

HALLOWEEN: THE HOMECOMING

WRITTEN BY LARRY BRAND AND SEAN HOOD

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

INT. SANITARIUM HALLWAY

We are at the end of the hallway and move closer to a door at the end with a circular window in the middle of the door.

LAURIE (V.O)

There's a tunnel we all have to go down one time in our lives. At the end is a door which leads to either heaven or hell. This is that door.

We move through the window to find Laurie Strode holding a Raggedy Ann doll.

FLASH TO:

THE EMS VAN

CRASHING down the hill and PINNING the man against the tree --

FLASH TO:

THE FIRE AX

in Laurie's hands SWINGING in one unmerciful arc --

FLASH TO:

INT. THE HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT

Michael Myers is lying on the floor. We hear SIRENS in the distance...the sound of the door OPENING...FOOTSTEPS.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS

are the first on the scene. They enter cautiously, moving slowly with guns drawn. They notice the body lying nearby.

OFFICER

See if he's still breathing. I'll secure the floor.

The other cop steps over, looks at the body, the blood.

OFFICER #2

No way, man. This guy is chum.

He turns back to his partner, who's disappeared further inside.

And Michael Myers RISES to a sit behind him..

...as Michael GRABS the cop from behind, bringing him down quickly, wrapping one big hand around the man's throat and CRUSHING his larynx -- He quickly starts removing the unconscious man's police uniform. The first cop returns to the room just in time to see a SHAPE slipping out through a side door. It is wearing a police uniform. It moves out into the night and is gone.

FLASH TO:

THE SEVERED HEAD

lying on the ground, as a hand reaches to pull off the white mask...and we see the face of the police officer revealed.

FADE TO BLACK.

We hear a slow, rhythmic CLACK-CLACK-CLACK, hard and insistent as the beat of a petrified heart. And SUDDENLY FLUORESCENT LIGHT invades our space, harsh and ugly, and we find ourselves in a featureless white CORRIDOR that seems to stretch to infinity. Soft and muffled, as if coming from some hidden dimension, we hear crazed laughter, pathetic whimpering, wild canine yelping: the sounds of madness emanating from the walls...then FOOTSTEPS.

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Two nurses walk down the hall, pushing a medicine cart, their uniforms as hard white as the fluorescence. The first voice belongs to HEAD NURSE WELLES, the other to NURSE PHILLIPS, a young newcomer to the facility. The CLACKING sound, everpresent, grows LOUDER.

NURSE WELLES

You've never heard of Laurie Strode?

The novice shakes her head.

NURSE WELLES

The Halloween murders? The brother of Michael Myers?

NURSE PHILLIPS

I...just moved here from Wisconsin.

NURSE WELLES

She decapitated a man.

NURSE PHILLIPS

My God. Decapitated? Why'd she do it?

NURSE WELLES

I don't know, does insanity run in families? Are people born evil or can they be made that way?

NURSE PHILLIPS

Um, we didn't really study that in --

NURSE WELLES

I guess those are philosophical questions, not psychiatric ones, right?

They stop at the door. A small circle of reinforced glass looks into the room.

POV INSIDE ROOM

where we see the perfectly-arranged items, as if some attempt has been made to find order in a random universe. It resembles a teenage girl's room, circa late seventies, a haven for someone surrounding herself with the artifacts of a gentler past.

We hear the CLACK-CLACK-CLACK...and move SLOWLY to FIND

LAURIE STRODE

sitting by her window, staring outside. She is crying. In her bed sits a Raggedy Ann doll dressed in a robe like the one Laurie is wearing.

BACK TO:

LAURIE SITTING

in her chair, rocking gently. Eyes open but unseeing.

LAURIE'S EYES

as they become giant mirrors of a haunted soul.

FLASH TO:

INT. EMS TRUCK - NIGHT

As Laurie drives the commandeered vehicle as the man in the white mask fights his way out of the body bag behind her --

FLASH TO:

LAURIE SLAMMING

the BRAKES as the body is PROPELLED through the windshield --

THROUGH LAURIE'S EYES

and OUT THE WINDOW of the SANITARIUM and INTO THE WOODS surrounding the facility -- where we get just the faintest glimpse of a dark shape, white face, moving, moving --

Then we hear the door OPENING and the two nurses entering. They move around in front of us, wheeling the medicine cart alongside the chair. We notice the different bottles of medicine, several hypodermic syringes.

WIDER ANGLE

as Nurse Welles gently places a pill on Laurie's tongue, then washes it down with a paper cup of water. She straightens.

But SUDDENLY Laurie's body starts to CONVULSE violently, KNOCKING over the medicine tray. Her chair TOPPLES to the floor beside the spilled medicine bottles and syringes.

The two nurses struggle to get her calm again, finally righting the chair. Laurie seems over it. Nurse Phillips bends to gather up the medications.

NURSE PHILLIPS

Jesus. Has she ever done that before?

NURSE WELLES

Not on my watch. I'll talk to Dr. Howard in the morning about upping her meds.

And Laurie watches through her vacant eyes as the two nurses leave the room, locking the door behind them. She stares outside her window to see MICHAEL MYERS LOOKING BACK AT HER.

CUT TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

The MAIN FLOOR, where a bored night-duty staffer, FRANKLIN MUNROE, is sitting at the security desk by a bank of MONITORS when he hears FOOTSTEPS. He gets up, moves to the hallway.

FOLLOW FRANKLIN

around a corner. He stops.

POV DOWN THE HALL

he sees nothing. It's silent again.

ANGLE ON FRANKLIN

as he starts to turn back -- when SUDDENLY a SHAPE comes out of the darkness of a doorway. Franklin JUMPS back, almost slamming into a wall, catching his breath.

FRANKLIN

Jesus Christ, Harold! You trying to give me  
a heart attack?

The figure moves into the half-light and we see it's one of the patients, walking with the stiff movements of neurological disorder. He's wearing a bright red-and-white clown mask.

FRANKLIN

How the hell you get out this time?

Franklin takes the man's arm and walks him down the hall.

FRANKLIN

Who you supposed to be today?  
(nodding at the mask)  
Oh, yeah, I get it. Gacy, right?

HAROLD

(savant monotone)

John Wayne Gacy. Born in Chicago, Illinois  
on March 17, 1942. Killed thirty-three  
people and buried them under his  
house. Executed on May 14, 1994.

His voice trails off as they disappear down the hall.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

We find another staffer, WILLIE HAINES, sneaking a smoke just inside the facility's gates. He watches the smoke curl lazily in the night air. Then something CRUNCHES in the bushes just beyond the steel fence. Willie turns and looks.

POV INTO WOODS

bordering the well-tended grounds. It's DARK and QUIET.

ANGLE ON WILLIE

as he turns away and takes a deep drag of his cigarette. Then we hear the CRACK of a branch. Willie snuffs out his cigarette and goes over to the gate and opens it. He steps outside the sanitarium grounds. He pulls his

flashlight from his belt and surveys the near woods. Suddenly there's a SOUND, and his flashlight beam SWINGS up to

ANGLE ON FIGURE

standing there in the dark, just in front of the trees. The FLASHLIGHT BEAM moves up the figure...to the dark jumpsuit...the white mask.

ANGLE ON WILLIE

looking at the figure standing there. He shakes his head.

WILLIE

Damn, Harold, you like to scare the shit out of me. How many times I tell you I'm the one gets stepped on every time you get out?

He turns toward the gate, then back to the figure in the mask.

WILLIE

Well? Come on.

And the figure follows him onto the sanitarium grounds.

WILLIE

(looking at the mask)

Who you supposed to be today? Hmm. White mask, white mask....Don't think I know that one.

CUT TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

Franklin Munroe looks up as Willie enters with the other man.

FRANKLIN

God damn. He get out again?

WILLIE

Don't know how he does that shit.

(to figure)

You stay right the fuck there.

Willie sidles over to the security desk, looks at Franklin.

WILLIE

We really got to write this up?

FRANKLIN

You like your job?

But Willie isn't paying attention. He is looking at

THE SECURITY MONITORS

which show the different floors of the facility. And on one of them we see Harold wandering around in his clown mask....

ANGLE ON

Franklin looking at the monitor, then back at Willie, then over at the hall where the figure was standing -- but he's no longer there.

FRANKLIN

Shit!

And both men are up and moving.

FRANKLIN

Check outside, I've got the floors.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The TOP FLOOR. A dark shape, in silhouette, MOVES down the white corridor as if following some sense only he possesses.

POV DOWN HALL

where we see the single door...and we begin to hear the steady rhythmic CLACK-CLACK-CLACK from just beyond it.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER FLOOR- NIGHT

We find Franklin running down the hallway till reaching one of the doors and quickly OPENING it -- and INSIDE we find Harold, now in a Ted Bundy mask, sitting in bed with a Detective magazine. The walls are covered with novelty masks of infamous serial killers. He looks at Franklin and blinks.

HAROLD

Ted Bundy, born November 24, 19 --

But Franklin is already out the door and moving down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

as Michael approaches the door at the end of the hall with utter unstoppable determination. The CLACKING gets louder.

POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

looking INTO Laurie's ROOM. He sees her sleeping in her bed -- then Michael THRUSTS his body into the door.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Franklin reaches floor after floor, pokes his head into the hall, sees nothing, then ducks back in, continues the search.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Michael POUNDS at Laurie's door with desperate animal ferocity, until one of the hinges BURSTS free of its housing. He is about to hit the door again when he notices something:

HIS POV

through the little window -- and the room appears empty.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he gives one last mighty THRUST of his shoulders and the door BURSTS OPEN --

INT. LAURIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He raises his knife high, about to stab the Raggedy Ann doll which appears to be Laurie in the dark room. Suddenly...

LAURIE LUNGES FROM BEHIND HIM AND HITS HIM WITH A LAMP.

Michael falls to the floor a bit shocked. Laurie bolts.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Laurie running down the hall as Michael staggers to his feet, and starts coming after her in his methodical gait. Laurie enters a door and hides above the staircase. Michael exits through the rooftop access door.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Michael sees a robe sitting on the ledge. Has she killed herself?

THE DOOR

from behind Michael bursts open as Michael stands looking at her.

LAURIE

Hello Michael. It seems you've failed. I knew you'd come for me sooner or later. What took you so long?

Then Laurie PULLS A LEVER flipping Michael upside down on a crane. He swings his knife but then drops it. Laurie picks it up and gains in on Michael.

LAURIE

I'm not afraid of you. But how about you Michael? Are you afraid of me? Are you afraid to die? Are you afraid that it's finally over.

He just stares at her through empty eyes. She walks with the knife a good distance from Michael to cut the rope with the knife...but then she sees Michael grabbing his mask.

FLASH TO:

EXT. WOODS

Michael is pinned between the truck and the tree and starts grabbing his mask.

FLASH TO:

EXT. WOODS

The paramedics take off the mask to reveal the paramedic.

BACK TO:

EXT. SANITARIUM ROOFTOP

Laurie stops cutting the rope and walks over to Michael.

LAURIE

I just have to be sure.

She reaches to pull his mask as MICHAEL GRABS HER AND PULLS HER OVER THE LEDGE WHILE THE KNIFE IS SHOVED INTO LAURIE'S TORSO. She won't let go. She grasps onto her brother.

LAURIE

Come with me, Michael....

He lets go of the knife --

And Laurie FALLS, free of him forever --

THROUGH MICHAEL'S EYES

we see her body fall into the trees below.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he slowly pulls himself back up onto the roof.

He walks back inside.

INT. SANITARIUM HALLWAY

Michael walks into Harold's room and hands him the knife.

HAROLD

Wow! Michael Myers...

He continues as Michael slowly walks down the hallway and out of the sanitarium.

HAROL (V.O)

...born October 19<sup>th</sup>, 1958. On October 31<sup>st</sup>, 1963, he picked up a knife and never let go. 15 years later he killed 3 teenagers, 6 hospital workers, and a security guard that same night, and Doctor Sam Loomis and Michael burnt in an explosion in an operating room. Twenty years later, Halloween night 1998 he returned to Hillcrest Academy, killed two teenagers, a guidance counselor, and a nurse once again trying to get to his sister Laurie Strode. After decapitating what she thought to be her brother, only to turn out to be an unlucky paramedic, he has been unknown of the last three years...and now he's BACK!

DISSOLVE TO:

A VIDEO IMAGE

of Michael Myers on a TV MONITOR -- a GRAPHIC of a WEB PAGE.

VOICE (OVER)

My guest tonight is Internet entrepreneur Freddie Harris, whose latest venture seems to have captured the imagination of Net surfers everywhere.

INT. NEWSROOM STUDIO - NIGHT

where an INTERVIEW is ON THE AIR. Host BARRY FISHER sits across a desk from tonight's guest, FREDDIE HARRIS.

FREDDIE

Well, Barry, to succeed you have to keep your finger on the pulse of America. The Net is

real, it's immediate. Anything can happen --  
and we hope it does.

BARRY

To those viewers who may not know, tomorrow  
night, Halloween, live on the Internet, five  
college students are going to enter the  
childhood home of infamous mass murder  
Michael Myers.

FREDDIE

Barry, we are going to explore the heart of  
darkness, the enigma inside the conundrum in  
the center of the riddle: the childhood home  
of the most brutal mass murderer in history.

BARRY

Well, I don't know if it's really --

FREDDIE

This is the house where Michael Myers was  
born, where he spent his formative years. If  
there are any secrets to be learned about why  
he did what he did -- they're in that  
house. And tomorrow night we'll uncover  
them.

BARRY

I've read where you've promised the five  
students free college tuition through  
graduation.

FREDDIE

All they have to do is spend the night in the  
house and discover the truth behind the  
killer.

BARRY

This is be the first Internet production of  
its kind, isn't that true?

FREDDIE

(selling it)

This is where it's all heading, Barry. Put  
down the remote and pick up your mouse --  
this ain't TV, it's real life. The Net as a  
source of entertainment is an unstoppable  
force. Or, as I call it...Dangertainment!

BARRY

Well, that's quite the sales pitch,  
Freddie. But do you have any concerns for  
the safety of the six students? I mean, the  
house hasn't been entered in how many years?

FREDDIE

We're not looking to get anyone hurt, Barry,  
just uncover the truth behind a legend.

BARRY

What do you think it says about a society  
that so many of us are willing to sit back  
and watch other people do things, on TV, and,  
now, on the Net?

FREDDIE

See, Barry, I believe reality is the biggest  
illusion of all. Did you know I'm a  
practicing Buddhist? Who's to say that  
virtual reality is any less real than real  
reality?

BARRY

Well, I'm not really sure I --

FREDDIE

Besides, doesn't everyone have just a little  
of the voyeur in them?

BARRY

Well, I'll let that be a rhetorical  
question. How were the students picked?

FREDDIE

They were chosen from among the student body  
of Haddonfield University.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

The room is in an astonishing state of disarray, books and half-written term  
papers co-mingling with beer cans and bongos. JIM MORGAN is talking to an  
unseen INTERVIEWER. The sequence is shot in STREAMING VIDEO.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What about the publicity? The loss of  
privacy?

JIM

Privacy? That's a joke, man. Who's ever  
private anymore? Anywhere you go -- the  
bank, 7-Eleven -- there's a camera. You  
can't even screw your girlfriend in an  
elevator anymore without winding up on  
"America's Most Outrageous  
Copulations." Privacy is an antiquated  
notion, man.

FREDDIE (V.O.)

Donna Chang....

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER DORM ROOM - DAY

This one couldn't be more different from Jim's. It's neat and ordered; the walls are covered with posters of Gloria Steinem and Eleanor Smeal. DONNA CHANG, bright, intense, is being interviewed in STREAMING VIDEO.

DONNA

I don't know why I sent my name in. In many ways it's against everything I believe in. I mean, the sensationalism and everything. But I'm fascinated by the narratives that inform our culture. This is just one of those narratives.

FREDDIE (V.O.)

Jenna Danzig...

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA - DAY

Where we find JENNA CARTMAN, pretty and pouty in jeans and sweatshirt, working a waitress shift.

JENNA

Well, we're all, like, different people. Donna is real, you know, political. She's all like, you shouldn't buy into this whole Madison Avenue paternal media whatever. Like I give a shit that some fat chick burned her bra fifty years ago.

FREDDIE (V.O.)

Rudy Grimes...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

At the university's Home Economics program, where we watch RUDY JOHNSON in STREAMING VIDEO as he prepares a soufflé.

RUDY

A group of people is like the ingredients in a recipe. You have to nurse them along, be attentive, and everything will blend just perfectly. If you don't -- disaster.

He flashes a smile as he slips the soufflé in the oven.

FREDDIE (V.O.)

Bill Woodlake...

CUT TO:

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

We FOLLOW student BILL WOODHOUSE, in STREAMING VIDEO, as he takes a lap around the track.

BILL

Yeah, Rudy's got this whole peace-out thing going, like we're this little microcosm of America, our own little melting pot. But it's a fantasy. Nothing ever really melts, it just burns.

FREDDIE (V.O.)

And Sara Moyer...

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Where we find SARA MOYER, attractive in an unassuming way, intelligent eyes looking earnestly at us in STREAMING VIDEO.

SARA

Actually, I'd never even heard of Michael Myers before the drawing.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Really?

SARA

It's just, my scholarship runs out this year and, well, I could really use free college tuition and housing till graduation.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

No interest in uncovering the mystery of the Halloween murders?

SARA

(smiling)

Well. Everyone likes a good mystery.

HER IMAGE TRANSFORMS

...from STREAMING VIDEO into reality as we GO TO

INT. SARA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Sara is tossing some books in her backpack when we hear the familiar "You've Got Mail," and she goes to her desk.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER

where we see new e-mail from someone called "Deckard799."

ANGLE ON SARA

smiling as she reads the message. She types her response.

SARA

(as she types)

This isn't fair. You know everything about me and I don't know anything about you.

She is about to post, then adds:

SARA

I don't even know if "Deckard" is your real name.

She clicks on "send."

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Chat room romance?

ANGLE TO FIND

Sara's roommate, JEN, in the open doorway. Sara turns.

SARA

Yes, that's so like me. Just meet some stud online and bingo.

Jen nods to Sara's backpack brimming with books.

JEN

You're not even going to be gone a day.

SARA

You know, for the ride over.

JANE

A two hour car ride without a book -- wow, that would be torture.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Don't do it.

ANGLE TO FIND

ARON, a geeky guy in a Michael Myers t-shirt, standing in the doorway.

ARON  
(continuing)  
Some things you just don't fuck  
with. Michael Myers is one of those things.

JEN  
Don't you have a letter to write to Charlie  
Manson or something?

SARA  
It's just a house, Aron.

ARON  
It's the house where it all started.

He comes further into the room.

ARON  
(continuing)  
He walked its hallways, played in its rooms,  
dreamed in bed at night. He kept his mother  
company in the kitchen, watched TV in the  
living room with the family....

His eyes are lit with the intensity of a zealot.

ARON  
(continuing)  
Then one day he picked up a knife.

JEN  
Aron, that's enough.

ARON  
(ignoring her)  
And he never put it down again.

And Jen shoves Aron out the door and closes it.

JEN  
That guy is fucking weird.

SARA  
(a beat)  
It's not as if I haven't thought about it,  
you know, all those people killed and here we  
are, capitalizing on it.

JEN  
Yeah, I guess that's never been done before.

SARA  
Are you sure they're not just putting us in  
some house with hidden cameras in the shower?

On her look at Sara we

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Where we are FOLLOWING Rudy Grimes while he talks on his cell phone.

RUDY

Sherilyn, baby, of course I want to spend  
Halloween with you, but this changes things a  
little right now.

WIDER ANGLE

as he moves over to a long table decked out for a "going away" meal. The  
other students are taking their seats.

RUDY

(continuing)

Yeah, baby, I remember last Christmas. But  
you know I gotta go down and sign the papers  
every time Lester dies.

JIM

(looking up)

Every time?

Rudy takes his seat at the table, nods to the others.

RUDY

(on phone)

I'll call you, baby....Yeah. Soon's I get  
back....Right. Bye.

He clicks off the phone, looks around at the others.

RUDY

My kinda girlfriend.

BILL

We kinda figured.

JIM

(to Rudy)

What do you mean "every time" Lester dies?

DONNA

Turkey looks good.

SARA

I think it's a goose.

JENNA

Aren't geoses the ones with the long necks?

DONNA

They're called geese. And swans are the ones with the long necks.

But Jim slaps his hand down on the table.

JIM

(to Rudy)

No. I wanna know. What do you mean "every time" Lester dies?

RUDY

Oh, Lester's my uncle. Great-uncle actually, he's ninety-six.

Rudy breaks off a piece of goose drumstick and tastes it.

RUDY

Not bad. Hint of tarragon.

JENNA

Can you eat swans?

RUDY

Too tough. Anyway, old Uncle Lester's heart stops every so often, usually around the holidays -- you know, all the excitement. So they bring him to emergency, get him going again, and I'm the one goes down and signs him out.

BILL

Some folks just take a lot of killing, I guess.

SARA

Like Rasputin.

JENNA

Who?

SARA

Turn of the century Russian. His enemies poisoned him but he lived. So they shot him, and when that didn't work, they dumped him in an icy river.

RUDY

White guy?

SARA

Yeah. Then they burned the body and buried it.

RUDY

That's some cold shit.

DONNA

Look, there's something I need to say....

BILL

Say away, baby. Haven't had my dose of feminist propaganda today.

DONNA

Good one, Bill.

(to the others)

It's just...I don't want this thing to be, well, exploitative.

BILL

Jeez, a live-on-the-Net tour of the home of the worst serial killer in history. What could be exploitative about that?

DONNA

I don't want this to be seen as glorifying violence.

JENNA

I thought Ted Bundy killed the most people.

RUDY

Nah, man, Bundy is nowhere near the record. Henry Lee Lucas did like three hundred.

BILL

I heard he made a lot of those up.

JIM

You're all missing the point.

The others turn to him.

JIM

Michael Myers isn't real.

JENNA

Sure he is. There's a book about him and everything.

JIM

He might have been real once, but not anymore. Michael Myers has entered the dark mythology of America, my friends.

RUDY

Dark mythology. I like that.

JIM

(hamming it up)

He's become part of the horror that's been the underside of this country ever since the first white man murdered the first Indian and started seeing the ghosts of revenge in every shadow.

RUDY

Ghosts of revenge? You just make this shit up? Out of your head like?

JIM

(on a roll)

He's the great white shark of our unconscious.

BILL

Go, Jimbo!

JIM

(building steam)

He's every murderous impulse we've ever had.

RUDY

Can I get a witness!

JIM

He's the voice that whispers to us to flatten the old lady taking forever at the checkout counter in front of us.

THE OTHERS

(chanting)

Go, Jimbo! Go, Jimbo!

JIM

He's that little itch at the base of our brains where reptiles once ruled. He's all of us, my friends, each and every one.

They give him a sarcastic round of applause and he turns to

THE DIGITAL CAMERA

a few yards away, with a small crew documenting the occasion for the Net. Jim stands, smiles at us and bows dramatically.

JIM (STREAMING VIDEO)  
(playing to camera)  
Thank you, you're beautiful. Great crowd,  
great crowd.

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

on which we are watching the same image.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
This is boring.

BOY'S VOICE #2 (O.S.)  
Boring is as boring thinks.

INT. MYLES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is the room of an adolescent with a high-tech mindset. Instead of sports paraphernalia and posters of rock heroes, every available inch of space is taken up by computer parts of varying age and condition, software on floppies and CDs, manuals on computer language and code. MYLES BERMAN is sitting in front of the computer screen, on which we watch Sara's interview.

His friend SCOTT stands watching over his shoulder, bored.

SCOTT  
It's just media hype.

MYLES  
Like you don't think she's hot.

ANGLE ON

the COMPUTER SCREEN, as the camera finds the quiet Sara.

BACK TO SCENE

as Scott looks at her, unimpressed.

SCOTT  
She's like what, twenty?

MYLES  
Nevertheless.

SCOTT  
Can you get some porno up on that thing?

MYLES  
Forget it.

SCOTT  
Then let's go to the mall.

Myles looks up from the computer for the first time, blinks.

SCOTT  
You know, food, movies, real girls. It would  
involve leaving the room.

MYLES  
Let me sign off.

But when Scott turns away Myles hits his e-mail "send" and we

CUT TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

We are looking THROUGH the support beams of a wooden SCAFFOLDING, down a long straight stretch of road with highway lights creating pockets of light, pools of darkness. We hear VOICES and find

A PICKUP TRUCK

at the side of the road. Two men JERRY and KENNY, put the finishing touches on a billboard supported by the scaffolding.

JERRY  
Throw that in the back, will you?

Kenny puts a large, claw-toothed hammer into the flatbed.

THROUGH THE SUPPORTS

a figure appears in the distance, at first just a vague shimmering...but moving steadily toward us, vanishing in every patch of darkness, reappearing under each new light.

THE TWO MEN

gather the rest of their tools, put them into the flatbed.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The men climb into the cab.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The dark-clad figure suddenly STOPS. He is looking up.

HIS POV

on the BILLBOARD, which we now finally see from the front -- a giant white Michael Myers mask stares down at us under copy that announces: "Secrets of the Myers House Revealed. Tomorrow Night. Live."

ANGLE ON FIGURE

staring up at the sign for a long time, seemingly frozen.

INT. TRUCK -NIGHT

The driver reaches for the ignition, hesitates. He is looking up at something.

POV IN REARVIEW MIRROR

where we see the figure standing there, in white mask, at the back of the flatbed.

KENNY

What the -- ?

JERRY

What is it?

The first man turns around quickly.

POV THROUGH REAR WINDOW

...but the figure has vanished.

ANGLE IN CAB

as Kenny turns back to the wheel.

KENNY

It's nothing. Just...nothing.

JERRY

The ignition switch is that one right there on the steering column.

KENNY

What, like you got a date or something.

JERRY

Well, not with an actual person.

A SHADOW crosses their faces and they both look up

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

as SUDDENLY the SHAPE appears out of nowhere -- and SMASHES DOWNWARD with the huge hammer -- CRASHING THROUGH the windshield straight for Kenny's skull as we

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD - MORNING

OCTOBER 31st. HALLOWEEN.

We MOVE SLOWLY down a tree-lined street to FIND

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The place is long ago boarded up and fallen into disrepair. Graffiti is scratched across the façade, left there no doubt by the heartiest of local teenagers willing to take a dare.

The front door is OPEN. We hear VOICES coming from inside.

WE KEEP MOVING

...slowly up the walkway toward the front door.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - MORNING

We MOVE among the old dusty furniture as through a museum.

FREDDIE (O.S.)

No, I think you got to go a little lower with that one over there....

MOVE UP THE STAIRS

where the voices grow louder.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

This is what I do for a living, okay?

FREDDIE (O.S.)

That's why I hired you, isn't it?

(a beat)

No, baby, I wasn't talking to you.

ANGLE TO FIND

Freddie in the upstairs HALLWAY, on the cell phone while directing a thirtyish guy, Brian, how to set up a small digi-cam. NORA, Freddie's assistant, stands nearby.

FREDDIE

(on phone)

What? Yeah, baby, just tell them to be cool, a loan means they get their money back, right? They can look that up in the dictionary.

(to Brian)  
You get the master bedroom?

BRIAN  
Between the stationary cameras and the minis  
they'll be wearing, you should be covered.

FREDDIE  
(on phone)  
I got my own problems, here, baby, I'm  
dealing with Orson fucking Welles Junior  
here.  
(to Brian)  
Look, Brian, we're not remaking "Barton Fink"  
here. I'm on a schedule.

Brian turns to him.

BRIAN  
High angles are scary, low angles are scary,  
medium angles are boring.

FREDDIE  
You learned about scaring people shooting  
weddings and Bar Mitzvahs?

BRIAN  
Hey, I graduated Long Beach Film  
School. Same as Spielberg.

FREDDIE  
(frustrated)  
Fine. You know...fine.  
(on phone)  
I'll call you later, baby, I gotta get back  
to town.

He flips the phone closed, looks back over at Brian.

FREDDIE  
Just make sure it gets done by this  
afternoon.

He passes Brian in the hallway, heading for the stairs.

BRIAN  
By the way....

Freddie turns back to him.

BRIAN  
Welles was overrated.

Freddie just shakes his head and continues down the stairs. FOLLOW HIM out  
the front door, mumbling to himself.

FREDDIE

Welles was overrated. Shit. Man was a motherfucking genius.

THE IMAGE TRANSFORMS

into VIDEO as we look THROUGH A WINDOW as Freddie gets in his car. As the car PULLS OUT...we get just a hint of another vehicle passing.

WIDER TO INCLUDE

Brian looking through the video camera for a test. He turns it off, sets it down, looks directly out the window.

HIS POV

...as we see just the tail end of a pickup truck disappearing under a red-leafed autumn tree.

ANGLE ON BRIAN

as he turns back into the house, looks around for a place to position the next camera.

CUT TO:

INT SANITARIUM - DAY

Police and state mental health OFFICIALS move about gathering information and evidence. Two DETECTIVES are interviewing the hapless Franklin Munroe.

DETECTIVE

But you're saying all the other patients are accounted for.

FRANKLIN

Like I told you, there was someone else in the building. How he got out I don't know.

(to first cop)

Look, man, all I know is what I saw.

DETECTIVE

And this other patient...

(checking his notes)

...Harold Trumble. You're certain he was in his room.

FRANKLIN

I saw him on the monitor and when I checked his room he was in it.

THE SECURITY DESK

where other officers are going over last night's tapes.

THE SECURITY MONITORS

show the various VIEWS from around the facility recorded last night: we see the babbling Harold on one, the dark-clad figure approaching Laurie's door on another.

CUT TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DAY

The two men walk down a hallway on another floor.

JORDAN

He's actually quite harmless, despite his fascination.

COP

Well, you never know what he might've seen. Always best to --

He's cut off by the RING of a cell phone. He takes it out of his coat pocket, squints at the number, shrugs at Jordan.

COP

Duty calls.

(on cell phone)

Yes, honey....No, I haven't forgotten....I'll pick them up on the way home....Yes, I've got it....Two quarts....Right. Love you. Bye.

He hangs up the phone, Jordan looks at him.

JORDAN

Yeah, I'm married too.

They reach one of the doors and Jordan OPENS it.

INT. HAROLD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harold looks up at them -- wearing a Laurie Strode novelty mask.

HAROLD

Laurie Strode, sister of mass murderer Michael Myers....

The two men stop in the doorway, look at him, at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. SARA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sara is at her computer reading her e-mail as Jen comes in.

JEN  
Shouldn't you be getting ready?

SARA  
I'm ready.

Jen looks at her disapprovingly.

JEN  
You're wearing that?

SARA  
I thought I was.

JEN  
I mean, you're going to be all over the Internet and everything. I better find you something.

She goes to the closet, rummages through her clothes.

JEN  
So, you don't think it's kind of, well, creepy, going in that house?

SARA  
(a few beats)  
When I was a little girl there was this streetlamp outside my window. And when the curtain blew in just the right way, it cast a shadow on my wall that looked like -- this is going to sound silly.

Jen stops rummaging, turns to Sara.

JEN  
No, what?

SARA  
Well, it looked like a giant rabbit.

JEN  
(laughing)  
A rabbit?

SARA  
Go figure. I was scared of rabbits. It's something about the ears.

JEN  
Yes! I can see that.

SARA  
Anyway, I'd lie there, unable to move, wanting to shut my eyes but afraid to. I

didn't want to call to my parents because I knew that it wasn't real, that it was just a shadow on the wall. I didn't want them to think I was weak.

JEN

You knew it was a shadow but you were still scared?

SARA

That's the thing about fear. It doesn't matter if it's a killer rabbit or just a shadow.

JEN

I guess not.

Jane finds a sexy sweater, steps over to Sara, looks over her shoulder at the computer screen open to her e-mail reader.

JEN

Same guy?

SARA

Yeah. He's in graduate school.

JEN

I'll bet. Probably some fifty-year-old lard-ass with a bad comb-over.

Jen drapes the sweater over Sara's shoulders and steps back.

JEN

Perfect!

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Myles sits at his computer, distracted.

SCOTT (O.S.)

So the good news is....

ANGLE TO FIND

Scott standing at the open door of the room. Myles looks over at him.

MYLES

Make some noise or something when you come in.

SCOTT

I told your mom we were studying. You want to hear the news or not?

MYLES

Sure.

SCOTT

I scored us an invite to Jennifer's Halloween Net party tonight. You'll get to see your girlfriend hi-def widescreen.

MYLES

Yeah, great.

SCOTT

Well, thanks for the enthusiasm.

MYLES

Man, I really screwed up.

SCOTT

Well, I could've told you that.

MYLES

No, this is serious.

Scott comes farther into the room, looks at his friend.

MYLES

(continuing)

There's this...person I know and somehow she kinda got the idea I'm...older than I am.

SCOTT

She? There's a "she" in your life?

Myles looks over at the computer, back at Scott.

SCOTT

(realizing)

No!

Myles steps over to the computer, calls up his e-mail reader.

MYLES

Check it out.

Scott reads one of Sara's messages, his eyes widening.

SCOTT

Holy shit. This is the chick in the Halloween thing.

MYLES

We met in a chat room.

Scott turns and stares at his friend.

SCOTT

You are God, man.

MYLES

She was asking for tech support to set up her off-line reader and...  
oh, what difference does it make.

SCOTT

This is so cool!

MYLES

Are you out of your mind? She thinks I'm in graduate school. I told her I'm twenty-four.

SCOTT

You actually convinced a college chick you're in her league? I'd say that's cool.

MYLES

She thinks I'm a physics major.

SCOTT

Your first mistake. You should've said business. Women really go for that kind of guy. Too bad you're not that kind of guy.

MYLES

Like we're ever going to meet.

SCOTT

Then what's the point?

MYLES

Did you know that in the Middle Ages sometimes a knight would spend his entire life courting a woman in poems and sonnets? They'd never even touch.

SCOTT

You need help, man.

MYLES

Leave me alone.

SCOTT

No, really. I'm worried about you. They don't have you on Ritalin or anything, do they?

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We find Brian at the equipment truck parked at the curb, getting another mini-DV camera out of the back, while on his cell phone.

BRIAN

Yeah, I've just got one placement left and we're ready to roll.

FOLLOW HIM up the walkway toward the house with the camera.

BRIAN

(continuing)

We'll be up and running in no time.

As he heads up the steps of the porch we

ANGLE TO FIND

...the old pickup truck partially hidden by the fall trees.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Brian carries the camera up the stairs and down a hall toward a narrow cabinet. He stops, hears something from downstairs.

HIS POV

down the stairs...there's nothing there.

FOLLOW HIM

as he turns away, moves down the hallway to the cabinet. He yanks it open - and something FLIES out at him out of the darkness. He jumps back startled, then looks down at the stuffed animal lying at his feet: a child's ancient pink Easter bunny. He straightens and turns back to the cabinet. Then he hears another sound, coming from behind him.

ANGLE DOWN HALLWAY

as he sets down the camera. He starts moving down the hall. Now it's quiet again. He peers into the doorway of a bedroom, but there's nothing there. He turns back into the hall -- when SUDDENLY a shape comes up at him from behind a door, featureless white mask staring at him --

Brian jumps back in fright -- but the figure simply pulls the cheap novelty mask down from her face...revealing Nora.

BRIAN

Jesus shit, man!

NORA

Hey, it's Halloween, get into the spirit.

BRIAN

I'm here to do a fucking job, okay?

NORA

Sorry, it was just a joke. Don't go Oliver Stone on me.

BRIAN

Look, just check out the control room and make sure we're going online tonight, okay?

NORA

You got it.

Nora turns away and heads down the stairs and we

FOLLOW BRIAN

back to the cabinet. He lifts the camera and positions it. Then he hears something behind him. This time he just ignores it, sighing. He reaches around behind the camera and

THROUGH THE CAMERA

the VIDEO IMAGE comes ON -- as we see the SHAPE coming up behind Brian and we

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Which as been turned into a CONTROL ROOM of sorts. Nora takes up position at a MIXING PANEL with an array of dials, levers, and switchers, controlling a bank of MONITORS. It's somewhat jury-rigged, with a tangle of wires and electrical cables feeding the system.

Nora sets a giant cup of Starbuck's Mochaccino at the edge. She flips a switch on the console and several MONITORS light up. She reaches to take a sip of her coffee, never noticing that on one of the monitors Michael Myers is PULLING Brian out of view.

By the time Nora looks up, the monitor shows nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - LATE AFTERNOON

The students have assembled in the PARKING LOT, a small group of other college kids there to see them off. One young guy has a VIDEO CAMERA to memorialize the occasion.

STUDENT

(to Bill)

So, tell us, tough guy, what are you going to do if Michael Myers decides to come home tonight?

BILL

Hide behind one of the women?

RUDY

At least he's honest.

JENNA  
(looking at her watch)  
Why are men always late?

JIM  
Just giving you time to touch up your makeup.

Jenna sighs, looks back at her watch.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - AFTERNOON

Looking THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD as the van turns into the university driveway,  
Freddie behind the wheel.

EXT. CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

The van PULLS UP and the doors open as Freddie turns to them.

FREDDIE  
You folks need a ride?

INT. VAN - AFTERNOON

They all climb on board and take their seats.

FREDDIE  
Buckle yourselves in, kids, I'm not known for  
my driving.

ANGLE ON SARA

settling into her seat near the back, as Freddie starts PULLING OUT of the  
parking lot.

HER POV

OUT THE WINDOW...as we see Aron, amid the small cluster of other students,  
watching somberly as the van pulls away.

FREDDIE (O.S.)  
The house has been rigged with several  
cameras. But for the most part, the audience  
will see only what you see.

ANGLE IN VAN

as Freddie continues his spiel.

FREDDIE  
(continuing)

So keep your fingers out of your noses, kids,  
don't be doing anything you don't want the  
viewing public to see.

Jim gives Donna a nudge.

JIM

You like an audience, don't you?

DONNA

Have I forgotten to ignore you today?

JIM

No, I think you remembered.

DONNA

Good. Just checking.

FREDDIE

And leave your cell phones in the van, I  
don't want them going off and blowing the  
atmospherics.

JENNA

No cell phones?

BILL

Yeah, imagine that. Kind of what it was like  
in Grandpa's day.

The students settle into their seats for the long ride.

ANGLE ON VAN

as it zips past us down the long straight road.

INT. VAN - DUSK

The six students are looking out the windows as they turn down a tree-lined  
street and come to a STOP in front of:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark and quiet in the early NIGHT. Nora waits on the front lawn, with a  
camera to catch the arrival.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

We move slowly over to an upstairs window. We see the curtains being pulled  
slightly apart.

THROUGH MICHAEL'S EYES

we watch out the window as the van doors open and Freddie and the kids climb out....

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Nora comes over carrying a large plastic box.

FREDDIE

Where's Brian?

NORA

Finished up and took off. I haven't seen him since this afternoon.

FREDDIE

Shit.

NORA

Don't need him. Once we're up the system pretty much runs itself.

FREDDIE

Gear 'em up and let's get rolling.

Nora hands each of them a large, police-style flashlight, then pulls out what looks like a baseball-style cap, puts it on his head. She turns to the students.

NORA

This is a hat-cam. Whatever you see, we'll see. I've also got some mini clip-on cameras.

THROUGH THE HAT-CAM

we see the students looking back at us.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nora hands out hat-cams and several species of clip-on mini-cameras, then goes to the garage. We notice the large portable generator parked outside.

Freddie checks his watch.

FREDDIE

All right, guys, two minutes.

Jenna checks her hair in the van side mirror.

JIM

Lighten up, Jenna, it's streaming video, not cinemascope.

Freddie gets on a walkie-talkie.

FREDDIE  
You getting set up back there, Nora?

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - FOLLOWING

Nora takes up position at a CONTROL CONSOLE, takes a sip of her ever present Mochaccino, and picks up her walkie.

NORA  
Coming on line....

And she flips a few switches and

THE MONITORS

light up with various views from around the house. From the kids' MINI-CAMS we see Freddie at the front of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

High school kids are arriving for tonight's Internet Halloween party, Myles and Scott included.

ON THE PLASMA SCREEN

across the room we see Freddie talking TO CAMERA:

FREDDIE (STREAMING VIDEO)  
We're here in front of the Myers house in Haddonfield. I'm about to go to the control room.  
(to the students)  
Sixty seconds....

SUDDENLY we go INTO the PLASMA SCREEN and POP OUT at

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

as Freddie heads around back and into:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - FOLLOWING

Freddie positions himself at the console beside Nora.

FREDDIE

(continuing)

From here we'll be watching the team members  
as they enter and move about the Myers  
house.

(to Nora)

We ready?

NORA

Everything's a go.

Freddie scowls at Nora's giant cup of Mochaccino.

FREDDIE

You know how much caffeine they got in one of  
those?

NORA

Let me guess. A lot?

FREDDIE

That shit'll kill you.

NORA

Well, that's all just a matter of timing,  
isn't it?

ON THE MONITORS

we watch as the students approach the door of the old house.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOLLOWING

The door creaks OPEN and they enter.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

We see a GRID of views from around the Myers house play across the PLASMA  
SCREEN before the audience of high school kids. One of the boys works a  
mouse across the grid to maximize one view or another.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The students poke about with FLASHLIGHTS: the furniture all appears to be in  
place, covered with years worth of dust. It's as if the occupants quickly  
fled a disaster.

BILL

Let's keep an eye on each other, this place  
is old, might have rotting timbers.

RUDY

Did you think I was planning on wandering around here by myself?

DONNA

Looks like nothing's been moved in years.

SARA

After the murders the family just sealed the place off and left everything.

JIM

Don't suppose they would've had much luck finding buyers anyway.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The five students enter, their flashlight beams casting about the old fixtures.

RUDY

I love these old stoves. Call me crazy, but I just don't think electric burners allow flavors to meld the same way.

DONNA

Not a big fan of the microwave, I take it.

He looks at her with disdain.

BILL

And it's so quick.

Rudy goes over to examine an old spice rack, pulls a jar out.

RUDY

Wow, wonder what twenty-year-old fennel tastes like.

Jim

What are we going to find in the kitchen? Unless you think his diet turned him into a killer.

JENNA

Wasn't there that serial killer who ate all those Devil Dogs?

DONNA

That was Twinkies.

SARA

And he wasn't a serial killer.

RUDY

Check this out....

ANGLE ON

Rudy, over by the kitchen counter. He is looking at an old knife rack. Slowly he pulls a large blade out of its slot.

RUDY

You don't suppose that's the one he used  
to....you know...  
do his thing?

JIM

No way, cops would've kept that in an  
evidence locker somewhere.

JENNA

Still, it's pretty creepy.

CUT TO:

THE SAME IMAGE

viewed through Rudy's HAT-CAM VIEW, seen on a MONITOR.

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The two at the CONTROL PANEL, watching the same image.

POV FROM BACK DOOR WINDOW

where someone is watching them too....

ANGLE ON FREDDIE

as he turns around, if sensing something. He looks through the back door  
window -- but now it is empty.

He turns back to the monitors.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The students moving back through the living room.

BILL

(to Jim and Donna)

Why don't you check out the basement? We'll  
look upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jim and Donna walk down rickety stairs, their FLASHLIGHT BEAMS cutting across piles of old furniture, firewood, cartons, beams and shadows crisscrossed by naked pipes.

DONNA

So, why do you think he did it?

JIM

Population control.

They wander about in the semi-dark.

DONNA

I have a theory.

JIM

Let me guess. TV violence.

He moves over to an ancient console television, sits on it.

JIM

(continuing)

I mean, they didn't have video games back then, so it must have been Saturday morning cartoons that turned him into a killer.

DONNA

I think he just liked it.

Jim moves over to her, looks at her face in the half-light.

JIM

What, no abuse excuse? No Freud? Don't tell me that beneath that icy surface you actually believe in free will. Makes me want to see what other doors of mystery you might open to the man with the right key.

DONNA

Does that half-ass Jim Morgan shit work with the chicks in the poetry department?

JIM

It's been known to.

DONNA

Yeah? Well, it doesn't cut it with critical studies.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Bill, Rudy, Jen, and Sara enter what looks like the MASTER BEDROOM. Jenna flops onto the bed, creating a cloud of dust that makes them cough.

BILL

Good one, Jen.

JENNA

Do you suppose this is where he was, you know, conceived?

RUDY

Man, I don't even have an opinion.

Sara opens the door of a walk-in closet, pushes away a mass of cobwebs, steps inside.

BILL

What are you looking for?

RUDY

Maybe she'll find a man-size dress in there.

Jenna looks at him blankly.

RUDY

You know, like Papa was Norman Bates or some shit.

JENNA

Who's Norman Bates?

He just looks at her and sighs.

BILL

(to Sara)

You finding anything in there?

ANGLE IN CLOSET

as Sara pushes aside some hanging clothes -- and a WHITE FACE peers back at her from the darkness --

Sara SCREAMS and falls back against the door, pushing it shut behind her and leaving her in the dark as her flashlight tumbles to the floor.

ANGLE IN BEDROOM

as Bill and Rudy run over but the door is jammed tight.

RUDY

Sara! You okay?

BILL

Sara!

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Sara finds her flashlight just as the door OPENS and --

A TAILOR'S MANNEQUIN in a cheap wig tumbles free from behind the clothes, falling harmlessly to the floor.

ANGLE ON

Sara, Rudy, and Bill, staring down at the thing.

SARA

Oh, Jesus, I can't believe that scared me.

RUDY

It's okay, it's cool. Y'all don't mind if I sit down right now.

He steps back, sits down on the bed -- then realizes where he is and jumps back up.

RUDY

Actually, I think I'll stand.

They all start laughing at the ridiculousness of it.

Then Sara looks around.

SARA

Where's Jenna?

And SUDDENLY we are SUCKED out of the scene and POP OUT:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie and Nora watching on the monitors.

NORA

Mind if I grab a smoke?

FREDDIE

As long as it's not near me.

Nora gets up, heads for the back door.

FREDDIE

I hear that shit's bad for you too.

NORA

You planning on living forever?

Nora steps outside, Freddie looks at the monitors.

FREDDIE

(to himself)  
I'm thinking about it.

Freddie looks over at Nora's giant cup of Mochaccino. He picks it up, sniffs it and grimaces, sets it back down.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Where we find Rudy wandering down an upstairs HALLWAY.

RUDY  
Jenna, where'd you go?

At the end of the hall he looks up, stops a rope hanging down from the trap door leading to the attic.

He reaches up, pulls on the rope, but it's stuck. He keeps tugging at it, then hears something from behind him.

He turns, looks back.

HIS POV

down the dark hallway. Only shadows.

ANGLE ON RUDY

as he turns away from the attic door, starts down the hall.

RUDY  
Jenna...?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - FOLLOWING

Nora steps out into the night. Reaches to her shirt pocket for her cigarettes. We hear the CRACK of a branch. She looks over into the narrow alley between the garage and house. She starts to turn away, then hears another sound.

FOLLOW HIM

as she walks into the shadowy space.

BEHIND THEM

we see a large shape come up in the darkness.

ANGLE ON NORA

as she continues down the alley another few feet then turns around -- and the shape is standing there BLOCKING his way. Nora is only momentarily startled, but not surprised.

NORA

What the hell are you doing out here? I thought you were supposed to --

But she is cut off in mid-thought. Her mouth opens but nothing comes out. She looks down at her stomach -- and sees the gardener's trowel imbedded in there, Michael Myers's hand wrapped around the handle. On Nora's bewildered look we

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jim playfully swings around in front of Donna, blocking her.

JIM

Come on, when are you going to admit you like me?

DONNA

That's a double bind question. Kind of like, "Have you stopped beating your dog?"

But suddenly she grabs his shirt and pulls him to her.

DONNA

(seductively)

So tell me -- have you stopped beating your dog?

TIGHTER ON THEM

as Jim is taken aback when she kisses him passionately. And in an instant they are all over each other, kissing, groping, until Donna pushes him gently away.

DONNA

You suppose they've got cameras down here?

He points to the lapel cam she's wearing.

JIM

Afraid of losing your standing in the sisterhood?

DONNA

Don't flatter yourself. Screwing a poetry major would practically be lesbianism.

JIM

I can get behind that.

He folds her sweater back to BLOCK the lapel cam, then kisses her again and they fall back against an old door -- and SUDDENLY the ancient wood of the door GIVES WAY and they TUMBLE through it and land on the dusty floor inside.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Their flashlights roll free casting crazy shifting light --

HITTING FACES

all around them, wild feral animal faces with gaping jaws.

ANGLE ON

Jim and Donna as they regroup, find their flashlights, get back to their feet. Now we see that all around them is a macabre collection of skinned and stuffed animals: a huge German Shepherd, several cats, exotic birds, part of what we may only conclude to be a bizarre family pet collection.

JIM

This was one weird family.

DONNA

You should meet my cousins.

CUT TO:

THE SAME IMAGES

on the giant PLASMA SCREEN.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

The Internet party guests watch the action.

STAN

Cool!

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie watching on the MONITOR. He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Sara and Bill enter what looks like the room of a small boy. Apart from decades of dust, it seems preserved in a pristine state, as if it were some

kind of shrine. Stuffed animals gaze back at us from the bed, Lionel train tracks circumnavigate the room, a baseball and mitt sit perched on the dresser.

SARA

This must've been his room.

BILL

Looks like any kid's room.

SARA

Everything seems frozen in time.

BILL

His parents probably never came in here after the murders.

SARA

Look at this.

ANGLE ON

an old trunk at the foot of the small bed. Sara kneels beside it, tries to get it open.

SARA

It's stuck.

ANGLE ON

Bill, going through the drawers of a child-size dresser.

SARA

What are you looking for?

BILL

See if he had a baseball card collection. You know how much those things would be worth?

ANGLE ON

Sara as she finally gets the ancient trunk lid open -- and a small head POPS out and she falls back onto her seat. The head bobs crazily on a spring and we realize it's an old jack-in-the-box, with eerie painted face and gazing glass eyes.

Bill looks over from the dresser.

BILL

Kid had a sense of humor.

Sara catches her breath, looks inside the trunk and finds a family photo album. She opens it.

INSERT ALBUM

where we see early sixties snapshots of a couple with a daughter and young son...then the addition of a baby girl...the kids growing to school age....

ANGLE IN ROOM

as Bill slams shut the last drawer, goes over to a side door. He opens it and steps into an adjoining room.

BILL  
I'm gonna see what's in here.

Sara looks back at the photo album.

INSERT ALBUM

The boy in the photos grows increasingly distant. There are shots with him off to the side, resentfully watching his parents cuddling his new baby sister.

Go CLOSER on the PHOTO of the boy, moving INTO the deep-set haunted eyes -- are they sad, resentful, or utterly dead?

And SUDDENLY we

CUT TO:

MICHAEL'S POV

...as he enters his house. He looks around in the darkness, one way and another with his predatory gaze. He moves to:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Michael goes over to the cutlery rack. He pulls out a knife. The blade catches light in a SPARK of brilliance and we

CUT TO:

A HUGE BLADE

SLASHING into FRAME --

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

As a big kid in cheap Michael Myers costume LASHES OUT with a rubber knife, striking one of the smaller kids, who feigns a dramatic death.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sara is looking at the family album curiously.

SARA

Bill, come take a look at this.

There's no response. She gets up and moves to the side door.

POV THROUGH ROOM

to the adjoining room. All we see is darkness.

SARA

Bill?

FOLLOW HER

as she steps into the next room -- which, by its stacks of albums, collection of dolls, Aerosmith posters on the walls, we take to be the habitat of a teenage girl circa 1970s.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT STOREROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Donna cast their flashlights about the basement storeroom, with its odd store of stuffed animals.

JIM

Maybe this was his playroom.

DONNA

Yeah, I can see it now. Little Michael Myers practicing on the family pets.

A tiny cascade of dry mortar tumbles loose from the wall.

JIM

Check this out.

He is looking at an old brick wall sealing off a corner of the room. The bricks seem haphazardly set, the ancient mortar easily giving way under his fingers. He removes one brick, then another, and a few tumble free to the floor.

DONNA

What do you think's back there?

JIM

I don't know, black magic shrine? Maybe his parents were devil worshipers?

DONNA

Whose aren't?

She turns to shine her flashlight on the opposing wall --

And a HAND comes free from the brick wall behind her and LANDS on her shoulder. Donna SCREAMS and her flashlight SWINGS wildly back at the opening in the bricks --

ANGLE ON A FACE

staring back at them, lips pulled back, grimacing in death.

DONNA

Oh, my God -- !

WIDER ANGLE

as SUDDENLY the rest of the bricks come tumbling loose as -- a decomposed BODY crashes through and lands on the floor, the handle of a huge knife sticking out of the back --

Donna screams, staring at the mummified corpse with parched skin over sunken eyeholes, teeth bared in final terror.

CUT TO:

THE SAME SCENE

viewed on the giant PLASMA SCREEN at the party.

The kids just sit there rapt, stunned into speechlessness.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie slaps his hand down on the console in excitement.

FREDDIE

Yes!

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT STOREROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Donna staring down at the macabre ancient corpse.

DONNA

Jesus, this must be his first victim.

But Jim is looking at something curiously.

JIM

Maybe not....

DONNA

What?

He reaches down to the corpse and turns it over -- and one of the arms falls off. He grabs it up and is on the move....

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS -NIGHT

Sara walks down the HALL, flashlight in hand.

SARA  
Bill, where are you?

And SUDDENLY a FIGURE comes out of nowhere behind her --

She SCREAMS and the figure jumps back --

TWO FLASHLIGHT BEAMS SWING wildly until we see --

SARA AND RUDY

staring at each other across dueling flashlights.

SARA  
Jesus, you scared me.

RUDY  
I scared you? I got a feeling if I look in  
the mirror right now, I'm a white man.

SARA  
Where's Bill?

RUDY  
I thought he was with you.

CUT TO:

THE BASEMENT STOREROOM - NIGHT

Donna, only a few beats behind Jim, makes her way among the piles of old junk when she drops her flashlight. It rolls away in the dark. She kneels by an old sofa, feels under it.

POV ON HER

from someone watching behind a support pillar.

ANGLE ON DONNA

as she finds the flashlight and starts for the stairs.

CUT TO:

THE PLASMA SCREEN

at the kids' PARTY -- on which we see a dark figure DART OUT OF THE SHADOWS and GRAB Donna. There is a GLINT of steel, a quick muffled scream...and they fall out of frame.

ERIC

That was so bogus.

ANGLE ON MYLES

watching the screen curiously.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie is momentarily turned away from the monitors.

FREDDIE

Nora? Where the hell you at?

He shakes his head, turns back to the control panel.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

...where we find Donna lying face down on the floor. One eye stares out at nothing, a pool of blood grows around her head.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Sara and Rudy moving down the HALLWAY when:

JENNA (O.S.)

Hey, you guys!

ANGLE TO FIND

Jenna at the far end of the hall, carrying something.

SARA

Jenna, where have you been?

She holds up a plastic-wrapped box.

JENNA

It's an original Malibu Barbie! You know how much these things are worth?

And SUDDENLY a large shape LUNGES out of a dark doorway behind her --

Sara SCREAMS and Jenna turns -- just as the figure raises the huge blade in his hand and SLASHES it down toward her.

Jenna ducks out of the way and darts down the hall as Rudy grabs Sara's hand and they run for the stairs.

FOLLOW THEM

running wildly down the stairs as --

THE FIGURE

pursues them in his purposeful unhurried gait.

CUT TO:

THE PLASMA SCREEN

where we watch the same scene.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids cheer along with the action.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie is watching the MONITORS.

FREDDIE

Nora, where the fuck you at?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sara and Rudy reaching the front door.

RUDY

(trying the doorknob)

Fuck! Who locked it?

SARA

Back door through the kitchen!

They turn toward the kitchen just as a SHAPE comes out of the darkness and GRABS Sara --

But Jim appears out of nowhere and SWINGS something at the figure -- CATCHING HIM on the chin and sending him sprawling to the floor.

The white mask comes flying off -- revealing Freddie underneath the costume.

JIM  
(glaring down at him)  
I just wanna know. Were you in on it from the beginning?

FREDDIE  
Take it easy, dude, chill out.

Sara and Rudy look from Freddie to Jim in confusion.

JIM  
Tell us, man.

Freddie slowly gets to his feet, looks at the others.

FREDDIE  
Hey, America loves a show. We're giving them a show.

RUDY  
What the fuck is going on here?

Jim points down at the club he used on Freddie. It's an arm from the "corpse." In the FLASHLIGHT BEAM we see it's phony.

JIM  
(to the others)  
It's all fake. We've been set up.

BEHIND THEM

we notice a SHAPE, moving up the stairs in the dark....

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Where the kids look at each other.

STAN  
Busted.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Where we find Jenna still searching for a place to hide. She looks up and notices the pull-down ladder to the attic door. She reaches up, grabs it and gives it a yank --

ANGLE ON DOOR

as it POPS OPEN -- and A BODY DROPS DOWN, head first, catching by its feet. Brian's dead face stares back at Jenna, upside-down like a slaughtered animal, eyes still open.

ANGLE ON JENNA

screaming at the grisly sight as we

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - FOLLOWING

They hear Jenna's scream. Jim nods upstairs.

JIM  
All part of the show?

BILL  
Why don't you just chill, man.

SARA  
You mean it's all fake?

BILL  
Makes for a more entertaining evening if the wayward son makes a return visit. Especially if it's timed for Internet prime time.

RUDY  
There's an Internet prime time?

They all turn as

JENNA APPEARS

at the top of the stairs, her shirt covered in Brian's blood. She opens her mouth but can barely speak.

WIDER ANGLE

as they all look up at her.

JIM  
Good one, Jenna, you passed the audition.

Sara turns to Bill.

SARA

Open the front door.

BILL  
I didn't lock it.

He goes over to the door, tries the knob --

ANGLE UPSTAIRS

as a blade suddenly SLASHES out behind Jenna, cleanly SLICING through her neck before she realizes it. Her head sits there for an instant -- TOPPLES down the stairs one bump at a time.

CUT TO:

THE PLASMA SCREEN

...as we see Jenna's HAT-CAM VIEW of the dizzying descent down the stairs...until it reaches the floor and the HAT-CAM pops off, landing inches away from her head and pointed back at her open dead eyes.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

The kids stare at the plasma screen in amazement.

KYLE  
How the fuck did they do that?

KENNY  
Retractable blade, man.

CUT TO:

THE MONITOR

...and the weird angle looking into Jenna's eyes.

FREDDIE  
What the...?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The shape moving silently down the stairs while

ANGLE ON

the front door, as Bill gives up on the jammed doorknob.

SARA  
Let's just use the back door.

A hand

reaches out of the dark, finds Bill's dropped mask on the floor.

THROUGH MICHAEL'S EYES

we study the white novelty mask curiously for a moment. Then he lets it fall back to the floor.

ANGLE ON STUDENTS

as they hear a sound behind them and turn.

Sara's FLASHLIGHT BEAM rises up and HITS

THE SHAPE

standing there in the white mask and dark jumpsuit.

WIDER ANGLE

as they all turn to Bill -- who is clearly not wearing the mask this time. SUDDENLY the knife in Michael Myers's hand THRUSTS UPWARD deep into Bill's abdomen.

Bill stares into those dead eyes for one quizzical disbelieving second -- then Michael LIFTS the impaled man high up in the air as

THE OTHERS

watch in one monstrous beat of shock -- then run all directions as

MICHAEL DROPS

the quivering dying body of Bill to the floor.

CUT TO:

THE MONITOR

where we watch as Sara runs up the stairs, reaching the second floor landing and nearly stumbling over Jenna's headless torso.

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie finally realizing something is very wrong, jumping up and running back toward the house.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

He runs out of the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara SHUTS the door, TOPPLING a bookcase over to block it.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rudy runs for the back door but KNOCKS OVER a baker's rack, blocking his escape as

MICHAEL APPEARS

behind him, striding unhurriedly toward him.

WIDER ANGLE

as Rudy grabs an old rolling pin and SMASHES it down on Michael's shoulder and Michael's knife clatters to the floor.

Rudy raises the rolling pin again but this time Michael's hand reaches out and GRABS Rudy powerfully by the throat and DRAGS him over to the stove.

Michael opens the oven door with his free hand and shoves Rudy's head inside -- then SMASHES the door down again and again on Rudy's head, turning it to pulp.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara looks around in desperation, her eyes finding the small NET-CAM set in the corner of the room....

CUT TO:

THE PLASMA SCREEN

at the party as Sara looks INTO CAMERA.

SARA (STREAMING VIDEO)  
Somebody, please help us! This is not  
something we planned.  
He's killing us!

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Myles looks at the others.

MYLES  
I don't think she's kidding.

JASON, one of the bigger kids, comes up in his face.

JASON

Of course she is, you freak. I bet you were one of those people who thought Mars was invading too.

MYLES

I just know she wouldn't....

JASON

What? What wouldn't she do?

Myles and Scott trade looks.

SCOTT

Tell him about Deckard, man.

Suddenly the bigger Jason comes up in Myles's face.

JASON

Tell me what, freak? Who invited you here, anyways? And who the fuck is Deckard?

MYLES

I know her, all right? Online. Deckard is my log-on name.

Jason looks at him a beat, then they all start laughing.

JASON

Yeah, right. You met her in a chat room for Masturbaters Anonymous.

MYLES

(to Scott)

Let's go.

Scott looks at his friend, back at the party, the giant screen.

SCOTT

Sorry, man.

Myles grabs his backpack to leave as the others turn back to

THE PLASMA SCREEN

where Sara is pleading to the Internet viewers.

SARA (STREAMING VIDEO)

Isn't there anyone out there who'll listen?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael looks around, finds the knife on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara spins around as she begins to hear FOOTSTEPS on the stairs...then in the hall outside her door. She quickly gets her palm pilot out of her bag and turns back to the NET-CAM.

SARA

Deckard, are you out there?

There is a BANG on the door behind her and we

CUT TO:

MYLES'S ROOM

as he quickly enters -- then notices his COMPUTER SCREEN.

SARA (STREAMING VIDEO)

Deckard, if you're there please let me know!

Myles almost trips lurching for his keyboard.

CUT TO:

THE SCREEN

on Sara's palm pilot, as the words pop up:

DECKARD HERE.

SARA

(into NET-CAM)

Deckard, oh God, this is for real! Please. Tell someone. He's killing people!

CUT TO:

THE PARTY

where the kids stare in stupefaction at the PLASMA SCREEN.

ERIC

Holy shit.

Scott nods smugly, jumps up and does a victory dance.

SCOTT

(singing)  
He got the booty, he got the booty.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara looks back at the door -- as it suddenly SHAKES violently as Michael throws his weight against it.

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Myles runs down the stairs so fast he almost takes a header.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FOLLOWING

Myles's MOTHER looks over from the TV and his FATHER looks up from his evening paper.

MOTHER  
Take it easy on the stairs, Myles.

MYLES  
Mom! Dad! You've got to listen!

FATHER  
I thought you came home to study.

MYLES  
Dad, people are being killed on the Internet.

FATHER  
Don't you have a math exam tomorrow?

Myles tries to calm himself and get their attention.

MYLES  
Dad, he's killing people.

FATHER  
What are you talking about?

A beat, as Myles steels himself for the inevitable.

MYLES  
I...logged onto a chat site. And tonight we were watching the --

FATHER  
I see.

MYLES

Dad, you can ground me till I'm fifty, but you've got to listen. There are people being killed.

FATHER

Are you aware of what day it is?

MYLES

Of course, what does that -- ?

FATHER

Have you ever heard of "Invasion From Mars"? Orson Welles's radio broadcast of Halloween, 1939?

MYLES

It was "War of the Worlds" and it was 1938 and this is no hoax. Michael Myers has come back to Haddonfield.

FATHER

I see. You're grounded. Until you're fifty.

Myles looks at his father another beat, then runs back upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The BANGING on the door STOPS: has he given up?

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Michael Myers notices something on the floor. He reaches down.

CUT TO:

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

in MYLES'S ROOM -- as Michael Myers looks directly at us. He is looking INTO one of the dropped HAT-CAMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Freddie KICKING at the front door until it finally BURSTS open.

INT. HOUSE/CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Freddie running in, spotting Bill's body on the floor.

FREDDIE

Oh, shit.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara taking a tentative step toward the door as the message BEEP comes on her palm pilot and the words jump on the screen:

HE'S OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

CUT TO:

MYLES'S COMPUTER SCREEN

where we see Michael just on the other side of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Where suddenly the door SHUDDERS as Michael throws his full weight into it. Sara grabs her palm pilot and runs to the window, opening it quickly. She climbs OUTSIDE just as the door BURSTS OPEN and Michael CHARGES inside in a blind rage.

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sara makes her way precariously along the narrow ledge, then hoists herself up onto the sloping ROOF as BELOW HER

Michael's head pops OUTSIDE the window.

But she is already out of view as she moves along the narrow spine of the roof and over to the attic window. She tries to open it but it's locked...so she SMASHES the glass with her foot and quickly slips into the attic.

Below her Michael looks up at the sound of the breaking glass.

INT. ATTIC - FOLLOWING

Sara looks down as her palm pilot BEEPS with a message:

CAN'T SEE YOU!

She thinks quickly, takes off her HAT-CAM, points it at herself.

SARA  
Deckard! Where is he?

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Myles looks at the grid of views on his computer screen.

MYLES  
(as he types)  
Don't know! Can't see him!

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

A SHADOW crosses the window behind Sara and we

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Myles grabs his phone while focused on his computer screen.

MYLES  
(on phone)  
I need the Haddonfield, Illinois police  
department. This is an emergency.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Sara moves about in the DARK and STUMBLES over a pile of junk -- sending her palm pilot clattering to the floor.

She curses, making her way to the ladder, where she has to climb over Brian's body, still hanging there.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She runs down the hall --

Until an arm reaches out of nowhere and GRABS her --

ANGLE TO FIND

Freddie standing there, covering her mouth so she can't scream. He looks behind her.

FREDDIE

Where is he?

SARA

I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Where we find Myles intent on the phone.

MYLES

No, this isn't a Halloween prank. You've got to listen to me.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Freddie and Sara move toward the stairs when SUDDENLY the hall window BURSTS inward as a SHAPE come FLYING through it and Michael LANDS in front of them, BLOCKING their escape.

But Freddie suddenly LANDS a SIDE KICK to Michael's chest -- sending Michael sprawling back against the wall.

FREDDIE

Weren't expecting me to kung fu your ass, were you?

Michael straightens and comes at Freddie again and this time Freddie lands three quick fists to the torso and head and a SPINNING KICK --

But this time Michael CATCHES Freddie's ankle in mid-kick.

They stare at each other a beat -- then Freddie JUMPS off his other leg and twists in the air -- CATCHING Michael on the chin -- and they both go CRASHING through the door into

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael slashes with his knife and Freddie CATCHES his hand and they struggle wildly across the room --

Sara GRABS the venetian blind cord -- JUMPS onto Michael's back. Michael SPINS crazily, slashing at Freddie, trying to get Sara off his back -- as Sara wraps the cord around Michael's neck and jumps off as --

Freddie SPRINGS at Michael like a linebacker -- PROPELLING Michael THROUGH THE WINDOW in an EXPLOSION of GLASS -- until the venetian blinds SNAP out of their housing as

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael PLUMMETS toward the ground until the venetian blinds get CAUGHT in the window frame -- and Michael's body STOPS in mid-drop, the cord a taut noose around his neck.

His body twitches violently, once, twice, then STOPS.

He hangs there, unmoving.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Freddie and Sara rush to the window and look OUTSIDE to see

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael HANGING there, lifeless.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They look at each other, amazed they're still alive.

FREDDIE  
Let's get the fuck out of here.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

They run out of the room and start down the hall --

And a BASEBALL BAT comes SWINGING downward out of the darkness -- CATCHING Freddie on the side of the head and dropping him lifeless to the floor.

ANGLE ON

Jim standing there, holding the bat. He looks down at Freddie, realizing.

JIM  
Oh, shit.

But Sara is on the floor, feeling for a pulse.

JIM  
Is he dead?

SARA  
I don't know. We've got to get help.

She straightens and they head quickly to the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Where, outside the window, we see Michael's hanging body. A moment, then:

His hand twitches...and slowly starts moving upward, still holding the knife.

The blade starts cutting through the venetian blind cord.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Sara and Jim run for the front door --

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They make it out the door -- just as a figure DROPS DOWN in front of them BLOCKING their path.

Michael Myers stands there, a fragment of rope still dangling from his neck.

Jim SWINGS the baseball bat in one vicious arc -- CATCHING Michael on the head and sending him to the ground in a heap.

Jim and Sara look at each other, wide-eyed.

JIM

It's okay. No way he's getting up after that.

Michael sits up and looks at them. They look back at him.

Jim SWINGS the bat again, this time bringing it STRAIGHT DOWN -- but Michael reaches up and GRABS the bat in mid-swing. He stands up.

Jim tries desperately to free the bat from his grip -- until Michael PUSHES the bat back toward Jim's face -- HITTING him in the mouth with the narrow end -- DRIVING the bat handle into his mouth -- and OUT THROUGH the back of his head. Jim's body quivers a few instants, then hits the ground dead.

Sara stares at Jim's body, at Michael, a beat of unspeakable horror -- then turns and runs back INTO the house.

INT. HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Sara runs through the LIVING ROOM and into the KITCHEN and out through the back door into:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Where she ducks down low behind the control panel.

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Myles slams down the phone in anger. Then he gets an idea. He picks up the phone again and quickly hits redial.

POLICE DISPATCHER  
(filtered)  
Haddonfield police emergency.

MYLES  
Officer down! 45 Lampkin Lane!

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sara hunches behind the control panel.

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Myles is again at his computer, watching the GRID of VIEWS from around the house. Finally he can't take it anymore. He gets up, grabs his jacket and is out the door.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Myles's parents look up as he passes them in the living room.

MOTHER  
Myles?

But he is already out the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM -NIGHT

Sara remains crouched in the darkness, looking around desperately for a way out.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

as Michael appears there. He steps inside the control room.

ANGLE ON SARA

ducking down only yards away. We hear Michael's FOOTSTEPS.

She looks over at:

ANGLE ON

the mass of electric cables feeding the control panel....

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Where we find Myles racing along on his bicycle. He catches up to a delivery truck, grabs onto the back bumper and lets the truck pull him along as it speeds up.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Michael's head twitches toward a sound deeper in the room.

BEHIND THE CONTROL PANEL

Sara finds the main input cable and pulls it from its socket.

MICHAEL SPINS

toward the control panel as he hears her.

SARA DUCKS

back down behind the control panel with the cable. She peers back through the mass of wires and connectors as the shape moves toward her, homing in on his target like a shark.

She looks around frantically, noticing:

INSERT

Nora's giant cup of Mochaccino, at the edge of the panel.

SHE REACHES

one hand quietly up to grab the cup, then ducks back down as

MICHAEL MOVES

among the cables and hardware, knife glinting in his hand.

ANGLE ON SARA

as she quietly spills the coffee in a puddle on the floor, then tries to hide back behind the control panel as suddenly

MICHAEL APPEARS

above her and his knife SLASHES viciously down toward her but his arm gets CAUGHT in the web of connecting cables.

WIDER ANGLE

as Sara tries to slip by him in the narrow space as Michael THRASHES about in the cables, getting entangled, SPARKS flying as his blade SLASHES through wires and connectors.

Sara pokes at him with the prongs of the electrical wire, catching him in the torso and causing his body to spasm even more violently as the knife SWINGS down at her, missing her by inches.

Finally Michael frees himself and comes after her....

Sara breaks for the door, dropping the cable into the pool of coffee -- as Michael LUNGES at her...then STIFFENS as we hear a CRACKLE. She turns back to the SIZZLING and SPUTTERING.

Michael stands stiffly in the pool of blood, his back arching ramrod straight as the voltage courses through his body. SMOKE pours from the mask eyeholes, until it starts melting, merging with his face.

Sara watches in horror and relief as finally Michael slumps as the electricity shorts out in an explosion of sparks, his body held up by the cables in an eerie tableau, arms spread cruciform like a dark messiah of the new millennium.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

The PLASMA SCREEN goes BLACK and everybody moans.

ERIC

Hey! Ripoff!

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The hot electrical wires suddenly BURST into FLAME and quickly IGNITE the ancient dry timbers of the garage.

ANGLE ON SARA

trying to run through the obstacle course of cable and electronics and old junk as

ALL AROUND HER

FLAMING chunks of wood are falling and BURSTING into new outbreaks of FIRE --

The door is BLOCKED by a heap of burning rubble --

She looks around frantically, trapped until --

SUDDENLY A FOOT

CRASHES through the burning wall and a hand REACHES inside --

MYLES (O.S.)

Sara!

She reaches for the hand --

EXT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Myles PULLS her through the crumbling burning wall to safety and they fall to the lawn. In the distance, we finally hear the police and fire engine SIRENS.

ANGLE ON GARAGE

now fully engulfed in flames, POPPING and CRACKLING.

ANGLE ON

Sara and Myles watching as

THE GARAGE

finally ERUPTS in one final spasm of FIRE -- then COLLAPSES in on itself, on Michael Myers, in a conflagration sending flames leaping high into the night sky.

ANGLE ON

Sara and Myles, as she turns to him, still out of breath.

SARA

I got one question.

MYLES

What?

SARA

Who the hell are you?

MYLES

Well. Um. That might require some explaining....

CUT TO:

AERIAL VIEW

LOOKING DOWN on the Myers house from the vantage point of a NEWS HELICOPTER. By now police, fire, and EMS vehicles are all around, assessing the carnage. We MOVE DOWN to

GROUND LEVEL

CONTINUE MOVING

until we FIND Sara, wrapped in an EMS blanket sitting on the ground beside Myles. He looks at her, shrugs.

MYLES

I guess you were probably expecting somebody, you know...taller.

SARA

Well, I was accepting somebody who shaved.

MYLES

It's not like I won't. Eventually.

SARA

Actually, it's pretty funny.

MYLES

It is?

SARA

My roommate said you were probably fifty and bald.

He grins, rubs his head.

MYLES

Got lots of hair.

SARA

Hey.

MYLES

What?

SARA

You still haven't told me. Is Deckard your real name?

MYLES

You'll think I'm lame.

SARA

No, I won't.

MYLES

He's the hero in "Blade Runner." It's my  
favorite movie. My real name's  
Myles. Berman.

SARA

Well, Myles Berman, I think I owe you a  
Mochaccino.

Their voices slowly FADE OUT as we start MOVING AWAY from the backyard...and  
edge up into the deep black night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD MORGUE

A worker pulls in a gurney and puts it in a room next to a female worker  
who's working on another body.

WORKER #1

Hey, I've got another one!

WORKER #2

Another one? I'm done for the night!

WORKER #1

It's a celebrity...Michael Myers.

WORKER #2

Are you serious?

WORKER #1

(leaving)  
Nope. Have fun!

Worker #1 leaves as Worker #2 walks over to the body. She unzips the body bag  
and sees Michael's real face, with scars and bruises everywhere, along with a  
fresh burn mark across his face. She reaches to take the plastic bag off his  
face when...

HIS EYES OPEN!!!

SMASH TO BLACK!!!

THE END