And lastly...

Laurie is stone faced. Emotionless. Almost lifeless now that her life's one true obsession and purpose has just come to a close.

One by one, we witness these people walk away. The fire slowly dwindles...getting weaker and weaker...the darkness lifting...the sun slowly rising.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Until only Laurie remains.

DISSOLVE TO:

Laurie digging a deep hole.

DISSOLVE TO:

Laurie patting down the filled hole with the smooth end of her large shovel.

She grows tired, kneels down, stares at the fresh mound of dirt that makes up Michael's grave.

And without warning...

A HAND bursts through the dirt and grabs her neck.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laurie jumps up in bed, in a cold sweat. Before she can catch her breath, she stares at a large mirror hanging above her armoire.

MICHAEL stares back at her from the side of the bed.

She looks to her right. Michael is gone.

Laurie slowly composes herself.

Allyson runs in, flips the light switch on.

ALLYSON

What is it?

LAURIE

Nothing.

ALLYSON

Another dream?

LAURIE

(annoyed)

I said I'm fine!

Allyson cracks an awkward smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLYSON

Alright. Just checking. If you want I can leave the hallway light on.

Laurie smiles.

LAURIE

I'm fine. Go back to bed.

Allyson dips out, shuts the door behind her.

Laurie sits up, rubs her eyes and temples. Does a breathing exercise. Still a wreck and a mess. Her life truly ruined by this monster.

INT. DR. STEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Laurie sits on a couch before DR. AMY STEIN (50s), waifish, curly hair, studious. The office is very sterile and cold as Laurie is visibly uncomfortable.

DR. STEIN

I heard you've officially been released from the hospital. And that the young man you hurt has welcomed you back with open arms. That must be a weight off your shoulders.

LAURIE

Yeah I suppose.

DR. STEIN

The last we spoke you were contemplating moving out of Haddonfield. May I ask, why now? After all that's happened.

LAURIE

I guess maybe we're just looking for a fresh start. Somewhere with a lot less history.

DR. STEIN

You look almost said to say goodbye.

LAURIE

Maybe I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. STEIN
Let's talk about that.

LAURIE
Talk about what?

DR. STEIN
Could it be that since your thirst for revenge has finally been quenched you're struggling to find meaning and purpose? Your sole purpose for forty years waiting and preparing for Michael's inevitable return. Could it be that your mind is somehow refusing to let go of that obsession?

Laurie nervously pinches her own leg.

DR. STEIN (CONT'D)
Laurie?

Laurie takes a deep breath.

LAURIE
I watched him die. We burned him. We buried him. But a part of me won't accept it. As if that evil force inside of him somehow survived that night. It's still out there, lingering. Waiting to be born again. In another form. Another vessel. I don't expect you to understand.

DR. STEIN
Know what I think?

LAURIE
What's that?

DR. STEIN
I think you've been so consumed by darkness for so long you won't accept the light. You've lost so much. That it's become almost impossible for you to see the good you still have in your life.

Laurie thinks it all over.

LAURIE
Allyson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. STEIN

Focus on those things. Make it your priority. Make it your new obsession. Leave these other things in the past. If not for you, do it for her.

Laurie nods in agreement.

EXT. THE DOYLE HOUSE - DAY

Laurie walks up the sidewalk across the way, just like at the beginning of our story. The HOME OWNER takes out the trash, dumps it in a curbside receptacle.

Laurie spots a TRAMER REALTY sign posted in the lawn.

The Home Owner locks eyes with Laurie.

HOME OWNER

Laurie.

LAURIE

Excuse me.

HOME OWNER

You're Laurie Strode.

LAURIE

I am. Sorry for staring. Just came by for a visit. The place looks great.

HOME OWNER

Thank you.

An awkward silence.

HOME OWNER (CONT'D)

Say. I heard what happened. It's been all over the TV. That's gotta be something. It finally being over for you and all.

LAURIE

Yeah. I suppose.

Laurie nods to the TRAMER REALTY sign.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

You moving out I see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOME OWNER

Yeah. Chicago. The wife's new job. Gonna make a fresh start of it.

(beat)

And how about you?

LAURIE

Not real sure to be honest. I lost my house last year. Sort of crashing at my granddaughter's while I look for a new place. Not sure where.

The Home Owner slowly grins.

HOME OWNER

A new place, huh?

Laurie stares back at the Tramer Realty sign, ponders this difficult decision.

HOME OWNER (CONT'D)

Why don't you come on inside. Have some coffee. Maybe we can find you that new place you've been looking for.

Laurie is hesitant. An almost sly, shit eating grin as WE SLOWLY CLOSE ON HER FACE as MISTER SANDMAN plays us out...

FADE OUT.