

HALL8WEEN

SCREEN IS BLACK

OVER which 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.

FEMALE VOICE (OVER)

Sometimes, when I'm up here late at night, I think of the tunnel, you know, the one you're supposed to see when you die? Only there's a door at the far end, and on the other side is either heaven or hell.

(a beat)

In my mind...it's this door.

ANGLE ON A DOOR

at the far end of the corridor. There's a window in it.

FEMALE VOICE #2 (OVER)

Um. Dr. Howard said five milligrams Zyprexa twice a day. Or was that Dr. Fein?

FEMALE VOICE #1 (OVER)

Howard. Fein's the one with the curly hair.

FEMALE VOICE #2 (OVER)

Right. Why's she here?

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

Extreme dissociative disorder. Hasn't said a word in two years. At least to anyone you or I can see.

NURSE PHILLIPS

Why's she in lockdown?

The older woman looks at the younger one.

NURSE WELLES

You've never heard of Laurie Strode?

The novice shakes her head.

NURSE WELLES

The Halloween murders?  
Michael Myers?

NURSE PHILLIPS

I...just moved here from Wisconsin.

NURSE WELLES

She decapitated a man.

FLASH TO:

LAURIE STRODE

SWINGING a fire ax in one terrible vicious arc --  
BEHEADING the man trapped between the tree and the EMS van --

BACK TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

as the two nurses continue down the corridor.

NURSE PHILLIPS  
My God. Decapitated?

FLASH TO:

THE COUNTRYSIDE

as POLICE cover the area for evidence while in the background we see the headless body being removed. Suddenly we hear:

VOICE (O.S.)  
Over here!

ANGLE ON TWO COPS

standing over the severed head, which still wears the white mask. One of them reaches down and pulls the mask off.

COP  
(gagging)  
Oh, no. Oh, God....

NURSE PHILLIPS (V.O.)  
Why'd she do it?

BACK TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

as the two nurses approach the door at the end of the hall.

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 square 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 in a straight-backed chair, tilting it back and forth as if it were a rocking chair. It rises up, then clacks back to the tile floor, a metronome counting down the end of time.

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....

BACK TO:

LAURIE SITTING

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

FLASH TO:

INT. THE HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT

as Michael GRABS the cop from behind, bringing him down  
quickly, wrapping one big hand around the man's throat  
and CRUSHING his windpipe -- then SMASHING his head into  
the floor, knocking him senseless. He quickly starts  
removing the unconscious man's police uniform.

BACK TO:

INT. THE SANITARIUM ROOM - NIGHT

where we are MOVING SLOWLY into Laurie's EYES....

FLASH TO:

INT. THE HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT

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.

OFFICER #1

(calling out)

Ron? Where the hell you  
going?

Then he looks back down at the body on the floor,  
wearing the bloody jumpsuit, the white mask.

BACK TO:

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 --

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:

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.

BACK TO:

LAURIE'S EYES

as we are sucked into the enormous black pupils until we suddenly REVERSE ourselves and are LOOKING

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.

NURSE PHILLIPS

Does anyone come by to visit her?

NURSE WELLES

Her son used to, but then he just stopped.

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.

But she is concealing something in her hand....

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. Laurie is sitting in her chair, rocking back and forth. SUDDENLY we MOVE

THROUGH THE GLASS

to see what's on the other side of the window as MICHAEL'S FACE stares back at us from just outside the door.

ANGLE ON

brother and sister staring at each other for one interminable instant -- 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

Michael charging blindly inside --

AS LAURIE LUNGES

at him from the side, a hypodermic syringe raised high in her hand -- and she PLUNGES it into Michael's neck and squeezes the air inside him.

He drops to his knees as the embolism hits him. She stares into his eyes as his body convulses.

LAURIE  
Did you really think I  
wouldn't be waiting for you?

He reaches out to grab her but she runs through the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Laurie running down the hall as Michael staggers to his feet, starts coming after her in his methodical gait.

INT STAIRWELL - FOLLOWING

Laurie ducks inside, barrels up the flight of the stairs and through the door to the roof, setting off the ALARM.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Laurie runs across the roof, turns to looks back at  
THE DOOR

-- as Michael comes out after her. He's in no hurry:  
there's nowhere for her to go.

ANGLE ON LAURIE

as she turns to face him, unafraid.

LAURIE  
Just you and me, right?  
Isn't that the way it needs  
to be?

She takes a step backward. Then another.

He moves forward slowly, then hesitates.

LAURIE  
(continuing)  
What's the matter, just hate  
to see it end?

They look at each other across the roof.

LAURIE

(continuing)

You tried to turn me into  
you, but you failed. And  
you'll never find my son.  
Never.

He just stares at her through empty eyes.

LAURIE

(continuing)

You can kill me, but you  
can't take my soul -- it's  
not mine to give.

She takes another step backward.

ANGLE TO SEE

she is standing almost at the very edge of the roof.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as his hesitation leaves him. He strides purposefully  
forward until they are standing only a few feet apart.

He has a knife in his hand. She looks at it, at him.

LAURIE

(barely a  
whisper)

I'm not afraid to die...

He looks into her eyes with a weird curiosity.

LAURIE

(continuing)

...and I'm not afraid of you.

And he THRUSTS the knife up into her stomach --

But she clasps both hands around his wrist in an iron  
grip --

LAURIE

Come with me, Michael....

And she steps backward and OVER the edge of the roof,  
PULLING Michael, who's still gripping the knife, over  
with her....

ANGLE ON THEM

as Michael catches the edge of the roof with one hand,  
his other still gripping the knife imbedded in her belly  
as she holds onto his wrist, trying to pull him down  
with her.

CLOSER ON THEM

as once again, and for the last time, their eyes meet,  
this time only inches separating them --

He lets go of the knife --

And Laurie FALLS, free of him forever --

THROUGH MICHAEL'S EYES

we see her body hit the dark rocky hillside far below.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he slowly pulls himself back up onto the roof.

He stares down into the unfathomable depths and

SUDDENLY HIS IMAGE

seems to SHIMMER...then PIXILATES into 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...Netertainment!

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 Braddock University just outside Haddonfield. They represent a cross-section of America. We've got Jim Douglas....

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 DOUGLAS 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 Steinen 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 Cartman....

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 Johnson....

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 Woodhouse....

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 Mercer.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Where we find SARA MERCER, 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, JANE, in the open doorway. Sara turns.

SARA

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

Jane nods to Sara's backpack brimming with books.

JANE

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.

JANE

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.

JANE

Aron, that's enough.

ARON

(ignoring her)

And he never put it down  
again.

And Jane shoves Aron out the door and closes it.

JANE

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.

JANE

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

On her look at Sara we

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Where we are FOLLOWING Rudy Johnson 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 geese 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,  
exploitational.

BILL  
Jeez, a live-on-the-Net tour  
of the home of the worst  
serial killer in history.  
What could be exploitational  
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

I promised my mom I'd study.

SCOTT

"Prognosis Negative" just opened at the Multiplex.

MYLES

Isn't that an "R"?

SCOTT

Like they check ID over there.



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.

MALE 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. CHARLEY, a middle-aged electrician, is running cable in the background.

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.

ANGLE TO FIND

a quiet, serious, dark-suited man watching from a few  
yards away: JEB DONALDSON steps over, flashes his  
wallet I.D.

DONALDSON

Jeb Donaldson, State Police.

DETECTIVE

I'm just about finished with  
this man.

DONALDSON

Take your time. I'm just a  
fly on the wall.

FRANKLIN

(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.

DONALDSON

Your monitors cover the  
entire grounds?

FRANKLIN

Yeah, man, but there are some, like, blind stops. Around corners, the stairwells, that kind of thing.

Donaldson nods, moves over to

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.

ANGLE ON

Donaldson as he watches curiously for a moment until a hospital administrator, HORACE JORDAN, comes up alongside.

JORDAN

You Donaldson from State Police?

Donaldson looks up and smiles pleasantly at the man.

CUT TO:

INT. SANITARIUM - DAY

The two men walk down a hallway on another floor.

JORDAN

He's actually quite harmless, despite his fascination.

DONALDSON

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.

DONALDSON

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 Jane comes in.

JANE

Shouldn't you be getting ready?

SARA

I'm ready.

Jane looks at her disapprovingly.

JANE  
You're wearing that?

SARA  
I thought I was.

JANE  
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.

JANE  
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.

Jane stops rummaging, turns to Sara.

JANE  
No, what?

SARA  
Well, it looked like a giant  
rabbit.

JANE  
(laughing)  
A rabbit?

SARA

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

JANE

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.

JANE

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.

JANE

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.

JANE

Same guy?

SARA

Yeah. He's in graduate school.

JANE

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

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

JANE

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:

INT. DONALDSON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Donaldson is sitting in his very low-tech space. If it weren't for the voices and occasional static-laced dispatch sounds in the BACKGROUND, we wouldn't know he's carved this dark space of an office out of State Police headquarters. The only anomaly among the ancient filing cabinets and stacks of paperwork is the computer sitting on his cluttered desk. He looks at it as if it were an alien presence. He looks down at a pad on his desk.

INSERT PAD

covered with his notes from the sanitarium. We see the name underlined: LAURIE STRODE.

ANGLE ON DONALDSON

as he stands up, stretches, moves to the window.

POV THROUGH WINDOW

as Halloween begins to take shape. We see costumed kids, some of them wearing cheap Michael Myers masks, moving in small clusters, older ones on the edge of rowdiness, little ones shepherded by watchful parents.

ANGLE ON DONALDSON

as he turns around -- and SUDDENLY a face appears behind him, horrible and ghoulish -- and he jumps back, startled.

ANGLE ON

the "ghoul" as it removes what proves to be a Halloween mask, revealing a young desk-duty officer, NORA MANN.

DONALDSON

Jesus, Nora.

NORA

Oh, did I startle you?

DONALDSON

At what point in your training did they tell you a sense of humor was important?

NORA

Hmm. I don't seem to recall.

DONALDSON

And the purpose of this visit? Other than to jump-start my heart.

NORA

Haddonfield P.D.'s faxing us what you asked for on Laurie Strode. There's a shitload of it. On the other hand, you could save a forest by entering the electronic age.

She looks over at the computer on his desk, back at him.

NORA

She ain't hard to find.

DONALDSON

Isn't there someone out there with a heart condition you can try that mask on?

NORA

I'll see what I can do.

She turns and leaves the room.

ANGLE ON DONALDSON

as he looks back at the computer. He sighs, then finally sits back down at his desk, moves the mouse and clicks. We hear the annoying connection noise as the Internet comes up. He types something on the keyboard.



THE COMPUTER SCREEN

is on a search engine as he types in "LAURIE STRODE" and clicks the mouse again. About a hundred references pop up.

ANGLE ON DONALDSON

as he looks at the computer screen curiously. He moves the mouse, we hear the clicks, watch different colors play across his face as different sites come up. Until:

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

we see a web site slowly come up, rendering shape from blotches of color...turning into the Michael Myers HOME PAGE.

ANGLE ON DONALDSON

as the investigator looks curiously at the computer screen a moment. He drums his fingers restlessly on his desk. Looks at his notes. At the computer screen. Back at his notes.

Then he stands, grabs his coat, and heads for the door....

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 his face...revealing Charley, the jumpsuited technician, grinning at him.

BRIAN

Jesus shit, man!

CHARLEY

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

BRIAN

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

CHARLEY

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?

CHARLEY

You got it.

Charley 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.  
Charley 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.

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

By the time Charley 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 cameras.

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.

CUT TO:

INT. DONALDSON'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

We find the state cop intent behind the wheel. His cell phone RINGS. He looks at the number, sighs, answers it.

DONALDSON

Yes, honey....I left you a message....No, I'll be back late tonight....What?...Well, I imagine I can pick it up at the market, they're open twenty-four hours, aren't they?...Yes. I will....Only one quart?...Yes, got it....Love you too. Bye.

He flips the phone closed and we GO TO an

ANGLE ON CAR

as it PASSES us and

WE FIND

the road sign indicating: "HADDONFIELD, 93 MILES."

CUT TO:

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. Charley 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

Charley comes over carrying a large plastic box.

FREDDIE

Where's Brian?

CHARLEY

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

FREDDIE

Shit.

CHARLEY

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

FREDDIE

Gear 'em up and let's get rolling.

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

CHARLEY

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

Charley hands out hat-cams and several species of clip-on mini-cameras, then jogs 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, Charley?



CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - FOLLOWING

Charley takes up position at a CONTROL CONSOLE, takes a sip of his everpresent Mochaccino, and picks up his walkie.

CHARLEY

Coming on line....

And he 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 Charley.

FREDDIE

(continuing)

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

(to Charley)

We ready?

CHARLEY

Everything's a go.

Freddie scowls at Charley's giant cup of Mochaccino.

FREDDIE

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

CHARLEY

Let me guess. A lot?

FREDDIE

That shit'll kill you.

CHARLEY

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.

BILL

Check this out....

ANGLE ON

Bill, 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....

JIM

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

JENNA

Still, it's pretty creepy.

RUDY

Fuck yeah.

JIM

Duly noted.

CUT TO:

THE SAME IMAGE

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

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The two men 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. DONALDSON'S CAR - NIGHT

The police detective turns the wheel toward an exit.

ANGLE ON CAR

as it whizzes onto the exit ramp marked for  
"HADDONFIELD."

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 Morrison 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, Jenna, 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, Jenna.

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 Charley watching on the monitors.

CHARLEY

Mind if I grab a smoke?

FREDDIE

As long as it's not near me.

Charley gets up, heads for the back door.

FREDDIE

I hear that shit's bad for you. It was in all the papers.

CHARLEY

You planning on living forever?

Charley steps outside, Freddie looks at the monitors.

FREDDIE

(to himself)

I'm thinking about it.

Freddie looks over at Charley'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 suck. 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

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

FOLLOW HIM

as he walks into the shadowy space.

BEHIND THEM

we see a large shape come up in the darkness.

ANGLE ON CHARLEY

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

CHARLEY

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

But he is cut off in mid-thought. His mouth opens but nothing comes out. He looks down at his stomach -- and sees the gardener's trowel imbedded in there, Michael Myers's hand wrapped around the handle. On Charley'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  
Charley? 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 when there is a KNOCK at the door. He looks around.

FREDDIE

Charley, where the fuck you  
at?

Cursing, he gets up and goes to the door and OPENS it.

ANGLE ON

Donaldson standing there, holding open his wallet I.D.

DONALDSON

Mr. Harris, I'm Jeb Donaldson  
from the state po --

FREDDIE

Yeah, real pleased to make  
your acquaintance, but I'm in  
the middle of something here  
-- did you say police?

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 Bill underneath the costume.

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

BILL  
Take it easy, dude, chill  
out.

Sara and Rudy look from Bill to Jim in confusion.

JIM  
Tell us, man.

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

BILL  
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 Bill. It's an arm from the "corpse." In the FLASHLIGHT BEAM we see it's phony.

JIM

(to the others)

It's fake. We've been set up all along.

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. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Bill are still facing off.

JIM

How much extra are they paying you?

BILL

Grow up, man. How long do you think people would pay to watch us wandering around an old house trying to figure out why some guy went nuts twenty years ago? Michael Myers is old news, man. Half the guys on death row have a higher body count.

JIM

So they figured they'd spice up the evening with a few cheap thrills.



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:

INT. GARAGE/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Freddie is looking in shock at Donaldson, not noticing  
the MONITOR on the control panel.

FREDDIE

When did it happen?

DONALDSON

Late last night.

FREDDIE

Ah, man I just --

But he cuts himself short as he notices:

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, Donaldson a beat behind.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The two men running out of the garage.

FREDDIE

Back door's around the corner, I got the front.

The two men separate and we

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 out there, 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. He  
starts back into the house when we hear something and

ANGLE TO

The back door -- as it opens and Donaldson comes charging in, pulling his pistol out of a shoulder holster as

MICHAEL SPINS

toward him and GRABS his gun hand. Donaldson looks into Michael's eyes for an instant as Michael turns the gun back toward his chest and FIRES -- and Donaldson goes FLYING back against the wall and crumples to the floor.

Michael turns back into the house.

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

Charley'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 try 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

and MOVE PAST Donaldson, who's leaning against a police car. His shirt is unbuttoned and we see the bulletproof vest underneath. One of the Haddonfield cops nods at the vest.

COP

We were supposed to get those.

DONALDSON

I highly recommend them.

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:

EXT. MYERS YARD - PRE-DAWN

Firemen sift through the SMOKING rubble of the garage.

A SMALL CROWD

of onlookers watches from behind police barricades,  
among them parents with kids still dressed in Halloween  
regalia.

WE FIND DONALDSON

in the middle of the ruins, searching, searching.

ANGLE ON

one of the firemen, shaking his head.

FIREMAN

Nothing here....

Donaldson looks over at him.

DONALDSON

Is it possible there's  
nothing left of him? That he  
just burned up?

FIREMAN

No way. Takes three hours at fifteen hundred degrees to cremate a body, and you'll still find bone fragments.

DONALDSON

Then he's got to be in here.

GO CLOSER

to Donaldson as he continues the search with intensity, moving among the charred ruins. He lifts one fragment of wood then another, finding nothing. With a strange desperation he squats down to pry a blackened beam loose -- but there is nothing underneath but more embers.

SUDDENLY he hears a CRUNCH from behind him and turns --

AND MICHAEL MYERS

is standing behind him with knife upraised --

DONALDSON FALLS

back into the ashes as we go

WIDER TO REVEAL

it's just a kid in Michael Myers costume who somehow got past the police line. His father grabs the rubber knife out of his hand and scurries him away.

TIGHT ON DONALDSON

still catching his breath, spooked.

Then he looks over and finds

ANOTHER MICHAEL MYERS

standing behind a police car.

AND ANOTHER ONE

standing near a tree.

ANGLE ON DONALDSON

as he looks this way and that as

SUDDENLY EVERYWHERE

we see Michael Myers, all around us, a series of masks, white faces and dark jumpsuits in the crowd, on the street. Is one of them real? Is he escaping in a sea of imitators?

A WIDENING CIRCLE

FINDS one face. Then another. And another.

All around us.

Then suddenly nothing. Nothing.

HARD CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

