

HALLOWEEN KILLS

A fanscript by

Eric Dickson

Based on characters created by
John Carpenter and Debra Hill.

**HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS
HALLOWEEN NIGHT 1978**

FADE IN:

INT. BURGER PALACE - NIGHT

OFFICER FRANK HAWKINS, early twenties, baby faced rookie without the first hair on his chin, flirts unabashedly with a sassy young CASHIER in pigtails, about five years his junior.

A CHERRY RED SLUSHI on the counter between them.

Hawkins thin and youthful frame has trouble filling out a crisp, clean but oversized police uniform. Despite his green appearance, a sly, playful smirk has this girl entranced.

HAWKINS

So I hear you're a sucker for a man in uniform.

CASHIER

Oh, yeah? Where'd you hear that?

HAWKINS

I didn't. Just a guess.

Hawkins leans in nice and close.

HAWKINS

Cop's intuition.

Cashier blushes, giggles.

HAWKINS

It's a small world. As it turns out, I happen to like a woman in uniform.

CASHIER

No kidding. We got a lot in common.

HAWKINS

Yes we do. I was just thinking the same thing.

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CASHIER

Ya know, my girlfriends warned me
about you.

HAWKINS

It's all true.

CASHIER

All of it?

Hawkins cracks a shit eating grin.

HAWKINS

Every damn bit.

Now lost in his eyes, our girl almost collapses face
first on the counter if not for...

NIGHT MANAGER (O.S.)

Alright, Frankie. Playtime's
over. I got a business to run
here.

Hawkins and our GIRL both turn to see the stressed and
impatient NIGHT MANAGER, late forties, poking his head
through a pick up window.

Night Manager nods to a long line which has quietly
formed behind Hawkins.

HAWKINS

Roger that.

Hawkins gives our Cashier a wink and heads for the door.

EXT. BURGER PALACE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Hawkins heads for his LIVINGSTON COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
police cruiser. A 1978 Crown Victoria LTD.

He spots a small CREW OF DELINQUENTS gathered on a dirt
patch near the rear end of the lot. Blue Oyster Cult
blasts from inside a CHEVY ECONOLINE. And classic rock
isn't the only thing spilling out the windows.

In attendance are stoned out, mop topped hippie types
SCOTTIE MCKENZIE, 17, and best friend BENNET "BEN"
TRAIMER, 18.

Stumbling from the rear of the VAN are TWO STONED and
GIGGLING FEMALES with hair all the way down to their
perfect apple shaped bottoms.

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Ben and Scottie welcome Hawkins.

SCOTTIE
Deputy Frankie on the beat. How goes it?

HAWKINS
Mac McKenzie. Mister Traimer. Gentleman behaving yourselves?

BEN
Always.

Both inebriated girls suddenly notice the cop standing in front of them.

GIGGLING GIRL #1
Shit.

She immediately dumps her Burger Palace cup on the pavement, as does her friend.

GIGGLING GIRL #2
Hey, Frankie. I mean. Evening, Officer. Hawkins.

She mockingly salutes him.

GIGGLING GIRL #1
Sir.

HAWKINS
Spilled your soda.

GIGGLING GIRL #1
Must've slipped out of my hands.

GIGGLING GIRL #2
Yeah, me too. Sorry.

HAWKINS
Hate to write you two a citation for littering.

The two girls are so stoned, they burst into hysterics and turn away from Hawkins. The two stumble into one another, barely able to stand upright.

Hawkins shoots our buddies Scottie and Ben a long stare.

HAWKINS
Someone's been having a real good time.

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BEN

So what happened was...

SCOTTIE

Yeah, so...

BEN

We just happened to be...ya know...grabbing a quick burger. And, um.

SCOTTIE

Ran into the girls.

BEN

Right. We ran into them.

HAWKINS

Isn't that something. Small world.

SCOTTIE

And we were like...hey. What are you guys doing here? Like, what a coincidence.

BEN

Right. So. Meanwhile, we couldn't help but notice they may have had a drink or two this evening.

The girls laugh their asses off.

HAWKINS

Is that right?

SCOTTIE

Right. So we figured it might be a good idea to, ya know. Offer them a ride home.

BEN

Yeah. Ya know. Keep the streets safe from those pesky drunk drivers and all.

Hawkins gets a whiff.

HAWKINS

Smells like good stuff.

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BEN
I'm sorry. What?
(to Scottie)
You smell something?

SCOTTIE
I don't smell anything.

Hawkins smiles.

HAWKINS
Maybe it's just my imagination.

BEN
Yes, sir. Maybe.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
Hawkins! Come in, Dammit! Over!

Hawkins turns to his car.

HAWKINS
Let's take the party on outta
here, guys. Deal?

BEN
Yes, sir.

SCOTTIE
You bet. Thank you.

Hawkins hurries to his squad car. Scottie and Ben exhale a sigh of relief.

HAWKIN'S SQUAD CAR

Hawkins dips in the driver's side, grabs the radio:

HAWKINS
This is Hawkins, over.

SHERIFF BRACKETT (V.O.)
The hell you been for the last
fifteen minutes?

HAWKINS
Nothing. Just stopped to take a
quick leak. Over.

SHERIFF BRACKETT (V.O.)
Remember that rubber mask from the
hardware store?

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HAWKINS

Yea, uh, real exciting case there,
boss, but haven't quite closed
that one yet. Over.

SHERIFF BRACKETT (V.O.)

Shut up and listen. Turns out our
old friend up at Smith's Grove is
in town for a little reunion.

Hawkins squints.

HAWKINS

Shit, I heard that was a joke.
Over.

SHERIFF BRACKETT (V.O.)

No joke. Until I hear otherwise,
I'm gonna need every swingin dick
back on the pavement. So,
whatever her name is, tell her
you'll see her tomorrow.

HAWKINS

Who, me? I'm not...doing
anything, sir.

SHERIFF BRACKETT (V.O.)

Yeah, I bet. Look, state police
are already on the way. Meantime,
we're gonna check every house, I
mean every lawn, front and back,
in the neighborhood between
Mission and Chestnut and South
Street and Main. We're gonna lock
the sonofabitch in.

HAWKINS

Copy that.

SHERIFF BRACKETT (V.O.)

What are you standing around for?!
Get on it!

HAWKINS

Roger that. Over.

Moments later...

HAWKINS SQUAD CAR spins its tires, leaving some tread on
the pavement as he storms from the lot. Police lights
FLASHING and SIREN BLARING.

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It's a quiet night in downtown Haddonfield as most businesses have closed for the night. Just a few STREET LAMPS burning on the main drag.

EXT. SOUTH ORANGE GROVE AVENUE - NIGHT

Hawkins cruises along quietly. Headlights off. His powerful handheld SPOTLIGHT beams into the front and upstairs windows of various homes.

RESIDENTS peak from their living rooms with curtains slightly pulled back.

Hawkins grabs his radio:

HAWKINS

Anyone alive out there? Talk to me. Over.

HUNT (V.O.)

That's affirmative, Hawkins. Now get off the rover and pay attention.

Hawkins meets A SECOND SQUAD CAR drifting to a stop at a four way intersection. The HEADLIGHTS BLINK back at Hawkins.

HAWKINS

Yes, sir. Roger that. Over.

The second car goes on its way...headed down a side street as Hawkins continues up Orange Grove.

And INTO THE STREET runs a frantic man in his nighttime robe and slippers. This is MR. MCKENZIE, fifties, Scottie's father.

MR. MCKENZIE

(to Hawkins)

Hold it! Hold on there!

HAWKINS

The hell is this?

Hawkins spots little TOMMY DOYLE and LINDSAY WALLACE watching from the front window.

Hawkins rolls down his window. Mr. McKenzie rushes over.

MR. MCKENZIE

It's the Doyle house. Down the road on the left.

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HAWKINS

Slow down. Hell are you talking about?

MR. MCKENZIE

Laurie! Laurie Strode! He's in there with her!

HAWKINS

Shit. Get inside and lock up, dammit!

Hawkins leaves some tire behind. Mr. Mckenzie watches from the middle of the street.

MRS. MCKENZIE has an arm around Tommy and Lindsey as they await on the porch.

MR. MCKENZIE

What are you doing out here?! Get inside!

All four file back inside. The door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. HAWKINS SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Hawkins is full speed ahead until he sees the vision of a most panicked DR. LOOMIS stumbling into the street with thirty eight special in hand.

HAWKINS

Who the hell is this?

He desperately flags down Hawkins.

HAWKINS

(into radio)

I need all units at The Doyle House on Orange Grove! And I mean asap!

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Loomis is unflinching as he stands firm in the street.

SCRRREEEECH!

Hawkins car comes to a dangerously close halt.

Dr. Loomis runs to the passenger door.

INT. HAWKINS SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

From Hawkins passenger side visor WE SEE the familiar steely gaze of DR. LOOMIS. His eyes are wide, tense, focused and fearful.

Hawkins watches as Loomis reloads his shells, one at a time, into the cylinder of his classic thirty eight special.

SHERIFF BRACKETT (V.O.)

Dammit, Hawkins! Are you hearing me?! I don't want anyone going lone ranger on this one!

(serious)

That means you too, Loomis!

Dr. Loomis gazes at his own eyes in the overhead visor.

DR. LOOMIS

Of course, Sheriff! You're in charge!

SHERIFF BRACKETT (V.O.)

We might only have one shot at this. For the last time, we're gonna pull back and wait! Do-you-copy?!

HAWKINS

That's affirmative, boss. We're on route, five minutes out.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Attention all units. We have a report of a domestic disturbance at 1530 North Orange Avenue. Do you copy?

HAWKINS

Roger that, dispatch. I'm on it, thanks for the update.

(pissed)

Shit!

Hawkins tosses his radio aside. Dr. Loomis finishes loading his shells.

HAWKINS

Six shots, huh. You must not be a very good shot with that thing, Doctor. If you don't mind me saying.

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DR. LOOMIS

I suppose not.

Hawkins scoffs.

HAWKINS

I don't get it. How can you be so certain he'll return to his old house after all these years?

DR. LOOMIS

Don't you see what he's doing? What tonight was?

HAWKINS

Enlighten me.

DR. LOOMIS

For fifteen years, there's been not one sign of life behind that boys eyes. Not one flickering glimpse inside his mind to even suggest the possibility of a conscience or soul. Fifteen years later, he's found a new object of obsession.

HAWKINS

So all of this was some twisted trip down memory lane for this nut?

DR. LOOMIS

You could say that. Depends on your point of view. None of it matters now. The only thing that matters now is that we stop him.

(angry)

Can't this thing go any faster?!

HAWKINS

Roger that.

Hawkins puts the pedal to the metal.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - MISSION STREET - NIGHT

DARLA ELAM, 17, Lonnie's wild older sister, and her rocker boyfriend KYLE, 17, join LONNIE ELAM, twelve, red jacket and jeans, as they rush up a sidewalk toward the property.

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LONNIE

We don't have to do this. Let's just go home.

DARLA

No! You said somebody was screwing with you guys! I wanna know who it is!

KYLE

And find somewhere quiet to smoke this joint.

Darla slaps Kyle in the chest.

KYLE

Ouch.

LONNIE

You guys don't believe me, do you?

DARLA

I believe you. I believe you're a little chicken shit.

Darla ruffles Lonnie's hair.

DARLA

Last one in gets locked in for the night.

Darla rushes for the door. Kyle chases after her.

LONNIE

You guys. Don't leave me here.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - JUDITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darla squats on the floor, pretends to stroke her hair with an imaginary brush while an amused Kyle holds a flashlight on her.

Lonnie is still scared.

DARLA

Hey, look at me. I'm Judith Myers. I'm so perfect and pretty. I have the biggest, most beautiful breasts in all of Haddonfield.

Kyle has a chuckle.

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LONNIE

It's not funny.

DARLA

They're so perky and perfect, I like to sit here next to the window with my top off for the whole world to see.

Dana rushes to the shattered window, pulls up her blouse and playfully jiggles her bossoms back and forth.

DARLA

Boogie boogie boogie! Boogie boogie boogie!

Kyle turns his light on Darla's exposed back.

LONNIE

Stop it! He could be out there still!

Kyle turns the light on Lonnie, blinding him.

LONNIE

Cut it out.

KYLE

Hey, I think the little dork is gonna crap himself.

DARLA

Hey, Michael! Come and get it big boy! I'm up here!

Kyle laughs hard.

LONNIE

Hey, shut up, man. That's my sister.

KYLE

Why don't you cool out. There's nobody here, bro.

LONNIE

He said it. He said Lonnie. He called my name!

DARLA

Boogie boogie! Boogie boogie!

Darla is having a ball shaking her goodies at the window until she stares down and spots...

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DR. LOOMIS

...watching her from the street.

DARLA

Oh shit.

Darla covers herself and dips aside. Away from the window.

LONNIE

What is it? He's out there isn't he?

DR. LOOMIS (O.S.)

Michael! I know you're in there!
It's me you want! Let's finish
this!

KYLE

Who the hell is that?

LONNIE

That's him! That's the guy!

Kyle goes to the window, spots the balding man in a trench coat calling up to them.

KYLE

What is he, some kind of kiddy
pervert or somethin? I'll fix his
ass...

Kyle turns to leave but is stopped in his tracks by the sight of...

THE SHAPE

...waiting in the door frame.

KYLE

Oh fuck.

Lonnie hides in the corner, in the shadows, against the wall, scared stiff.

Darla also slides her way into a corner.

Kyle keeps his flashlight on Michael.

KYLE

Hey, man. Something we can do for
you?

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Kyle's flashlight follows the sound of Michael's arm dripping blood onto the wood floorboards.

DR. LOOMIS (O.S.)

Michael!

LONNIE

(whispers)

What do we do?

DARLA

(whispers)

Shut up.

DR. LOOMIS (O.S.)

Michael, I'm to blame! For you!
For what happened here tonight! I
couldn't stop it! I've failed
you! It's not her you want! It's
me!

KYLE

(to Michael)

He's calling you, man. Guess you
better get going.

Michael just gazes blankly at Kyle. The blood now free flowing from his body. His wounds serious. Lethal if unattended.

KYLE

What's the matter, man? Can't
hear so good?

Darla peeks out the window and spots DEPUTY HUNT, 30s, blonde, football build, branding a twelve gauge pump action shotgun and kneeling on the tiled roof below Judith's window.

DARLA

Lonnie, come here.

LONNIE

I thought you said shut up.

DARLA

Lonnie, come on! Now!

Lonnie joins Darla by the window. She holds him tight.

DARLA

(to Hunt)

Do it! Now!

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Hunt kicks in what's left of the window as...

KYLE

...jumps at Michael.

MICHAEL

Grabs him by the throat, throws him against the wall.

Darla helps Lonnie into Hunt's arms.

DARLA
(to Lonnie)
Go, go!

Hunt helps Lonnie onto the roof, to safety. He stares into the bedroom and spots...

MICHAEL

...driving a BUTCHER'S KNIFE into Kyle's throat. He pulls the blade out as Kyle falls limp.

HUNT
Get down!

Darla ducks for cover while...

HUNT

...unloads a couple racks of deadly twelve gauge slugs in Michael's direction.

KABOOM!

But Michael is halfway out the door as the blast blows bits of wood frame across the room.

Hunt speaks into a shoulder mic.

HUNT
He's headed your way!

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - MISSION STREET - NIGHT

And with blade still in hand, Michael walks out the front door...down the front steps...onto the walkway.

From behind bushes, trees, homes, out of the shadows run the entire Haddonfield Police Force. All armed to the teeth and ready to fire.

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They close in on Michael as he moves further down the walkway in a cool stride, zero hesitation.

COP #1

On the ground!

COP #2

Drop the knife!

Dr. Loomis shuts the front door. He stands on the steps of the front porch and stares back at

MICHAEL

...suddenly coming to a halt as he reaches the edge of the sidewalk.

The law enforcement officials all taking turns sharing looks of equal confusion.

COP #3

What the hell's wrong with him?

Without warning...

A SQUAD CAR with LIGHTS FLASHING comes screeching to a swift stop. Out runs a hopping mad, out of his mind SHERIFF BRACKETT, 30s, face flushed red with seething rage and eyes wet from sobbing.

SHERIFF BRACKETT

Shoot him! Shoot him! Shoot the sonofabitch!

Several OFFICERS restrain the out of control Brackett as tears shoot down his face.

SHERIFF BRACKETT

He killed her! He killed my baby!
Shoot him!

HAWKINS

...quietly steps up behind Michael and strikes the butt of his shotgun over his head as...

Michael drops to his knees. A swarm of cops tackle him to the grass...quickly cuff him.

Hawkins turns to Dr. Loomis on the porch steps. They stare back at one another in silence.

Sheriff Brackett collapses. A broken man.

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WE SLOWLY PULL BACK...AWAY FROM THE SCENE...AWAY FROM THE HOUSE...INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HAWKINS ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK HAWKINS, 63, awakens in a hospital bed, out of the vivid nightmare. A tube down his throat. He is frightened and confused.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Frankie.

INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Young Hawkins pulls open a cadaver drawer. A young ANNIE BRACKETT, 17, her throat slit, a perfectly circular ligature around her neck, turns her head, stares up at him with a desperate look.

ANNIE

Look what he did to me, Frank.

INT. HAWKINS SQUAD CAR - WOODS - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Annie rides Hawkins lap. A lover's embrace.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Young Hawkins stands before a drunken Sheriff Brackett squatting behind his desk. A glass of scotch and bottle before him.

SHERIFF BRACKETT

We had him. He took my whole life from me. My little girl. My wife. And you took away the only thing that could ever bring me some semblance of peace.

HAWKINS

I'm so sorry. More than you'll ever know.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HAWKINS ROOM - NIGHT

Hawkins cries heavy tears of remorse as an ER NURSE checks his vitals.

SHERIFF BARKER rests a hand on Hawkins arm.

SHERIFF BARKER

There he is. I knew you'd make it old buddy. Looks like the sonofabitch got you. But rest easy, Frankie. We got him.

Hawkins shuts his eyes. A moment of peace.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

Laurie is wheeled through the double automatic doors by granddaughter Allyson, followed by Karen.

A SWARM OF REPORTERS storm the ER with BRIGHT FLASHBULBS, cameras, microphones shoved in all three women's tired and restless faces.

KAREN

That's enough! She needs room to breath! Give her some room!

The various camera crew ignore Karen and get in position for their perfect newspaper stills. It's fourth of July in here with the non stop photo snaps.

Laurie slumps forward, in great pain. She blocks the onslaught of popping flashes.

REPORTER #1

Miss Strode, is Michael Myers dead?

REPORTER #2

What happened to your house?

REPORTER #3

Did he hurt you? Has he hurt your family?

REPORTER #4

Laurie. This has been forty years in the making. What are your thoughts now that Michael Myers has finally been put to rest.

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Laurie flips them all off.

LAURIE

Fuck off!

The swarm of Reporters stare at one another, shocked and not quite what they wanted.

KAREN

(to Reporters)

How's that? You get what you wanted? Great.

Karen follows behind Allyson as she hands Laurie's wheelchair off to a couple of ER NURSES.

All four head for the nearest elevator.

On the way, Laurie looks up to find Sheriff Barker and Laurie's very own, personal physician DOCTOR MOYER, fifties, strutting their direction.

SHERIFF BARKER

Laurie Strode. This is Doctor Moyer. Good friend of ours. He's volunteered to take special care of you and your family. Whatever you need, he's yours. You have my word.

LAURIE

I wanna see his body.

KAREN

Take it easy, Mom.

LAURIE

Don't tell me to take it easy! I think you've done enough of that for one lifetime!

Karen rolls her eyes.

Allyson gives her a supportive hug.

ALLYSON

It's not what she meant, Grandma.

Laurie tears up.

LAURIE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, baby.

Laurie strokes Karen's arm.

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KAREN

It's okay, Mom.

SHERIFF BARKER

You may have to settle for Myers' dental records. Your little homemade gas fire just blew the roof off your house and shook half of Haddonfield. I don't care how bad you say Myers was, no one could survive that. Meantime, they're working on getting the rest of that fire under control. When I find out more, you'll be the first one I dial.

DEPUTY GRAHAM, thirties, earnest, Barker's right hand, interrupts the convo and whispers in his ear.

LAURIE

What the hell is it? Are we really whispering now?!

Sheriff Barker cracks a grin.

SHERIFF BARKER

Nothing. Just the natives getting restless. Don't worry. I'll keep them out of your hair. Meantime, let the Doc check you out and you girls get some rest.

Sheriff Barker joins Deputy Graham as they head for the ER waiting room.

Laurie watches him with distrust.

KAREN

Mom, you're bleeding. You need to let the Doctor look at you. Let's go.

ER NURSE

Doctor Moyer. You're in good hands.

The ER Nurse wheels Laurie onto the elevator.

LAURIE

I feel safer already.

All five get on as the doors shut behind them.

EXT. MAC'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

It's karaoke night at the lounge. Some DRUNKEN FEMALES and their even drunker GUY FRIEND do their rendition of Mister Sandman.

DRUNK FEMALE #1

Mister Sandman...

GUY FRIEND

Yyyeeesss...?

DRUNK FEMALE #2

Bring me a dream!

BOTH FEMALES

You are the cutest...that I've ever seen...

The room is fairly packed despite the murderous rampage of Michael Myers happening beneath their noses.

In attendance are VANESSA, thirties, black, sexy nurse outfit, and MARCUS, thirties, black, swashbuckler with fake sword in tow. Marcus and Vanessa are the proud parents of young Julian.

At the bar, slinging drinks, is none other than TOMMY DOYLE, late forties, balding, with a few gray hairs left on his head. A HADDONFIELD HUSKERS sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off.

And holding up the end of the bar is this bar's one true fixture LONNIE ELAM, fifties, long unkempt hair, flannel shirt and rocking some torn jeans as old as his high school days.

LONNIE

How bout one more for the road there Thomas?

TOMMY

How about I call you an Uber and you go home to your wife?

LONNIE

Hey. You stay married longer than two seconds and you can give me a bunch of shit, okay? Until then...

Lonnie pulls down on an imaginary tap as he gives Tommy a cockeyed look.

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TOMMY

You're gonna end up on the couch again.

LONNIE

You're right. I should sit here for another hour or so and contemplate what a bad husband I am. Maybe between the two of us we can figure it all out.

Tommy grins, sets up Lonnie with another draft.

TOMMY

Doubtful.

Marcus bellies up.

MARCUS

Mister Doyle. I will take two of your finest seven and sevens, please, kind sir.

TOMMY

Gee I can't. Lonnie drank all the fuckin liquor.

Marcus cracks up.

LONNIE

Hey. How's that smartass kid of yours?

MARCUS

Excuse me?

TOMMY

Hey, Lon. Go easy, huh?

LONNIE

My old lady's babysitter says he never shuts up. Like a little wind up toy or somethin. No manners. No respect. Takes after his old man I guess.

Marcus makes a move.

TOMMY

Hey. Easy, man. He's blasted.

Tommy sets Marcus up with two seven and sevens.

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TOMMY

On the house, okay?

Marcus gives Lonnie the stare but let's it go.

MARCUS

Thanks.

Marcus heads back to his table.

LONNIE

That's right, Obama. Take another handout.

TOMMY

Look. Finish your beer and take your drunk bigot act somewhere else, okay old buddy?

LONNIE

Hey, I know when I'm not wanted. Everyone knows I'm not one to outstay one's welcome.

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah.

As Lonnie heads for the door, he's stopped in his tracks by the sight of LINDSEY WALLACE, late forties, long, jet black hair, gorgeous. A simple sweater, blazer and some blue jeans.

LONNIE

Whoa whoa. Maybe not so fast. Looks like the ghost of divorce past has come to pay you a visit my friend.

Lonnie parks it on a bar stool. Lindsey quickly bypasses Tommy (much to his surprise) and goes to Lonnie.

LINDSEY

Your kid is with my niece. Tell him to call me. Right now.

LONNIE

Nice to see you too.

TOMMY

Kim and Cameron? You're kidding me.

LINDSEY

Stay out of this.

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TOMMY

Yeah, nice talk. Guess I'll see you again in another three years or so.

Tommy shakes his head, goes about his business, washes a few glasses.

LONNIE

Look, there's a reason I don't bring my phone with me when I come here. Bringing my phone would suggest I'd want my wife to somehow get in touch with me. I do not.

LINDSEY

Fine. What's his number? I'll call him myself.

LONNIE

How the hell do I know? Not like I got it memorized or somethin.

Lindsey rubs her temples, grows increasingly impatient and outright nervous.

LINDSEY

Your wife. She have a number? How about your home number?

LONNIE

If you must.

Lonnie grabs a cocktail napkin, jots down his home number.

LONNIE

Remember. You haven't seen me.

Lindsey walks to the corner of the bar, attempts to dial on her cell. No signal.

TOMMY

What's going on? You've said like nothing to me since you walked through the door.

LINDSEY

Are you telling me you don't know what's going on out there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TOMMY

Not really. Why don't you fill me in.

LINDSEY

I need your phone.

TOMMY

What is it?

LINDSEY

Your phone! I can't get a signal!

TOMMY

Alright. Damn. Here.

Tommy sets the business phone on the counter. Lindsey quickly dials.

LONNIE

Remember. I ain't here.

Tommy and Lonnie watch Lindsey, share a quick look.

TOMMY

What is it? I know that look. Something's wrong.

LINDSEY

Turn on Channel 2.

Tommy grabs the tv remote from under the bar, quickly switches channels to the news.

A FIELD REPORTER stands in front of Haddonfield Memorial Hospital in mid report.

FIELD REPORTER

Police have already confirmed that there have been as many as nine victims as the Haddonfield Police Department in conjunction with the Livingston County Sheriff's office continue their search for the remains of Michael Myers who is now believed to be deceased...

Tommy's jaw drops. As does Lonnie.

LONNIE

You gotta be shittin me.

TOMMY

Tell them to kill the music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The karaoke stars continue their concert.

Tommy loses his temper, turns to the crowd.

TOMMY

Kill the fucking music!

And just like that...the room goes silent. Everyone turns to Tommy, and then the news report.

MARCUS

Yo, Tommy. What is it?

And coming out of the men's room is SCOTT "MAC" MCKENZIE, late forties, Tommy's business partner.

MAC

Yeah, Tommy. What's up?

Marcus spots the maskless image of Michael Myers, along with his name, blasted all over the tube. He stands, walks to the bar. Vanessa follows.

VANESSA

What is it, baby?

MARCUS

It's him.

The tv report cuts to the home of Laurie Strode. The fire slowly dwindling down as the first responders blast it with hoses.

FIELD REPORTER #2

According to the home's owner, Laurie Strode, Myers was locked in the basement as she set fire to her own home. Just under an hour ago, a gas leak caused a massive explosion here at the Strode residence which will almost certainly postpone the search for Myers remains. At least until the fireman regain control in what Fire Chief Tony Rosenthal claims to be one of the worst he's ever seen.

Tommy lowers the volume. He slowly turns to everyone at the bar. Lindsey hangs up the phone.

LINDSEY

Someone left their phone at the dance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TOMMY

It's okay. There's only so many places they can be at this hour. We'll check the usual suspects. Murphy's. The White Castle. Burger Palace. The Park.

LONNIE

Make out point.

TOMMY

You're not helping.

LINDSEY

Let's go. I'm driving.

Tommy turns to find a room full of men awaiting some kind of direction from him.

TOMMY

Everyone sit tight. Keep the doors locked.

Marcus finds a new report coming from the front of his own home as Vickie and Dave's bodies are hauled out in rubber bags.

MARCUS

Oh God.

Vanessa covers her mouth in horror.

VANESSA

Julian.

The images of DAVE and VICKIE fill the screen.

MARCUS

It's okay. It's alright. We'll go to the cops. I'm sure he's with them right now. Let's go.

Marcus and Vanessa head for the door. Tommy and Lindsey follow behind.

A sickening realization hits Lonnie.

LONNIE

Hey! Wait up!

He jumps from his stool, grabs the door before it crashes shut behind Tommy.

INT. LAURIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Laurie is now in a hospital gown. Her right ankle and shin wrapped in gauze.

Allyson sits in a chair in the corner, in tears, biting her nails in a nervous frenzy.

Karen stands over Laurie.

KAREN

No vital organs ruptured. A sprained ankle and dislocated knee. I'd say Michael got the worst of it.

LAURIE

What's taking so long?

Karen notices Allyson tearing up. And quickly becoming a sobbing mess.

KAREN

You thinking about your Daddy?

Allyson nods. Karen quickly hugs her.

KAREN

I know. It's okay to cry. Just let it out.

Laurie couldn't care less as she paces the room, despite her serious injuries.

LAURIE

News said it could take hours, maybe days before they pull his body out of there.

Karen slowly turns to Laurie, an angry scowl on her face.

KAREN

What's the matter with you?
Allyson's father is in that house.
My husband!

Karen also loses it, bursts into hysterical tears.

KAREN

You're not the only one here
anymore that's lost something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurie

Let it out. Let it out now. We grieve, we refocus, and we move on. Not because it's what's comfortable. But because that's how it has to be.

Karen ignores her, squeezes Allyson closer. This sets Laurie off. She separates them, grabs them both by their neck and leans in close.

Laurie

Do you understand? We have...to remain...focused!

Karen and Allyson slowly pull themselves together.

EXT. LAURIE'S HOUSE - FIRE - NIGHT

There's nothing left but kindling. A thick and heavy smoke lingers in the night air as the firemen, police and first responders choke and cough.

Sheriff Barker and Deputy Graham step over the wood planks and other scorched debris. He's approached by Fire CHIEF ROSENTHAL (60s), a gruff, tough old dude carrying plenty of years on his face.

Sheriff Barker

Any bodies yet?

Chief Rosenthal

Are you kidding? In this mess. With this light. We're talking needle in a haystack, only we can't find the haystack.

Sheriff Barker

Graham. Get the Mayor on the horn. We're setting up camp right here. Construction lights, generators and as many extra hands as he can spare. Get on it.

Deputy Graham

You got it, boss.

Deputy Graham heads off.

Sheriff Barker takes another good look at this massive heap of shit before him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER

Well shit.

EXT. SECLUDED FARM HOUSE - WOODS - NIGHT

HANK GRAHAM, sixties, Deputy Graham's father, stands on a rear deck porch, drags a cigar and watches the night air fill with thick smoke from a nearby house fire.

HANK

It's getting bad out here!

CINDY (O.S.)

Shut the door at least!

CINDY, Hank's wife, sixties, swings the glass patio door closed.

Hank takes another long drag from his smoke and stares off into the trees.

A figure rustles through the brush. Not fast. Not slow. An even tempered stride. A dark figure with a WHITE FACE dips in and out of the shadows.

HANK

Hey! Who goes there?!

Cindy opens the glass door.

CINDY

You say something?

HANK

No. Get back in the house and shut the door.

CINDY

Yeah, like I'm the one leaving doors open. Come back inside before you choke to death.

Cindy begrudgingly shuts the sliding door.

Hank turns his attention back to the trees.

The figure now gone.

HANK

HEY!

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cindy watches the Channel Six news covering the house fire at The Strode Residence.

The high towered lights now BEAMING DOWN on the debris and thick smoke still lingering in the air.

REPORTER

It's my understanding that Laurie Strode, did, in fact, wire this house to..."self destruct" if you will, as a form of high security measure for her family. A concept, before tonight, that may have seemed far fetched to most.

CINDY

Laurie Strode. Oh God. Hank, you better look at this!

No answer.

CINDY

Hank!

CRASH!

Hank's mangled body comes blowing through the sliding glass door. A gardening shovel jammed clear through the back of his throat.

Cindy rushes to his body. She looks up...outside...onto the empty porch. No sign of Michael.

CINDY

Oh God.

Cindy looks up to find a portable phone rested on the kitchen countertop.

She runs for it, snags it up and tears ass toward the back of the house.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Cindy slams the door shut behind her and locks. It's a confined space with a simple washer and dryer, some simple shelving on the wall.

And most importantly...

A rear glass door that exits into the rear lawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy dials 911.

911 DISPATCH

911. What's your emergency.

CINDY

He's here. He's in my home.
Someone please.

911 DISPATCH

Ma'am who's in your home?

CRASH!

...And Michael's arm BURSTS THROUGH THE GLASS and wood framing of the rear door...grabs Cindy by the back of the hair and YANKS HER THROUGH!

EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE - SIDE LAWN - NIGHT

Michael throws Cindy face down, onto a small deck at the top of a short set of steps. Her arms dangle on the steps as she fights to stand upright.

Michael hovers over her, brutally and repeatedly stabs her in the back with a large knife taken from her kitchen.

Cindy violently spews blood on the steps as it spills like water through the cracks and finally...onto the grass below.

INT. MURPHY'S DINER - NIGHT

Sitting alone in a booth with a half eaten grilled cheese is JULIAN, seven. He is tired and worried as he stares through the window and into the street.

Through the door walks DEPUTY TINA HARRIS, twenties, black, daisy fresh rookie.

DEPUTY HARRIS

How you doin little man?

JULIAN

Tired. I wanna go to sleep.

DEPUTY HARRIS

I know you do, baby, but we can't go back there right now. You know that. But we got some good news.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY HARRIS (CONT'D)

Your parents are gonna meet us here and you guys get to go to a motel. It'll be like a little adventure.

JULIAN

I've had my share.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Yeah. That you have. That you definitely have.

The Waitress brings them the bill. She pays with cash.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Keep it.

WAITRESS

Thanks. See you next time.

DEPUTY HARRIS

You bet. Say um...

Deputy Harris checks with Julian.

DEPUTY HARRIS

How about a quick milkshake to go?

JULIAN

I don't want no milkshake. I wanna go to sleep.

(beat)

Chocolate. Large.

The Waitress chuckles.

WAITRESS

Coming up.

She heads off. Deputy Harris turns to find...

TOMMY AND LINDSEY storming through the door.

LINDSEY

Kim! Cameron! Cameron Elam!

Lonnie stumbles in after them, still drunk as hell. He heads for the men's room.

LONNIE

Dammit boy, you in here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEPUTY HARRIS
(to Tommy and
Lindsey)
I don't think they're here.

LINDSEY
Great.

MARION (O.S.)
They're at that bonfire at the
park.

Tommy and Lindsey turn to find...

MARION CHAMBERS, older, more haggard, several bottles of whiskey later, plopped in a booth smoking a cigarette and reading a gossip magazine.

TOMMY
The park?

LINDSEY
A bonfire. Are you sure?

MARION
The only thing I'm sure of in this life are death and taxes. But there was a whole crowd of high schoolers in here about two or three hours ago. Talking about getting kicked out of the dance and wanting to keep the party going a little longer. From the sounds of things, it's supposed to be a real barn burner.

TOMMY
You've been here for three hours?

LINDSEY
(to Tommy)
What difference does that make?

TOMMY
I guess it doesn't.

LINDSEY
Just let me do the talking, please and thank you.

Lonnie stares back at Tommy, cracks a grin. Tommy shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARION

Truck broke down about two blocks from here. Waited damn near two hours for a tow that never showed and then the battery on my phone dies. I finally make it to a garage and they tell me they're closed. You gotta come back in the morning. So I thought I'd drink myself shitless then walk back to my crummy motel.

Tommy and Lindsey roll their eyes.

LINDSEY

I take it you don't know what's going on either?

MARION

No I guess I don't. But gotta tell you, the suspense is killing me.

JULIAN

I'll tell you what's happening. Your ass been walking all over town in the dark while the cops were out looking for an escaped serial killer.

The color drops from Marion's face.

JULIAN

You need a glass of water or something, lady? You don't look so hot.

EXT. MURPHY'S DINER - NIGHT

Marion joins Lonnie in the backseat. She takes a huge belt of her flask. Her hands trembling with fear.

Lonnie grimaces.

LONNIE

Whiskey breath.

Marion, offended, eyes up the bum next to her.

MARION

Charmed. I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marion lights up. Lindsey gets behind the wheel. Tommy grabs shotgun.

LINDSEY

You mind?

MARION

Do I mind? What is this, some kind of intervention? No drinking. No smoking. What's next? I gotta put my head between my knees and breath into a bag?

LINDSEY

I'm bronchial.

MARION

Bronchial. You're bronchial and I'm shitting my pants back here. Is she serious?

Tommy turns to her, a smoke in his mouth.

TOMMY

Afraid so.

He turns to Lindsey, a sly smirk. He rolls his eyes and tosses the cigarette out the window.

Marion huffs and puts hers back in the pack.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Laurie speaks candidly with Hawkins' doctor in the outer hallway by his room.

LAURIE

What are his chances?

HAWKINS DOCTOR

He's lost a lot of blood. Right now it's just a waiting game.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HAWKINS ROOM - NIGHT

Hawkins lay awake in bed, the hose no longer in his throat but his neck wrapped in bandages.

Laurie knocks on his door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWKINS

Go on. Say it.

LAURIE

It's not your fault. It never was. No matter how much you wanna believe it is.

Laurie walks in.

LAURIE

There. Does that make you feel better?

HAWKINS

No. I feel like hell.

LAURIE

You look worse. Allyson told me what happened.

HAWKINS

Crazy psychotic Doctor. Just like your friend Loomis. Just like you. Stepped over that fine line between fantasy and reality. Apparently a long while ago.

LAURIE

He's here you know. At the hospital?

HAWKINS

Who?

LAURIE

You know who. He's been walking back and forth in front of your room for the last two hours. You should talk to him.

HAWKINS

They find Michael yet?

LAURIE

No.

HAWKINS

Well. When they do, then I'll talk to him. Fair enough?

Laurie is strangely quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAWKINS

Does this desperate attempt at reconciliation between me and Brackett have to do with my chances of walking out of here?

LAURIE

I'm not a doctor.

Hawkins tears up.

HAWKINS

What's he doing here?

LAURIE

Security. Night watchman. He's been back five years and no one even told me.

HAWKINS

Yeah. I heard something like that.

LAURIE

It's been a long time. For all of us. No time like the present to bury old grudges. All of us here under one roof. Probably won't happen again.

Hawkins laughs softly under his bandages.

HAWKINS

Dammit, Laurie, you're scaring me.

LAURIE

I've been selfish. Pretending like I'm the only one who's been carrying around this burden. Michael wasn't your fault. Neither was she.

Laurie grabs Hawkins hand.

HAWKINS

Forty years. So much time gone.

Hawkins tears up.

EXT. CHESTNUT HILL PARK - WOODS - NIGHT

All the refugees from the ill fated homecoming dance have gathered near a most glorious bonfire in the farthest ends of this public park.

Lots of teens laughing, wrestling, doing dangerous back flips and other acts of reckless drunken behavior.

Some of the crowd are just joining the festivities as they slowly gather near the fire.

In the mix are CAMERON ELAM, 17, now in a simple t shirt and shorts, and KIM, 17. Our feline temptress from the dance still rocking her striped suit.

Cameron is out of it, sad, worried. Kim notices.

KIM

When are you gonna snap out of it?
She's pissed and she'll get over
it. And if she doesn't...

Cameron looks at Kim.

KIM

All I'm saying. If she doesn't,
she might be a little high
maintenance. From what I hear it
runs in the family.

CAMERON

What does that mean?

KIM

Nothing. Just something to
consider. Kind of like...kissing
me again.

CAMERON

Again? Again implies I kissed you
in the first place.

Kim is a bit put off but holds her ground.

KIM

Okay. So you're all about
Allyson, so why are you here with
me?

Cameron can't answer but pulls out his cell and excuses himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIM

Oh, sure. I guess I'll wait here then. You got a way with women, Cameron!

He wanders off, into the mix, and then away from the crowd for a moment to himself.

CAMERON

Yo, Oscar. You fuck nugget. Why aren't you answering my calls? Maybe it's because you're walking my girl home. Yeah. I wouldn't answer my phone either. Bitch.

Cameron hangs up.

KIM

Grows bored waiting on Cameron and eyes up KURT, a slick looking kid in a vampire outfit.

KURT

I see you eyeing up my boy. You know he's practically taken the nuptials with your girl Allyson. You trying to break up a happy home or what?

KIM

I didn't see any ring on that finger. And who says it's happy?

KURT

Speaking of happy. Care to take a walk with the Count? Kick things up a notch?

Kurt flashes a fat bag of grass under his cape.

KURT

You know you want to.

Kim checks with a disinterested Cameron, who grabs a beer from an ice chest.

KIM

Might as well.

Kim and Kurt hump it up a slight hill, into the darkness, into the shadows of the night.

Cameron spots them walking off together. A couple of passing JERKS tease him about Kim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JERK #1

Yo, man. You better go get that.

JERK #2

He's taking your girl, man. He's taking your girl, bro.

JERK #1

My man's 0 for 2 tonight. Damn!

Cameron huffs and angrily chugs his beer.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Kim and Kurt take turns hitting a joint as they enter a child's playground with tilt a whirl, swing set, monkey bars and seesaw. As well as a whole array of other complicated looking apparatus.

KURT

Oh dope. You know what we used to do? We'd see how high we could get and then jump off. Never did it high before though. Man, I bet that shit would be tight.

KIM

You're so gonna throw up. If you don't you're gonna break your neck.

Kurt races over to the swings. He playfully slaps the empty swing seat next to him.

KURT

So are we gonna talk about my boy or what?

KIM

Is that really why you brought me out here?

KURT

Not really. Not the only reason. Guess I just wanna know what chances I got.

Kim steps up to him, right in his face. She snakes his joint, takes a hit.

KIM

Who said you had a chance?

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CONTINUED:

KURT

Go on. Sit.

Kim takes a seat. Kurt leads the way, starting to get a good swing going. Kim follows.

KURT

I thought you and her were cool.

KIM

We are. I guess.

KURT

So what then?

KIM

She just...has this way about her. Like she can have whatever she wants. Gets on my nerves.

KURT

Hey. Kind of like some other girl I know.

Kurt swings higher and higher. Kim barely swings at all as she half drags her feet in the dirt.

KIM

And her bitchy therapist Mom. Acting all high and mighty like she's so much better than everybody. Like she's got the fucking answer for everything. If she's so great how come she can't fix her own mother.

KURT

So this isn't about her. It's about her Mom. Wild stab. After you went all klepto on us last year, your Mom had you see a shrink. Allyson's Mom. And maybe you're worried that shit might get out.

Kurt is so high now he's practically touching the sky with his swing.

KURT

And before she can screw you...you're gonna screw her man.

As Kurt once again swings into the air...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kim gains momentum...swings backward and is stopped mid air by none other than...

MICHAEL

...as he quickly spears a knife through her throat.

He leaves her body dangle in the swing as Kurt unknowingly swings back and forth.

KURT

Am I on the right track?

As Kurt swings past Kim...he spots her limp body spitting blood into the dirt below.

KURT

Ah shit!

Kurt stumbles off the swing, lands face first in the dirt. He sits up, stares behind him, back at Kim... still dangling in her seat.

Michael is long gone.

Kurt stands up, a bit drunk, still stoned. He brushes the dirt off his pants as he stares all around him...spinning himself in a frantic circle.

Without warning...

He runs face first into a jungle gym. He once again falls to the dirt.

Kurt looks up, finds Michael strutting towards him.

KURT

Hey, man. Take it easy now.

Kurt does a quick spider walk backwards as Michael closes in on him.

Kurt bangs his head against a seesaw.

KURT

AHHH! FUCK!

Michael walks to the other end of the seesaw...forcefully pushes it down...and then high into the air as...

The other end CRUSHES Kurt's head.

Blood spews.

EXT. CHESTNUT HILL PARK - WOODS - NIGHT

The bonfire is still going strong. Cameron is on his way out with a traveler in hand.

He leaves the grounds, steps into the parking lot just as Lindsey's Lexus SUV almost blinds him as it stops just feet from hitting him.

Out jumps Lonnie.

LONNIE

Hey! Hell you been?

CAMERON

Hell are you guys doing here?

Tommy and Lindsey also step out.

CAMERON

Mister Doyle. What is this?

LONNIE

Where's your car?

Cameron points at the back of the lot.

CAMERON

Right over there. What's up?

LONNIE

What's up is we're going home.
Right now.

CAMERON

Okay. I sort of was about to
anyways.

LONNIE

Your girl's fine by the way.

LINDSEY

Kim. Where is she?

CAMERON

Kim. How would I know? Haven't
seen her all night.

TOMMY

That cat's out of the bag, Cam. .
We know you left the dance with
her. If she's here you gotta show
us because we need to get her and
everyone else out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound of several dozen POLICE CARS whizzing by with SIRENS BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING catch all four of their attention.

Cameron cracks a goofy grin.

CAMERON

Something's going on, isn't there?

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Lindsey and Tommy use a flashlight to navigate their way through the darkness. They come upon the playground lit by a row of nearby parking lot lamps.

LINDSEY

What would they be doing up here?

TOMMY

Same thing we used to do up here.
Or can't you remember that far
back?

LINDSEY

I can remember. I just choose not
to.

TOMMY

You know, it's been almost four
years. Might be time to forgive
me.

LINDSEY

Yeah, and you two have been split
for less than a year. So that
four year thing sort of doesn't
quite add up, does it?

TOMMY

What I don't get is...if you're so
mad at me still...why'd you come
back here?

LINDSEY

I came back for a friend. A
friend who's just finished her
third round of chemo and needs
some much needed fresh air with
her husband for a couple weeks.
Because they needed a trusted
friend to watch Kim and keep her
out of trouble until they get
back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

How's that working out?

Lindsey stops in her tracks, turns to Tommy.

LINDSEY

I spent too many years wondering if I were gonna have a family of my own. A daughter like my sister. A husband who might embrace the idea of children and a normal home life. But as it turns out, the guy I was with wasn't up to the challenge. So yeah. Sorry if my parenting skills are a tad rusty.

Lindsey scurries away, hot mad.

LINDSEY

I haven't had a lot of practice the last twenty years or so. You know. With the no kids thing.

TOMMY

I'm sorry.

LINDSEY

Yeah you said that once already.

A metallic screeching sound catches their attention. Tommy aims his flashlight in the direction of a complicated jungle gym equipped with a metal tube slide and some tire swings.

LINDSEY

What is that?

He moves closer. Lindsey follows behind.

INT. LINDSEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Marion waits not so patiently in the backseat. Nervous, on edge and down right frightened, she pops a cigarette and lights up.

MARION

Yeah, so I'll just wait here then, thanks.

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARION

I'll just wait here in a car.
Alone. With a killer on the
loose. Since that worked out so
well the last time.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Tommy and Lindsey slowly, cautiously move around the side of the large playset to discover a bright orange tilt a whirl in the near distance.

It is still in motion.

Tommy and Lindsey follow the metallic screeching sound to the tilt a whirl.

LINDSEY

Someone there? Hello?

As it slowly spins back around...they find the body of Kurt with a demonic looking jack-o-lantern where his head used to be.

LINDSEY

Michael.

Tommy and Lindsey turn to leave...but are stopped in their tracks by the sight of KIM'S BLOODY CORPSE hanging by a chain from a set of monkey bars.

LINDSEY

Oh God, Kim!

And suddenly...the weight of her body causes her lower half to detach from her already severed head...

...crashing to the sand below the bars.

Lindsey cries out in horror.

Tommy sees the LEGS of a SHADOWY FIGURE inside the jungle gym as they drop to the ground.

TOMMY

Let's get the hell out of here.
Run!

Tommy and Lindsey flee the playground as...

Michael steps out of the shadows of the jungle gym and his pale face breaks the darkness.

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CONTINUED:

TOMMY AND LINDSEY

...notice a men's and ladies restroom area spot lit by the foggy glow of a tall overhead lamp.

They run closer, about to take cover inside.

TOMMY

Wait.

Tommy checks behind them. No sign of Michael.

TOMMY

Come on.

He grabs Lindsey's hand as the two of them bypass the men's room and instead take cover behind the large building.

BEHIND THE RESTROOM

Tommy and Lindsey hide with their backs against the wall. They slowly slide down, squatting near the ground.

Tommy clasps his hand over Lindsey's mouth as she fights the urge to break into hysterics.

TOMMY

Wait here. Whatever you do, don't move.

Tommy releases his hand and stealthily, quietly dips back around the building, staying close to the wall.

He makes it to the edge of the building and sneaks a peak around the corner.

Someone has just opened the men's room door.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

With the lights off, A PARK RANGER uses his FLASHLIGHT to check under the various stalls.

PARK RANGER

Somebody in here?!

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Tommy quickly retreats toward the back of the building.

He grabs Lindsey by the hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

He's inside. Let's move.

Tommy and Lindsey book it through a nearby patch of woods with no general direction.

EXT. CHESTNUT HILL PARK - WOODS - NIGHT

Tommy and Lindsey hump it back down the hill...toward the bonfire where most of the students are gathered.

TOMMY

Get out of here! Everybody! Move it!

The students all share a puzzled look as they drink their beers and sodas and ignore him.

With desperation, Tommy pulls a forty five from the rear of his pants and unloads a few shots in the air.

The students flee for real this time. Running and SCREAMING for the parking lot.

LINDSEY

Kim.

TOMMY

She's gone.

Tommy grabs a near catatonic Lindsey by the wrist and hurries her back to their truck.

TOMMY

Snap out of it!

PARKING LOT

Tommy rushes to the driver's side this time as an emotionally drained Lindsey takes shotgun.

INT. LINDSEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Marion observes a very unnerved Tommy and Lindsey.

MARION

What's going on out there? I thought I heard gunshots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

You did.
(to Lindsey)
Where are the keys?

Lindsey so shaken, she can barely hold her hands steady enough to fish keys from her pocket.

TOMMY

COME ON!

LINDSEY

I don't have them. I must've
dropped them in the grass or
something.

MARION

Would somebody please tell me
what's going on?

CRASH!

The rear windshield SHATTERS as MICHAEL wraps a stiff arm around Marion's neck, tries to pull her through.

Mini shards of glass shower Marion's body.

MARION

Help!

Tommy and Lindsey both spot Michael behind the truck.

TOMMY

Give me the keys!

Lindsey finally comes up with the keys but fumbles them into the crack of the seat.

LINDSEY

SHIT!

EXT. LINDSEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Marion stares up at Michael, who tilts his head, observes her familiar mug, not seen in forty years.

He drives his knife back...ready to plunge it deep into her neck...

Marion's eyes well with tears. She squeezes them shut.

INT. LINDSEY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Tommy digs his hand deep into the crack of the leather seats and comes up with the keys...without a second to spare...

He cranks the engine, throws it in reverse and...

KNOCKS Michael clear off his feet.

And Tommy keeps going...running Michael over. THUMP!
CRUNCH!

Michael disappears in the undercarriage.

The tires LOCK UP. As does the steering wheel. They're a sitting duck.

TOMMY

Shit!

Marion collapses on the rear seats and holds her arms over her head in a protective bubble.

MARION

Go! Drive!

TOMMY

I can't.

Tommy once again hits the gas. The engine revs up but to no avail.

Lindsey checks her mirror. No sign of Michael.

LINDSEY

Where is he?

TOMMY

He's under us.

Marion is now hiding on the floor of the truck. She slowly stares down. Michael is most likely inches away from her now.

MARION

Under.

LINDSEY

We're gonna have to run.

TOMMY

No. I'm gonna blow his fuckin
brains out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy checks the magazine on his forty five. He's got plenty of shells to finish the job.

LINDSEY

Don't be stupid. I'm not about to lose you too.

Tommy cracks a slight grin.

TOMMY

I didn't know you cared.

LINDSEY

Just come back.

Tommy very slowly and with caution, cracks open the driver's door, and going one foot at a time, begins to step out onto the pavement.

He's all the way out now.

Lindsey watches.

He squats down, gun aimed with one hand, a mini flashlight gripped in the other.

The light finds nothing under the car.

TOMMY

No.

Tommy quickly stands upright...

...finds Michael standing next to Lindsey's window. But she's oblivious, staring back at Tommy.

LINDSEY

What is it?

TOMMY

Get down!

Lindsey ducks as Tommy fires a half dozen or so rounds into the passenger window and into Michael.

Down he goes.

LINDSEY

Get in the car!

Tommy stops a moment. Thinks it all over.

LINDSEY

What are you doing?! Get in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY

No. We're not leaving him. Only way we leave him here is with his brains on the pavement.

Tommy moves around the truck, gun still aimed and ready to put Michael's brains on the asphalt.

Michael lay limp. But we've been here before.

Lindsey watches as Tommy gets in position with his gun, now gripped tightly in both hands.

TOMMY

Goodbye motherfucker.

Tommy aims at his head and...

CLICK!

An empty magazine.

TOMMY

Fuck.

LINDSEY

Get in the truck!

Michael leaps into an upright position.

LINDSEY

Come on!

Lindsey slides into the driver's seat as Tommy practically leaps into the passenger door.

Without thought, Lindsey punches the gas as the truck powers over a parking marker, then down a steep ravine at high speeds...eventually ending up nose first in a small stream.

Officially stuck for real.

EXT. CHESTNUT HILL PARK - WOODS - NIGHT

Michael comes to what appears to be a clearing in the woods and spots the familiar eating spot "Murphy's Diner" across a busy intersection.

He also observes a slew of POLICE CARS all gathered in the parking lot. Several OFFICERS exchange notes and talk about their evening.

EXT. MURPHY'S DINER - NIGHT

Deputy Harris has her arm rested on Julian's shoulder as she escorts him to his parents Marcus and Vanessa, still looking worried sick.

VANESSA

Oh my God, baby. I'm so sorry.

Vanessa kneels down, gives Julian a giant squeeze.

MARCUS

Can't thank you enough for watching my boy.

DEPUTY HARRIS

We would've called sooner if not for Julian here playing hide and seek half the night. Turns out one of your neighbors caught him hiding in their shed and called it in.

Marcus sighs in relief. He stares down at his wife still hugging Julian tight.

DEPUTY HARRIS

With everything going on tonight, little Julian fell through the cracks.

(to Julian)

Ain't that right little man?

JULIAN

Can I go to sleep now?

Deputy Harris laughs.

MARCUS

Look. We're sorry too. For taking so long. And for not finding out sooner. Ya know, with Vickie we never had to worry. Julian was in good hands.

DEPUTY HARRIS

You folks find a place to stay for tonight?

MICHAEL

...stands at the edge of the woods, pushes through the trees to find the familiar face of JULIAN standing with his parents and Deputy Harris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS

A friend of ours. Just up the road here. They run the Starlight Motel and Lounge. They were nice enough to put us up for tonight.

Michael fixates on the young child.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Well, I'm sorry for your loss. I hear Vickie was quite the babysitter.

MARCUS

Yeah. A real nice kid. Julian liked her a lot.

EXT. SECLUDED FARM HOUSE (GRAHAM RESIDENCE) - NIGHT

A swarm of police cars are parked on the grassy field that make up the Graham's front lawn. Just a sea of flashing red and blue breaking the darkness.

Sheriff Barker steps from his Bronco and is immediately greeted by DEPUTY SGT. POPE, Sheriff's Homicide, forties, marine type, goatee and tats.

SHERIFF BARKER

How is he?

SGT. POPE

Well. His parents were just cut to pieces. I'm thinking not so great.

SHERIFF BARKER

What do we got?

SGT. POPE

Come with me.

Sheriff Barker follows Sgt. Pope around the side of the home where an exterior house light burns bright.

The light exposes a shattered glass laundry room door and the pool of blood left on the deck outside.

Sheriff Barker walks up the steps, takes a closer look.

SGT. POPE

Looks like our female victim hid in the laundry room.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. POPE (CONT'D)

You know who busts out the glass,
breaks in the house. Brings her
out here to finish the job.

Sheriff Barker steps back onto the lawn.

SGT. POPE

Dispatch called in a suspicious
911 call made from this address by
our female. Caller said "He's
here. He's in my home". Most
likely hiding in there when she
made the call.

SHERIFF BARKER

Less than a mile from The Strode
House. Surprise surprise. Guess
we can add this to our friend's
ever expanding body count. But
what the hell was doing way out
here?

SGT. POPE

Why indeed. You haven't heard the
worst part.

Sheriff Barker stops, at full attention.

SGT. POPE

According to dispatch, this call
came in less than forty minutes
ago.

Sheriff Barker scoffs.

SHERIFF BARKER

Dispatch is wrong. Michael Myers
is laying under two tons of
rubble.

SGT. POPE

Really? Is that what we're gonna
tell the press? God help us if
they get wind of this first.

SHERIFF BARKER

Just because we heard about this
call forty minutes ago doesn't
mean that's when the call was
made. You heard it wrong.
Someone made a mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SGT. POPE

ME already confirmed time of death
less than an hour ago. The bodies
are still warm, Sheriff.

Sheriff Barker sighs.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker and Sgt. Pope find a devastated Deputy
Graham rested on the kitchen tile, his back against a
pantry door. A sobbing mess.

Sheriff Barker gives him a quick nod. And then observes
the shattered sliding door, as well as the rivers of
blood spilled from a body no longer there.

SGT. POPE

It's outside.

Sheriff Barker observes a small crew of UNIFORMED
DEPUTIES gathered on the rear outside deck.

Sgt. Pope leads the way.

EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE - REAR DECK - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker is shocked to find both Hank and Cindy
Graham side by side on a porch swing. Both drenched
in the bright red blood of a fresh kill.

And...rested in Hank's lap...an old, black and white
framed photo of him in a police uniform with a much
younger DEPUTY FRANK HAWKINS.

Sheriff Barker picks up the frame.

SHERIFF BARKER

He recognized him. The bastard
knew.

SGT. POPE

I got Montero and Jackson running
security at the hospital. Taking
turns watching Hawkins room and
walking the floor. Brackett too.
The old man's got that place on
lockdown.

Sheriff Barker removes his hat as he takes another long
look at Michael's handy work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER

We keep the press at The Strode house. As far as their concerned, Michael's still there. That's an extra headache we don't need.

A third DEPUTY interrupts their convo.

DEPUTY

Sheriff. Park ranger just found two fresh kills up at Chestnut Hill. Looks like a couple of teenagers.

SHERIFF BARKER

Dammit, I ordered that park closed! What are these kids still doing on the street?

Sheriff Barker regains his composure.

SHERIFF BARKER

The press is gonna be at one of two places, right? The Strode house or the hospital.

(sighs)

Call Chief Rosenthal. Tell him to call off the search. We're gonna hold an official press conference at Haddonfield Memorial in thirty minutes. Do it!

EXT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

There is already a mob formed in the lot. The word has gotten out that Michael is alive and continuing his killing spree.

Lots of NEWS VANS on the scene as REPORTERS and CAMERA CREWS fight for a place at the front.

Sheriff Barker's Bronco carefully pushes through a crowd of citizens. He sounds the siren.

Lots of BOOS and CURSING.

Out steps Sheriff Barker and Sgt. Pope.

MAN IN CROWD

Tell us the truth, Barker!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN IN CROWD

What are you doing?! What are you
doing to keep us safe?!

The Field Reporters shove mics in his face as he rushes
toward the ER doors.

FEMALE REPORTER

Sheriff. Are the rumors true?
Are there more victims?

SHERIFF BARKER

I said thirty minutes. It's been
twenty. Excuse me.

Sheriff Barker and Sgt. Pope are blocked from the ER with
a swarm of still and video cameras

INT. LAURIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Allyson stands at the window, spots Sheriff Barker just
as he dips inside the ER.

Karen ducks her head in the room.

KAREN

I nodded off. What time is it?

ALLYSON

Something's happened. Look.

Karen joins Allyson at the window. The two of them
observe the massive crowd, still growing bigger by
the minute.

KAREN

Where's your Grandma?

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - NIGHT

LEIGH BRACKETT, late seventies, HMH security uniform,
sits in the front pew, a lost and vacant gaze.

Laurie rolls his direction in her wheelchair.

Brackett looks slightly to his left, feels Laurie's
presence.

BRACKETT

It went on for nearly six months.
The two of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURIE

That was a long time ago. He was a kid. No different than Annie.

BRACKETT

He ceased to be a kid the minute he put on that uniform.

Laurie wheels herself closer. But remains out of Brackett's sight. Giving him his space.

LAURIE

He's hanging on by a thread.

BRACKETT

Aren't we all.

Brackett sighs.

BRACKETT

Ya know, I could've let it go. Pretended I didn't know. Let her have her fling with the man in uniform. Get it out of her system. But I stopped it. Next thing I know, she's going to be with this guy. And that guy. Doing everything in her power to defy me. Letting me know she was no longer the precious little princess I demanded she be.

LAURIE

She was a teenager. In love. And her heart was broken. By the two men in her life she trusted the most. And when she died, a piece of Frank died along with her. Because everything you've been carrying around with you...he's been carrying it too.

BRACKETT

You'll have to excuse me if I disagree.

Laurie wheels herself to the front of the pulpit. She maneuvers herself to face Brackett.

LAURIE

I talked with the doctor. It won't be long now.

Brackett half heartedly nods.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

With a heavy heart, Brackett slowly shuffles his way toward Hawkins' room. DEPUTY JACKSON, a strapping, tough cop, awaits near the door.

DEPUTY JACKSON

He's gone.

Brackett hears the faint sound of a flatline coming from a heart monitor.

He stops at the door. Peeks inside.

Hawkins has passed. His nurse shuts off the monitor.

Brackett is stone faced. Not particularly caring much.

Laurie watches him from down the hall. Giving him this private moment.

Brackett is suddenly taken over with a sense of grief and regret as he takes a seat in a chair by the door.

Laurie finds Allyson and Karen coming her direction.

KAREN

Something's happening outside.

ALLYSON

Sheriff's here. So is half of Haddonfield.

Laurie and Brackett share a knowing look.

An elevator door opens and in rushes a panicked Cameron. His father in tow.

Allyson's jaw drops as she spots Cameron desperately searching the wing for her.

CAMERON

Where is she?

ALLYSON

Cameron!

Cameron turns his head, spots her. He meets her halfway as they embrace.

Lonnie gives a polite nod to Laurie. He pats her on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE

Hey. Sorry to hear about Ray.
Thought maybe the kids would like
to see each other.

LAURIE

Thank you.

ALLYSON

(to Cameron)

What is happening out there?

CAMERON

I don't know. All I know is
Mister Doyle said to meet back
here and sit tight until he gets
here.

LAURIE

Doyle. Tommy Doyle?

CAMERON

Yeah. He sounded pretty serious.

LAURIE

Fuck!

Laurie angrily slaps the side of her wheelchair.

KAREN

It's okay, Mom. We're all here.
We're safe. We're together.
That's what's most important.

LAURIE

We're not safe. We're never safe.
Remember that.

Karen rests her arms on Laurie's shoulders, a calming
presence.

KAREN

You told me to stay focused. To
stay strong. That's all I'm
doing, Mom. Right now, this
hospital is the safest place for
all of us to be.

Laurie nods in agreement.

KAREN

Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Laurie
 (to Lonnie)
 Where is he? Where's Tommy?

Lonnie
 They ran into some car trouble but
 they're on their way.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Brackett follows behind Deputy Montero, twenties, Cuban, rookie cop, as they do a security sweep of the hospital stairwells.

Coming up the next set of steps, almost colliding with Brackett and Montero are an Eager Reporter and her cameraman.

Brackett
 No! How'd you get up here?! Take it outside!

Eager Reporter
 We have a right to speak with her!

Brackett
 You'll get your chance! Take it outside! Give her some time to rest for God's sake!

Eager Reporter
 Alright alright!

They head downstairs.

Meantime...

About three flights up...

Allyson and Cameron have dipped inside the quiet stairwell for a moment alone.

Allyson
 I don't understand why they won't just leave her alone. Like, what is she supposed to say she hasn't already said for the last forty years? Nobody listened. We didn't listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERON

Yeah, like, if I were her I'd get on camera and tell everyone to fuck off.

ALLYSON

Yeah, well. She sort of beat you to it.

Allyson cracks a grin. Cameron laughs.

CAMERON

What?

ALLYSON

Yeah. You missed it.

Allyson returns to being sad. Cameron notices.

CAMERON

I heard. About Ray.

Cameron leans in close to hug her...hesitant...but is able to put his arm around her for a sec.

Allyson tears up. Cameron lets her go.

ALLYSON

My Dad and I...and Mom...gave Grandma so much shit. Told her she was crazy. Over and over. When she's been carrying this around for forty years. Like she knew this night would come again. Not doubting for a second if he would come back here. She knew. And the waiting drove her mad.

CAMERON

Weird. How could she know?

ALLYSON

Intuition. That base instinct to protect her family. I don't know. All I know is that I can't stop blaming myself. For Dad. For how we treated her. For not listening. For everything. Because if we listened...maybe Dad would still be here.

Allyson wipes her tears. Cameron is at a loss for words. Something on his mind. Something on his lips he can't seem to spit out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAMERON

Say. I know this is bad timing and everything. Not really all that important given the circumstances, but...I just wanted to set the record straight about Kim and what you think you saw...

Allyson scoffs at him.

ALLYSON

You're right. It's bad timing. So just shut up and hug me.

CAMERON

Right.

They embrace.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker sits at a small round table in the corner. Two FEDERAL AGENT TYPES in dark suits...DIETZ and KEMPER...hover over him and wait patiently as...

Tommy, Lindsey and Deputy Harris dip inside.

Sheriff Barker nods to the chairs on the other side of the table.

TOMMY

You wanted to see us?

SHERIFF BARKER

This will only take a minute.

Sheriff Barker nods to Deputy Harris.

SHERIFF BARKER

Deputy, would you give us a minute alone in private?

Tommy and Lindsey share a strange look.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Of course. I'll just...go stand in the hall. Or something.

She heads for the door.

TOMMY

(to Deputy Harris)
Thanks for the lift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER
Tommy Doyle. Lindsey Wallace.
Agents Kemper and Dietz. FBI.

Tommy checks out their perfect suits.

TOMMY
Yeah, no kidding.

DIETZ
More specifically the NCAVC.

LINDSEY
The NC double what?

KEMPER
A division within the bureau that
investigates and studies crimes of
a particularly violent nature.
Guess you heard about that bus
crash earlier tonight.

TOMMY
Yeah. A little bit.

KEMPER
From first glance, it looks like
just your average, everyday
patient transfer. Well it wasn't.
Six of those patients were on
route to a federal psychiatric
facility in Quantico. One of them
being one Michael Aubrey Myers.

TOMMY
Quantico?

LINDSEY
The FBI is studying Michael Myers?

DIETZ
The FBI has a successful track
record and history of tracking and
apprehending some of the country's
most notorious serial killers.
Michael Myers is a case unto its
own.

LINDSEY
Yeah he's a real hard one to
crack. So what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY

What he's saying is...they want him alive.

KEMPER

No. Not anymore. I'd love to see him blown to a hundred pieces as badly as anyone else. I got family near here. Just like you.

LINDSEY

So what do you want from us?

DIETZ

I hear Marion Chambers left Murphy's Diner with the two of you earlier this evening.

LINDSEY

Yeah, her car broke down. We gave her a lift. So what?

DIETZ

Miss Chambers was in possession of some extremely sensitive documents regarding the records of a Doctor Sam Loomis.

TOMMY

Michael's shrink.

DIETZ

Correct. So far, we've been unsuccessful in our attempts to reach her. Do you know where she is?

Lindsey checks with Tommy who is about apprehensive in giving up Marion.

TOMMY

Yeah. Umm. I think the cops dropped her at The Starlight a little while ago.

KEMPER

The Starlight Motel? By the bypass?

TOMMY

Yeah. Say. What's so important about these documents?

Sheriff Barker stands, adjusts his hat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHERIFF BARKER

I think what our good friends from the bureau are trying to say is...the late Doctor Loomis's opinions on this matter are of no longer any relevance. Something like that?

KEMPER

We're not at liberty to discuss the details at this time. We just need to speak with Miss Chambers. Appreciate your cooperation.

Kemper and Dietz head for the door.

TOMMY

CYA. Speaking of...

SHERIFF BARKER

Keep it in your pants, Doyle. In five minutes we're going live. It's time these folks heard the truth. Straight from the horse's mouth.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lonnie finishes at a urinal and heads straight for the door without washing. Stopped in his tracks by...

DARLA ELAM, fifties, night nurse, tired eyes, and looking very annoyed at the sight of Lonnie.

DARLA

God, you never change, do you?

LONNIE

Just dropping the kid off to see his girl. I don't want any trouble.

DARLA

And you're drunk too. But what else is new. He misses you, ya know.

LONNIE

But I'm here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARLA

But you're not really. Yeah, maybe in physical form but...you checked out a long time ago.

LONNIE

We gonna do this again? Right now? Here in the crapper?

DARLA

I don't know. Seems kind of fitting given it's you.

Darla shakes her head in disgust.

DARLA

Your little girl has been gone for ten years. You walked away from that crash because you were so out of your mind drunk, your body went limp, but she didn't walk away. Ya know, you'd think that would've sobered you up.

LONNIE

Don't talk to me about her. Don't you talk to me about my baby girl.

DARLA

You still have a son. Or do you wanna ruin what's left of that relationship?

LONNIE

You know what I've been thinking about since that night? That if that bastard just cut me up forty years ago, she would've never been born. Who knows. Maybe it's my turn tonight.

DARLA

That's it, Lonnie. You just keep on feeling sorry for yourself.

Darla lets herself out.

Lonnie turns, stares at the sorry sack of a man staring back at him on the large mirror.

EXT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The large mob start to quiet down as Sheriff Barker exits the ER doors with Karen, Cameron and Allyson wheeling out Laurie as the flash bulbs go nuts.

Sheriff Barker steps to the podium. Lots of BOOS and protesting. He holds up his hand.

SHERIFF BARKER

Quiet down now! Quiet down!

Laurie is helped from the chair by Allyson and Karen as the crowd ERUPTS with applause.

SHERIFF BARKER

It's been forty years to the day...since Michael Myers returned to the town of Haddonfield and shook it to its core. He's come home. And it's happening all over again. We've made several attempts to contain the carnage. To contain him. Forty years ago...we were successful. But we've failed you. We failed because we didn't keep that evil contained. Tonight, we are no longer interested in containing the evil.

Sheriff Barker throws a hard stare to Dietz and Kemper as they head for their suburban.

SHERIFF BARKER

(at Dietz and Kemper)
But extinguishing it.

CROWD

Then do something about it!

SHERIFF BARKER

Right now my good friend Laurie Strode would like to make a statement.

The crowd applause her.

Karen rubs her shoulders.

KAREN

Go ahead Mom. Talk to your people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurie stumbles her way to the podium.

LAURIE

Forty years ago, we played by their rules. And we played by his rules. But for Michael Myers, there are no rules. Just death and destruction. Even in his absence, he's ruled and presided over us using our own fear as his greatest weapon. It's time we turn the tables. The time for civilized is over!

The crowd goes nuts.

Sheriff Barker shares one last look with Dietz as he ducks in the driver's side. And it isn't a pleasant exchange.

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vanessa tucks in Julian for the night.

Marcus in the shower.

VANESSA

You know you're safe now, right?

JULIAN

I know. I was just thinking about Vickie.

VANESSA

I know you are. A lot of people got hurt tonight. This whole thing is gonna force you to grow up a little faster. Sometimes God lets us endure these things to make us stronger. So we don't grow up to be wimps. Always running and hiding from our problems. You showed me you're not just a kid tonight. But a very strong, very brave young man.

Julian cracks a grin.

JULIAN

Really?

Vanessa smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Really. Know what else I noticed?

JULIAN

What?

VANESSA

That God is on your side. He'll always be with you. Remember that. And never take it for granted.

JULIAN

Yes, Ma'am.

EXT. THE STARLIGHT MOTEL - NIGHT

Marion is headed for a snack and soda machine area when she is greeted by Dietz and Kemper.

KEMPER

Miss Chambers. You're a tough one to lock down.

MARION

Yeah, well. It's been a night if you haven't noticed.

DIETZ

I know. So we'll make this quick. Do you have those documents?

MARION

Actually no. They're at Karn's Market. In the trunk of my car. I'd give you the keys but I don't have them. Phelp's Garage has them. You'll have to get with them in the morning. So if you'll excuse me, I'm tired. And I'm going to bed.

Marion heads off.

DIETZ

Doctor Loomis did what he could. But what if there's a chance we could do more? If we find that cancer and cut it out. Before it all goes wrong. Not after. I'm sure if your friend were here, he'd agree with our view of things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marion laughs. Turns to them.

MARION

Michael Myers was born wrong.
Goodnight, gentlemen.

Marion pulls some cash from her pocket and takes a look at the goodies in the vending machine.

Dietz and Kemper head to their truck.

Just down the hall...Vanessa quietly steps out of her room and heads for the vending area.

Marion lets out an exhausted sigh just as she spots Vanessa strutting her direction.

And out of nowhere...

Michael jumps from behind a wall...OUT OF THE SHADOWS... tackles Vanessa on her right side...pummeling her into the opposite wall of the dark hallway.

Her skull instantly shatters. Blood and brains drench the pavement below.

Marion stands in shock.

MARION

Michael.

Michael slowly turns, watches her.

Marion turns to run but falls flat on her face.

MARION

Oh no. Help me please!

Marion struggles to stand. She's too late.

Michael picks her up, smashes her head first into the thin glass of the snack machine.

And then...

...tosses her to the ground. Marion squints in pain, opens her eyes to find Michael...

Dumping the machine on top of her.

Marion is gone.

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Julian sits up in bed. Marcus now wearing a white t shirt and undershorts.

MARCUS

Vanessa, baby.

JULIAN

Dad. What's happening?

MARCUS

Be cool little man. You just sit tight.

Marcus heads out.

EXT. STARLIGHT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Before Marcus can shut the door behind him...

Michael rips a knife into his center chest and violently opens him up.

Marcus body falls limp.

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Michael breaks open the door as piece of door frame splinter all over the carpet.

A shower running.

Michael looks to the beds. One made, the other unmade. No Julian.

He heads for the bathroom.

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Michael rips back the curtain to find no one. Just a shower running in the tub.

He quickly whips his head around, facing the open doorway. He spots the SHADOW OF SOMEONE...in the mirror over the bathroom sink.

INT. STARLIGHT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A short wicker basket just large enough to fit a small child has tipped over. The top lid tossed aside.

Julian is quietly crawling on the carpet, headed for the battered door.

He looks behind him and spots Michael standing near the sink area...watching him.

Julian books it out the door.

EXT. STARLIGHT MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Julian is shocked to find his father dead against the wall. His chest ripped open.

But there's no time to grieve. He's hauling ass.

Meantime...

POLICE CARS converge in front of the motel. Out jumps Sgt. Pope and Deputy Graham from one car.

And from the other...Deputy Harris. She finds Julian running their direction and scoops him up.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Get in the car, Julian! And stay down!

Julian heads for her car, crawls in.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Somebody stay with him!

Deputy Graham guards the car, eyes in all directions.

INT. THE STARLIGHT MOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Deputy Harris discovers Marion's dead arm dangling out from under the vending machine.

And then Vanessa and what's left of her head.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Oh Julian. No.

She turns a corner to find...

MICHAEL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...standing in the distance...near the very end of the hallway. The back of this property in what borders a large open field.

She takes aim.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Motherfucker!

Just as she pulls the trigger...

A motel guest pops out of his room.

MOTEL GUEST

What the hell is...

POW!

He's riddled with bullets.

Michael dips out of view. Into the field behind the motel.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Michael!

Sgt. Pope turns a corner, gun drawn.

SGT. POPE

What is it?

DEPUTY HARRIS

He's in the field behind the motel!

SGT. POPE

All units. We got eyes on our suspect! In the woods behind Starlight Motel and headed straight for the Magnolia Village housing project! Do you copy?!

INT. SHERIFF BARKER'S BRONCO - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker behind the wheel. Laurie rides shotgun. Karen and Allyson in the back .

SHERIFF BARKER

This is Barker. Call Dan Rogers and get those dogs out there asap. Meantime, I want a roadblock on the corners of Magnolia and Grisham and Magnolia and Pine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER (CONT'D)

And I want two uniforms standing post at the security gate. Nobody...and I mean nobody comes in or out of there unless they're wearing a badge. You got that?

SGT. POPE (V.O.)

Roger that.

SHERIFF BARKER

Get some guys and you go door to door. Anyone with a shotgun, pistol, rifle. Whatever. They've officially been deputized. Do you copy?

Silence.

SHERIFF BARKER

What was that, Pope?

SGT. POPE (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

SHERIFF BARKER

Get on it.

He hangs up. Laurie grins back at him.

LAURIE

Thank you.

SHERIFF BARKER

Don't thank me yet. This whole thing could blow up in our face.

EXT. BACK YARD OF A HOUSE (MAGNOLIA VILLAGE) - NIGHT

DEREK, a random resident of the Magnolia Village housing development, is out back, waiting on his German shephard to find the right place to crap.

DEREK

Let's go. Pinch it off.

Derek looks to his picket fence, sees rustling in the dense patch of trees behind his property.

DEREK

Who goes there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Derek cautiously steps closer. He opens a small tool shed and grabs a short step ladder and a flashlight rested on a shelf.

He turns on the light, does a sweep over the trees, back and forth. Total stillness. Silence.

He gets closer to the fence, sets up his step ladder, crawls onto the top step and shines his light...

Over the fence...into the trees.

And before he knows what hit him...

Michael puts his knife through the back of his throat. He retracts the blade as...

Derek falls over the fence and into the forestry.

The dog goes nuts with barking.

Derek's wife BECCA steps out back.

BECCA

Derek! There's something going on at the gate! The cops are all over the place!

Silence.

BECCA

Derek?

INT. DEREK'S TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Michael finds some gardening sheers hanging from a couple of nails on the wall. He snags them up.

Becca spots the step ladder near a now bloodied fence.

BECCA

Talk to me!

Becca steps closer to the fence.

She finds the dog dead. A pitchfork shoved in her belly.

She turns to find a pale WHITE FACE piercing the darkness of Derek's tool shed.

She SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jumping OUT OF THE SHADOWS...Michael lunges at her and takes her head CLEAN OFF with the sheers.

Her head tumbles onto the grass.

With a cool and fearless stride, Michael makes his way around the side of the home until...

He spots the residents of Magnolia Village spilling into the streets with shotguns, baseball bats, golf clubs and other weapons.

The police slowly cruise the streets with their high powered maglite flashlights.

Michael dips behind a wall just as the BEAM OF LIGHT shines his general direction.

EXT. CORNER OF MAGNOLIA AND PINE - NIGHT

Deputy Graham stands guard at the corner. His squad car parked to block traffic, along with an actual sawhorse style roadblock.

Julian watches the action from the backseat. His eyes welled with tears.

The townspeople become crowded on the sidewalks, watching the action, carrying various weapons. All of them give Deputy Graham the stink eye.

ANGRY MAN

(to Deputy Graham)

What's happening over there?!
Talk to us!

ANGRY WOMAN

Is he in there or not?!

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Keep calm. It's just a precaution. If we need any extra help, you'll be the first ones we call, alright?

Deputy Graham spots Deputy Harris' car and flags her down. Deputy Harris lowers her window.

Deputy Graham spots Tommy riding shotgun. And Cameron and Lonnie in the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEPUTY GRAHAM

What is this, Harris? Boss man says no one without a badge allowed in there.

DEPUTY HARRIS

You heard what boss man said. And Laurie Strode. No more running. And we need the man power.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Yeah. Man power. Not more victims to add to Myers resume.

LONNIE

Are you letting us in or not? You're boring the shit out of me.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Not without authorization!

Lonnie flashes a twelve gauge.

LONNIE

How's that for authorization?

Tommy also rests his forty five on the dash.

TOMMY

Come on. We all got a personal stake in this. Not just you. We heard what happened to your folks. Let us help you take him down.

Deputy Graham sighs and nods in agreement.

EXT. POWELL STREET - MAGNOLIA VILLAGES - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker's Bronco comes to a stop. Out steps Sheriff Barker, then Laurie.

Karen and Allyson step from the back seat.

LAURIE

What are you doing? Get back in the car.

KAREN

You just told this entire town to stand up and fight. To not let fear win. Pretty hypocritical to not include us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURIE

You don't have any weapons.
You're not safe.

Sheriff Barker kicks up his leg on the bumper, takes out a thirty eight from an ankle holster.

He hands it to Karen.

LAURIE

Allyson, you stay with your
mother. Right behind her. And if
you see anything, you call for
help. Nothing else.

Deputy Harris and crew also arrive at the scene. Out jumps the four of them.

Sheriff Barker spots Lonnie branding the shotgun. He snags it from his hands.

LONNIE

Hey.

He takes the pistol from Karen, hands her the twelve gauge, gives Lonnie the thirty eight.

Tommy and Lindsey smile back at Laurie.

LAURIE

Look at these two faces. Thank
you. For everything.

LINDSEY

Wouldn't miss this for the world.

SHERIFF BARKER

Okay. We're going door to door.
We're getting everybody out. That
means everyone on the street. No
one left inside. Wake the kids,
the cats and dogs, grab your gun
and we hit the neighborhood hard
until this bastard pops his head
out. Any questions?

LONNIE

(to Karen)

Yeah. Just don't accidentally
kill three or four of us with
that thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

Yeah. I'll try not to. Thanks
for the pep talk.

CAMERON

(to Lonnie)

It'll be okay, Dad. Let's go.

Cameron grins back at Allyson. She returns his smile.

Later that night...

Most of the neighbors are walking the streets. And a lot
of them are armed with rifles and shotguns. A lot of
young children in tow.

Lonnie and Cameron walk side by side.

LONNIE

This is strange.

CAMERON

What?

LONNIE

The same thing that tore us apart
is bringing us closer.

CAMERON

I don't understand.

LONNIE

I should've died that night. Back
in Seventy Eight. After your
sister's accident...my
accident...I started thinking
about how things would be if I
were never here.

Cameron smirks.

CAMERON

I would've never been born.

Lonnie nods in agreement.

LONNIE

Or your sister.

CAMERON

What are you saying to me?
Totally confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LONNIE

Truth is...when I saw Myers was back...on the tv tonight...I sort of thought for a split second that God had sent him here to finish the job. Like, maybe he got it wrong the last time.

Cameron smiles.

CAMERON

No. God's not letting you off that easy. You've got too much making up to do.

Lonnie touches Cameron's shoulder, stops him in his tracks.

LONNIE

I don't want you to hate me. I've done enough hating myself for both of us. It's just that...I wanted to say sorry in case I'm right. And I don't make it out of this shit mess alive.

CAMERON

And just in case I don't make it...you're forgiven. But let's forget all that for now and focus on doing this. Ok?

LONNIE

Agreed.

Lonnie hugs him around his neck. He just happens to notice a garage door opening on a home sitting on a cul de sac.

LONNIE

Hey, look.

CAMERON

What?

Cameron follows his look to find the garage door open.

LONNIE

There's somebody still in there. You stay behind me.

Lonnie leads the way. Cameron checks with the rest of the residents, starting to split off into separate groups and checking other side streets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He follows his father.

Karen and Allyson are in a large group heading down this same street. Allyson spots Cameron heading toward this mysterious home. A concerned look.

INT. HOME ON THE CUL DE SAC - GARAGE - NIGHT

Lonnie and Cameron take a quick peek in the garage and find no one. The car still parked.

LONNIE

Give a knock on the front door.
I'll try this one.

Cameron isn't so sure.

LONNIE

Go on now.

Cameron heads for the front door. Lonnie walks to the inner garage door and gives a knock.

The door pushes open.

INT. HOME ON THE CUL DE SAC - NIGHT

Lonnie makes his way inside. He grips the pistol with both hands as he moves through the first hallway and then...

Into the dining room area. He passes an impressively large and pricy oak table. Several candles lit and rested inside candelabras.

At both ends of the table, a different severed head is rested on a dinner plate. And in the center...the dead German Shephard.

LONNIE

Sick mother...

Lonnie turns to find Michael awaiting him at the other end of the hall. He aims his pistol. A bit hesitant to squeeze the trigger.

LONNIE

Well. I see you've found me.

Lonnie moves closer and closer to Michael. His gun aimed and ready to fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE

I knew you would.

Michael reveals a fresh kitchen knife by his side.
Lonnie spots it and slowly lowers his gun.

Cameron dips his head in to find the stand off between
Michael and Lonnie.

CAMERON

Shoot him!

LONNIE

Get out of here, son!

CAMERON

Just shoot him!

Lonnie accepts his fate and lowers the gun.

LONNIE

I love you, kid.

Lonnie drops the gun and kicks it over to Cameron...

...who quickly snags it up.

Lonnie stands still and silent as Michael drives the
knife back and SWOOSH!

One clean cut rips his throat open. Arterial spray
paints the kitchen countertop and walls.

Cameron fires off a couple shots but misses by a mile.
He runs for the front door.

Locked. Deadbolted.

Cameron looks behind him. Michael closing in. He grabs
Cameron and tosses him to the carpet. He struggles to
stand but is able to make it to the living room where he
pounds his fists on the glass.

This catches Allyson's attention as she rushes toward the
house.

KAREN

Allyson! Stay with me!

Allyson stops at the window and places her palms with
Cameron on the other side.

CAMERON

I love you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Allyson watches as Michael drives the knife into Cameron's back and he spits blood on the window.

EXT. HOUSE ON THE CUL DE SAC - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Allyson cries out as she has just witnessed her boyfriend's demise.

Karen pulls her back.

Sheriff Barker and several of his men rush the driveway and enter through the garage.

Laurie is still wounded, hurt and slow. She finally makes it to her girls.

LAURIE

Karen! Get away from here! Both of you!

Karen rushes Allyson from the scene as they allow the police to begin their search.

LAURIE

MICHAEL!!! I'm out here! I'm out here!

Laurie all but collapses on the driveway. Karen helps her to her feet.

KAREN

Easy, Mom. I've got you.

EXT. HOUSE ON THE CUL DE SAC - REAR LAWN - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker frantically searches the property as other cops pop out the back door. Empty handed.

SHERIFF BARKER

Fuck!

Deputy Harris arrives on scene. She is shaking, emotional, choking back tears.

DEPUTY HARRIS

Where the fuck is he?

SHERIFF BARKER

Rogers, what's up with those dogs, dammit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGERS (V.O.)

I read you, Sheriff. We're on route and we'll be looking for him. Over.

DEPUTY GRAHAM (V.O.)

We got problems, boss. Over.

SHERIFF BARKER

What the hell is it?

DEPUTY GRAHAM (V.O.)

Natives are getting restless. They're coming in hard.

Sheriff Barker sighs.

EXT. MAGNOLIA VILLAGES - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

An angry mob of neighbors pour through the front gate and begin searching different streets.

Deputy Graham rushes through the crowd, headed for his squad car where a frightened Julian watches the mob from the back seat.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Julian!

Deputy Graham makes it back, opens the back seat.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

You okay?

JULIAN

What's happening?

DEPUTY GRAHAM

What's happening, little man, is that people are pissed off. Fasten your seatbelt. We're getting out of here.

JULIAN

I hear that.

EXT. HIGHWAY NINETEEN - NIGHT

It's the edge of the woods. Lined up on the edge of the road are dozens of law enforcement vehicles...Sheriff's Office, Haddonfield Police, State Police...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All armed to the teeth and waiting in silence.

EXT. STATE ROAD FIFTY - NIGHT

Several more state trooper cars lined up on the side of the road with pistols, shotguns, aimed and ready.

A second K9 UNIT arrives at the scene.

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Just beyond the interstate sits a clearing in a very large patch of woods. In attendance are Sheriff Barker, Laurie, Karen and Allyson.

The rest of their resources patiently waiting and guarding these woods.

SHERIFF BARKER

Awfully quiet, Rogers. Talk to me.

ROGERS (V.O.)

We got nothing boss. We got all ends covered. There's no way he could've made it that far. He ain't in there.

Sheriff Barker angrily tosses his hand held radio onto the roof of his Bronco.

LAURIE

He's right. He would've found another way out.

SHERIFF BARKER

There is no other way out. We had the whole fuckin block covered.

LAURIE

Says you. He doesn't think like you. Or any other sane human being. He's evil.

Sheriff Barker grabs the hand held.

SHERIFF BARKER

Just keep on it, Rogers. Over.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER

Dammit, do you read me?

ROGERS (V.O.)

I read you. Affirmative.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

The Doberman search dogs are going absolutely ape shit as they charge a dark figure moving in the trees.

A search party led by red hot mad Deputy Graham cautiously move in on it.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Michael!

Deputy Graham aims his high powered rifle and fires.

CRRRAACKKK!

The blast takes half his face off, knocks the figure down.

The dogs sniff, guard the body, bark back at their handler.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Dammit, call off the fuckin dogs!

HANDLER

Back!

The dogs heel as Deputy Graham and his fellow officers stare down at Michael. He is limp. Dead.

SEARCH PARTY #1

I don't believe it.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Sheriff, come in.

SHERIFF BARKER (V.O.)

Go for Barker.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Call off the search. Suspect is down.

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Sheriff Barker shares a shocked look with Laurie as the on scene officers smile, clap and celebrate.

Karen and Allyson hug. Laurie doesn't look convinced.

EXT. HIGHWAY NINETEEN - NIGHT

Sgt. Pope listens to Sheriff Barker over the hand held.

SHERIFF BARKER

Just got a positive ID on the suspect. I repeat. Suspect is down.

Tommy and Lindsey, as well as the surrounding officers all share a relieved smile.

SGT. POPE

Roger that. Over.

(to Tommy)

That's the ballgame. Myers is toast.

Lindsey cries in celebration, gives Tommy a giant hug.

Julian rests on the hood of a squad car.

Tommy picks him up.

TOMMY

You hear that, buddy? It's over.

Julian barely cracks a smile.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LAURIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Laurie is passed out. Heavily sedated.

Doctor Moyer stands with Karen and Allyson.

DOCTOR MOYER

She's had some internal bleeding. But we were able to stabilize her. Pretty stupid leaving the hospital like that. Unsupervised. This could've gone the other way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

Yeah, well. She's kinda stubborn that way.

Doctor Moyer dips out.

Allyson is curled up in a corner chair. Her father and boyfriend gone. Not in the mood to celebrate.

ALLYSON

What happens now? Where do we go from here? Just...move on? Pretend it never happened? I mean, that's what we've been telling Grandma this whole time. It was all bullshit.

KAREN

Grandma didn't have us. But we're together now. It's gonna be different. You've got a lot of life left to live, kiddo. You're young. Don't let Michael Myers ruin your life like it did Mom. You have to promise me you'll move past this. You have to promise your father.

Karen tears up. So does Allyson.

ALLYSON

I miss them already.

Karen kneels before Allyson, rubs her palm in support.

KAREN

We have to hold it together. Like Grandma said. Because we're all each other has left. We can't let him win. Please baby.

Allyson and Karen hug.

BRACKETT (O.S.)

How is she?

Karen and Allyson look up to find Brackett standing in the doorway, hands in his pockets.

KAREN

She's gonna pull through. And you?

Brackett takes a moment to ponder this question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRACKETT

I'm good.

He cracks a grin.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Sheriff Barker stands over the body of Michael Myers. His head blown to pieces. Maskless. Still in his dusty blue overalls.

The face is a bloody mop of indistinguishable features. But one trademark is a standout. His left eye has been severely scarred at the lid.

CORONER

Well. Look familiar?

Beat. Silence.

CORONER

Sheriff?

SHERIFF BARKER

Graham. You got those dental records handy?

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Right here.

CORONER

Is that really necessary? How many other escaped mental patients are wandering those woods?

Sheriff Barker gives this serious thought.

EXT. HIGHWAY NINETEEN - (BUS CRASH) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A slew of white gowned mental patients roam about the road and soft shoulder near the wreckage.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Sheriff Barker snaps out of it.

SHERIFF BARKER

Deputy Graham.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF BARKER

My top drawer. You'll find the transfer order and patient list from Smith's Grove. Then I want you to call those two Feds Kemper and Dietz and have them meet us down here asap. We want backgrounds, medical history, everything they got on our friends from the bus crash.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Yes sir.

INT. DEPUTY HARRIS CAR - LATE NIGHT

Deputy Harris behind the wheel. Tommy rides shotgun. Lindsey and Julian in the back. All is quiet. All is calm. For the moment.

They pass PHELPS GARAGE. Several police cars at the scene, lights flashing.

TOMMY

What's happening now?

DEPUTY HARRIS

God only knows.

Tommy stares back at Lindsey. Both are nervous.

INT. PHELPS GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

Tommy follows Deputy Harris inside. Followed by Lindsey holding Julian's hand.

Sgt. Pope stands next to an old Chevelle rested on a hydraulic auto service lift and gives Deputy Harris the nod.

SGT. POPE

Over here.

All four join Sgt. Pope by the Chevelle.

SGT. POPE

Might wanna get the kid out of here.

Lindsey grabs Julian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDSEY

Come on. We can wait outside.

Lindsey nudges Julian to the door.

SGT. POPE

Our visiting federal agent friends
Dietz and Kemper swung by here to
check on Marion Chambers car.
This is what they found.

Sgt. Pope reaches under the vehicle and rolls out a nude,
dead man sprawled out on a four wheeled mechanic's
creeper.

His throat SLIT OPEN.

SGT. POPE

That's not all.

Sgt. Pope reaches in the front seat of the Chevelle and
pulls out a WHITE HOSPITAL GOWN.

TOMMY

When did this happen?

SGT. POPE

Word just came down from Sheriff
Barker. Our guy's dental records
are a match with a Smith's Grove
patient by the name of Clive
Carver. Last seen earlier tonight
at the sight of a bus crash off
Highway Nineteen.

TOMMY

Carver wanders off the beaten path
and ends up in the woods.

SGT. POPE

And has a fateful run in with our
guy.

Lindsey ducks back in.

LINDSEY

He's still out there. Isn't he?

INT. KAREN AND RAY'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Karen and Allyson approach their home. They notice a
police car at the curb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

Oh God. What now?

They pull into the driveway. They crawl out, exhausted, nothing left.

KAREN

We'll just get a good couple of hours and head back.

ALLYSON

Okay.

They head for the door. They stop when they notice it has clearly been broken into.

And then...

The door swings open. Deputy Graham on the other side.

KAREN

Oh God! Stop it!

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Sorry about the door. We had a slight scare.

KAREN

What does that mean? You think you can stop all the bullshit and just speak at this point!

DEPUTY GRAHAM

There's a lot to explain. But we'll have to do it in the car.

ALLYSON

He's alive.

KAREN

Wait a minute. How can that be?

DEPUTY GRAHAM

In the car. Let's go.

Deputy Graham grabs Allydson by the arm, tries to forces her along. She resists.

ALLYSON

No! Tell me!

Before Karen has a chance to fight...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Michael runs out of the house...wraps his arm around her neck. He rushes back inside the foyer with Karen kicking and screaming.

ALLYSON

Mom!

Michael kicks the door shut.

DEPUTY GRAHAM

Get in the fucking car and wait!
Lock the damn door!

He physically shoves her toward the car.

ALLYSON

Mom!

Deputy Graham kicks in the door. Allyson is near catatonic, unable to make a clear decision.

ALLYSON

Mother!

POW! Shots are fired inside. Only we can't see.

Allyson rushes to Deputy Graham's police car, dips her head in and attempts to pull a twelve gauge from the dashboard. It's stuck.

ALLYSON

Come on!

She is finally able to break it free.

Allyson walks toward the home. She suddenly becomes strong...like Laurie...like she's been taught.

She kicks in the door...

INT. KAREN AND RAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She immediately finds Deputy Graham dead on the foyer tile. His blood spilling out. She carefully walks further into the home...

...into the...

LIVING ROOM

...where Karen lay on the floor, holding in the blood quickly gushing from her neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allyson squats next to her, lays the shotgun on the carpet. A sobbing mess. Attempts to hold in the blood shooting from Karen's neck.

ALLYSON

Not you. Don't you do it.

Karen's life gives out. Dead.

Allyson turns to find Michael standing just several feet away next to a kitchen counter. His butcher knife in hand and soaked with Karen's blood.

She stares at the shotgun. And then back at Michael. A staring contest ensues.

ALLYSON

What are you waiting for? DO IT!

Allyson jumps for the shotgun but Michael is too fast. He tramples her fingers as she SCREAMS in pain.

He then picks her up by the hair and throws her across the room...striking a large picture frame...shattering a large family portrait.

And grunting like a wild animal, charging Michael from behind is none other than TOMMY.

Allyson attempts to stand upright as Tommy is thrown like a ragdoll against one wall after the next. Pictures and other artwork knocked to the carpet.

Michael eventually throws Tommy on a kitchen island centerpiece. Michael grabs his throat, enjoys slowly choking Tommy out.

Lindsey pulls a knife from a block set and JAMS it into Michael's back. He grows annoyed and pushes her to the floor. Michael grabs another blade from the block set and drives it into Tommy's hand, straight into the stone countertop.

TOMMY

Shit!

Michael grabs another knife from the set, restrains Tommy's other hand. Drives the second blade into his one and only free hand.

TOMMY

AHH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDSEY

Tommy!

Michael picks up his butcher's knife - ready to drive it straight into Tommy's chest.

Lindsey goes crazy berserk and pulls at Michael's mask.

ALLYSON

Get away from him!

She's able to yank it completely off and makes a run for the back door.

LINDSEY

Come on, Michael. Come on.

Michael looks back and forth between Lindsey and Allyson. Unable to reach a decision.

Lindsey disappears down a hall. Michael follows.

Allyson finds the shotgun and snags it up.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATE NIGHT

Lindsey climbs a chain link fence, hops over with Michael's mask in hand. As she crawls over, the mask falls in the dirt.

She realizes the mask is now on the other side of the fence. She attempts to reach under the sharp edges of the wire fence. Her fingers just within reach...

And finally...

She's able to pull it through. Somehow...Michael has taken a short cut and appears behind Lindsey.

Lindsey turns to find Michael before her. She spits in his face. He slowly wipes it off.

LINDSEY

Fuck you.

Michael grabs her by the blouse, throws her across the lawn. She slowly stands. He then picks her up, grabs her by the back of the neck...

...shoves her face into an above ground pool. He lets her up a moment to catch her breath. She laughs in his face in between gasping for air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDSEY

Fuck you!

He dunks her head back in the pool. And keeps her there. After a few moments...he lets her go. She falls limp to the grass. He looks down at her. Observes her.

EXT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAWN

Deputy Harris pulls around to the front of the ER doors where Brackett stands waiting.

Out of the passenger door steps Allyson. A broken soul. Never to be the same again. And after her...Tommy with both hands wrapped in bandages.

Brackett throws an arm around Allyson and walks her through the ER doors.

Tommy stops, throws a glance upward...

INT. LAURIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Laurie watches from the window.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SMITH'S GROVE WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM - DAY

Laurie sits at a different window now. Staring out into the front lawn.

Allyson with her hands in her pockets. Watching Laurie with a blank expression. She turns and heads off...toward the visitor's lot.

An on staff PSYCHIATRIST escorts a tour group of medical students passed Laurie's room.

PSYCHIATRIST

This next patient. She was one of the most important players in the case of Smith Grove's most infamous patient Michael Myers.

All the students take a quick peek inside, fascinated by the catatonic woman by the window.

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CONTINUED:

PSYCHIATRIST

Laurie Strode. She was stalked, attacked and became the soul survivor of a terrible, murderous rampage that left her two best friends dead. She carried that burden for forty years until Myers escaped yet again. This time from a transfer bus. And this time killing over a dozen people, including her own daughter. Twice married. Twice divorced. Her daughter taken at a young age. And then taken permanently from her as an adult. This final tragedy has left her lifeless. Emotionless. Empty. In fact, she hasn't spoken a single word in nearly twelve months. She's endured about as much suffering as any one patient I've ever seen.

One student notices Laurie's jittery right hand. She's constantly making fists with her fingers as if her nerves are still secretly working her over.

STUDENT

What is she doing with her fingers? It's like she's anxious or something.

PSYCHIATRIST

There are several theories. One theory is that she's waiting for something. Or someone.

Laurie slowly turns her head, stares back at the tour with a blank, emotionless expression.

PSYCHIATRIST

Good morning, Laurie. Nice day out.

Laurie ignores him, turns back to the window.

The Psychiatrist keeps the tour going as the others follow behind.

Laurie turns to a calender on the wall. It's says October 2019. All the days leading up to the 31st are marked off.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Laurie, now disguised in a cap and ponytail, walks her way through the mental ward, goes unnoticed. Her eyes unflinching, filled with rage, completely focused.

WE SLOW her walk down, taking her in as Carpenter's score takes us out.

CUT TO BLACK