

HALLOWEEN 666
THE CURSE OF MICHAEL MYERS

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT
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When Michael Myers was six-years-old, he stabbed his sister to death. For years he was locked up ... locked away ... in Smith's Grove Sanitarium. But he escaped. And suddenly Halloween became another word for mayhem.

One by one, he stalked and killed his entire family ... until his nine-year-old niece, Jamie Lloyd, was the only one left alive.

Six years ago, on Halloween night, Michael and Jamie vanished.

Many people believe them dead, but I think someone hid them away. Someone who keeps Michael, protects him, tries to control him. And if there's one thing I know, you can't control evil. You can lock it up and burn it and bury it and pray that it dies, but it never will. It just rests awhile.

You can lock your doors and say your prayers at night, but the evil is out there ... waiting. And maybe ... just maybe ... it's closer than you think.

- from the journal of Dr. Samuel Loomis

DARKNESS fills the SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE:

October 30, 1995

DEAD SILENCE for what seems like an eternity, followed by a startling, bone-chilling SCREAM as we

FADE IN:

INT. DUNGEON - TUNNELS - NIGHT (DISTORTED)

The agonizing SCREAMS continue as we MOVE rapidly through a labyrinth of winding underground tunnels. Glowing torches light the way. Blurry, indistinct silhouettes of grim FIGURES wearing black-cowled robes flash along the dank, craggy walls.

As we BLAST around dark corners, plunging deeper into this hellish maze, we realize we are looking from the P.O.V. of a SCREAMING young woman being pushed forward on a gurney.

A door is SLAMMED. Wooden. Heavy. Muffling the SCREAMS.

Spurs CLANK on a pair of silver-tipped cowboy boots as a MYSTERIOUS STRANGER steps out of the shadows. Wearing a long black duster and wide-brimmed fedora. Lit cigarette dangling between gloved fingers.

INT. BIRTHING CHAMBER - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A rat scampers from a hole, foraging in the muck of a rotted pumpkin. Pain-filled SCREAMS reverberate off the grimy walls.

ROBED FIGURES strap the raven-haired girl to a crude metal rack. A white sheet, saturated with blood, covers the parted legs of JAMIE LLOYD, now 16, cheeks flushed with perspiration.

JAMIE

Oh, God, it's coming! It's coming!

MARY, a young midwife, rushes in with a bowl of hot water. Jamie lurches, knocking the bowl out of the girl's hands; it SHATTERS on the floor.

JAMIE

Mary, mother of God, please make it stop! Please -- don't let it be born!!!

Mary's face is frozen in horror. Jamie's SCREAMS build to an unnerving crescendo. She BLACKS OUT, the pain too much for her to bear.

FLASH CUT TO:

LURID SHOCK CUTS

from the previous "Halloween" entries ... a surrealistic blend of IMAGES and VOICES from the past ... as Jamie relives her terrifying childhood ordeal:

LOOMIS (V.O.)

... Ten years ago he tried to kill Laurie Strode ...

A) LAURIE STRODE (Jamie Lee Curtis) twists and squirms as she is strangled mercilessly in the hands of the murderous SHAPE.

LOOMIS (V.O.)

... Now he wants her daughter.

B) Trapped in her bedroom, 10-YEAR-OLD JAMIE (Danielle Harris) struggles to open the door. Just as she flings it open, the Shape is standing there, knife poised to kill!

LOOMIS (V.O.)

Michael Myers is here to kill that little girl and anyone else who gets in his way!

C) RACHEL (Ellie Cornell) dies in anguish as the Shape plunges a pair of scissors through her chest. TINA (Wendy Kaplan) dives right into the path of the Shape's knife. "Jamie, run!!!"

D) Jamie sinks to her knees beside the fallen Shape, taking its hand in her own. CLOSE ON Shape's hand. Fingers flex to life. A grotesque BRAND on its wrist -- an inverted isosceles triangle that will come to be known as the mark of THORN.

LOOMIS (V.O.)

There's a reason he has this power over you. Did you ever wonder what it is?

E) BLINDING EXPLOSION rips through cinderblock. A jail cell blown to oblivion. FIRESTORM rages.

The same MYSTERIOUS STRANGER appears, opening fire with a semi-automatic rifle. Pitiful wails of death. OFFICERS writhing in pools of blood. In the aftermath of this carnage stands YOUNG JAMIE.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BIRTHING CHAMBER - NIGHT (SAME)

Jamie struggles against her bonds. Pushing. SCREAMING. Lapsing in and out of consciousness during the final, excruciating pangs of labor. Haunted by a cacophony of low, moaning VOICES. CHANTING.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (NEW FOOTAGE)

A LEGEND READS: "October 31, 1989." RESUME Young Jamie, filled with trepidation as she staggers through the smoke-filled cell into a darkened, drizzly alleyway.

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

Beyond the clearing wisps of smoke, THREE FIGURES wearing black ski masks usher THE SHAPE -- arms and legs shackled in heavy chains -- into the back of a white van.

BACK TO SCENE

Mutely terrified, Jamie backs away -- into the arms of another figure, obscured behind a smokescreen: the Mysterious Stranger!

Jamie's scream is cut off as the Stranger descends upon her like the Angel of Death.

A cigarette arcs through the darkness like a tiny flare. Crushed under the boot of the Stranger.

A moment later, Jamie is shoved into the front seat of the van. Doors SLAM. Tires SCREECH over wet pavement.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The van peels out of the alley and disappears into the gloom. Hold on the police station for a beat. Suddenly -
-

The entire precinct explodes in a huge conflagration!

SHOCK CUT TO:
INT. BIRTHING CHAMBER - NIGHT

A SLAP and the first cry of the newborn BABY. Jamie sobs uncontrollably, the straps preventing her from reaching him.

JAMIE
Please ... please give him to me ...

The infant is wrapped in black swaddling. The wooden door CREAKS open. Jamie's eyes fill with horror as the shadow of the Stranger fills the room. Standing at the threshold. Waiting to receive the child.

JAMIE
No, please ... my baby!

The dark sentinels march out in somber procession, ignoring Jamie's desperate pleas. Torches lighting the way.

JAMIE
Damn you! Damn you all to hell!!!

Jamie's heartrending SHRIEKS are cut off by the cold sound of the SLAMMING DOOR.

FADE TO BLACK.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

A BLACK SCREEN.

A cold WIND HOWLS. Suddenly we HEAR a chilling rendition of the "HALLOWEEN THEME" ... low, moaning, ethereal CHANTING ... as the MAIN TITLE thunders toward us in a pillar of flame:

HALLOWEEN 6 6 6

Slowly we FADE UP on the glowing, grotesquely carved face of a jack-o'-lantern. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN TOWARD the pumpkin as the OPENING CREDITS begin to unfold ... interspersed with a series of shocking FLASH CUTS as we SEE ...

Jamie's baby lain upon a primitive altar. Ringed by eleven stones, engraved with ancient runic symbols.

Hooded, faceless figures. Torches held aloft.
Disembodied VOICES. Whispering. Invoking a dark spell.

MARY, the young midwife, peers around a corner. Eyes glazed with horror. Watching. Spying.
The flattened blade of a dagger smears a triangular symbol in blood over the baby's torso. The mark of Thorn
...

We MOVE IN on this symbol, capturing it in FREEZE FRAME.
It burns into fiery embers, becoming one with the DARKNESS.

Then, as if our eyes have begun to adjust to the darkness, the outline of a MASK begins to materialize ... the pale, neutral features of a man, weirdly distorted by the rubber.

We ZOOM rapidly through the blank, empty, staring eyesocket.

Total SILENCE, followed by a startling CLAP OF THUNDER as we

SHOCK CUT TO:

A SIGN POST

stands askew in a matted patch of lawn. WIND and RAIN.
INTENSE FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates:

"For Sale By Strode Real Estate - SOLD"

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

We are MOVING along a trail of drowning toys -- baseball, Power Rangers, a deck of Pogs -- TOWARD a weather-beaten porch. Leftover gallons of Sears Best. Brushes soaking in turpentine. A dozen 2 x 2s lined up to replace a row of broken rail slats.

P.O.V. LOOKS UP the tall, brooding edifice. Address reads: 45 Lampkin Lane. Fresh coat of white paint over old clapboard. New shutters on the narrow windows. A jack-o'-lantern grins behind filmy curtains. The Myers house. Despite its recent face-lift, it looks just as foreboding as in "Halloween I."

P.O.V. stalks up the porch steps. Toward the front door. Opens it quietly and MOVES inside.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

P.O.V. glides through the living room -- a few boxes, furniture to be arranged -- into the darkened kitchen. A drawer is opened. LIGHTNING reveals a HAND ... then a large butcher knife being withdrawn.

P.O.V. turns and MOVES swiftly UP a narrow flight of stairs.

Down a long, dark hallway ... INTO a bedroom to FIND a pretty GIRL, early 20's, brushing her hair at a vanity table. Sensing the presence, the girl spins around, eyes flashing with horror.

KARA

Danny!

Suddenly the butcher knife SLASHES down, brutally stabbing her!

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - DANNY'S ROOM (SAME)

6-year-old DANNY STRODE sits bolt upright in bed. Sweating. Shaking. Petrified.

FOLLOW DANNY

as he leaps out of bed and pads across polished wooden floors into the hallway. LIGHTNING FLASHES. With the next THUNDER CRASH comes a startling, barely intelligible VOICE.

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

Danny ...

Danny freezes. Slowly he turns.

DANNY'S P.O.V.

An ominous shadow at the end of the hall, illuminated by LIGHTNING. Long duster and brimmed hat. The Stranger! In his outstretched hand, a gleaming butcher knife!

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

Kill for him ...

DANNY

SCREAMS! THUNDER CRASHES HELLISHLY. Lights flash on. Doors fly open. Suddenly Danny is swept up in the protective arms of his mother, KARA, 22.

KARA

Danny!

The little boy holds onto her for dear life. Crying hysterically. Eyes clenched tightly.

KARA

Shhh. Mommy's here. What is it?

DANNY

The voice man! He's here!

Kara looks in the direction he's pointing. In the light there's just an antique coat rack -- "dressed" in a hat, rain jacket and an old silver-tipped umbrella.

KARA

Danny, no one's there.

Danny dares to look -- but now he only begins to cry harder.

Kara carries Danny back toward his room, averting the steely-eyed gaze of her father, JOHN STRODE, staunch, late 40s, wearing boxer shorts and a well-worn undershirt.

JOHN

Some of us have to sleep around here. What the hell's with that kid?

Kara ignores him as her mother, DEBRA, careworn face with compassionate eyes, tries to lend a hand.

DEBRA

Let me take him for you, Kara.

KARA

It's all right, Mom. Go on back to bed.

TIM, 18, struts coolly out of his room. He's muscular and streetwise, wearing only a bandana and torn red sweat pants.

TIM

Chill, bro. We're havin' double-banana stomach-pounders for breakfast.

DANNY
(brightens)
Yeah!

KARA
Thanks, Tim. You're a big help.

TIM
Hey, no prob, sis. What are uncles for?
(to Danny)
Slap me some skin, Dan-man.

Danny gives him a high-five, half-smiling as Tim replaces his Walkman headphones, grooving to an insidious TECHNO BEAT.

TIM
Ya just gotta know how to talk to kids these days.

Tim slams his door. Kara exchanges a look with her mother, who shakes her head resignedly.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

Kara opens the closet and switches on the light. Satisfying Danny that it's empty, she breaks into her perfunctory routine.

KARA
Stay away monsters, stay away ghouls. Stay away from Danny. You jerks know the rules.
(crossing to Danny's bed)
Better?

Danny giggles as his pretty young mother tucks him in.

DANNY
Mommy, when can we go home?

Kara sighs. They've been through this one before.

KARA
Home is here in Grandma and Grandpa's new house. At least while I'm in college. You remember our deal.

DANNY
But the kids at school said this is a haunted house -- they said a real bad man used to live here.

KARA
They did, did they? Since when did we start listening to the kids at school?

DANNY
But I've seen him!

KARA
You've been watching too much TV.

DANNY
He says things. Bad things.

KARA
Like what?

Danny hesitates, afraid to tell her.

KARA
If you mean the things Grandpa says sometimes, just ignore him. Once he gets to know you he'll come around ...

(playfully)
Just let the bad things people say slide right off your back.

Kara tousles his blond hair and kisses his forehead. Then she goes to the closet, just about to turn out the light --

DANNY
(sitting up; panicked)
No, Mom -- keep it on!

KARA
Okay ... But just for tonight.

Kara adjusts the closet door, causing one of Danny's school drawings to fly off the wall. She picks it up on her way out.

KARA
Good-night, Danny.

Kara softly closes the door. Danny lies awake, blankets drawn up to his chin, eyes wide. Still very much afraid.

INT. KARA'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Kara yawns, removes her reading glasses and rubs her eyes, setting Danny's drawing atop a pile of books. Cliffs Notes and Diet Coke cans. Telltale signs of a late-night cram session.

Adjusting the dial on her FM/alarm clock, Kara begins to move about the little room, slipping out of her clothes as the subtly-seductive voice of a WOMAN comes over the radio:

WOMAN (V.O.)

I know this might sound crazy, Barry, but I think I'm in love with him. He's so untamed ... so uninhibited. He's everything I've ever wanted in a man.

The woman is cut off by the nasally, steel-trap voice of BARRY SIMMS, Chicago radio's most popular man of controversy:

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Oh, this is good. I can see the tabloids now: 'Psycho Lays Nympho - The Best Sex He Ever Dismembers.'

Raucous LAUGHTER can be heard in the studio control booth.

Wearing only her bra and panties, Kara moves to a full-length mirror and lets down her long, flaxen hair. Beneath her studious exterior, she is quite attractive: delicate features with an enviable, naturally-toned figure.

BARRY SIMMS (CONT'D; V.O.)

Is that the type you always fall for, lady? Any other serial studs on your list? Bundy? Manson? How 'bout that Dahmer dude? I bet you could really cook with him, couldn't you?

The woman continues, very rationally, amid another round of studio room JEERS and LAUGHTER.

WOMAN (V.O.)

No, I just want Michael. I want to know what's behind that mask. Deep down, I think he's just like you and me, Barry. He just needs someone to understand him. Someone to love him.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

You're talking about one of this nation's most notorious serial killers like he belongs in some kind of Est seminar! I hate to be the one to break the news to you, lady, but Michael Myers has been dead for six years!

A BUZZER goes off as the woman is abruptly DISCONNECTED.

Kara suddenly whirls around, startled by a FLASH of something -- a face -- in the mirror!

Drawn to the window behind her, she rubs off rainy mist and peers outside.

KARA'S P.O.V.

of the large Victorian frame house directly across the street. Another FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals the shadow of a man standing in the uppermost window -- looking right at her!

EXT. MYERS HOUSE / BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - NIGHT

Kara draws the priscilla curtains over the window as we PULL BACK through the pouring RAIN ... TOWARD the house across the street. MOVE IN on the ornate sign posted on the front porch:

"Blankenship House - Rooms For Rent."

CRANE UP toward the window where the shadowy figure stands. A loud CRASH OF THUNDER as we PUSH through the window into --

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A macabre display of old newspaper headlines, arranged helter-skelter on a wall: "HALLOWEEN KILLER ESCAPES FROM ASYLUM." "HORROR IN HADDONFIELD: MICHAEL MYERS CLAIMS 16 LIVES." "REIGN OF TERROR ENDS - MYERS PERISHES IN VIGILANTE EXPLOSION."

A PROMO for "The Barry Simms Show" blares over a state-of-the-art HiFi system. A cassette tape RECORDS the ongoing broadcast.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Now we've got someone who claims to have actually seen Michael Myers. Does this whacko caller have a name?

Looking out at the Myers house through his tripod-mounted telescope, TOMMY DOYLE, a strapping 25-year-old with reddish-brown hair and intense eyes, cradles a cordless phone.

TOMMY

My name's Tommy. I was only eight-years-old when I saw him. But I was one of the lucky ones. I survived.

Tommy paces nervously around his sparsely-furnished attic apartment. Classic horror movie one-sheets share wall

space with tomes on ancient history, astronomy and a large collection of mint first-edition comic books.

Behind him, a fully-loaded multimedia PC, linked to the telescope, replays a series of DIGITAL READOUTS of the cosmos.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Did you know that there's help out there for people like you, Tommy? It's called electroshock therapy! Come on. You don't really believe this crap about Myers still being alive?!

Tommy pauses, mesmerized by the computer screen.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Michael's work isn't finished in Haddonfield. And soon -- very soon -- he'll come home to kill again. But this time I'll be ready.

CLOSE ON MONITOR

Tommy clicks the mouse. A searing GRAPHIC slowly burns onto the screen: "PROJECT MICHAEL MYERS - Enter Password."

MOVE UP to a newspaper headline tacked to the wall, frail and yellow from age: "November 1, 1978. TOMMY DOYLE SURVIVES BABYSITTER BLOODBATH." And directly beneath this: "November 3, 1989. JAMIE LLOYD FEARED DEAD IN POLICE STATION MASSACRE."

MOVE IN TIGHT on a photograph of Young Jamie and

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DUNGEON - BIRTHING CHAMBER - NIGHT

STALKING P.O.V. slowly moves in on Jamie. Strapped to the metal rack, wrapped in bloody sheets. Her eyes closed. Still.

Suddenly an urgent, WHISPERING VOICE pierces the darkness:

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

Jamie? Jamie?!

Jamie startles awake to see the young midwife frantically releasing her straps.

MARY

Come with me if you want to save your baby.

Mary opens a threadbare knapsack -- revealing the baby inside.

A soul-shuddering RUMBLE echoes throughout the cavern. PRESS IN on Jamie as she leaps up. Sensing the danger.

JAMIE

Oh, God ... He's coming!

MARY

We've got to move. Now!

Pulsing with adrenaline, Jamie harnesses the knapsack over her shoulders and follows Mary out into the tunnels. TUNNEL GATE

Chains GRIND over rusted pulleys. A massive iron gate rises, revealing a pair of filthy work boots. Legs planted in bold stance as a tall, ominous shape begins to emerge.

ANOTHER TUNNEL (PANAGLIDE)

The terrified midwife leads Jamie with her baby on a breathless flight through the winding network of underground tunnels.

STALKING P.O.V. - THROUGH TUNNELS

P.O.V. glides forward into the dark catacombs. Slow but determined. Sensing the way.

ANOTHER PART OF THE TUNNELS

Reaching a corner, Mary stops and sends Jamie off in the opposite direction.

MARY

There! It's that way!

JAMIE

No -- I can't ...

MARY

Save your baby -- go now!

Jamie runs, disappearing down the dark tunnel. Mary leaves her there, tearing off into darkness.

STALKING P.O.V.

surges around a corner. FINDS Mary. MOVES IN on her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary turns in small circles. Fear mounting with every passing moment as she falters into darkness. Heavy, labored BREATHING fills the tunnel.

Slowly she backs into darkness ... as a white mask begins to materialize right behind her. THE SHAPE!

Mary turns, a split-second before the Shape lunges out, lifts her up by the neck, and SLAMS the back of her head into a large metal SPIKE jutting from the cavern wall! Leaving her impaled like a fish on a hook, the Shape turns away without emotion, without remorse, to resume its relentless pursuit.

END OF TUNNEL

Jamie runs frantically. Methodical, heavy FOOTSTEPS behind her. She chances a look behind. The Shape is coming!

Jamie vaults up a dark stairwell. A trap door above. It won't budge. Jamie frantically POUNDS against the hatch.

The Shape mounts the stairs!

Strength fueled by sheer desperation, Jamie forces the hatch open. The Shape right behind her as Jamie stumbles outside.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jamie half-runs, half-stumbles with her baby through an ugly, charred forest. Sharp branches whip at her face. RAIN falls. LIGHTNING streaks across the sky.

As if hell-spawned, the Shape emerges from the underground chamber and trudges forward, bold and unstoppable.

Jamie tumbles into a gully, nearly dropping the knapsack. She picks herself up, hands groping at rain-sopped earth. The Shape is drawing closer! Only footsteps behind!

Jamie bounds forward. Races toward a clearing. Lights up ahead. A road!

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT (SAME)

A burly, slap-happy MOTORIST sips coffee from a 7-11 cup, straining to see the road through falling rain and fogged-up glasses. Barry Simms' broadcast keeps him mindlessly occupied.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Next up is Dwayne. What's on your feeble excuse for a mind tonight, "Dwayne?"

The Motorist lets out a hardy GUFFAW, spilling his coffee.

MOTORIST

Shit!

Fingers burning, he searches the glove compartment for a napkin.

MALE CALLER #1 (V.O.)

I'd just like to say that I listen to your show every night, Barry. I think you're the best. I can't tell you how excited we are that you'll be paying a visit to our little town tomorrow night.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Do you have a point to make here, Dwayne, or should I just keep spankin' the monkey?

MALE CALLER #1 (V.O.)

(chortles)

Barry, you're too much. I'd just like to say that I understand how things have changed in the 90's. Gays in the military, cut off your husband's do-jigger, become a national hero. But I just can't see any sense in bringing Halloween back to Haddonfield.

The Motorist looks up. Eyes go wide with panic. Startled GASP.

P.O.V. THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Jamie darts out from the woods, waving her hands frantically in the middle of the road, SCREAMING bloody-murder!

EXT. WOODED ROAD / INT. PICKUP TRUCK (SAME)

Tires SCREECH. The pickup stops on a dime. The Motorist just sits there, mouth dropping open as the shrieking

girl throws open the door and clammers into the passenger seat.

JAMIE

Go -- go now!

Through his side-view mirror, the unsuspecting Motorist sees the outline of a quickly-approaching man. Unrolling his window, he rubbernecks a look outside.

MOTORIST

Hey, what do you think you're --

Suddenly the Shape's hands shoot through the window, SNAPPING the man's neck with bone-crunching precision.

Jamie SCREAMS, staring into the man's wide, startled eyes! She lunges for the steering wheel. Slams down hard on the gas.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The pickup bullets forward, fishtailing up the road, never slowing down as the driver's door flies open, dumping the motorist's near-decapitated bulk into a muddy ditch.

INT. PICKUP (SAME)

Jamie drives. Checks to see that her baby is safe, then lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM, a hysterical release of elation, fear and rage, drowned out by the squabble of VOICES over the radio:

MALE CALLER #2 (V.O.)

Your coming here for this Halloween festival -- it's just one big publicity stunt for you, ain't it, Barry? These kids aren't old enough to remember what Myers did here. Now you're just askin' for more trouble.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

What is this? Invasion of the Body Snatchers? What the hell do they put in the water in that town?

CUT TO:

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

LIGHTNING FLASHES. RAIN pelts the windows of a bucolic cabin. This is a man's retreat and has been for years. Dark wood, worn leather, floor-to-ceiling shelves

containing books and an impressive display of awards and degrees, all bearing the name: SAMUEL J. LOOMIS, Ph.D.

"The Barry Simms Show" resumes after STATION IDENTIFICATION, tinny-voiced INSOMNIACS and WEIRDOS blaring over a handsomely- restored antique radio:

MALE CALLER #3 (V.O.)

I know what happened to Michael Myers. You just don't want to listen to the truth, man ... it was all a cover-up by the CIA! They wanted the ultimate assassin! But even they couldn't control him -- he took out eight agents at Langley -- so they packed him in a rocket and shipped him off to space!

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Now Michael Myers is on the government payroll. Next!
As the broadcast continues, we MOVE IN behind a bald, sharp-featured man, huddled over a rich mahogany desk. We HEAR the sound of KEYS CLACKING as he types on an old manual Remington.

MALE CALLER #4 (V.O.)

Does anyone know what happened to that psychiatrist of his? Loomis? I heard the old quack was dead.

Turning at the mention of his name is DR. LOOMIS himself, wearing spectacles, a comfortable sweater and his trademark goatee. The burn scars on his face have all but faded away. Last traces of the horrific past.

LOOMIS

Not dead. Just very much retired.

Loomis zips out his finished page, and places it on top of a thick sheaf of paper, bound in black leather. A sudden KNOCK at the door gives him a start.

EXT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

A dark FIGURE, clad in a black hat and trench coat, stands beneath the glowing porch light, silhouetted in the RAIN.

Loomis opens the door, eyes straining in the semi-darkness, trying to identify his unexpected visitor.

LOOMIS

(sudden recognition)

What the devil?! Come in -- come in!

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Shuffling inside, dripping with rain, DR. TERENCE WYNN, a well-dressed gentleman in his 50s, removes his hat and coat, quickly making himself at home by the crackling fire.

WYNN

Christ, what a night! Not even so much as a sign for five miles on that road.

LOOMIS

That's why I live in the country. I thrive on the seclusion.

Wynn disappears behind the wet bar and rummages through the liquor cabinet as Loomis dutifully wipes up his muddy trail.

WYNN (O.S.)

Don't tell me that the revered Rasputin of Smith's Grove has grown complacent in his golden years. I don't buy it for a second, Dr. Loomis.

Loomis immediately senses that Wynn has an angle.

LOOMIS

And in all these years, I've never known you to make house calls, Dr. Wynn. Especially at this hour ...

Wynn produces a bottle of Irish whiskey and two shot glasses. He thrusts one in Loomis's hand and begins to pour.

WYNN

(lightly)

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, Sam. And a drink is just a drink.

LOOMIS

Surely you didn't come all the way out here in this storm just to quote Freud.

WYNN

As always, your keen powers of perception never fail to amaze me. And you're right. I've come to celebrate.

(raising his glass)

After thirty-two years, guess who is finally relinquishing his duties as Chief Administrator of Smith's Grove?

LOOMIS

You're not actually thinking of --

WYNN

Retiring. I wanted to come by and tell you the news myself.

Loomis is aptly stunned by Wynn's announcement.

LOOMIS

Why -- congratulations, Terence. I had no idea you were even contemplating leaving the hospital.

WYNN

It's something that's been in the planning stages for some time, actually. But some recent developments have forced me to hasten my decision.

Loomis regards him quizzically. Wynn raises his glass in a toast.

WYNN

To old friends. To retirement. To new beginnings.

The two old sparring partners drink to the occasion. But Wynn's "angle" soon comes to the helm.

WYNN

Of course, before I can permanently hang up my hat I need to appoint a new Administrator. Someone I can trust to bring new life -- and some old blood, if you'll pardon the expression -- back to Smith's Grove ...

Loomis prepares himself for the bomb.

WYNN

I've chosen you, Sam.

LOOMIS

You should know that it's not wise to play Halloween pranks on me.

WYNN

(smiles)

This is no prank, I can assure you. We need you. I need you.

Loomis settles down into his comfortable easy chair, amused at the irony of Wynn's speech.

LOOMIS

Even after my stroke six years ago they practically had to hold a gun to my head to get me to retire. But things have changed. I've changed. The ghosts have been buried.

(hefts the leather binder)

I've buried them in this manuscript. Why should I want to dig them up again?
Wynn's eyes shoot down to read the title page of Loomis's manuscript: "EVIL INCARNATE: A STUDY OF THE CRIMES AND PATHOLOGY OF MICHAEL MYERS."

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jamie's getaway truck ROARS around a bend, tearing up a deserted stretch of highway. The STORM rages.

INT. PICKUP (CONTINUOUS)

Jamie strains to see as she drives through sheets of pouring RAIN. Bone weary, fighting panic, she holds one hand steady against the wheel, the other on her CRYING infant.

JAMIE

God ... Help us, please ...

Something up ahead. Jamie's face fills with expectancy.

JAMIE'S P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A lighted sign appears out of the darkness. Glowing salvation. Bright red-and-white logo: "HARDIN COUNTY TRANSIT."

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

The pickup appears beneath the glow of mercury vapor lights and SKIDS to a stop in a deserted parking lot. Jamie staggers out in the RAIN, cradling the knapsack as she runs toward the depot.

INT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Jamie blasts through double glass doors. But the station is devoid of life. Empty benches. Blank ARRIVAL/DEPARTURE signboard. The low HUM of vending machines.

Jamie moves toward the ticket counter. A handwritten sign left by the attendant: "BACK IN 20."

Shivering, holding her baby, Jamie enters an old-fashioned phone booth. Picks up the receiver and immediately dials 911.

VOICE (V.O.)

(filtered over phone)

You have reached Haddonfield Emergency Services. Due to severe weather conditions, all circuits are momentarily busy. If this is not an emergency, please dial ...

Jamie slams the phone down. Suddenly she becomes aware of the radio program. Piped in over ancient loudspeakers:

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

For anyone who gives a flying circus, this is a special trick-or-treat edition of BACK-TALK. I'm Barry Simms -- the light in your night, the love of your loins -- and I want to hear from more of you bogeyman believers out there. The lines are open. So give me your best shot at 1- 800-968-7825. That's 1-800-YOU-SUCK!

More CALLERS begin to phone in as Jamie picks up the receiver and frantically begins dialing.

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

Wynn heads somberly to the door as Loomis hands him his hat and coat. The RADIO PROGRAM squawking in the b.g.

LOOMIS

Please try to understand, Terence. I appreciate the offer, but it's just not something I can do ...

WYNN

(suddenly)

Too late will be when my life ends.

LOOMIS

What in God's name are you talking about?

Wynn throws down his coat in a fit of angry frustration.

WYNN

Damn! I didn't want to tell you. I didn't want to tell anyone.

Loomis's eyes register confusion and deep concern.

WYNN

I don't have much longer, Sam. Don't you see? I have to make sure things are taken care of ... before I'm gone.

LOOMIS

Terence, I -- I don't know what to say.

WYNN

Say you'll take the job. Come back to Smith's Grove. I need your help, Sam. It's my last request before I ...

Wynn's voice seems to trail off into nothingness as Loomis stares blankly at the radio ... his attention diverted by the SOUND of another VOICE. Young. Terrifyingly familiar.

JAMIE (V.O.)

(intense whisper)

No -- please listen! They're coming ... Coming for me and my baby.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

So they're trying to kill you and your baby. Don't tell me. Your name also happens to be Rosemary.

Loomis's eyes widen in unutterable horror.

BARRY SIMMS (CONT'D; V.O.)

Come on, sweetheart -- what is this? Who's coming?

JAMIE (V.O.)

It's ... Michael ...

(releasing)

... Michael Myers!

Loomis staggers. A lifetime of nightmares returning to haunt him in one startling instant.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (SAME)

PRESS IN TIGHT ON TOMMY. Listening to the broadcast through headphones. Sitting upright. Thunderstruck.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Somebody help me! Dr. Loomis, are you out there? Can you hear me?!

CUT TO:

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

Wynn watches with rapt attention as Loomis unlocks his safe and withdraws a metal case. He pops it open, revealing his trusted .357 Magnum and a box of cartridges.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT (SAME)

Jamie hangs up quickly when she sees a TALL MAN, his back turned, wearing a hat and black trench coat, standing right outside! Jamie freezes.

Securing the baby in the knapsack, Jamie opens the door to the phone booth. Keeping her back turned. She looks again -- but now the man in black is gone ...

Jamie moves forward. Around the corner. She startles as the man steps out on her! Staggering. Grumbling. A bottle of cheap wine wrapped in a brown paper bag. It's only a BUM.

The transient seems to watch Jamie with glazed, discerning eyes as she shrinks away from him, backing down a narrow hall, disappearing through the door marked "LADIES ROOM."

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

Water runs into a grimy basin. Unable to contain her tears, Jamie washes her newborn. Takes a roll of paper towels and tries to rub the triangular blood mark off the baby's chest.

Suddenly the lights go out. Jamie GASPS. Still clutching her baby, she turns off the faucet and melts into darkness.

The door CREAKS open. FOOTSTEPS echo inside.

JAMIE

has locked herself inside one of the stalls. Heart pounding. The FOOTSTEPS grow louder. Jamie's eyes dart frantically.

STALKING P.O.V.

MOVING methodically past the row of stalls, pushing open each door, revealing that they are all empty. A CRASH from the last stall. P.O.V. MOVES toward it. RUSTLING and MOVEMENT inside.

Suddenly the Shape bulldozes through, knocking the door off its hinges. An open window above the toilet. Jamie is gone!

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jamie tumbles off a stack of crates piled beneath the window and dashes around the side of the depot. The RAIN has subsided to cold, drizzly MIST.

Jamie moves swiftly across the parking lot, still clutching the knapsack. She throws open the door of the pickup and jumps into the driver's seat.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Slapping down the locks, Jamie thrusts the key into the ignition. The engine REVS to life. She guns it, peeling out of the parking lot. Back toward the highway.

She drives on, suppressing her tears, stealing glances at the knapsack bunched up on the passenger's seat. Then she turns and looks forward with concentrated attention.

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

A sign appears in ominous, swirling FOG:

"Haddonfield - 10 Miles"

BACK TO SCENE

Jamie sighs with relief, steadying the wheel just as --

HIGHBEAMS flash on right behind her, a juggernaut roaring out of blackness! Jamie's eyes flood with terror.

JAMIE'S P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The grill of a familiar white van shoots forward, SLAMMING against the pickup's rear bumper.

JAMIE

is jolted forward in her seat. Holding the wheel with a white-knuckle grip as she's violently RAMMED from behind.

JAMIE
(hysterical)
Leave us alone!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The throttled pickup puts on a furious burst of speed, slingshotting across the lane onto the sloped shoulder.

The van bears down, engine screaming with fire-breathing rage.

The pickup springboards over a gulch and leaves the road doing 70. Tearing branches from trees. Jamie SCREAMING.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The pickup slams down hard, careening wildly out of control through a vast field. A pumpkin patch.

Tires spin through waves of mud, chewing up pumpkins, shooting out chunks of seeds and pulp.

The truck rockets at breakneck speed toward the trees at the edge of the field. Suddenly --

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

The Shape is standing in the field, tall and unmoving, white mask glowing hideously in the rush of oncoming headlights.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The truck plows into the Shape, dragging it under, SLAMMING headlong into the trunk of a huge oak tree.

Everything is abruptly and shockingly silent. Like a phantom in the night, the Shape is gone.

Steam billows from the pickup, engine TICKING, a heap of shattered glass and mangled steel. Pinned against the base of the tree is a shape in human form -- a scarecrow!

MOVE IN on Jamie, face-down against the steering wheel. Coughing on the noxious fumes, she stirs back to life. Slowly, painfully, she shoulders the door and falls outside.

Jamie struggles, dragging herself through furrowed ground.

Slowly a goblin rises from the field, completely overtaking her. Stumbling, unable to pick herself up, Jamie rolls onto her back, her face a frozen rictus of horror.

JAMIE'S P.O.V. - THE SHAPE

looms menacingly above her, wielding an enormous butcher knife!

JAMIE

SCREAMS in godless horror as the gleaming blade plunges down ...

JAMIE

No -- NO!!!

... and is driven home with a terrible THUD!

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

MOVING toward the pickup. Engulfed in black SMOKE. Hazard lights FLASHING. The twisted passenger door standing wide open. P.O.V. SPRINGS toward the knapsack inside.

THE SHAPE

tears opens the knapsack. But inside there is no baby ... only a roll of paper towels from the bus depot.

THE SCARECROW

burns, mocking the Shape with its grinning, hand-painted face.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

THE SHAPE

looks at us, white mask scintillating against blinding rays of SUNLIGHT. Rivulets of blood drip off a large carving knife.

PULLING BACK, we SEE that it's just a crudely-made, knife-wielding effigy of Michael Myers, sitting astride

the "For Sale by Strode Real Estate" sign. Stage blood spells out the words: "He's coming!"

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

John Strode looks up with disgust as he inspects the grim monument that's been left on his front lawn. Puffing on a cigarette, wearing slippers and a flimsy bath robe, John raises a large axe.

A group of neighborhood KIDS -- some dressed in Halloween costumes -- stand a safe distance away. Gathered on the sidewalk. Gawking, pointing and tittering.

John angrily swings the axe into the signpost. The kids jump with a collective start.

JOHN

Enough is enough ...

(one CHOP)

... of this ...

(two CHOPS)

... Michael Myers ...

(timber)

... bullshit!

Suddenly the sign crashes down -- and "Michael Myers" with it. The kids huddle. John turns on them, brandishing the axe.

JOHN

You stinkin' kids got three seconds to get the hell off my property! One, two --

That's all it takes. The kids scatter, tripping over one another as they tear off down the block.

Satisfied with himself, John stubs out his cigarette and hauls the sign and its now-headless rider to the trash.

Then he trudges up the porch steps, dropping the axe as he enters the house. Uttering oaths beneath his breath.

BOOM UP over the surrounding neighborhood. SUPERIMPOSE:

"Haddonfield, Illinois. Halloween."

Last night's storm has given way to an incredibly bright and picturesque morning. CHILDREN pour out of their homes, bursting with excitement, dressed in colorful costumes.

Even the Myers house, with its trimmed hedges and fresh coat of paint, somehow manages to look inviting.

A white van slowly rolls up the street. WKNB logo, streamers and a large orange banner proclaiming: "HADDONFIELD JUNIOR COLLEGE HARVEST FAIR '95 - See Barry Simms Live - October 31." A now-familiar voice booms over loudspeaker:

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

This is Big Bad Barry Simms harping on ya from the Windy City. Tonight's the night and the place to be is the First Annual Halloween Harvest Fair. So come on out of your broom closets, all you frightened Haddonfielders, and boogie the night away with me.

MALE CALLER #4 (V.O.)

Hey, Barry, I just won first prize for ugliest costume! Guess who I'm dressed as.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Your mother?

MALE CALLER #4 (V.O.)

No, man -- You!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. SANITARIUM - MORNING

A car bearing an official state emblem stops outside an imposing curtain of security gates. A large sign reads: "SMITH'S GROVE - WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM."

As the massive gate yawns open and the car drives through, we SEE the asylum in the distance -- a large, cold building, the entire perimeter bounded by woods and barbed wire fences.

INT. WYNN'S CAR (CONTINUOUS)

Wynn drives, smoking a cigarette. Loomis in the passenger seat, fueling his own anxieties.

LOOMIS

It was her voice. On the radio. It was Jamie. Calling for me.

WYNN

You don't know that for sure. It could have been anyone. A practical joke. Kids.

LOOMIS

It was Jamie Lloyd. She came back, as I knew she would one day. And whatever brought her back has brought Michael back as well.

WYNN

After six years? Sam, she died with him in that explosion after the last --

LOOMIS

That's what someone wants us to believe, but I tell you Michael is alive. I feel him. I sense his evil heart, just as I did all those years ago. Sitting behind these very same walls. Staring. Growing stronger.

(off Wynn's silence)

As my colleague, as my friend, please. I can't go through this again. Not alone. I need your help to stop him.

Loomis's words fall on Wynn like a death sentence.

INT. SANITARIUM - WYNN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Gold insignia on mahogany doors reads: "TERENCE WYNN - CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR."

Wynn and Loomis burst into the plush office, startling DAWN, an attractive, high-energy secretary, who is rifling through Wynn's desk, packing boxes with his personal affects.

DAWN

Dr. Wynn ... I didn't think you'd be coming in this morning.

WYNN

Dawn, I'd like you to meet Dr. Loomis, the man I've been telling you so much about.

DAWN

(ingratiating smile)

It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Doctor. It'll be wonderful to have you back at the hospital.

Loomis looks at Wynn, taken aback. Wynn expertly sidesteps the remark.

WYNN

Dawn, I want you to get Dr. Loomis anything he needs -- files, tests, records of every treatment ever administered to a former patient of ours -- Michael Myers.

DAWN
(after a beat)
Michael Myers?

Wynn turns abruptly on her as he leads Loomis to the door.

WYNN
Is something wrong?

DAWN
I just received a phone call. That girl ... Jamie Lloyd ... her body was just found near Haddonfield.

INT. SANITARIUM CORRIDOR (SAME)

Wynn and Loomis move purposefully down a sterile white corridor. Wynn uses his key card to BUZZ them through a series of locked metal security cages. Dawn is taking notes, handing Wynn his briefcase, phone messages, etc. A retinue of DOCTORS and NURSES fall in from behind.

WYNN
Notify Haddonfield's sheriff; tell him we're on our way. I want the entire staff on alert. We go to code red lockdown for twenty-four hours.

(beat)

If that maniac really is out there, I plan on bringing him back -- alive.

Buzzing through the final gate, the two gentlemen cut down a sub-passageway and out through the emergency exit.

On the deafening WHINE of the waiting helicopter's engines

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Tim, wearing Levi's baggies and a "Barry Kicks Ass" T-shirt, uses a blender to whip up a frothy milkshake while jabbering loudly on the phone. Danny, dressed exactly like Tim, follows him around the kitchen, mimicking his gestures and colorful catch phrases.

TIM
(into phone)

Yo, G, check it out. Barry's my home- boy from Chicago. Beth and I are down on this gig. You just bring the posse tonight and we'll hook you up. Peace.

Debra navigates around them, setting out breakfast dishes as Kara tries to study at the table. Unable to concentrate.

DEBRA

Look at Danny. Doesn't he look cute dressed as his Uncle Tim?

KARA

Great. Now I've got a six-year-old gang member for a son.

Debra turns the faucet on the sink; water just drips out.

DEBRA

(sighs)

I better tell your father those old pipes are leaking in the basement again.

Tim begins dumping bananas, gobs of peanut butter, chocolate Yoo-Hoo, and an entire bag of Gummi-worms into the blender. Danny watches with wide-eyed fascination as Tim pours the concoction into a glass and guzzles it down.

TIM

(eyes watering)

Ahh! Now that's the famous Tim Strode stomach pounder. You down for the challenge?

DANNY

(slams down a glass)

Hit me, G.

Danny takes one sip of the revolting drink and GAGS.

TIM

(pats him on the back)

Good try, Dan-man.

Danny's smile quickly fades when John enters, dressed in what might be a respectable business suit if it fit him better, muttering grumpily as he pours himself a cup of coffee.

JOHN

Shitheads ... Defacing my property. I showed them ...

DEBRA

They're just kids, John.

JOHN

Kids are what's ruining this country. Everywhere you go, it's the same. No goddamn respect.

Tim lets out a huge BELCH as he finishes off Danny's shake.

JOHN

See what I'm talkin' about?

DEBRA

You'll never pass that exam on an empty stomach, Kara.

Debra snatches the book out of Kara's hands.

DEBRA

(reads)

Cognitive Therapy and Emotional Disorders? What are they teaching in college these days? The art of going crazy?

KARA

(indignant)

It's called psychology, Mom. Living in this house is enough to drive anyone crazy ...

JOHN

Who the hell told you to come live here in the first place?

Kara quickly gathers her books, eager to avoid a confrontation.

KARA

I'd better get Danny to school.

JOHN

She don't show her face for five years, then expects us to roll out the red carpet. You think going to college is gonna make up for your mistakes, girl?

DEBRA

John, please don't --

TIM

Lay off her, Dad ...

Kara seizes Danny's hand and ushers him toward the back door.

KARA

Let's go, Danny.

DEBRA

Kara, wait. John. Can't we all just sit down? Try to be a family for once?

KARA

I'm sorry, Mom.

Debra reaches into her purse and hands Kara a couple of dollars.

JOHN

That's it, Debra, keep slipping her the cash. While you're at it, why don't you give her all our goddamn money?!

John explodes, dumping the entire contents of her purse onto the floor. Debra recoils. Kara steps in.

KARA

Would you leave her alone?!
(emotionally; to Debra)

Nothing's changed, has it? When are you gonna stop letting him treat you this way?

JOHN

Things were fine around here 'til you showed up on our doorstep with that little bastard!

Danny slowly turns to look out the screen door. He freezes.

DANNY'S P.O.V.

The Shape stands among the clotheslines in the back yard. Looking in at Danny.

BACK TO SCENE

KARA

(seething with rage)

I see only one bastard in this house.

John lashes out with a back-handed swing at Kara, catching her across the face. Kara reels back against the table. Dishes fall, SHATTERING on the floor. Kara's

eyes turn afraid as a trickle of blood runs from her nose.

Tim rushes to Kara's defense, trying to pull his father away.

TIM
Get away from her!

John turns on Tim.

JOHN
You want some too, big man?

DEBRA
John! Stop it! Stop it!

Mesmerized, Danny moves across the kitchen and reaches for the block of kitchen knives on the countertop.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)
Kill him, Danny ... Kill him ...

JOHN
(to Kara)
You ever talk to me that way again and I'll --

John slowly looks down ... sees Danny holding the tip of a butcher knife against his groin. Danny's eyes are dark, emotionless. Debra and Tim watch in horrified astonishment as John, ever so slowly, backs away from Kara.

Suddenly there's a KNOCK at the back door. Kara instinctively dives toward Danny. The knife clatters to the floor as she picks him up, grabs her book bag and hurtles outside.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - BACK YARD (CONTINUOUS)

BETH, 19, very retro, sexy in a waifish sense -- bell bottoms, milky white skin, two-tone hair and a dangling nose ring -- is nearly bowled over by Kara and Danny as they fly off the back porch. Beth follows them across the yard.

BETH
Make way for the Hardin County Express. Hey, where's Tim? We're supposed to go over the list of events for tonight --

(startled by the sight of Kara's bloody nose)
Oh, God -- he do that to you?

KARA

Another episode of 'Father Knows Best' at the Strode house.

BETH

What the hell happened this time?

Suddenly Tim jumps out from behind a clothesline, locking his arms tightly around Beth. Kissing her.

BETH

What's gotten into you?

TIM

Just glad to see you, that's all.

(to Kara; concerned)

You guys okay?

Kara nods, composing herself, holding Danny close by her side. Beth tries to break the tension.

BETH

Tonight's the night we bring some life back to this town.

They walk on, CAMERA MOVING with them.

TIM

Shit, Beth, why do we have to be the ones to organize this friggin' fair? It's only Halloween.

Beth shoves the clipboard at him, a champion of her cause.

BETH

How many times do I have to tell you? This isn't about Halloween. It's about being political. There are too many people with corn-cobs up their asses in this town telling us what we can and can't do.

(nose ring dangling)

If we want things to change, then it's up to us to set an example.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN (SAME)

Debra kneels on the floor, stifling her tears, putting things back in her purse. John stares coldly out the window.

JOHN

I want her out of here tonight.

Debra rises, putting her hand softly on his shoulder.

DEBRA

What's happened to you, John? I thought inheriting your brother's business ... this house ... leaving Chicago might change things. Don't you see? This isn't about Kara anymore; it's about you. And no matter what she's done, she's still your daughter.

JOHN

She's not my daughter anymore.

Debra sadly walks away, leaving John alone to gaze off into the bright morning sunlight.

EXT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE (SAME)

Tim lifts Danny into the back seat of Beth's funky convertible VW Bug -- plastered with "Greenpeace" and "This is Your Brain on Drugs" bumper stickers. Kara and Beth in front.

TIM

Whatever happened to women in back?

BETH

Reality check, dillweed. This is 1995.

Kara shields her eyes, distracted, looking up at the old Victorian house.

KARA'S P.O.V.

Through shafts of glaring sun can be seen the hazy outline of a man staring down through the upstairs window.

BACK TO SCENE

KARA

Beth, who's that guy that lives across the hall from you?

BETH

(teasingly)

Why? You interested?

KARA

Yeah, right. He's always staring out his window. Last night I caught him watching me.

BETH

That must be Tommy. On the weirdness scale of one to ten he rates about a thirteen. Supposedly some scary shit happened to him when he was a kid. Messed up his head pretty bad. He's harmless, though. Probably just lonely.

Tim leans forward, ravaging Beth's neck.

TIM

Or horny.

DANNY

What's horny?

KARA

(admonishingly)

Tim ...

TIM

(to Danny)

Something your mommy never gets anymore.

Kara turns sharply, shooting daggers at him with her eyes.

TIM

Chill, sis. I'm just doggin' ya.

Pulling away from the curb, Beth honks at MRS. BLANKENSHIP, at least 80, owner of the boarding house across the street.

BETH

Happy Halloween, Mrs. Blankenship!

(to Kara; confidentially)

The best thing about living in that house is that crazy old lady wouldn't hear a truck drive through her living room.

Beth drives off, smiling.

The old woman just stares forward. A garden hose in hand as she waters a row of long-dead flowers.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY (SAME)

Beth's car can be HEARD driving away as Tommy paces in his cramped apartment. Dark circles under his eyes. A remote control in hand, reviewing his recording of last night's Barry Simms broadcast:

JAMIE (V.O.)

No, please listen! They're coming ... Coming for me and my baby.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

So they're trying to kill you and your baby. Don't tell me. Your name also happens to be Rosemary ... Come on, sweetheart -- what is this? Who's coming?

JAMIE (V.O.)

It's ... Michael ... Michael Myers!

Frustrated, Tommy rewinds the tape and plays it over. Trying to make out something else in the b.g. Jamie's voice comes through again. Slow. Eerie.

JAMIE (CONT'D; V.O.)

(slowed)

It's ... Michael ... Michael Myers!

Another VOICE, distant and distorted, filters up behind hers.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Bus 611 from Russellville now arriving. Tommy quickly stops the tape, throws on his worn leather bomber jacket and bolts out the door. MOVE IN on a pair of old newspaper clippings left on the floor. Headlines read: "November 5, 1989. JAMIE LLOYD STILL MISSING." "November 19, 1989. MYERS' NIECE PRESUMED DEAD."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOMMY'S JEEP / EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MORNING

Tommy drives like a bat out of hell. The familiar bus depot sign looms ahead.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

The Jeep pulls up to the depot. Tommy makes a beeline for the entrance, cowboy boots splashing through rain puddles.

INT. BUS DEPOT (CONTINUOUS)

Tommy wends his way past a small crowd up to the ticket counter where he is greeted by an oddly-smiling ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT

Can I help you, sir?

TOMMY

Can you tell me if a bus arrived from Russellville last night?

The Attendant checks his roster.

ATTENDANT

Sure did. About seven hours ago. Are you lookin' for someone --

TOMMY

(walking away)

Thank you.

The Attendant watches Tommy suspiciously as he enters the phone booth in the corner. The same phone booth Jamie had used.

INT. PHONE BOOTH (CONTINUOUS)

Tommy picks up the receiver and pretends to dial a number while making a cursory inspection.

TOMMY'S P.O.V. - PHONE BOOTH FLOOR

Tiny droplets of what appear to be blood form a dotted trail out the door.

TOMMY

follows the crimson path around the corner, down a dim hallway, stopping at the door marked "Ladies Room." Checking first to make sure the coast is clear, he steps furtively inside.

INT. LADIES ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Water drips into the filthy basin. Tommy touches something inside, rubs it on his fingers -- blood.

Tommy whirls, startled by a sudden NOISE. Muffled, indistinct. Like CRYING. Gathering his courage, he slowly moves toward a rusted aluminum garbage bin. The CRIES grow louder.

Tommy reaches in, his hands locking onto something buried in the refuse. Shock and amazement overcome him as he lifts out ... a baby!

TOMMY

Jesus ...

The helpless newborn kicks and CRIES, the triangular symbol of Thorn still caked in blood over his tiny torso.

SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

Someone peers in from the hallway as Tommy removes his jacket and bundles the baby inside.

TOMMY

Okay, little guy. You're okay.

BACK TO SCENE

A CREAK. Tommy looks up. The door slowly closes.

DEPOT HALLWAY

Tommy looks into shadowy stillness. No one there. Cradling the foundling in his jacket, he hurries through the crowd and slinks out the door marked ENTRANCE.

SHOCK CUT TO:

HELICOPTER P.O.V.

The SOUND of THWACKING BLADES as we FLY past a winding rural highway over a dense grove of oak trees -- massive, ancient guardians of the sprawling pumpkin patch that lies beyond.

As we circle the field, red-and-blue gum machines -- police cars, fire engines and ambulances -- can be seen through gauzy veils of rising BLACK SMOKE, dissipating with the strong WIND.

Charred in the ground, three intersecting lines stretch a hundred yards across the plain to form a vivid geoglyphic. The symbol of Thorn.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)

(filtered)

Chopper One to Smith's Grove. We've got a visual. Approximately ten miles due east of Haddonfield.

INT. HELICOPTER (CONTINUOUS)

Loomis surveys the crash site with morbid fascination. Wynn, wearing headphones, shouts over the din.

WYNN

(pointing)
What is that?

LOOMIS
It's ... his mark. He's come home.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

The helicopter lands, windmilling gusts of ashen earth. Loomis and Wynn jump out, ducking past the spinning blades.

We FOLLOW them through EMERGENCY CREWS and a few CURIOSITY- SEEKERS toward the center of attention where a team of PARAMEDICS work frantically around Jamie's body, hidden among a cluster of pumpkins.

Loomis surges forward, only to be halted by an armed DEPUTY.

DEPUTY
Sir, you'll have to step back.

LOOMIS
Please. I need to see the sheriff.

WYNN
It's official business.
Wynn flashes his badge. The Deputy gives them a vexed glance.

DEPUTY
Wait here.

Loomis's eyes flicker with nervous anticipation. The Deputy whispers something to SHERIFF JIM HOLDT, a brooding giant of a man who dons a Stetson, holstered .44 Special and steel-toed boots that give new meaning to the term "bad ass."

Even Loomis steps back as the sheriff lumbers toward them.

LOOMIS
(extends his hand)
You must be Sheriff Holdt.

Holdt responds by stubbing out his Marlboro at Loomis's foot.

HOLDT

As a matter of fact, I am. And you must be the late, great Dr. Loomis.

LOOMIS

I'd like to introduce you to Terence Wynn, the Chief Administrator from --

HOLDT

Smith's Grove. They told me you'd be coming. Now I suggest that you fly right on back to your crackpot asylum. You people got no business in my town.

LOOMIS

Michael Myers is my business.

Holdt towers threateningly above him.

HOLDT

I want you to listen and listen good, Loomis. Things have been quiet for six years and that's the way they're gonna stay. The last thing we need now is you spouting off your ghost stories.

Despite the mammoth threat, Loomis isn't easily intimidated.

LOOMIS

I suppose it was a ghost that did all this. A ghost who called the radio station last night. Maybe that same ghost is lying over there right now.

Holdt fumes, ready to boil over when --

DEPUTY

Sheriff! She's alive!

Holdt and Loomis wade through the crush of paramedics, racing alongside the stretcher as it's whisked toward an ambulance.

PARAMEDIC

(into radio)

Penetrating abdominal trauma. Massive blood loss. Administer two units of O-negative and dextran stat. BP sixty. Pulse one-twenty ... Jesus, how can this girl have survived ...

Loomis cannot believe his eyes when he sees the girl. Pasty- white skin. Lips blue from shock. A dark sea of blood around the enormous knife still jutting from her stomach.

LOOMIS

Dear God ... Jamie!

Loomis runs alongside the rapidly-moving stretcher as Wynn breaks in, trying to intercede.

WYNN

Don't, Sam. Let them take care of her.

But Loomis doesn't hear him. He gets into the back of the ambulance, clasping Jamie's hands tightly.

LOOMIS

I'm here now, Jamie. You're going to make it. You have to.

Wynn jumps inside a moment before the ambulance takes off, SIRENS SCREAMING as we

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD JUNIOR COLLEGE - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Beth's car pulls into the parking lot of a picturesque, impeccably landscaped campus, speckled with colorful leaves. A buzz of excitement fills the crisp autumn air.

Tim and Beth pile out, surprised to see a small crowd already forming -- eager young fans camped out in sleeping bags, holding "We Love to Hate Barry" signs.

TIM

Yo, check it out. They've been lining up all night just to see Barry. Man, tonight's gonna be killer!

Beth chuckles as Kara rifles through her enormous book bag.

BETH

I swear, Kara, one of these days you're gonna get lost inside that thing.

KARA

I can't find my term paper.

TIM

(puffing on a cigarette)

So copy someone else's. I do it all the time. Works primo.

In her haste, Kara drops all of her books.

KARA

Shit!

Beth stoops down to help her, picking up a large sheet of paper. Startled by what she sees.

BETH

Looks like your little boy's got himself quite an imagination.

Kara frowns, taking a look for herself.

KARA'S P.O.V. - THE DRAWING

Crayola stick figures of Grandma, Grandpa, Uncle Tim and Mommy. Knives piercing them. Blood dripping. Overshadowed by an ominous black figure bearing the word "THORN".

On the reverse side, the same drawing Kara found last night. Danny's scribbling of the odd triangular symbol.
BACK TO SCENE

The horrifying images send chills up Kara's spine.

KARA

He's been having nightmares.

BETH

(genuinely concerned)

Must be some nightmares.

TIM

(a la "Butthead")

Uh-huh-huh ... I think it's cool.

Beth jabs him solidly in the ribs. A moment later, they are confronted by their COMMITTEE -- a group of STUDENT VOLUNTEERS shouting, inundating them with QUESTIONS, pulling them away.

BETH

(calling to Kara)

Hey ... you gonna be okay?

Kara just stares at the drawing, lost in grim reverie as Tim and Beth are swept away by their friends.

KARA

Thorn ...

WIDER ANGLE

A banner hangs from the eaves of the library:
"HADDONFIELD JR. COLLEGE - FIRST ANNUAL HALLOWEEN HARVEST
FAIR - OCT. 31"

Kara walks on, studying Danny's drawing, seemingly
unaware of the teeming activity all around her.

A terrified SCREAM. Kara startles as a figure darts out
in front of her. A handsome BOY stops to smile at her.
Kara blushes. Then he runs on, chasing his squealing
GIRLFRIEND up the library steps. Kara continues walking
alone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kara rounds the corner onto the quiet path behind the
library. The WIND swells and whips at her hair. She
glances over her shoulder, as if sensing a presence.

KARA'S P.O.V.

No one is there. Just the rustling of leaves on the
ground.

WIDE ANGLE ON KARA

Walking off in the distance. Suddenly the Shape steps
shockingly into FRAME, watching as she turns the corner
and disappears.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE / ADMITTANCE DESK - DAY

Pneumatic doors fly open. Tommy bursts through, holding
the baby in his jacket. PATIENTS and COPS everywhere.

TOMMY

hones in on the NURSE behind the admittance desk. The
nurse immediately rises, as if sensing he's trouble.

TOMMY

I need to see a doctor.

NURSE

What seems to be the problem?

TOMMY

I-it's a baby -- my baby. There's -- been an accident.

NURSE
What kind of an accident?

TOMMY
(explodes)
Get me a doctor now!

ADJACENT HALLWAY

Wynn and Loomis skirt past a line of SECURITY GUARDS.

WYNN
There's nothing more you can do for her.

Wynn is interrupted by the shrill sound of his pager.

WYNN
I'll be right back.

Wynn disappears around the corner. Loomis wanders off alone.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Dr. Loomis!
Loomis reacts, taken aback by the frantic young man bounding toward him.

LOOMIS
Yes?

TOMMY
Dr. Loomis, thank God you're here. You heard her, didn't you? It was Jamie.

LOOMIS
I'm sorry, but do I know you --

TOMMY
I'm Tommy. Tommy Doyle. Laurie Strode -- Jamie's mother -- she was baby-sitting for me the night when --

Loomis suddenly recognizes him. It's been a very long time.

LOOMIS
Tommy Doyle ... What are you doing here?

TOMMY

Please -- I need to know the truth. Michael Myers has come home, hasn't he?

Loomis pulls Tommy aside into a private alcove.

LOOMIS

What do you know about Michael?

TOMMY

I know he's still out there. People in this town -- they want us to believe he's dead. But I know. I've always known.

LOOMIS

Jamie Lloyd is in there right now fighting for her life. She is the last of his blood line. If she dies --

TOMMY

(gravely)

No, Dr. Loomis. She's not the last.

Tommy hesitates. Loomis's eyes are drawn enigmatically to the infant in Tommy's arms.

TOMMY

(startled realization)

Oh, God. There's a family ... relatives of the people who adopted Laurie ... the Strodes ... They're living in the Myers house!

Loomis's face fills with unutterable horror.

TOMMY

Doctor Loomis, about Michael. It's just a theory of mine but I --

Tommy turns to see the Admittance Nurse, flanked by a pair of SECURITY GUARDS, heading his way.

TOMMY

Meet me tonight. Nine o'clock at the Harvest Fair.

Tommy bolts toward the exit. Loomis tries to stop him.

LOOMIS

Tommy, wait!

TOMMY

Please, Dr. Loomis. Don't be late.

Then he's gone. Loomis stares after him for a long moment. Suddenly a hand taps his shoulder; Loomis reels. It's Wynn.

WYNN

There you are ... Who was that boy?

LOOMIS

An old friend.

Darkness fills Loomis's countenance as we

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - DAY

The Shape stands across the street, watching Debra, in jeans and a rumpled sweatshirt, collecting left-over painting supplies from the front porch.

Debra starts to open the CREAKY screen door when she notices the axe John had used earlier. Clumsily she picks it up and slides it inside the crate she is holding.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Struggling under her heavy load, Debra nudges the door shut with her foot, then crosses to another door -- the cellar door.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Debra, silhouetted at the top of the stairs, hits a light switch; a naked bulb springs to life. Slowly she descends the rickety staircase.

The basement, pitch dark save for a spear of sunlight shooting through an elevated window, is overrun with cobwebs, rusted tools and broken bicycle parts. A clunker of a washing machine RATTLES in the corner.

Debra makes space for the crate in a storage cabinet. Suddenly the washing machine stops. She moves toward it, nonplussed, and lifts the lid. The bed sheets inside are sopping wet.

Opening the electrical fuse box, she flicks a switch back and forth a few times -- but the washing machine doesn't respond.

DEBRA

Great ...

Frustrated, Debra looks down to see a large puddle of water forming on the floor.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER (SAME)

Debra hauls a laundry basket upstairs, filled with wet sheets. She turns, startled. The front door is standing wide open.

Just as she goes to shut it, a man steps out from the living room behind her. She gasps, dropping the basket, startled by the sight of a beguiling, wide-eyed man. Dr. Loomis.

LOOMIS

I'm very sorry, Mrs. Strode. Is everything all right?

DEBRA

(defensively)

Who are you?

LOOMIS

I've come to help your family.
Debra steps aside as Loomis walks in right past her. A voluminous manuscript in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The SOUND of JANGLING KEYS. A door UNLOCKING. Tommy scrambles in, the baby in one arm, a bag of groceries under the other.

With a single swipe, he clears away the junk on his futon, then carefully lays down the CRYING infant. He digs through the bag: Baby Wipes. Diapers. Formula. Bottles.

TOMMY

Shhh. Okay, okay, Kyle. You like that name? Yeah, I think it suits you.

Quickly he scans the directions on the formula. Pours the liquid into a bottle, nukes it in the microwave, then returns to the business at hand.

Tommy grimaces at the mess Kyle has made inside his leather bomber. The baby CRIES even harder.

TOMMY

This is worse for me than it is for you.

Armed with a Baby Wipe and a diaper, Tommy goes to work.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (SAME)

Mrs. Blankenship traverses the hall outside Tommy's apartment. The baby's CRIES, Tommy's GROSSED-OUT GROANS can clearly be heard. But the old woman keeps walking, oblivious to it all.

TOMMY'S APARTMENT (SAME)

Tommy finishes securing the diaper. The baby in his arms, he tests the formula's temperature and begins to feed him. Kyle sucks voraciously; his crying stops as Tommy rocks him gently.

TOMMY

It's okay, big guy. Don't you worry. I won't let anything happen to you.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (SAME)

Loomis, laying out the pages of his manuscript ... the case file on Michael Myers ... gruesome photographs of the murder scenes ... has Debra's undivided attention.

LOOMIS

Michael Myers was just six-years-old when he stabbed his sister to death in 1963. It happened in this house. For the next fifteen years, I became obsessed with finding out what was living inside of him. He became my life's work ... and my ultimate failure. I knew what he was, but I never knew why.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY (SAME)

Kara sits glued behind a computer monitor, the glow of the screen reflected in her reading glasses.

LOOMIS (V.O.)

This force, this thing which drives him, comes from a source more powerful, more deadly than you can possibly imagine. He is ... pure evil.

KARA'S P.O.V. - COMPUTER SCREEN

A litany of topics scroll up the screen. Kara punches in one of them. Card catalog entry reads: "Thorn: The Devil's Rune."

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (SAME)

DEBRA

What makes you think he'll come back here?

LOOMIS

This house is sacred to him. It's the source of his memories -- his rage. Mrs. Strode, I beg you. Don't let your family suffer the same fate that Laurie and her daughter suffered.

DEBRA

Jamie? But I thought she was --

LOOMIS

Found this morning. Outside of Haddonfield. Stabbed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY (SAME)

DR. BONHAM and his surgical team surround Jamie, anesthetized on the operating table, her condition weak but stable.

Blood flows from the gaping wound in her abdomen. Slowly, painstakingly, the knife is extracted.

A NURSE takes a sample of a thick, viscous fluid from beneath Jamie's gown and holds it up to the light for the doctor.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE (SAME)

Debra leads Loomis to the front door, her face clouded with fear.

DEBRA

I think it would be best if you go now ... before my husband comes home.

LOOMIS

Mrs. Strode, please ... You haven't any time to lose. Michael Myers has come home to kill ...

DEBRA

Please ... I don't want to hear any more of this ... Just leave ... before I call the sheriff.

LOOMIS

Call him! Call anyone! Just go ... Get your family out of Haddonfield before it's too late ... before he finds you.

Chilling her with his gaze, Loomis heads out the door. Debra turns the deadbolt, securing it with the chain lock. Then she collapses against the wall, tears of horror welling in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY

MOVING with Kara through long rows of books. She comes down a deserted aisle, searching. Finds what she's looking for.

She pulls out an old, dusty tome and begins flipping through its pages. As she reads we SEE the book's cover: "Runes and Ancient Black Magic."

CUT TO:

EXT. STRODE REAL ESTATE - DAY

ESTABLISHING. A modest, one-story building located in the older business section of town. Cheap Halloween decorations hang in the windows. An "OPEN" sign on the front door.

MOANS OF ECSTASY resound along the street, attracting the attention of the mid-day passersby.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

I'm coming. Yes. I'm coming. Get ready. I'm coming. Oh, yes! Yesss!!!

The WKNB station van rolls by; another Barry Simms promo. Some people laugh. Others wince in disgust.

BARRY SIMMS (CONT'D; V.O.)

Made ya look!!! Yeah, I'm coming, all right. And you'd better be there. The Halloween Harvest Fair. Let's do it together.

INT. STRODE REAL ESTATE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A sparsely-furnished office screaming for renovation. John rattles a jammed file cabinet, kicks it in angry frustration, then goes to answer the incessantly RINGING phone.

JOHN

(barks)

Strode Real Estate.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Debra on the other end. Tears reddening her cheeks.

DEBRA

John, something terrible has happened.

INT. STRODE REAL ESTATE (CONTINUOUS)

JOHN

What is it now, Debra?

DEBRA (V.O.)

A man came by the house. A psychiatrist by the name of Loomis.

John stiffens, slowly sits down behind his desk.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Debra talks on the phone, unaware of the Shape that seems to be lurking in the shadows behind her.

DEBRA

He told me about the terrible things that happened here ... in our house.

JOHN (V.O.)

What the hell are you doing letting strangers in without --

DEBRA

(releasing)

John, they found Jamie Lloyd this morning! Someone tried to kill her!

INT. STRODE REAL ESTATE

JOHN

What in God's name are you talking about? You gotta stop watching those damn TV talk shows!

INT. MYERS HOUSE - SHAPE'S P.O.V. - DEBRA

Slowly MOVING IN behind her.

DEBRA

I'm getting the children out of here. At least until I know for sure what's going on.

(beat)

John, I want you to come with us.

JOHN

Debra, you've lost it, you know that? This time you've really lost it.

DEBRA

(quietly)

The reason you moved us into this house -- your brother could never sell it because of what happened here, could he? You knew and you didn't tell us, John. You knew.

A resounding CLICK as the line suddenly goes DEAD.

Debra slowly hangs up the phone and turns around, eyes wide. Terrified. No one is there.

INT. STRODE ESTATE (SAME)

John slams down the phone. His face beaded with concern, John stares at a framed photograph perched atop his desk.

JOHN'S P.O.V.

A faded snapshot of John and Kara smiling, hugging each other at her sweet sixteen birthday party.

JOHN

puts the picture away, reaches into his lower desk drawer, and produces a large bottle of bourbon.

JOHN

(pouring)

Happy Halloween, little girl.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - ON DEBRA

CAMERA FOLLOWS Debra in frantic flight from bedroom to bedroom, throwing open closets and drawers, grabbing a suitcase, filling it with a night's worth of clothes for her family.

FOYER / LIVING ROOM

Debra drags the suitcase downstairs and lets out a horrified GASP. The crate she had previously stored in the cellar is now sitting in the center of the hallway ... The axe that had been sticking out of it earlier is now missing!

The telephone RINGS. Eyes riveted to the crate, Debra backs away down the hall. Into the living room. Picks up the phone.

DEBRA

Hello?

A startling, intensely whispering VOICE:

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

We want the child ...

DEBRA

Who is this?

MUFFLED, HEAVY BREATHING fills the room. Debra slams down the phone. Paralyzed with terror.

DEBRA

Oh, God ...

Debra races back into the foyer and struggles with the door. In her panic, she can't release the chain lock.

She turns to see the Shape standing right behind her! Debra SCREAMS. Breaks for the hall. Through the kitchen. Flings open the back door.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Debra pushes through the endless rows of clotheslines. White sheets twist around her like ghosts in the blustering WIND. She tosses them aside, one after the other. Approaching the driveway. Safety up ahead.

Whipping aside the last sheet, Debra finds herself staring into the Shape's death mask. Her eyes bug. Too

late to scream. The missing axe swings at her like a sledge hammer. BLOOD paints the sheets red as we

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. LAMPKIN LANE - DAY (SAME)

PULL BACK from a black and yellow Haddonfield Elementary bus as it stops at the corner. A gaggle of laughing, exuberant CHILDREN pile out. Some wearing costumes. Carrying bags of candy.

Danny, wearing his "rap-man" apparel, carries a huge pumpkin as he's followed by three BOYS, led by IAN, a lunkish fifth grader.

IAN

(taunting Danny)

What kind of costume is that? Couldn't your mother afford to buy you a real one?

The other boys laugh derisively. Danny says nothing, seemingly unaffected as he walks along.

IAN

Check him out. Little freak. Can't even talk. Just like the bogeyman who used to live in his house.

(waves his fingers)

Are you the bogeyman, Danny?

Danny stops abruptly in front of the Myers house. Eyes dark. Staring right through his tormentor.

DANNY'S P.O.V.

The white van is parked across the street. A tall figure in black stands beside it, watching Danny. The Stranger!

BACK TO SCENE

Danny stares across the street, spellbound, as the three boys encircle him, making ghoulish faces. Chanting.

BOYS

Danny's the bogeyman ... Danny's the bogeyman ...
Bogeyman ... Bogeyman ...

Ian begins PUSHING and SHOVING him. The low, whispering VOICE which only Danny can hear RUMBLES in his mind.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Kill, Danny ... Kill ...

Suddenly frightened, Danny breaks away. Runs toward the house. The boys give chase. Danny turns, and with an amazing burst of strength, throws the pumpkin at Ian, CRACKING him right between the eyes. Laying the bully out flat on his ass.

Danny flies across the street. Ian's cohorts right on his tail.

Suddenly Danny barrels into the outstretched hands of a towering shape. The boys take off as Danny looks up in shock at a stone-faced man -- Tommy Doyle!

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DUSK

Laden with her book bag, Kara exits the library and heads across the campus green.

All around her, the sights and sounds of the impending celebration come to life. Kara walks past a ducking for apples booth. Homebaked goodies set out on picnic tables. Long rows of pumpkins lined up for a jack-o'-lantern carving contest.

Beth, Tim and a host of WORKERS set up a portable outdoor stage beneath a large oak tree from which a festive banner hangs: "HADDONFIELD JR. COLLEGE WELCOMES BARRY SIMMS."

As she walks along, her hair being tossed about in the brisk WIND, Kara becomes aware of the magical, almost out of time quality that seems to hang in the air.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CAMPUS (SAME)

Kara walks past the long line of "Barry-ites," now extending half-way around the block.

The WKNB van rolls by, exhorting the crowd with the voice of the man they've all come to see:

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

It's almost that time, all you kiddies and women with big -- hey, what rhymes with kiddies? So let's count it down as we get down to the witching hour!

Kara walks on, smiling to herself as the crowd bursts into gales of wild, exuberant CHEERS.

EXT. LAMPKIN LANE / MYERS HOUSE - DUSK

The setting sun glows behind the trees, casting long shadows as Kara rounds the corner onto her street.

KIDS already pouring out of their homes, some accompanied by PARENTS, others hooking up with their friends. Kara ambles up the walk of the Myers house, shoes clapping on the porch steps as she digs the keys out of her overstuffed bag.

Unbolting the door, she finds it secured with the chain-lock. Kara pushes on it, calling inside.

KARA

Mom, I'm home ... Hello?

No response. Puzzled, she steps off the porch and makes her way around the side of the house, CAMERA FOLLOWING as she peers into the windows along the way.

BACK YARD (CONTINUOUS)

Kara walks along the billowing clotheslines, passing the blank spot where the blood-stained sheets were -- and are no longer.

She reaches the back door. Standing ajar.

KARA

Mom?

Casting one last glance across the yard, she steps inside.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN (SAME)

Everything in its proper place. Kara drops her heavy bag on the kitchen table and proceeds down the hall.

LIVING ROOM / FOYER - DUSK INTO NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The room is quickly falling into darkness. The eeriness almost palpable. Kara advances into the living room, eyes roaming.

KARA

Mom? ... Danny?

Nothing. Kara moves into the foyer. Her mother's suitcase still sitting there. Beyond, the cellar door stands wide open. Kara moves toward it, peering into blackness.

A sudden CRASH from upstairs. Kara jerks the door closed and looks up the deeply-shadowed staircase.

KARA

Mom? Are you there?

Dissonant strains of MUSIC and LAUGHTER. Kara mounts the staircase.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kara reaches the second floor landing and moves slowly toward the room at the end of the hall. Danny's room. An eerie glow flickers around the edges of the closed door.

KARA'S HAND

grabs the doorknob, turns it. The door swings open.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Deep shadows within. Kara steps tentatively inside.

The shades are drawn over the window. Only the flickering light of an old black and white television screen. We HEAR the familiar MERRY-MELODIES THEME and the incessant, maniacal laughter of WOODY WOODPECKER.

Kara looks around and sees ... a game of CHUTES-AND-LADDERS in progress ... but no one is playing it.

Mystified, Kara moves further into the room.

KARA

(softer)

Danny?

She snaps off the TV. Everything is silent. She stands there, listening. The sound of muffled, LABORED BREATHING.

KARA

Tim?

The closet door slowly CREAKS open. Kara moves toward it. The BREATHING GROWS LOUDER.

Kara yanks the door open. CAMERA MOVES FAST INTO a --

FLAT CLOSEUP. Only loose clothes hangers dangling inside. Toys stacked haphazardly on shelves.

Kara closes the closet door, ANGLE ADJUSTING as she backs away and we SEE --

The shadow of a man filling the doorway right behind her, quickly moving in.

Kara backs right into the shape. She whirls, startled.

The shape comes into the dim spill of light, REVEALING TOMMY.

Kara springs back in fear.

KARA

Who the hell are you?

TOMMY

I'm your neighbor from across the street; I'm Tommy Doyle.

KARA

(angrily)

What are you doing in here? Where's my son?

TOMMY

No one was here when Danny came home from school so I --

Kara goes on the offensive, reaching for the phone.

KARA

Get out of here right now -- or I'm calling the police!

Tommy backs off, a profound urgency in his eyes.

TOMMY

Danny's fine. He's waiting for you outside. If you'll just come with me, I'll explain everything.

(a beat, then ...)

You're in danger in this house.

Kara glares. Takes a threatening step toward him.

KARA

Just take me to my son.

Kara storms out past him. Tommy lingers there a moment longer, sensing something ... an icy, inexplicable feeling. Shaking it off, he heads quickly out of the room.

Tommy's receding FOOTSTEPS are replaced by the SOUND of LABORED BREATHING again as the hazy outline of a man FILLS THE FRAME. Ensnoced in the shadows. Watching. Waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREETS - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

The dark blanket of night envelops the little town. The LIGHTS of the fair twinkle in the distance, bright and beckoning.

Families turn out from their homes wearing COSTUMES, joining a growing procession along the peaceful streets of Haddonfield.

A large group of PROTESTORS carry PICKET SIGNS in front of the campus gates. Rallying against the celebration.

Haddonfield's finest out in full force, squad cars sweeping alongside a black STRETCH LIMO as it makes its way through town. Tinted windows make it impossible to see inside.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The limo crawls into the parking lot, followed by a stampede of overzealous young FANS. Among them, we FIND Tim and Beth, dressed as punk versions of Frankenstein and his Bride.

TIM

(stoked)

Yo, Barry's here! Fan-fuckin'-tastic!

BETH

(intent on her clipboard)

Don't get star-struck on me now, Tim. We have a real agenda here and Barry's gonna help us get the word out.

The limo drives right past them.

BETH

(shakes Tim)
-- It's him! It's really him!

Beth drags Tim toward the celebration, with all its noise and colorful movement.

EXT. TREE / OUTDOOR STAGE (CONTINUOUS)

KIDS waving signs and T-shirts. Throwing themselves at the limo. Frenzied CLAMORING. Barry-mania unbound. Behind the crowd, the WKNB van parks parallel to the portable stage beneath the tree, decorated with twinkling orange lights.

The van's side door opens. A red carpet is rolled out.

A tall, imposing figure emerges and walks up the steps of the stage. Spurs CLANKING on black boots. "Jesse James" style duster. Hat cocked slightly.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)
Hellllo, Haddonfield!!!

The crowd turns in a mass of confusion. Standing above them, waving from a microphone, is BARRY. Dark sunglasses. Gaunt, glacial features and an outrageous mane of black hair.

Suddenly Barry throws open his duster -- flashing them -- revealing that he has nothing on underneath except boots and a pair of bright orange boxer shorts that say "HAPPY HALLOWEEN."

The kids go insane as we

CUT TO:

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Carrying the CRYING baby, Tommy leads Kara and Danny into the lobby of the vintage boarding house. Polished wood. Framed oil paintings. Wall-to-wall Tiffany lamps.

Mrs. Blankenship sits behind the front desk, oblivious to the GRINDING and SCREAMING on television as "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre" reaches its horrific climax on the annual Horrorthon.

TOMMY
Quiet around here tonight, huh, Mrs. B.?

As usual, the senile old woman doesn't reply.

KARA

(indignantly; to Tommy)

Would you mind telling me what this is all about?
We want to go to the fair.

As Tommy ushers Kara and Danny upstairs, Mrs. Blankenship glares at the boy -- the kind of look that would send most kids running for their mothers. But Danny remains undaunted.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS)

The door opens. Kara is at once repulsed by the sight of Tommy's musty, unkempt apartment.

KARA

You don't really expect us to stay here, do you?

Tommy adjusts the blinds on the window overlooking the Myers house.

TOMMY

I want you to watch your house. You can see everything from this window.

Kara glares, reminded of last night.

KARA

Do you know how insane this is? Who am I supposed to be looking for?

TOMMY

Him.

Tommy switches on his computer monitor, revealing the glowing image we've seen before -- "PROJECT MICHAEL MYERS."

Kara stares at the screen, her eyes drawn to Tommy's collection of newspaper articles hanging on the wall. The morbid headlines chilling her to the bone.

The baby's SCREAMS are verging on overload. Tommy dashes to the recessed kitchen area to heat up another bottle.

ANGLE ON DANNY

His imagination kicking into high gear as he flies a Power Ranger through the air. Skimming the floor.

Soaring over Tommy's telescope. Landing on the windowsill ... where he stops to glance outside.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - MYERS HOUSE

Standing on the front lawn is the Shape, silhouetted beneath a moonlit tree. Looking up at Danny.

BACK TO SCENE

Danny backs away from the window in speechless horror. Kara hands Tommy a nipple for the bottle. Their eyes lock for a beat before he takes it.

TOMMY

Shhh. It's okay, Kyle. Just give me one more --
(the microwave BEEPS)
-- second. There you go, big guy.

Kara watches Tommy's clumsy attempt to feed the CRYING baby. She smiles, undeniably moved.

Danny begins tugging at his mother's blouse.

DANNY

Mommy, it's the bad man! He's outside.

KARA

Not now, Danny ...
(to Tommy)
Here. Let me try.

Tommy gingerly hands the baby over to her. Instantaneously, Kyle's CRIES subside.

KARA

(fawning)
There. See? All it takes is a mother's touch.

For a moment, Kara and Tommy find themselves smiling at one another. Danny races back to the window and looks outside.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - MYERS HOUSE

The Shape is now gone.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Silence. Jamie lies comatose, ensconced in the dim GLOW of monitors. Sustained by I.V.s and a breathing apparatus.

MOVE IN on Jamie. EKG registers rapid heartbeat. MOVE IN TIGHT on her eyes, darting beneath closed lids.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DISTORTED VISION (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Blood-chilling SCREAMS as we MOVE rapidly through a BLINDING TUNNEL OF LIGHT. Blurred, indistinct images. FIGURES wearing long white coats flash along stark white walls.

As we BLAST around corners, we realize we are seeing from the P.O.V. of a girl being pushed forward on a gurney. It is Jamie.

Her arm injected with a sedative. Eyes lolling. Succumbing.

ELEVATOR - JAMIE'S P.O.V. - MOVING

Even more DISTORTED now. Images swirling. Dizzily random. Cold, staring FACES. Lights flashing on a panel: "3-2-1-B". An elevator. Going down. Down. Beneath the basement level.

The doors open. The gurney SLAMS out into DARKNESS.

TUNNELS

VOICES ECHO as Jamie is pushed through a grotesque tunnel -- a web of water pipes jutting from the walls like the arms of a giant octopus. The bowels of some dark, arcane underworld.

JAMIE (O.S.)

(serene)

Please -- don't let them do this to me.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

We're not going to hurt you, Jamie. He chose you. Now it's time.

INT. DARK CHAMBER

Surrounded by a ring of cloaked figures, Jamie's naked body is strapped to a stone altar. HANDS anoint her

stomach and feet with myrrh, ribboning her body with branches of mistletoe.

Jamie struggles, unable to fight the effects of the sedative. Tormented by the coven's insidious CHANTING.

JAMIE'S P.O.V. (DISTORTED)

A HAZE of contorted, strobing images. Stretching, twisting and convexing all around her. Out of the blackness, a face emerges. Featureless. White. Inhuman. The Shape's chilling death mask.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Please, Uncle Michael ... Don't hurt me. Oh God, please forgive me ...

THE STRANGER

stands in a dark corner, looking on as the robed guardians close up the circle. A momentary glimpse of the Shape lying on top of Jamie as she lets out a SCREAM of unadulterated terror.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (SAME)

Jamie's eyes flash open as a dark shadow descends on her ... The Stranger!

A gloved hand covers Jamie's mouth. The barrel of a revolver with a silencer is slowly raised to her forehead.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Your work is done now, Jamie.

The gun is FIRED, cutting off Jamie's soundless scream.

The Stranger flows out of the room, spurs CLANKING on his dark boots. The shrill sound of a BEEPER going off as we

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The FLASH of a CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER's camera. POLICE file in and out of the room. An hysterical NURSE gives a statement.

The resounding TAP of a cane CLACKING up the hall.
Sheriff Holdt looks up. It can only be one person.

Loomis enters, Wynn close behind him, just as Jamie's
bloody corpse is covered over with a white sheet.

Loomis stands frozen in utter horror. Tears in his eyes.

LOOMIS

Jamie ... I failed you again. I never should have
left you.

He spins, pouncing on Sheriff Holdt.

LOOMIS

Now will you do something?! How many more innocent
people have to die?!

Wynn attempts to restrain him. Holdt meets Loomis's
fiery gaze.

WYNN

Don't do this to yourself, Sam.

HOLDT

I'm warning you, Loomis. You best stay out of my
way. You may have had free reign 'round here when Ben
Meeker was sheriff, but I'm in charge now. And I'm not
about to stand by and watch you turn this night into
another one of your sadistic witch hunts.

LOOMIS

The witches are everywhere tonight. How do you
propose to stop them?

Wynn leads Loomis out of the room. Holdt stares
brazenly, throwing down his cigarette. Crushing it
beneath his boot.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tommy loads a disc into his computer's CD-ROM drive.
Kara watches from over his shoulder, rocking the sleeping
baby in her arms as a succession of life-like, three-
dimensional GRAPHICS come to life.

TOMMY

Runes were a kind of early alphabet that originated
in Northern Europe in about 500 B.C. They were symbols -

- carved out of stone or pieces of wood -- used in pagan rituals to portend future events and invoke magic.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER MONITOR

PANNING over a representation of the ancient runic tablets. Tommy ZOOMS IN using the mouse, enlarging the Thorn symbol, rotating it on its axis.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Of all the runes, Thorn had the most negative influence. Among the ancient Druids, Thorn represented a demon that spread sickness ... destroyed crops ... brought death to hundreds of thousands of people. An ANIMATED REAPER, a giant skeleton, lays waste to a small village with its enormous scythe.

TOMMY (CONT'D; O.S.)

According to Celtic legend, one child from each tribe was chosen to be inflicted with the curse of Thorn. This child would offer the blood sacrifices of its next of kin on the night of Samhain ...

ANGLE ON TOMMY AND KARA

KARA

... Halloween.

TOMMY

The sacrifice of one family meant sparing the lives of an entire tribe.

Kara is frightened by Tommy's dark gaze.

TOMMY

For years I've been convinced there must be some reason -- some method behind Michael's madness.

Tommy begins typing commands into the computer, sending instructions to his telescope. Projecting the lens skyward.

TOMMY

And the common link I've found is Thorn. The Druids were also great mathematicians and astronomers. The Thorn symbol is actually a constellation of stars that appears from time to time on Halloween night.

THEIR P.O.V. - THE MONITOR

The telescope's view of a bright cluster of stars which Tommy connects on the screen with three intersecting lines which form the Thorn symbol.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Whenever it appears, he appears.

(flashes through a series of astral charts)

I've traced it back to 1963, when Michael murdered his sister Judith. The next time was in 1978 -- Michael escapes from Smith's Grove. It happened a decade later -- and one year after that -- he kills again.

TOMMY

spins around in his chair to face Kara.

TOMMY

And tonight -- for the first time in six years -- Thorn appears. Now Jamie says Michael is back. Coincidence?

KARA

What would happen if he succeeded? If he killed the last member of his family?

Tommy takes Kyle in his arms. Holds him protectively.

TOMMY

Then Michael's power would end ... and the curse would be passed on to another child. The Druids believed in reincarnation. They said a person's soul never dies ... that it could pass from one body to another ... but only through an offering of innocent blood ...

(cradling Kyle)

I think that's why these people -- whoever they are -- are after Jamie's baby. To make him Michael's final sacrifice.

Tommy sees the time and places the sleeping baby on the futon.

KARA

(frightened)

Where are you going?

TOMMY

To find the only person who can stop him before it's too late.

Tommy bustles around the apartment, collecting his jacket, his keys, then bolts toward the door ... only to find it standing wide open. Kara freezes, noticing for the first time that Danny is missing.

KARA

Oh, God -- Where's Danny?

Kara flies down the hall. Tommy moves out behind her.

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

Kara and Tommy barrel downstairs, searching frantically.

KARA

Danny?! Danny!

TOMMY

Mrs. Blankenship, have you seen the little boy who -

-
They find Mrs. Blankenship and Danny sitting side by side, watching "Curse of the Demon" on the Horrorthon. A giant bowl of popcorn between them.

KARA

(grabs him)

Danny, don't ever walk off without telling me where you're going!

Danny looks at her. A blank, hollow stare.

Tommy throws on his bomber jacket and opens the front door.

TOMMY

Take the kids upstairs, lock the door and wait for me.

(beat)

And Kara, whatever you do -- don't go back to your house.

Kara watches fearfully as Tommy heads out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Loomis watches ruefully as Jamie's covered body is wheeled out past them. Dr. Bonham approaches.

DR. BONHAM

Dr. Loomis?

LOOMIS

Yes?

DR. BONHAM

I'm Doctor Bonham, Jamie's attending physician. I'm very sorry ...

LOOMIS

You let it get to her. How could you?

DR. BONHAM

(delicately)

Dr. Loomis ... during surgery, we discovered that Jamie's uterus was hemorrhaging. And we found this.

(displays a small vial)

It's placental fluid.

LOOMIS

God in heaven. Don't tell me she was --

DR. BONHAM

I estimate she gave birth no more than twenty-four hours ago.

WYNN

If that's true ... then where's the baby?

LOOMIS

I think I may already know ...

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREETS - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

The SOUNDS of the distant celebration. A lonely WIND HOWLS through dark, empty streets. Rows of deserted houses. Not a soul in sight. Preternatural stillness.

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Kara comes downstairs, shivering, wrapping herself in the warm folds of her sweater. She moves toward the parlor, drawn by the sound of VOICES.

MRS. BLANKENSHIP (O.S.)

Do you know why we celebrate Halloween?

DANNY (O.S.)

It's when we go trick-or-treating and get candy.

INT. PARLOR (CONTINUOUS)

Kara looks in to see Mrs. Blankenship sitting in her rocker, her withered face and silvery hair aglow in the light of a CRACKLING FIRE.

Danny sits on the floor, facing her, listening with childish fascination.

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

Maybe for you, but a long, long time ago it was a night of great power ... when the days grew short, and the spirits of the dead returned to their homes to warm themselves by the fireside.

In the window behind her, we can make out the hazy outline of the Shape standing outside in the darkness, looking in.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Tommy grabs the ticket he's just paid for and hands it to an ATTENDANT. We FOLLOW him through the entrance amid a steady stream of costumed REVELLERS.

Loud MUSIC, the aroma of apple cider and pumpkin pie fills the air. Booths selling food and crafts.

Tommy strides past teenagers shooting pumpkin-faced balloons with water pistols. Children carving jack-o'-lanterns. Ducking for apples. Parents beaming with pride.

MRS. BLANKENSHIP (V.O.)

(continuing)

All across the land, huge bonfires were lit. There was a marvelous celebration. People danced, and they played games, and they dressed up in costumes, hoping to ward off the evil spirits ... especially the bogeyman.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Danny's looks up at Mrs. Blankenship with wonder and fear.

DANNY

What's the bogeyman?

With that, Kara steps in.

KARA

That'll be enough stories for tonight. Come on, Danny. Say goodnight to Mrs. Blankenship.

DANNY

(mocking Kara)

Goodnight, Mrs. Blankenship.

Kara takes Danny's hand and starts to lead him upstairs. The spinster suddenly rises, following closely at their heels.

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

He hears the voice, you know. Just like the other boy who lived in that house.

Kara turns, startled. The old woman's eyes glitter madly in the darkness.

KARA

What are you talking about?

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

I was baby-sitting for him that night. Little Mikey Myers from across the street. That's when the voice came. The night he murdered his sister.

KARA

Michael heard a voice?

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

It told him to kill his family ...

Kara stares at the old woman, numbed, startled by this revelation. Behind her, Danny gazes out the window at the Myers house. Haunted by the irascible VOICE in his mind:

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

I'm coming for you, Danny ... I'm coming.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT - THE STRANGER

walks steadily past the bright lights of the tree.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Walking, searching, hunting. Past a large tent where children are gathering. A colorful banner proclaims: COSTUME PAGEANT.

Suddenly he bumps shoulders with a tall, dark figure -- the Stranger. Tommy double takes. There was something very sinister about that man.

TOMMY'S P.O.V.

The Stranger has disappeared into the crowd. Or was he ever there at all?

TOMMY

walks on. Eyes probing the weird menagerie of costumes and painted faces.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Wind MOANS. Dead leaves are blown across the lane as a car rambles up the street, swerving erratically into the driveway of the Myers house ... jarring to a halt in the garage.

ACROSS THE STREET ... The Shape suddenly RISES INTO FRAME. Watching. BREATHING steadily through its mask. INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The car parks. Sits in silence. Suddenly the driver's side door opens, emblazoned with the "Strode Real Estate" emblem.

John spills out, collar unbuttoned, tie dangling. Picking himself up, he staggers out of the garage. Laughing. Singing.

JOHN

... Pretty woman, walking down the street ... Pretty woman, the kind I'd like to meet ...

EXT. MYERS HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

CAMERA FOLLOWS John's circuitous route across the front lawn, stumbling over one of Danny's toys on his way up the porch steps.

JOHN

Damn kid ... this is my house!

John fumbles with his key and turns the knob -- but the door's jammed. Chain-locked.

JOHN

What the ...

(yelling inside)

... Debra, open this goddamn door before I break it down! You got to three ...

(no response)

... One ... Two ...

(still no response)

... Two and a half ...

John slams his weight against the door. It doesn't budge.

Grumbling, John totters off the porch, trying to hold himself steady as he skirts along the side of the house.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

John sways in through the back door and flicks on a light switch. Strains for lucidity. No one in the kitchen.

JOHN

Debra -- I'm home!

No answer. John shrugs and moves to the stove. Opens the lid on a pasta cooker. Nothing inside.

JOHN

(mutters)

Work all day and not even any supper ...

Frustrated, John opens the freezer and removes a frozen dinner. Tears open the box and pops it in the microwave. Then he flounders down the dark hallway, knocking picture frames awry.

LIVING ROOM / FOYER

Darkness, save for a glowing jack-o'-lantern. John stands there, listing. Bewildered.

Switching on a lamp, he kicks off his shoes and crashes onto his lumpy old recliner.

JOHN

All right ... You can all come out now ...

Still no reply. John sneers, flicks on the television with the remote control and settles back into his easy chair.

INSERT - TELEVISION

The scene from "HALLOWEEN III" ... a boy shreds his pumpkin mask as a mass of beetles and snakes pour out of his skull.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN

What the hell is this shit?

Disgusted, he switches channels to the local NEWS. A shrill BEEP from the kitchen startles him. The microwave.

KITCHEN

John waddles to a drawer and removes a set of utensils. Then he reaches for the microwave, opens it. But his dinner is gone.

Perplexed, he turns to see the piping hot entree already sitting out on the kitchen table. John double-takes, mentally retracing his steps. Shrugs.

FOLLOW JOHN

as he picks up his tray and plods back down the hall. Suddenly he trips over something -- the suitcase Debra had packed earlier, sitting smack-dead in the center of the hall.

JOHN

So this is the game you wanna play. Fine. Go ahead. Keep it up all night if you want ...

LIVING ROOM

John settles down into his chair and begins to eat ravenously. SCREAMS are heard from the television. He reacts.

INSERT - TELEVISION

Someone has switched it back to "HALLOWEEN III." A COMPUTER- GENERATED PUMPKIN causes more masked heads to EXPLODE.

BACK TO SCENE

John shakes the remote. Out of the corner of his eye, he catches a shadowy figure darting by in the darkened foyer.

JOHN

Is that you, you little brat? Danny?!

John rises, about to go for him when suddenly the power cuts out -- and the entire house is plunged into blackness.

JOHN

When I get my hands on you, kid, you're gonna wish you were never born!

John pulls a rechargeable flashlight from the wall and goes to the cellar door. It stands open. An invitation to enter.

JOHN

Oh, I'm scared. I'm really scared.

With that, John steps down into the basement.

INT. CELLAR (CONTINUOUS)

John tentatively descends the stairs. Barefoot. The flashlight beam preceding his every step. A RUMBLING below.

The cellar is lit only by a shaft of moonlight cutting through the single dusty window. John probes around, shining the flashlight over cobwebs, boxes -- the puddle of water at his feet. Now flooding the entire floor.

John SLOSHES through the water toward the washing machine -- which is running at full tack.

JOHN

What the hell --

He opens the washer lid and lifts out a water-logged sheet. It drips red onto the white appliance -- blood.

John backs away, loses his footing and slips in the water -- landing right at the Shape's feet. John SCREAMS as the Shape grabs him by the neck, lifts him off the floor with one hand, then SLAMS him brutally against the open fuse box.

The Shape's free hand lifts an enormous butcher knife. A loud WHAP as it's driven to the hilt into John's chest, through the fuse box. Sparks rain from the wall. Electricity courses through John's writhing body.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE (SAME)

Lights flash on and off in the windows. Suddenly the entire house is plunged into darkness.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR (SAME)

John's toes curl. The skin around where the knife penetrates FRIES. Then, ever so slowly, the CAMERA begins to PULL BACK as the Shape stands there, head tilted, BREATHING steadily, curiously observing John's hanging, lifeless body.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARVEST FAIR - OUTDOOR STAGE - NIGHT

Tim and Beth sit on either side of Barry as he interviews them during his live BROADCAST. An enthusiastic crowd of GROUPIES gathered below.

BARRY SIMMS

(into mike)

I'm here with Tim and Beth -- the organizers of tonight's big event. How does it feel knowing you've finally pulled Halloween out of Haddonfield's proverbial closet?

TIM

(exuberantly)

Yo, Barry, this is dope! And having you here to celebrate with us is like, totally raw, G. We all think you're the Juice!

BARRY SIMMS

Thanks, but I wouldn't be dumb enough to leave blood stains on the driveway.

BETH

(impassioned)

What Tim means, Barry, is that we're finally taking a stand against censorship. Our generation will not let the powers-that-be control our minds, dictate what clothes we wear, what music we listen to, or what holidays we celebrate.

Beth's speech is met by a round of riotous CHEERS.

BARRY SIMMS

(confidentially; to Tim)

I envy you if she gets this riled up in the sack, kid. I'll bet she wears crotchless panties and bark like a dog?

BETH

As I was saying, it's time we stop acting out of fear. Just look at Tim's family. They live in the Myers house.

Tim blanches; this is news to him.

BARRY SIMMS

You do?

TIM

We do?

(to Barry)

... Uh, yeah, sure we do. Great house.

(a la "Arnold")

Strong wood.

BARRY SIMMS

Now this I gotta see. You mean to tell me you actually live in the house of the most brutal mass murderer in history? You got bigger balls than me, kid. And them's ain't no marbles.

This doesn't exactly reassure Tim. THEME MUSIC UP, signaling the commercial break.

BARRY SIMMS

This is the Barry Simms Show, and when we return, we'll be comin' at you live -- at least we hope -- from the one and only Myers house. Now how's that for a Halloween shock-fest?

Barry does his best Dracula guffaw as they segue to STATION IDENTIFICATION. An instant later, he is up and on the move.

BARRY SIMMS

How far to your house, kid?

TIM

About half a mile. But I don't know if my folks would ...

BARRY SIMMS

Good. I'll meet you there in five.

BETH

What about the kids? You're supposed to give away all the candy --

BARRY SIMMS

Relax your crack, sweetheart. A quick tour of the old place and we'll be right on back ...

(to his ASSISTANT)

Pull the van out back so I can slip out of here real quiet-like.

Tim and Beth exchange rueful looks as Barry is led off the back of the stage.

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS WITH Barry as he ducks out a back entrance, talking on his cell-phone. Lit cigarette dangling between his fingers, he weaves quickly through the maze of parked cars. The lights of the fair twinkling behind him.

BARRY

(into cell-phone)

... No, I'm trotting out for a cheeseburger -- I'm taking this show to the real Myers House where we should have done it in the first place!

Barry carries on, unaware that the FOG is getting thicker, and everything around him is quickly getting darker.

BARRY

I'm telling you, this'll be a ratings blow-out! Ten minutes in that house and I'll have every fruitcake medium in the country calling in trying to channel the spirit of that pussy Michael Myers!

Not watching where he's going, Barry walks right into someone standing in his path. He gives the tall, motionless shape a desultory smile and presses on.

BARRY

Sure we can do another show on him -- kick the audience in the face enough and they'll lick you all over ... I'll call you when I get to the location.

Barry clicks off the phone. Looks around. No sign of his driver. He steams in his own juices for a minute ... then glances back over his shoulder. There was something strange about that guy ...

BARRY'S P.O.V.

Scanning his surroundings. No one around. Just the drifting, low-hanging FOG. Whoever it was is long gone.

BARRY

stands alone, pacing, tapping his foot, checking his watch. He's royally pissed ... his way of disguising the fact that he's getting just the tiniest bit nervous.

BARRY

(to the wind)

Okay, Joe, you're burning my ass here.

(playing the producer)

'Hey, so what if Barry doesn't have a goddamn driver? What the hell -- he's only our fucking star!'

THUNDER CRASHES LOUDLY in response. Barry jumps back, startled ... then casually adjusts the collar on his trench coat as he looks around. It's cool; no one saw. Barry stubs out his cigarette and trudges back across the lot. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN on him. Suddenly Barry stops, turning in circles. He's completely lost his sense of direction.

BARRY

Jesus-shit-damn! Where the hell am I?

Barry suddenly freezes. Stands stock still as he thinks he HEARS something ... DEEP, SHALLOW BREATHING. Getting CLOSER. But where is it coming from?

CAMERA MOVES AROUND Barry, encircling him as he turns in the opposite direction. The effect is dizzying.

Suddenly, both Barry and CAMERA stop at the same time as he comes face to face with THE SHAPE.

Barry gasps. Jumps back in fright.

BARRY

Whoa, man, that's one helluva Halloween costume. Who the fuck are you supposed to be?

Barry looks up at the Shape ... dwarfing him by at least a foot ... but Barry isn't the least bit intimidated.

BARRY

Hey, you mind pointing me back to the fair? My douchebag of a driver seems to have conveniently left without me.

Barry chuckles. The Shape doesn't move. Just watches the DJ perform.

BARRY

Hey, I get it. You're supposed to be Michael Myers, aren't you?

(appraisingly)

Not bad. Could use some work on the mask, though. Looks a little like Captain Kirk on a bad hair day.

The Shape is not amused. Its BREATHING grows LOUDER, more agitated. A lightbulb goes off in Barry's head.

BARRY

Listen, man, how would you like to earn some extra cash? See, there's this little piece of tail and her pansy-ass boyfriend I'd just love to throw a major scare into ... not to mention this entire town of inbreds. Now what I want you to do -- if my driver ever shows up -- is come with me over to the Myers house, and just as I get on the air and start filling their empty heads with more crap about this Myers freak, you jump out and pretend to waste me. I promise you, they'll have a fuckin' freak-out! So what do you say? What's it worth to you? I got ...

Barry reaches into his pocket, takes out TWO BILLS.

BARRY

... forty bucks here. Not bad for twenty minutes of work. What'dya say? It'll be great. Trick-or-treat, right?

Barry's sales pitch is having no effect on the Shape.

BARRY

Jesus, pal, make up your mind. I don't got all night.

The Shape just looks at that NON-STOP CHATTERING MOUTH.

BARRY

What, you got better offers? Tarantino after you to star in his next flick?

(fumes, pockets his cash)

Hey, you know what? Fuck you! I'll just get my douchebag driver to do it. It's like I've been saying -- Michael Myers is just one, big, lame-ass pussy!

Without warning, the Shape's right hand shoots out ... jabbing a huge butcher knife into Barry's stomach.

Barry's eyes go wide with shock ... slowly his hand goes down ... touches the wound ... then he sees that his hand is covered with blood.

Barry staggers backwards, dropping the cell-phone. The Shape looks down as the strange device shatters on the ground.

Barry takes off. Stumbling. Running for his life across the WINDBLOWN parking lot. Primal instincts telling him one thing: Save your own ass.

THE SHAPE

takes off in hot pursuit of our formerly fearless DJ.

FOLLOW BARRY

as he staggers in pain, glancing back wildly. Trailing blood. Pulling on car doors -- all of them locked. Up to a parked convertible. Inside he SEES a TEENAGE COUPLE necking. Barry POUNDS frantically on the window.

BARRY

Please help me! He's trying to kill me!!!

The young couple sits up, startled, clothes disheveled. The RADIO BLARING; they don't hear a word he says. The GIRL immediately recognizes Barry and begins to CHEER and LAUGH.

BARRY

Please! Help me! He's gonna kill me!

Now the GUY joins in. Toasting Barry with his can of beer. Pointing. Laughing.

Barry shoots a look back. The Shape is coming!

Barry gives up and stumbles away in blind panic.

BARRY

Somebody help me!

Terrified, racked with pain, Barry runs forward --

And suddenly spots something up ahead ... the van!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Barry as he hobbles toward his last safe haven. Blasting forward, catching himself on the handle of the passenger door. It's locked. No one inside.

Barry whimpers in terror as he struggles with the door.

FOOTSTEPS behind him. Suddenly he wheels around just as --

THE SHAPE SLAMS INTO FRAME. Pinning Barry against the van door. The DJ's mouth cranks open just as -- The Shape slowly raises the broken cellular phone -- a jagged edge of metal where the mouthpiece has chipped off.

ANGLE ON BARRY

Eyes crazed with horror. Mouth open wide as --

THE CELL PHONE

is rammed into his mouth, right through the back of his head. The Shape's fist CRASHES through the van window, shattering the glass, still clutching the bloody phone.

Barry's body slumps out of FRAME as we HEAR a RADIO JINGLE:

STUDIO SINGERS (V.O.)

He's lewd, he's crude, he's our friend, he's ...

The Shape cocks its head, staring down at the dead DJ.

STUDIO SINGERS (CONT'D; V.O.)

... Ba-reee Simmmmmmmsssss!!!!

CAMERA MOVES UP toward the top of the van ... and PRESSES IN on the mounted loudspeakers.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Stay tuned as the man with the meanest mouth in Hardin County comes to you live from ... the home of Michael Myers!

In the b.g., we can SEE the Shape walking away. Carrying Barry's lifeless remains.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The front door slowly opens. Beth and Tim stand at the threshold, staring into total darkness. Beth tries the lights. Darkness remains.

BETH

Guess Barry decided not to show up after all.

Beth walks in ahead of Tim, who's not doing a very convincing job of disguising his apprehension at entering the house.

TIM

Where is everyone? Mom? Kara?

BETH

They're probably at the fair. Which is where we should be.

TIM

(voice cracking)

Beth, um, is it true -- what you said? That Michael Myers used to live in our house?

BETH

(matter-of-factly)

Of course it's true. You act like you've never heard the story before.

Beth leads Tim playfully up the staircase.

BETH

It was a cold Halloween night. He stood in the shadows, watching through the windows as his sister and her boyfriend made love. Then he crept inside, picked up a huge butcher knife, and made his way up these stairs ...

INT. KARA'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Beth slinks into Kara's darkened bedroom, retelling the story for Tim with fiendish delight.

BETH

... Slowly he came up behind her. Then she turned around, and he stabbed her!

Beth mimes the stabs on Tim's back. THUNDER CRASHES. Tim is getting more than a little bit edgy.

TIM

Cut it out, Beth! I really didn't know Michael Myers lived in my house. It freaks me out.

BETH

(chuckles)

I'm sorry ... I was just foolin' around.

(fondles him)

I thought you might like a little trick-or-treat.

Beth smiles. Tim can't resist. He takes her right there on his sister's bed, kissing her fervently, burying his face in her chest. Stripping clumsily out of his costume.

Beth comes up for a breath of air, suddenly apprehensive.

BETH

What if your parents come home?

TIM

Then they can watch.

As moans of ecstasy fill the room, we slowly PULL BACK into the hallway. A startling FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals the Shape standing there, gripping his bloody knife. Watching them.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT (SAME)

The fans are beginning to get restless. A growing murmur of concern spreads: "Where's Barry?" Barry's people are at a loss to explain their star's whereabouts.

Tommy moves toward the stage, his eyes drawn to something in the tree above. He can't quite make out what it is when ...

Loomis suddenly appears in front of him.

LOOMIS

Tommy!

TOMMY

Dr. Loomis -- There's something wrong here. We've got to --

Loomis lodges the muzzle of his .357, tucked in the pocket of his trench coat, into Tommy's back. Ushering him forward.

LOOMIS

Just keep your mouth shut and take me to that baby.
Now!

ANGLE ON TREE

Things are really getting ugly. Riotous fans CHANTING:
"We Want Barry!" A pair of ROWDY TEENS begin to tear
open the bags of candy, throwing it out to the crowd.

ANGLE ON LOOMIS AND TOMMY

On the fringes of the crowd. Walking away. Tommy
frantically tries to explain, his voice drowned out by
the loud NOISE and MUSIC. Suddenly Loomis stops. Eyes
widening in horror.

TOMMY

glances back. Seeing something. Grotesque and
misshapen. In the tree.

TOMMY

Oh, God --

ANGLE ON TREE

Kids of all ages storm the stage. LAUGHING and
SCREAMING. Fighting over the candy. Diving for it.
Scooping it up in big handfuls.

ANGLE ON TOMMY AND LOOMIS

Tommy breaks away and tears back through the crowd.

LOOMIS

Tommy!

Loomis goes for him. Sheriff Holdt sees what is
happening and flies toward them in pursuit.

ANGLE ON TREE

A BALLERINA looks down at her white pillow case in
horrified astonishment. Her hands painted red as she
reaches inside. All of her candy is covered with blood!

The other kids back away in revulsion -- the entire stage
begins to drip with blood!

Tommy pushes his way through the crowd, shouting a last-minute warning.

TOMMY

Get them out of there! Get out!!!
Sheriff Holdt tries to intercept Tommy just as he leaps up onto the stage, pushing kids out of the way.

Parents' faces register shock when they see their children running toward them, SCREAMING hysterically, soaked with blood.

Loomis sees what Tommy sees. Words cannot convey the horror in his eyes.

SPARKS FLASH. The tiny pumpkin lights in the tree EXPLODE in a startling chain reaction as something falls from the gnarled branches: a dangling, rotating, wrapped-up thing. The mutilated remains of Barry Simms!

Tommy dashes headlong off the stage with the last of the children and runs with Loomis through the trampling crowd.

Struck dumb with terror, Holdt looks out upon the mass destruction. The bloody corpse hanging from the tree. People running, SCREAMING, carrying their children toward the exits.

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT (SAME)

Women SCREAMING. Men SHOUTING. Children CRYING. Pandemonium.

Loomis and Tommy appear out of this jumble of mass confusion. More people running along the sidewalks.

TOMMY

Oh, God -- Kara!!!

A car SCREECHES to a halt in front of Tommy as he takes off, running blindly across the parking lot. Toward his Jeep. Loomis right behind him.

Once again, terror reigns over the streets of Haddonfield, Illinois.

CUT TO:

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - TOMMY'S APARTMENT

Kara paces nervously, watching as Danny lies beside the baby on Tommy's futon. Finally, she goes to the window and looks outside.

KARA'S P.O.V. - MYERS HOUSE

Dark and foreboding. Beth's car parked in front. A strange, flickering LIGHT emanating from the upstairs window.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (SAME)

Sounds of PASSION as we FOLLOW a trail of hastily-discarded costume pieces across the floor ... up to the bed.

Candlelight fills the room. Tim rolls off of Beth, totally spent, their naked limbs exposed in a heap of twisted sheets.

BETH

Your sister would kill us if she knew we did it in her bed.

TIM

Hey, it was your idea.

BETH

I am bad, aren't I?

TIM

Only when you wear crotchless panties and bark like a dog.

Laughing, Beth nudges him playfully. Tim kisses her and rolls out of bed, taking a candle with him into the bathroom.

BETH

Where are you going?

TIM

Gotta take a shower. It's a messy act, you know ...

BETH

(laughs)

Watch out for the bogeyman ...

Tim shakes his head and closes the door. Beth smiles to herself as the SOUND of the running shower fills the room.

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - HALLWAY (SAME)

Brow knit with concern, Kara crosses the hall and knocks loudly on the door facing Tommy's apartment. Bumper stickers and a placard that reads: "Beth's Pad - Enter At Your Own Risk."

KARA

Beth? Tim? Are you guys in there?

Danny appears in the doorway, staring blankly at Kara. She knocks again. No response. Kara turns, sees Danny and quickly ushers him back into Tommy's apartment. Slamming the door.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - BATHROOM/SHOWER (SAME)

Tim turns off the shower. He stands there, dripping, shivering. HEARS the MUFFLED BEAT OF MUSIC from the bedroom.

TIM

Beth, wanna hand me a towel? I'm freezing my ass in here ...

(no response)

Where are you when I need you, honey?

INT. KARA'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Beth slips into Kara's robe, oblivious to Tim. The radio turned up FULL BLAST as she rocks out to a grunge-band version of Blue Oyster Cult's classic, "Don't Fear the Reaper."

BETH

(cranks it up LOUDER)

I just love this song!

INT. BATHROOM / SHOWER (CONTINUOUS)

A brief glimpse of the mark of Thorn as a HAND reaches in and hands Tim a towel.

TIM

Thanks, babe.

The hand withdraws. Tim throws open the shower curtain. No one is there. Wrapping himself in the towel, Tim does a jig over to the sink. Candlelight flickers. Beth calls in to him.

BETH (O.S.)

You gonna be in there all night?

Tim glances down at his towel and frowns. Shrugging it off, Tim wipes out a circle of steam from the mirror ... then GASPS in shock ... a look of HORROR spreads across his face when he SEES ... a ZIT on the side of his chin!

He leans closer ... puts two fingers to the zit, prepares to pop it just as ... a soap dish CRASHES to the floor, landing right on his foot. Tim jumps, HOWLING in pain. He reaches down to grab his big toe. Then, just as he stands up again ...

The Shape appears right behind him!

Before he can scream, the Shape's hand covers his mouth.

MUSIC BOOMS on the walls. Beth SINGING in the other room.

Tim struggles, but the Shape is too strong. Has him in a hammer lock.

Tim can see his own horrified reflection as the monster behind him tightens its vise-like grip.

INT. KARA'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Now the SONG really begins to ROCK.

Beth is jumping around on the bed, playing a mean air guitar. Suddenly she hears a LOUD CRASH. Grinning slyly, she hops down, snaps off the radio and heads toward the bathroom.

BETH

Does Timmy-boy want some company?

INT. BATHROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Tim's eyes grow wider and wider as the Shape tightens its deadly choke-hold.

Light glints off the blade of a butcher knife. Slowly the Shape lifts it up to Tim's face, showing it to him, taunting him ...

There is a KNOCK at the door.

BETH (O.S.)

Tim, what's going on?

Tim reaches out toward the closed door -- when suddenly the Shape SLASHES the knife across his throat!

Tim's severed jugular SPRAYS blood across the glass. Using the knife like a garrotte, the Shape pulls Tim back into darkness.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - HALLWAY

Beth stands outside the bathroom door, puzzled. Listening to Tim's MUFFLED GROANS within.

BETH
(smiles)

I know what you're doing in there. You just never get enough, do you?

Beth presses her ear against the door. Now she hears a sick GURGLING SOUND, followed by HEAVY, RASPY BREATHING. Then silence. Beth frowns. Knocks again.

BETH
Tim? You okay?

INT. BATHROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Blood drips down the face of the mirror, behind which we SEE the Shape's distorted reflection. Looking down at Tim. Studying him. Eyes burning through its evil mask.

Slowly the CAMERA MOVES down to Tim's body, sprawled on the floor beside the Shape's muddy workboots. Tim's bloody hand reaches agonizingly toward the door. Beth is just outside.

BETH (O.S.)
Tim? Get your butt out here right now or I'm going home.

Suddenly Tim's hand drops to the floor ... his eyes fixed in death. Only the sound of the Shape's BREATHING can be heard.

INT. HALLWAY (SAME)

BETH
Tim? Come on, Tim. This isn't funny.

Beth slowly reaches for the doorknob. Begins to turn it when --

-- the PHONE RINGS.

Beth startles. Takes her hand off the doorknob and rushes back down the hall.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - ANGLE ON DANNY

Unnoticed by Kara as she stares out the window, listening to the phone RING on the other end, Danny rises and crosses the room. Drawn toward the door by the omnipresent VOICE.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Come to me, Danny . . . Come to me.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KARA'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Beth scurries in, ties the robe around her waist and picks up the cordless phone.

BETH

Hello?

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT (SAME)

Kara cradles the phone, looking out the window, straining to see through the darkness.

KARA

(into phone)

Mom? Who is this?

INTERCUTTING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN BETH AND KARA.

BETH

No, this is Beth.

KARA

What are you doing there? Do you know where my mother is?

BETH

(eyes darting)

She's not here. No one is. What's wrong?

KARA

Is Tim with you?

BETH

(fear rising)

He's in the shower.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - TELESCOPE P.O.V.

Through the VIEWFINDER of Tommy's telescope, Kara can clearly SEE Beth on the phone. Sitting by the window.

KARA (V.O.)

I'm across the street. I can see you.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KARA'S BEDROOM

Beth shifts nervously, unaware of the tall, ominous shadow that slowly begins to emerge from the doorway behind her.

Wiping cold frost off the window, Beth peers out across the way. Seeing Kara.

KARA (V.O.)

Beth, I want you to listen to me. Get Tim and get out of that house right now.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

We are LOOKING THROUGH the eyesockets of the Shape's mask. Steadily MOVING IN behind the unsuspecting Beth.

NEW ANGLE

Beth's panic button goes off. Still she doesn't see the huge shadow of the man coming toward her ... the butcher knife slowly rising behind her ...

BETH

Kara, what the hell is going on?

KARA (V.O.)

Beth, look out! There's someone in the room! He's right behind you!

BETH

drops the phone. Spins around. Eyes bulging. Just as the Shape's knife plunges down at her.

BETH

Kara!!!

KARA (V.O.)

(helpless)

Beth!

The knife comes up bloody. Beth SCREAMS. But the blade just keeps SLASHING at her. Two times. Three. Four. Five.

Beth tries to fend off the vicious stabs with her hands, to no avail. She is slammed against the window like a rag-doll.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS)

Kara looks up from the telescope, still clutching the phone, hearing and seeing her friend's vicious murder.

KARA'S P.O.V. - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

Beth's face and hands are splayed against the glass, leaving a wet track of blood as she slides down to the floor. Her eyes wide with shock and unimaginable pain. Staring out at Kara.

We SEE the Shape behind the BLOOD SPATTERED window. Looking out .. THROUGH the window, THROUGH the lens ... RIGHT AT Kara!

STILL THROUGH THE VIEWFINDER ... Kara watches as ... the Shape drops out of VIEW ... down toward where Beth fell.
INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS)

Kara holds the phone in her hand and through it ... SHE CAN HEAR a series of SHORT, WET, BRUTAL STABBING SOUNDS.

Kara PANS down the lens and SEES ... Danny! Walking toward the Myers house!

WHIP PAN behind her ... No, it can't be. Danny is gone!

Kara's mouth drops open. Her mind snaps into sensory overload.

EXT. STREET / MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Kara bolts out of the Blankenship house. Races across the street after Danny.

KARA
Danny, no!!!

KARA'S P.O.V. - FOLLOWING DANNY

The little boy glides up the porch steps and slips through the front door of the Myers house. Disappearing inside.

KARA

shoots across the lawn. Up the porch steps. Right behind him.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER

Kara dives through the front door. Everything is frighteningly dark. Shockingly quiet.

Inch by inch, she makes her way inside. Eyes wide. Savage. Shaking uncontrollably. A loud CRASHING behind her. Kara jumps out of her skin. Just the door SLAMMING shut in the HOWLING WIND.

KARA

(the faintest whisper)

Danny ...

She advances into the hall. Old floorboards CREAK beneath her feet. SOUNDS up ahead. FOOTSTEPS.

Kara looks up. Danny is nearing the top of the stairs!

Instinct propels her up the stairs after him. Then suddenly she stops dead. Reason taking over. And she turns back.

Kara picks up a fireplace poker by the mantle. Then she heads back up the stairs. Mind-blown with horror.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Kara reaches the top of the staircase, looking down the dark hallway. Summoning all of her courage, she moves forward.

Suddenly Danny darts out from the adjacent hall and disappears inside his bedroom -- a fleeting, ghostly image. Kara startles. Follows him inside.

DANNY'S BEDROOM

Danny cowers in a corner. Kara goes to him, takes his hand. He resists her.

KARA

(intense whisper)

Come on . . . Danny, please.

She picks him up, carries him toward the door. LUMBERING FOOTSTEPS. Kara stands paralyzed in the doorway as the Shape stalks down the hall. Eyes probing. Walking right past them.

DANNY'S BEDROOM

Kara slips silently back into the room, carrying Danny through the bathroom. Adjoining on the opposite side into

KARA'S ROOM

Kara stumbles over something on the floor. Cranes her neck to look down.

Beth's bloody, mangled remains at her feet.

Shock waves send Kara reeling backwards against the bathroom door. It CREAKS open to reveal Tim's naked body, hanging on a hook, throat slashed, eyes open, staring right through her.

Kara SCREAMS. Drops Danny. Quickly covers her mouth. Realizes she's given them away.

Suddenly the bedroom door tears open, buckling off its hinges. The Shape bulldozes in, wielding its huge butcher knife!

KARA

Danny, run!!!

Danny ducks into the hall, evading the Shape's lurching hands.

DANNY

careens down the stairs.

KARA

brandishes the fireplace poker at the killer. The Shape moves in, backing her through the bathroom ... into Danny's room. Suddenly she SLAMS the door on the Shape.

Kara tears off into the hallway. Turns. Waiting for the Shape to appear. It doesn't.

Kara vacillates down the hall. Jumping at every sound. Training her weapon at things unseen. SLAMMING doors along the way, sealing off every passageway as she tries to find her way through the impenetrable dark tunnel.

Suddenly something CRASHES down from above. Kara's mother, strung up on a bloody sheet, dangling upside-down from the trap door in the ceiling! The axe still protruding from her chest.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kara SCREAMS, shrinking away from the gruesome sight, faltering through the blackened doorway behind her. An unbearable moment of tension as we think the Shape's mask will appear behind her --

BUT HE SHOOTS UP RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER! Tearing the dangling corpse from the sheet, he dislodges the axe from Debra's chest with a repulsive SQUISH.

Kara wheels toward the landing. The Shape advances. Swings the axe. Misses her by inches. Kara ducks, lurches behind the Shape, and swings the fireplace poker with everything she's got. CRACKING it full-force over the back of the Shape's head.

The Shape breaks through the bannister and plunges over the landing, SLAMMING down hard on the floor below.

Kara chances a look down. The Shape doesn't move.

EXT. STREET / BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME)

Tommy's Jeep SCREECHES to a halt. Loomis and Tommy fly up the front path. Tommy glances back at the blackened Myers house for a moment, then races inside with Loomis.
INT. MYERS HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY (SAME)

Kara slowly comes down the stairs, fireplace poker held in front of her. She moves cautiously past the Shape. Sprawled face-up in the middle of the hall. Deathly still.

LIVING ROOM

Kara searches for Danny, keeping her eyes trained on the Shape. The little boy appears in the doorway directly across the hall.

The Shape lying in between them.

KARA

Danny, come to Mommy ...

Danny shakes his head. Too frightened to move.

HALLWAY / FOYER

Ever so slowly, Kara moves toward the threshold. Hefting the fireplace poker, she steps right over the Shape.

Instantly she snatches Danny up in her arms. Takes one step forward when suddenly --

DANNY

Mommy!!!

The Shape springs up, twisting Kara's ankle. She falls, sprawling forward. The Shape claws at her leg. Kara fights back, kicking herself free of his vise-like grip.

Scrambling to her feet, Kara rockets Danny through the foyer to the front door -- desperately trying to escape from this real-life house of horrors -- only to find that it is locked.

The Shape rises, gleaming butcher knife in hand.

Kara twists the deadbolt -- someone has secured the chain lock! Too late to remove it. The Shape is right behind them.

Only one way to go. Down. Into the cellar. Kara shoves Danny through. SLAMS the door. Locks it.

INT. CELLAR (CONTINUOUS)

Kara and Danny clatter down the rickety stairs and SPLASH across the flooded basement floor.

A soul-shuddering POUNDING on the door above. Kara ushers Danny toward the elevated window. The cellar door EXPLODES, the Shape's hand breaking through, splintering the wood as if it were paper.

Kara HEARS the Shape moving rapidly down the stairs. Lifts Danny up the wall toward the window. But it's not a wall -- it's John's electrocuted body, propped inside a storage cabinet!

Danny SHRIEKS, staring into John's lifeless eyes. Kara pushes him up. Danny reaches for the lock. Just an inch away.

Kara can't lift him any higher. The Shape is coming!

Danny hoists himself up just enough to twist the lock. He pushes the window open and clambers outside.

Kara scrambles up old pressboard shelves. They break under her weight; she topples back to the floor.

The Shape wades toward her. Knife in hand.

Kara makes another attempt to pull herself up. Gripping the leaky water pipes. Reaching for the window.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT WINDOW

Danny watches as his mother struggles to climb out of the crypt.

KARA

Danny, help me!

Kara's hand reaches toward him. Danny makes no movement.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Come to me, Danny . . . Come to me.

Danny obediently turns and starts to walk away.

KARA

Danny!!!

INT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR

Kara's foot falls on the handle of the knife jutting from her father's chest. Uses it to springboard herself half-way through the window. Clawing at wet grass.

The Shape's hand shoots from the darkness below, grabbing at her legs. Kara writhes, kicking and SCREAMING.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR WINDOW

Kara grabs chunks of mud as she is pulled back through the window. The Shape yanks hard. Kara catches herself on the window frame. Quickly losing her grip.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR

The knife swipes downward, slicing across her ankle.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR WINDOW

Kara reacts to the searing pain, releasing her grip on the window frame. Suddenly Danny appears, locking onto her collar, pulling her clear in one massive heave.

Kara shuffles across the ground, picks herself up. Grabs Danny's hand and runs full-tilt around the side of the house.

EXT. STREET / BLANKENSHIP HOUSE

CAMERA FOLLOWS their frenzied flight across the street. Kara limping. Danny urging her toward the Blankenship house. Kara SCREAMS, pounding frantically on the door.

KARA

Please! Open the door!

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - TOMMY'S APARTMENT

Tommy and Loomis have turned the apartment upside-down.

TOMMY

The baby -- where's the baby?!

Suddenly they HEAR Kara's frantic pleas outside. Tommy bolts out the door. Loomis right behind him.

EXT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

Kara POUNDS furiously on the door.

KARA

Please! Somebody help us!

Danny huddles beside her, peering out across the street.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - MYERS HOUSE

The Shape trudges boldly down the porch steps -- knife in hand!

BACK TO SCENE

Kara sees the Shape -- walking slowly and deliberately toward them. Her SCREAMS become even more intense.

KARA

Help us please!!!

The Shape closes in. At the last second, Tommy throws open the door. Kara and Danny tumble inside. Into his arms.

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - LOBBY / PARLOR (CONTINUOUS)

Loomis slams and deadbolts the door.

LOOMIS
Get them upstairs. Now!

Kara pounds against Tommy's chest. Hysterical.

KARA
Where's the baby?!

TOMMY
He's gone.

Kara holds Danny close by her side, backing away in horror as Tommy and Loomis go around the parlor, securing doors and windows.

TOMMY
(to Loomis)
Who else knew I had the baby?!

LOOMIS
No one.

TOMMY
No -- there had to be someone else. Who knew?!

LOOMIS
Only me --
(grim realization)
-- and ...

Suddenly the window behind Kara EXPLODES. She SCREAMS, recoiling. Then the window in front of her. HANDS reach through. Tommy shoves her out of the way.

ANOTHER HAND shoots through the stained glass window in the front door, twisting open the lock. Danny races across the lobby and up the stairs.

Robed figures fill the doorways. Climbing through windows. Moving inside the house. Surrounding Loomis.

LOOMIS

Wynn!!!

The robed figures descend on Loomis. Drops his .357. Tommy lurches for it, to no avail. Loomis's SCREAM fills the darkness like a fever dream.

LOOMIS

Run, Tommy!!! Run!!!

TOMMY

No!!!

Tommy backpedals up the stairs. Kara pulling him along as the cloaked figures flow toward them. Daggers raised.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Kara reacts to the SOUND of Danny's VOICE.

DANNY (O.S.)

Mommy! Please help me!

Kara rushes through darkness to find him.

KARA

Danny! Danny, where are you?!

TOMMY

Kara, no!

Kara trips and falls. A pair of silver-tipped black boots planted in bold stance. Slowly she looks up the long duster, the cigarette in the gloved hand of the nefarious Stranger -- Dr. Wynn! Danny stands by his side, staring dispassionately.

KARA

Danny, no ... please ...

Kara picks herself up, shaking her head in unmitigated fear, staggering back down the hallway

She turns to see the black figures overtaking Tommy. His SCREAMS consumed by hollow darkness.

Alone, Kara careens through another doorway into

TOMMY'S APARTMENT

Kara slams the door. Turns in desperate circles. Darkness everywhere.

Stepping out from behind the door is Mrs. Blankenship -- the baby bundled in her arms!

KARA

Mrs. Blankenship -- Oh, God -- Hurry! We have to --

As Kara reaches for the baby, the old woman raises a dagger. Eyes burning. Her wrist branded with the mark of Thorn!

Kara SCREAMS. The old woman opens the door, allowing the figures to enter the room. Daggers drawn. CHANTING a dark invocation.

Ever so slowly, the coven forces Kara backwards. Nowhere left to run. Nowhere left to hide. They corner her from all sides, appearing out of the pitch blackness.

Suddenly Kara makes a decision -- and takes a running leap toward the window!

EXT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

Defenestrating herself, Kara SCREAMS, tumbling through the air, bouncing off the porch overhang before plunging to the front lawn below, a thousand glass fragments raining down on her.

THE HOUSE

is still. An unearthly silence pervades the cold October night.

KARA

lies on her back, eyes closed, hands folded over her chest in silent repose. She doesn't move.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUNNELS (MOVING) - DISTORTED P.O.V.

Surrounded by a ring of faceless figures. The feeling of RAPID MOVEMENT. Glowing torchlight flickers across dank walls.

KARA

is being pushed forward on a gurney. Strapped down. SCREAMING for God's mercy.

TOMMY

is wheeled through another tunnel. His face a mass of bloody cuts and bruises. His eyes glazed over, trying to find focus. SLAMMING into DARKNESS.

INT. SANITARIUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FOLLOW Wynn through the series of security cages, using his key card to BUZZ through. White coats bringing up the rear.

Wynn crosses purposefully into the adjacent wing through tall mahogany doors.

RECEPTION AREA

Dawn, Wynn's efficient secretary, rises with a congenial smile.

DAWN

Good evening, Dr. Wynn. Your -- guest is waiting for you inside.

Wynn picks up his messages and heads straight into the office. Dawn resumes her typing. Something eerie in her grin.

INT. WYNN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Wynn and his staff file inside. Removing his hat and duster, he walks over to the wet bar and begins pouring himself a drink. Loomis is shackled in Wynn's chair, a bloody slash across his forehead.

Seeing this, Wynn snaps angrily at a pair of orderlies.

WYNN

What is this all about? Remove those!

The orderlies comply. Loomis rubs his aching wrists, glowering.

LOOMIS

Where's the child?

WYNN

Sam, you never fail to amaze me. Yesterday happily retired, today right back in the thick of things. Somehow I knew you still had it in you.

Loomis's eyes are drawn to his .357. Resting atop Wynn's desk. Only inches away. Wynn's hand covers it, slips it inside the top drawer.

WYNN

Come now, Sam. You're among friends. I know how difficult this must be for you to accept -- a man of your background, your sphere of learning -- but the time has finally come for you to know the truth.

(beat)

Though I must admit that having you on the outside has been convenient for us.

(smiles)

You've been such a loyal watch dog all these years. Finding him. Bringing him back to us once he'd finished his work. Although after you had that nasty stroke the last time, I had to retrieve him myself. And what a terrible time we had getting him out of that jail cell.

LOOMIS

It's been you. From the very beginning.

WYNN

(lights a cigarette)

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

LOOMIS

Why are you doing this?

WYNN

(snaps angrily)

Look around you, Sam. The world is headed for destruction. There's famine ... war ... a great plague! These are signs that we need to restore balance to the natural order of things.

(transfixed out window)

It's a curse that's lived for a thousand generations. Since the very beginnings of this ageless celebration you call Halloween.

LOOMIS

Samhain.

WYNN

We call it the power of Thorn. I am its deliverer. I follow it. Act as its guardian.

(holds up his magnetic key card; nonchalantly)

Its calling card, if you will.

LOOMIS

Michael ...

WYNN

We've given him the power -- the gift of Thorn. And I've protected him, watched over him.

(proudly)

I even taught him how to drive a car.

LOOMIS

Why ... now?

WYNN

After Jamie escaped last night, I knew she would come to you. And I knew that you would lead us to her baby. Her very special baby. I needed her ...

(beat)

... Just as I need you now.

Loomis shudders in horror.

LOOMIS

I thought Michael was the monster. I was wrong. You are.

Loomis is hoisted out of his chair and led out of the office. Wynn and his white coats flow out behind him.

INT. CELL / BIRTHING CHAMBER - NIGHT

A tight, damp, claustrophobic space. Tommy is strapped upright to a crude metal rack, not unlike the one we had seen Jamie bound to before.

Feverishly he rubs his wrists against a jagged metal edge, cutting through skin, wearing away his bonds. Breaking through.

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A group of white coats, led by Wynn, usher Loomis off an old service elevator and lead him through the dark passageway.

A wooden door slowly CREAKS open. Tommy appears, cautiously stepping out into the catacombs. Edging along the dank walls. A hollow WIND MOANS. RATS scamper past his feet as he makes his way back toward the elevator.

INT. CEREMONIAL ROOM - CATWALK - NIGHT

Strange, dissonant SOUNDS can be heard as Loomis is led across a narrow ledge toward a winding stairwell, taking in this macabre spectacle.

LOOMIS'S P.O.V. - CEREMONIAL ROOM

MOVING DOWN into a large, amber-hued chamber. A wooden symbol of Thorn, like an inverted crucifix, hangs in a place of reverence.

INT. CEREMONIAL ROOM

Loomis watches as a procession of robed coven members moves in, CHANTING as they form a circle around the altar where the Shape stands motionlessly. Waiting.

Kara is wheeled in on a gurney and strapped to the altar. Wearing a flowing white gown, her head adorned with a wreath of mistletoe.

Wynn glides swiftly up to the altar and dons a magnificent ceremonial robe. The worshippers remove their hoods, raising their hands. All bearing the mark of Thorn.

We recognize many of the faces in the congregation. Wynn's staff. Dawn. Dr. Bonham. Holdt's Deputy. Mrs. Blankenship. The Attendant from the bus depot. Their expressions glazed with sadistic rapture.

INT. WYNN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (SAME)

Tommy makes his way furtively into Wynn's darkened office. Past a bank of video screens. Glowing monitors. Toward the desk where he swipes Wynn's key card.

Then he opens the top drawer, revealing Loomis's .357 inside.

INT. CEREMONIAL ROOM - NIGHT (SAME)

At Wynn's gesture, the coven falls into complete SILENCE.

WYNN

(prophetically)

Behold, Disciples of Thorn! The final sign! The birth of the unholy child, delivered unto us on the eve of our great Feast of the Dead ... as I have foreseen it.

Jamie's baby is carried forth in black swaddling, CRYING as it is placed next to Kara inside a sacrificial urn. Ringed by candles and a circle of stones -- eleven in all -- etched with symbolic runes.

Wynn pours blood from a silver chalice, drawing a magic circle around the infant. Then he inscribes a pentagram in the air using an ornate dagger.

WYNN

Spirits and powers of the flame, attend and witness this ritual. Bear our gift to Thorn. Open us to the path of Darkness. By these runes transform us. Show us the Chosen One to whom we offer this sacrifice of Innocent Blood.

Danny appears, walking hypnotically up the steps of the altar. Kara struggles against her bonds.

KARA

Danny!!!

INT. TUNNELS

Terrified, letting a torch guide the way, Tommy moves through the hollow catacombs toward the sound of CHANTING up ahead. Black robes hanging on the wall behind him.

INT. CEREMONIAL ROOM - ANGLE ON ALTAR

The Shape slowly walks forward. Looming above the baby. Raising a gleaming dagger.

Wynn stands behind Danny. Places the dagger in his hand and holds it above Kara. She lets out a SCREAM of unbridled terror.

WYNN

Strong and fierce Thorn, Thunderer, by thy hammer we summon thee. To you we offer this sacrifice so that thy Darkness may descend on Danny. Conquerer. Lord of the Dead.

Danny begins to drift under the dark spell, holding the dagger above his mother. Wynn speaks in the ominous WHISPERING VOICE:

WYNN

Kill for him, Danny ... Kill for him.

LOOMIS

surges forward, only to be halted by strong, restraining hands. He turns, startled to see the face of the hooded guard -- Tommy! Their eyes lock as Tommy shows Loomis the muzzle of his .357 buried in the folds his robe.

ANGLE ON ALTAR

Kara cries, appealing to the Shape.

KARA

Michael, please. You can make him stop. Don't kill the baby ... You know whose baby it is, don't you?

The Shape stares hard at her through the sockets of its mask. Then at the SCREAMING infant. Listening. As if struggling with the memory.

KARA

You can stop it, Michael. Stop the voice forever.

Danny's eyes flash like fire. The CHANTING swells. Unnoticed by Wynn, a robed figure glides up to the altar behind him.

WYNN

Kill her, Danny. Kill her!

KARA

Don't listen, Danny! The voice isn't real!

LOOMIS

cautiously moves toward the back of the room with Tommy's torch.

ANGLE ON ALTAR

Danny snaps out of his trance. Sees his mother and begins to cry.

DANNY

Mommy!

WYNN

You must kill her, Danny!

Danny drops the dagger. Wynn flies at him like an enraged beast -- when suddenly the robed guard lunges out and grabs him in a powerful choke-hold. Tommy's hood flies off as he pulls Wynn back, strangling him, pointing the .357 at his head.

The coven advances.

TOMMY

Back off!

But the coven keeps advancing. The Shape watches. Eyesockets burning. Ready to plunge the dagger into the baby. Wynn begins to LAUGH.

LOOMIS

sets fire to the brocade curtains that hang from the chamber walls. The flames catch quickly, trailing up the ropes which suspend the wooden Thorn symbol above the altar.

ANGLE ON ALTAR

Danny picks up the dagger and cuts through Kara's bonds.

Tommy drags Wynn at gunpoint toward the back of the altar as the coven moves in, surrounding them.

WYNN

Kill them, Michael. Kill them all.

The Shape turns obediently. Lunges toward Kara and Danny. They break away just as --

The wooden symbol CRASHES down from the ceiling. SMASHING down on the Shape. CRUSHING the altar. Toppling candles. Setting the room ablaze.

THE COVEN

disperses, scattering like insects, retreating into the tunnels.

LOOMIS

races up the stairs to the catwalk. Brandishes the torch at a coven guard and tosses him over the railing into the pit below.

TOMMY

tosses Wynn aside and bolts toward the stairs.

TOMMY

Kara!

KARA

grabs the baby and runs with Danny across the room -- a moment before the altar is completely engulfed by FIRE.

WYNN

staggers toward the Shape, half-buried, flames lapping at its back, and begins to lift the huge obelisk. The Shape pulls himself free. Slowly. Painfully.

ANGLE

Tommy rushes Kara and the children up the stairs. Danny's foot breaks through a brittle step, trapping his ankle.

KARA

Danny!

Behind them, the Shape rises. Danny SCREAMS in horror.

Tommy races back to help Danny. Struggling to release him.

The Shape moves steadily toward them. Tommy becomes paralyzed with horror. Confronting his demon -- his childhood nightmare.

With an amazing burst of strength, Tommy wrenches Danny's foot free and bolts with him up the stairs.

LOOMIS

helps them across the catwalk as the Shape mounts the stairs.

Loomis turns, aims his gun and FIRES ... BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Empties all six rounds. But the Shape just keeps coming!

Tommy pulls Loomis away. The Shape follows them into darkness.

WYNN

stands in the center of this charnel house -- arms raised in holy reverence. A twisted smile on his face as he watches them disappear ... and LAUGHS.

INT. SANITARIUM CORRIDOR

Loomis leads Tommy, Kara and the children off the smoke-filled elevator and down a long corridor. Alarms SCREAMING.

LOOMIS

This way!

They reach a dead end. The row of coded security cages.

KARA

What now?!

TOMMY

(realization)

Wait a minute ...

He reaches into his pocket -- withdrawing Wynn's key card!

Suddenly the Shape steps in from around the corner. Loomis gasps, staring right through its eyesockets. The Shape lunges, and tosses him brutally through a glass door.

TOMMY

No!!!

Kara urges Tommy on. The Shape moves toward them. Tommy runs the key card. The gate BUZZES open. They run through. The Shape's hands lurch through the bars, missing Kara by inches.

They race toward the next gate. Impossibly, the gate behind them opens -- allowing the Shape to walk through!

Tommy runs the card again. The gate BUZZES. They slam it -- one step ahead of the Shape.

The third and final gate. Tommy tries the card. Nothing!

KARA

Come on!

TOMMY

(tries it again)

It's not working!

The last gate opens. The Shape is locked inside with them!

INT. WYNN'S OFFICE (SAME)

Standing behind his computer, observing them on the security monitors, Dr. Wynn jams the card's access code.

On the bank of screens, we can SEE the Shape approaching. Kara's silent SCREAM can almost be heard.

INT. SECURITY CAGE (SAME)

The Shape rakes Tommy against the cage, rendering him unconscious. Kara cowers in the corner with Danny and the baby.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Loomis, fighting agony, crawls toward an open window.

INT. WYNN'S OFFICE

Wynn puts on his black duster and hat and walks swiftly out of the office.

INT. SECURITY CAGE

The Shape drops Tommy on the floor, then turns toward Kara and the children.

Kara and Danny rattle the cage door. The Shape closes in.

KARA

Michael, fight the voice! It doesn't have power over you anymore.

The Shape stops, head tilted, listening to her. Looking down at the baby in her arms.

Then, a shadowy figure in a black hat and duster rises out of the smoke-filled darkness. The Stranger -- Dr. Wynn!

WYNN

Kill them, Michael. Kill them now.

The Shape looks at Wynn, then back at Kara. Moves in on her.

LOOMIS (O.S.)

Michael, no!

Wynn gasps as Loomis appears on the opposite side of the cage! He throws open the door. Danny flies past him. Kara pulls Tommy over the threshold just as he comes to.

Loomis SLAMS the door on the Shape, trapping it inside.

LOOMIS

Go, Tommy! Get them out of here --

TOMMY

He'll kill you!

LOOMIS

Watch over them. Take them someplace safe. Where he'll never find them.

Loomis and Tommy share a long exchange.

Then Tommy slowly backs away. The Shape seems to watch Kara as Tommy leads her with the baby and Danny through the exit.

Loomis steps inside the cage with the Shape.

Wynn watches from the opposite side.

The Shape now stands between Loomis and Wynn.

LOOMIS

Let it be over, Michael. This time let it finally end. Take me. Let me be your final sacrifice.

WYNN

For you, Sam, it's only the beginning.

The Shape descends on Loomis. His SCREAM echoes through the hollow halls as we

CUT TO:

EXT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT (SAME)

Tommy races with Kara and Danny toward the white sanitarium van. He stops, looking back at the cold, dark sanitarium. Then at the baby in his arms.

TOMMY

I promised I wouldn't let anything happen to you, Kyle.

Tommy hands Kara the baby, climbs into the van and starts the engine. Kara opens the passenger door and helps Danny inside.

INT. VAN (CONTINUOUS)

Kara looks at Tommy, her face a mask of sadness and fear.

KARA

Where will we go?

TOMMY

As far away from Haddonfield as we can.

EXT. SANITARIUM (CONTINUOUS)

We SEE Danny's glazed, staring eyes as the van rambles off down the long road toward the gates of the sanitarium.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SECURITY CAGE - NIGHT

Through wisps of clearing smoke we FIND Loomis, lying motionlessly on the floor. Beside him lies the Shape. The cage door stands open -- Wynn is gone!

Slowly Loomis awakens. His expression fills with shock and fear as he takes in the lifeless form of the Shape.

LOOMIS

It's over, Michael ... It's finally over ...

Loomis reaches toward the Shape ever so slowly --

The Shape lunges, grabbing Loomis's hand! Loomis uses his free hand to pull off the mask --

-- REVEALING WYNN!

Loomis's eyes fill with dread and unspeakable horror. Wynn grips Loomis's hand tightly, smiling as he looks deep into his eyes.

WYNN

He's gone. The evil is gone ...

Wynn releases his grip. Loomis staggers. Looking down in shock at his own hand. Haunted by great gales of maniacal LAUGHTER as he stumbles off down the hall.

INT. WYNN'S OFFICE (SAME)

Loomis stumbles through. Rushes over to the wet bar. Throwing glasses and bottles aside. His breath shallow. Face beaded with sweat. Eyes terrified. He runs the water in the sink. Splashing his face. Furiously scrubbing his hand, as if trying to wash

something burning, something terribly painful from his skin.

Finally, Loomis turns off the water and looks up at his deplorable reflection in the mirror, raising his left hand -- his wrist branded with the mark of Thorn!

Wynn's dissonant LAUGHTER trails away into Loomis's SCREAM of utter rage and despair.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Tommy drives, not seeing anything. Kara beside him, staring numbly. Danny asleep on her lap. The baby in her arms.

TOMMY'S P.O.V.

A sign up ahead. Glowing salvation. "Hardin County Transit."

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

The van pulls into the deserted, rainswept parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Wracked and bone-weary, Kara and Tommy shamble inside with the the children. Empty benches. Blank signboard. The low hum of vending machines. Completely devoid of life.

Tommy moves toward the ticket counter. A sign left by the attendant: "BACK IN 20."

Kara carries the baby, Danny following as she disappears through the door marked LADIES ROOM.

Tommy goes to the old-fashioned phone booth. Picks up the receiver and immediately dials 911.

VOICE

(filtered over phone)

You have reached Haddonfield Emergency Services. Due to severe weather conditions, all circuits are momentarily busy. If this is not an emergency please dial directly.

Tommy slams the receiver down. Suddenly he becomes aware of a radio program. Piped in over ancient loudspeakers.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

So they're trying to kill you and your baby. Don't tell me. Your name also happens to be Rosemary.

JAMIE (V.O.)

No, please listen! They're coming ... Coming for me and my baby.

BARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Come on, sweetheart -- what is this? Who's coming?

JAMIE (V.O.)

It's ... Michael ... Michael Myers!

Suddenly Tommy reacts to the sound of a bone-chilling SCREAM!

Jamie's words seem to replay themselves in a continuous LOOP as Tommy rushes forward, dream-like, pushing right through the ladies room door ...

INT. LADIES ROOM

Empty. Dark. Silent. Tommy moves along the row of stalls. Opening each one. No one inside. Jamie's VOICE haunts him, still ECHOING in the b.g.

He reaches the final stall. Pushes open the door.

TOMMY'S P.O.V.

Slumped on the floor, her throat slit, is Kara. The mark of Thorn drawn with her blood on the wall.

Danny stands looking down at his mother with the darkest eyes we have ever seen ... the devil's eyes. His hands are covered in blood!

A cold gust of WIND blows through the open window.

The baby is gone.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Letting out a SCREAM of unimaginable horror, drowned out by the SOUND of POLICE SIRENS rising in the distance as we --

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

The sound of the Shape's HEAVY, MUFFLED BREATHING, getting LOUDER and LOUDER. The "Halloween Theme" rises, unrelenting, unstoppable, as we see --

The darkened sanitarium.

The devastated college campus.

The empty, solitary streets of Haddonfield.

The Myers House. Dark. Empty. "For Sale by Strode Real Estate."

A BABY'S SHRILL CRY keens and whimpers in the night as we MOVE IN on a glowing, grinning jack-o'-lantern. The WIND causes the candle to blow out, leaving us in DARKNESS as we

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL FINAL CREDITS

And then ... for those who remain in their seats until the lights go up --

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME)

A figure, wearing Wynn's black duster and hat, a pair of familiar muddy work boots on his feet, steps shockingly into FRAME. Breathing heavily through a Halloween mask.

Then he seems to disappear again into the darkness ... like a figment of our imagination.

THE END