

HALLOWEEN 3D

by

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Based on Characters created by
John Carpenter

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NOTE: Open with an H1/H2 montage bringing story up to speed until we catch up to the following --

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK - NIGHT - EST.

Grainy footage from Zombie's H2. ALL IN 2D. Cops, choppers, lights, reporters and SHERIFF BRACKETT.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - NIGHT

Edited footage from H2 builds to Laurie's stabbing of Michael...until she finally rears back and sinks the blade into his face.

LAURIE scrambles back...breathes heavy. Looks up.

Shock.

It isn't Michael but the body of LOOMIS lying dead before her. Knife jutting from his face.

Laurie turns her head slowly.

MICHAEL stands over her.

He tilts his head, stares at the corpse of his doctor, then steps forward, removes his mask, slips it over Laurie's head.

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK - NIGHT

H2 footage of Laurie as she stumbles from shack wearing the mask...falls to her knees. She takes hold of the mask...

LAURIE'S UNDER-MASK POV

We see the world through Michael's eyeholes. As Laurie removes the mask...**the world floods with 3-Dimensions.**

OVER HER SHOULDER

STATE POLICE in assault uniforms take the shack by force!

A MEDIC and Brackett approach Laurie. She's covered in blood. Medic kneels, checks for wounds.

BRACKETT

Laurie, can you hear me? Sweetie,
can you hear me?

MEDIC #1

This blood isn't hers.

OVER THEIR SHOULDERS

Assault officer, COOPER GOODMAN (30) leans from the shack.

GOODMAN
Myers isn't in here.

Brackett pops to his feet.

BRACKETT
What do you mean, isn't in there?
That's impossible.

GOODMAN
Loomis is dead.

Brackett stares at Laurie, mouths the word, "Laurie?".

Laurie tries to rub the blood from her hands.

LAURIE
I'm sorry. I was stabbing him over
and over and I thought...I didn't
realize...I just kept stabbing him.

Brackett stumbles backwards as if struck. His daughter dead,
Laurie was his last thread to sanity.

DEPUTIES push Laurie to the ground, start to cuff her.

BRACKETT
Wait! Just wait!

Brackett turns, rushes into the shack.

INT. ABANDONED SHACK - NIGHT

Goodman and the Assault Cops gather around a huge hole in the
wood planks, their flashlights illuminate the dirt floor
below as Brackett steps up.

GOODMAN
Crawl space.

BRACKETT
He went down there?

It's clear no one wants to find out.

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK - NIGHT

Deputies escort an uncuffed Laurie toward one of the cars as Brackett catches up.

BRACKETT
Laurie, Laurie talk to me.

He takes her by the shoulders, spins her toward him.

BRACKETT
Michael killed Loomis, right?
You're just...confused...you've
been through so much...

Laurie stares...almost trance-like.

Brackett releases her. The Deputies take that as a sign to load her into the car.

BRACKETT
No. No-no-no-no...NO!

He's losing it. Collects himself.

BRACKETT
Put her in my car, please.

The Deputies change direction, cross to a different car, open the back door.

Laurie remains distant...catatonic...then a sparkle. Her eyes shift.

LAURIE'S POV

Michael stands just visible within the distant tree line.

A flood light from above, the kicked up WIND from a passing chopper as we -- BLEND to scan-lines, 2D image.

NEWS CAMERA POV:

Ground level: Laurie is loaded into Brackett's backseat. As a NEWSWOMAN steps into view.

NEWSWOMAN
Police appear to have apprehended
Laurie Strode, AKA, Angel Myers,
although we're still not clear on
the details.

(MORE)

NEWSWOMAN (cont'd)

We can only assume it has to do with reports that Michael Myers has returned and is responsible for at least nine murders earlier this evening...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL IN 3D

INT. RED'S BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

THUMPING music, foosball table, extreme sports posters and a flatscreen TV that goes widely ignored as a result of the two girls sitting on a threadbare couch, making out. Soft lips, the tease of a tongue, the caress of a hand.

They are KIT, emo hot and AMY, pretty (our hero).

MOVE TO REVEAL

RED, Amy's boyfriend and SCOTT, Kit's boyfriend. Staring. Dry-mouthed and erect.

SCOTT

Okay, enough. I'm starting to feel threatened.

RED

I'm not. Somebody take somebody's bra off.

OVER THE BOYS' SHOULDERS

LIBBY is sitting at a table, watching but more focused on scarfing down the pizza before her. She's...chunky. HOBBS stands near, chunkier. Slice of pizza in one hand, a handful of crotch in the other.

Libby notices. Elbows him. Talks with mouth full.

LIBBY

Fine. I got the winner.

RED AND SCOTT

(without looking away)

No.

Kit and Amy pull apart. Laugh. The others join in. They are 17 to 18, fun and full of life.

Kit, clearly turned on --

KIT

We should do that again, when no one's watching.

Amy, distracted, notices the breaking news report.

AMY

Yeah, yeah we should.

She crosses toward the TV but Red grabs her in a big hug.

RED

No, what we should do is go toilet paper Coach Jezik's house!

Scott and Kit break from a kiss with a unanimous --

SCOTT AND KIT

Hell yes.

They race for the door as Red nibbles Amy's neck.

AMY

Oh, alright.

He rushes after Scott and Kit, Libby and Amy behind.

HOBBS

Wait! But I'm all turned on now!

Libby at the door, TP in one hand, last slice of pepperoni in the other.

LIBBY

I'm on my period.

HOBBS

(considers)

Okay.

Libby tosses Amy the TP then stomps toward Hobbs.

LIBBY

Fine but I'm on top.

Amy reveals the tiniest bit of revulsion then bolts out the door, as she does, we hold on the flatscreen.

ON TV

Brackett crosses toward his cruiser as the news feed zooms.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED SHACK - NIGHT

Brackett opens the driver's side door, tosses two large plastic bags into the front seat, pauses, yells --

BRACKETT

I need that other shrink here and lock this place down. I'm taking Laurie to the hospital.

INT. BRACKETT'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Brackett's puts the keys in the ignition, stops. Turns to Laurie. Opens his mouth to speak...nothing comes out.

She just sits there. Blank. Stares at the distant tree line.

Brackett turns, stares down at the two plastic bags.

Once holds Michael's knife. The other his mask.

He starts the engine. Pulls toward the road.

BRACKETT

Laurie, darlin, I want you to know, we're gonna get through this.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The cruiser pulls onto the main road.

BRACKETT

I should'a...I should'a told you who your real parents were. I'm sorry. I am so fucking sorry.

He speeds up.

BRACKETT

You're all I got left now and whatever happened back there, well, it don't matter now. Not to me. I won't let them take you away.

LAURIE

Jesus Christ would you shut the fuck up?

Bracket turns, stares.

Laurie's face is cold. Her eyes black. Emotionless.

BRACKETT

Wha...what?

OVER BRACKETT'S SHOULDER: THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Michael steps into the headlights!

Brackett turns back to the road as --

MICHAEL BURSTS THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD!

Hands extended, fingers CLAMP around Brackett's throat!

MICHAEL'S face in shadow, except his eyes which lock with--

Laurie behind the cage separating the back seat.

Brackett SLAMS on the brakes!

EXT. TREE-LINED ROADWAY - NIGHT

The cruiser skids! **Veers and slams into a ditch!**

Michael rockets backwards out the windshield!

INT. BRACKETT'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Brackett BASHES his face into the steering wheel.

Laurie CRASHES through the dividing cage into the front seat!

Brackett GROANS. Dazed.

Laurie, barely conscious, wipes blood from her eyes as --

The Shape moves passed the windshield...circles the car....
approaches Laurie's door and RIPS it open!

Laurie reacts to the bloody hand extended to her in silence.
Her brother is giving her a choice.

BRACKETT

No...leave her...alone...

Laurie stares up into Michael's shadowed face.

SIRENS are approaching.

Still they stare. Suddenly Laurie snatches the two evidence
bags. Michael's knife. And Michael's mask.

Then takes her brother's hand.

Brackett reaches for her weakly as --

EXT. BRACKETT'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Michael picks up Laurie, cradles her. She slips his mask over his head, wraps her arms around his neck, buries her face in his shoulder.

Brackett struggles to release himself from his seatbelt.

BRACKETT

No. No! NO!

Michael stalks into the tree-line with his sister--

Suddenly a spot lights pounds the area. The WHIR of overhead choppers. A siren BLIPS then goes silent.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

EXT. TREE-LINED ROADWAY - NIGHT - LATER

Brackett's cruiser, Ambulance, Coroner's meat wagon, four Trooper cruisers. Chopper spotlights scan the tree-line. Crime scene photographer peppers the area with strobes.

Brackett sits on the Ambulance tailgate. MEDIC #2 dresses a forehead wound.

BLIP BLIP from the same approaching cruiser.

Brackett looks up, then motions Medic #2 away.

BRACKETT

Enough, I'm fine.

Brackett crosses toward the stopped cruiser as a TROOPER opens the back door for DR. JOSEY BLAIR, 30 and fuckin hot.

BRACKETT

Dr. Blair?

Josey climbs from the back, clearly out of her element.

JOSEY

Josey's fine. You're--

BRACKETT

--Sheriff Brackett. Sorry for the outta bed call but they tell me next to Loomis nobody knows Michael Myers better.

JOSEY

Exactly, so why not get Loomis out of bed?

BRACKETT

Loomis is dead.

Josey stares.

BRACKETT

Sorry, ma'am. I've had a fuck-awful night so I'm not much on sugar coating.

JOSEY

Me neither. Loomis was a prick. Michael killed him?

BRACKETT

Possibly. Michael has...

Clears his throat...this isn't easy on him.

BRACKETT

Michael has Laurie Strode.

JOSEY

Possibly?

BRACKETT

Did you hear me? He has Laurie. Where would he take her?

JOSEY

He wouldn't "take" her anywhere. He'd kill her. He probably already...

Brackett shakes his head.

JOSEY

He killed Loomis but he didn't kill Laurie? That doesn't make any...
(a beat) Unless you think....
Laurie killed Loomis?

BRACKETT

Fuck kind of shrink are you? Can't you stay focused?! Halloween's over. He's won. So, where would he go?!

Josey thinks aloud.

JOSEY

Jesus. If he didn't kill Laurie then...he must be...He's after something. What are we missing?

BRACKETT

You think he'll go home? We've got people at both the Myers house and the Sanitarium.

JOSEY

He's got no reason to go to either. He's looking for something else. No. He's looking for someone else.

BRACKETT

Who?

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETARY - NIGHT

A wooded corner. Forgotten gravestone. And Laurie. She's cold. Arms folded. Shivers. Her face pale even in darkness. The weight of the world in her eyes.

The clouds break. The moon appears. The name on the gravestone glows. DEBORAH MYERS.

The sound of a shovel hitting DIRT.

It's coming from a freshly dug grave. Another shovel strikes...then...it STRIKES WOOD.

Laurie peers into the moonlit hole as Michael uncovers a coffin. With no hesitation, he POUNDS a latch.

He STABS the shovel into the earth, takes hold of the lid and YANKS it open.

And there's the white dress...on a shriveled corpse. Brother, sister and mom...reunited.

FFUMMP!

Laurie jumps, spins. Something slammed into the ground a few feet away then --

A rotten pumpkin comes sailing at us.

FFUUMP!

And SPLATS against Deb's gravestone.

RED
Oops...Sorry!

Red appears out of the darkness, drunk. Toilet paper in one hand, a rotten pumpkin in the other which fumbles and SPLATS.

RED
Aw, shit.

Amy, Kit and Scott appear out of the darkness behind him. Also drunk and loaded with toilet paper.

Red eyes Laurie.

RED
So what are you...

He spies the open grave.

RED
No way.

He stumbles toward her.

LAURIE
Don't! Get the fuck out of here if you want to live.

Red stops. The others gather around him...stare...then -- BURST OUT LAUGHING.

AMY
Wow, we were just gonna toilet paper a couple houses but you are hardcore Halloween.

Laurie glances into the grave...as she does...her face becomes more visible in the moonlight.

AMY
Holyshit...you're Laurie Strode.

RED

Strode? Oh yeah, you were on the news, something about that book that just came out.

Red moves toward the grave.

LAURIE

I said, don't!

RED

Holy shit!

RED'S POV

The moonlight illuminates Deb's white gown...pulled back lips...white teeth. And if you know where to look...you can just make out Michael, kneeling in the shadows...his hand gripped around the shovel's handle.

RED

Oh. Muh-Gawd. You really did it!
Who is that?

LAURIE

My mom. Say hello.

Laurie steps forward and shoves. Red's arm's pinwheel. He falls...leaps, tries to clear the hole, but slams into the side and tumbles into darkness.

AMY

Red! Why would you do that?!

Amy shoves Laurie aside and rushes toward the grave as --

SHUNK!

The sound of the shovel below then...

The shovel swings into view...a mound of dirt in its...no...not dirt. **Red's severed head FLIES** from the shovel head and THUMPS into Amy's chest.

She SCREAMS.

CLOSE ON KIT

As she fumbles for her cell, eyes bulge, dials 9-1-1.

The shovel thumps to the ground next to the grave then Michael effortlessly climbs from below.

Our kids SCREAM...stumble backwards.

KIT
(into cell)
Ohmygod, somebody just...

FWUMP

Michael stomps the shovel! **It flips into the air.**

He snatches it, BREAKS the shaft with his knee and flings the splintered halve!

It spirals toward us!

SHUU-SHUNK!

Impales Kit's forehead, knocking her off her feet!

Scott panics, **hurls his armful of TP rolls RIGHT AT MICHAEL.**

They just bounce off the Shape.

Staring over their shoulders, Amy and Scott run...until--

KUH-FUCKING-FWAM!

They flip over a gravestone and crash onto their backs!

Amy's head lolls back and forth...dazed.

HER POV

Upsidedown...Michael steps up, silhouetted by the moon.

ON MICHAEL as he raises his foot and shoves the gravestone!

Amy rolls to the side!

SCOTT'S POV

Too late...**the marble rushes toward him...THWACK!**

Amy SCREAMS...as his legs spasm beside her.

She scrambles backwards, leaps to her feet and turns right into Laurie.

LAURIE
Boo.

Amy backs away from her...right into Michael.

He spins her around, yanks her off her feet.

His one exposed eye considers her.

His hand slips his happy knife from his belt.

SIRENS. The WHIR of a distant chopper.

Michael raises the knife blade. It glints in the moonlight.

A hand on his wrist. Laurie gently takes the knife.

LAURIE

No. They're coming.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We're looking into the open grave. Red's headless body is there...still pumping crimson in the moonlight. Suddenly Amy is flung on top of him. She SCREAMS and tries to scramble out of the damn box!

AMY

No! Please. Why are you doing this?! Laurie! Laurie, I know you!

Michael's boot shoves her back down!

LAURIE

No. You don't.

AMY'S POV

As **Laurie closes the lid** on her.

AMY

Oh god...no...NO!

Darkness...just the hint of light from a crack:

Red's HEADLESS CORPSE. Blood gluts out onto Amy. Panic.

She shoves with all her might, the lid starts to open then --

WHAM!

Something heavy slams onto the lid. WHAM! Again. WHAM!

Amy screams. And chokes. On Red's blood in her mouth.

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETARY - NIGHT

Laurie wraps mom's corpse in a tarp.

Red/Blue lights strobe the tree-line. As a chopper's light spills into the cemetery as --

Michael and Laurie vanish into the forest, Mother cradled in Michael's arms.

ANOTHER ANGLE

State Trooper vehicles jam into the lot!

TROOPERS in tactical formation, move into the graveyard. Cautious. The flood lights scan back and froth.

They start finding bodies.

ON CHOPPER

As it lands. Brackett and Josey get out.

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETARY - NIGHT

Josey looks nervous as shit as they move toward the open grave. She fumbles awkwardly with her loaner tactical vest.

Several headstones are piled atop the casket.

Josey turns...scans the trees. Takes a few steps.

Brackett is quick to catch up to her.

BRACKETT

What's the matter with you?! Don't wander off!

JOSEY'S POV

Laurie stands within the murk of the tree-line. They lock eyes. Then Laurie breaks gaze and steps back into darkness.

JOSEY

Oh God, she's not a hostage. She's with him.

BRACKETT

No. No, see, that's not--

GOODMAN (O.S.)
--Sheriff! Over here!

Brackett and Josey return to find Trooper Goodman sliding into the open grave. He leans close to the casket.

BRACKETT
What is...

Goodman holds up a hand. And they hear it. POUNDING from within the casket.

BRACKETT
Someone's in there. Get those damn headstones...

Josey grabs Brackett's arm.

JOSEY
He did this to slow us down.

BRACKETT
Trust me, he's not that smart.

JOSEY
Is that right? Everyone who didn't think him that smart is dead. We have to go after him now or we'll lose him.

Brackett turns to two of his Troopers.

BRACKETT
Norris, Goodman, whoever's in there...get them out. Rest with me. And you two.

MEDIC #1 and #2 stare.

BRACKETT
One of you come with us.

From inside the coffin, Amy's POUNDING and SCREAMS are getting more and more frantic.

BRACKETT
I said, get her out of there goddamnit!

He moves toward the tree-line...Josey and the men follow.

INT. MACREADY DAM - WATER SPILLWAY - NIGHT

A rectangular cave twists towards the river gorge. Several run off pipes feed into it.

Rats scramble away as Michael SPLASHES into view. Mom's corpse cradled in his arms.

Laurie follows. Michael's big ass knife in hand. Makes her look tiny. But her eyes say 'fuck with me and die.' Keeps checking behind her.

In the distance we hear SIRENS.

Laurie stops, stares behind her. Stares at the knife. What the fuck is she doing? What the fuck has she done? Looks like she might be sick.

Michael stops. Turns to her. He places mother on a dry sand deposit...moves toward Laurie.

Laurie backs away. Fuck...her survival instinct kicks in... will her brother kill her after all?

Michael GRABS her roughly... snatches the knife from her.

FLASHLIGHTS play across the curve of the storm tunnel.
VOICES...shadows.

Michael shoves her away from him. She trips over mother's body. **Rats scatter.** When she looks up...

Michael is gone.

Laurie spins. The voices just around the bend. The flashlights are closer.

A beam illuminates a set of narrow concrete steps leading above ground. Laurie takes a step...hesitates. Decides.

She turns toward the approaching hunters as --

BRACKETT -- rounds the corner...

He stops at the sight of her. Lowers his gun.

BRACKETT
Laurie? Where is he?

Laurie says nothing...just stares.

The other Troopers approach, **weapons aimed**. Josey eases between a Trooper and Medic #2. Stares.

JOSEY

Laurie? Laurie, I'm Dr. Blair. I used to work with Dr. Loomis. Can I...can I talk to you, please?

LAURIE

Why...why would Michael leave me here? I'm alone now.

BRACKETT

Alone? Laurie, that sonofafuck killed--

Josey steps passed Brackett.

JOSEY

--You're not alone, Laurie. I'm here. Sheriff Brackett is here. And we know that none of this is your fault.

Laurie's agitated. Maybe dangerous.

LAURIE

It is my fault. Michael's my brother. My family. My blood. Loomis knew. I've been going mad and never understood why!

Troopers are ready to take the shot. Josey's blocks them.

JOSEY

Laurie, you're not like Michael. You've experienced trauma. You need help. I can help you.

Laurie looks past her - to Brackett and the armed troopers. All ready to blow her out of her fucking shoes, then--

MICHAEL materializes out of the shadows behind them.

BRACKETT

Laurie sweetie, let us help you.

Laurie shakes her head. Dread and acceptance.

LAURIE

My name isn't Laurie. It's Angel. Angel Myers. And Michael Myers is my brother.

Michael **DRIVES the knife through the skull** of the rear trooper. He **jerks the trigger** in his death throws --

--BLOWING out the leg of the trooper in front of him.

The others jerk - the space narrow. **Shotguns BLAST**. Michael **SLASHES**. Mass confusion. Screams. Panic.

Laurie bolts.

Josey takes off after her.

BRACKETT

Wait, doc! Don't!

Brackett trips over mother's corpse. Spins...stares.

His men SCREAM from the strobe-lit darkness. Michael RIPS them to shreds.

Brackett rises, aims...not at Michael. But at Deborah's body.

BRACKETT

Michael!

The Shape smashes a trooper aside to see Brackett as he--

Unloads shotgun **BLAST after BLAST** into DEBORAH'S CORPSE.

Michael's whole body reacts. Oh you fucking did not. Michael charges him, still holding one of the troopers.

Brackett FIRES.

But the Shape **swings the trooper at him...** knocking Brackett off his feet!

Michael kneels over Brackett and **SLAMS the knife blade** into Brackett's shoulder...twists the blade.

Brackett SCREAMS. Michael's gonna make him pay...then --

LAURIE (O.S.)

Angel! Wait!

Michael's head jerks toward the sound. Then RIPS the knife free and vanishes into the darkness.

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETARY - OPEN GRAVE - NIGHT

Trooper Norris and Trooper Goodman sweat profusely as they shove against the remaining gravestone.

GOODMAN
Hang on in there. You hear me?

No reply.

GOODMAN
Fuck. Hurry.

They CRY OUT in unison as they give one final shove...the stone CRASHES onto the pile.

Goodman throws open the coffin...and Amy BURSTS out of it. Her face and body covered in her boyfriend's blood. She GASPS for air...flings her arms around Goodman's neck. He holds her. Amy's whole body shudders, racked with sobs.

GOODMAN
It's okay. I've got you. It's over. It's over now.

INT. MACREADY DAMN - WATER SPILLWAY - NIGHT

We are literally looking at the light at the end of the tunnel. An open gate. Moonlight spills in.

Laurie races passed our view.

JOSEY (O.S.)
Angel, please! Stop!

EXT. MACREADY DAMN - SCENIC DRIVE - NIGHT

Laurie BURSTS out of the spillway into the night. Josey is right behind her.

As Laurie scrambles across the road...Josey TACKLES her. They roll...Josey ends up on top. Pins Laurie's arms.

JOSEY
Listen to me, damnit!

OVER JOSEY'S SHOULDER

We hear it before we see it. RUNNING. Then Michael explodes from the spillway!

Josey jerks around but it's too late!

Michael SLASHES Josey across the back with such force the vest RIPS open! Blood spurts as she is flung to the side of the road.

Michael looks down at his sister. Offers his hand. Laurie tilts her head. Conflicted. Then takes it.

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETARY - AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Medic #1 and Goodman load Amy into the back. When Goodman tries to pull away...Amy won't let go of his hand. Locks eyes with him. Pleads.

GOODMAN

Gonna be okay. I won't let anything else happen to you.

He looks up as a Medic #1 climbs behind the wheel.

GOODMAN

Let's move!

Trooper Norris, nods to Goodman and CLOSES the door as the ENGINE turns.

EXT. HADDONFIELD CEMETARY - NIGHT

The ambulance TEARS out of the parking lot.

EXT. MACREADY DAMN - SCENIC DRIVE - NIGHT

Josey's in bad shape. Blood spills out beneath her. She looks up to find --

Laurie staring down at her. Michael steps close.

Laurie looks down. **Michael is offering her his knife.** She takes it. He gestures toward Josey. Finish her off.

Michael backs away. Laurie considers then --

LIGHTS!

THE AMBULANCE

BRAKES LOCK right behind them. Laurie turns as --

KUH-FWAM!

Laurie is catapulted through the air!

The Ambulance power-skids into a 180!

INT. AMBULANCE - BACK - NIGHT

Goodman and Amy cling to each other.

EXT. MACREADY DAMN - SCENIC DRIVE - MORNING

Michael watches as Laurie **TUMBLES down the asphalt and slides to a stop**. The Ambulance rocks to a halt ten feet from a guardrail overlooking the dam.

INT. AMBULANCE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Medic #1 GASPS. Cranes around to see:

Laurie's body, broken, but breathing ten feet down the road.

MEDIC #1
Oh God, we hit someone!

He starts to open his door when

MICHAEL steps into view and **PUNCHES THE KNIFE THROUGH THE GLASS** - into the Driver's slack-jawed yack.

INT. AMBULANCE - BACK - NIGHT

Goodman pulls his hand away from Amy's, draws his gun... takes aim... Michael is already gone.

AMY
No, no. It's him. It's him.

Goodman shushes her then thumbs his radio.

GOODMAN
(quiet, intense)
Brackett. Got eyes on Myers. At the turn off to MaCready Dam.

INT. TROOPER NORRIS'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Still parked at the cemetery, Norris grabs his mic.

NORRIS
Goodman, still no word from Brackett or the...

Suddenly a **bloody hand SLAMS on his windshield**. It's Brackett. Hurt. Bleeding. But alive. And pissed.

INT. AMBULANCE - BACK - NIGHT

Amy stares with big scared eyes. Goodman lowers the mic, takes her hand.

Medic #1's choking stops. He goes silent.

Goodman aims his gun toward the back door.

Amy white-knuckles his hand. Tears streak her bloody face.

He eases between her and the closed doors. Gun aimed...hand shaking slightly. It's quiet. Fuck quiet.

He reaches for the door. Slowly, slowly...then...

AMY

Don't...please...don't go...

He turns to look at her, nods, then --

KAFWAM!

The back door RIPS open!

Michael lunges. Goodman takes aim. A joust. Gun FIRES. Knife THRUSTS. Both are hit.

Michael in the shoulder!

Goodman's forearm slashed!

Goodman grabs Michael's knife wrist...Michael grabs his gun wrist. They grapple.

Michael SLAMS Goodman's hand against the bench. **Gun FIRES**.

The bullet SEVERS a valve from an oxygen tank. SPARKS. The tank IGNITES like a vicious blow torch.

The gun drops from Goodman's hand, falls out the door and **SKITTERS across the pavement** toward Laurie's lifeless body.

Amy struggles to free herself from the gurney as flames climb the wall beside her. Then --

Brute strength wins!

Michael forces the knife blade slowly into Goodman's thigh!

Goodman AAARRRGG then --

Michael yanks the blade free, SLASHES Goodman from right shoulder to left hip!

The gurney tips over as Amy frees herself, scrambles toward the cab, crawling low under the flame licking the ceiling.

Michael heaves Goodman to the pavement and scrambles after Laurie. Fire bites at his right side!

Amy climbs into the passenger seat, fumbles with the door.

Michael lunges for her, wedging himself in the passage to the cab as he grabs her ankle. Amy screams!

EXT. MACREADY DAMN - SCENIC DRIVE - NIGHT

Tires SCREECH. HEADLIGHTS appear.

Norris's cruiser flies around the blind bend!

INT. NORRIS'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Through windshield...the front end of the ambulance!

BRACKETT

Jesus! Look out!

Norris cuts the wheel...but it's too late.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Michael's mask begins to bubble. The beard beneath ignites. He doesn't scream...but his body QUAKES from the pain as he continues to yank Amy violently.

GOODMAN

Jerks the passenger door open, grabs Amy, yanks her free as --

EXT. NORRIS'S CRUISER - NIGHT

The cruiser **SLAMS into the front of the ambulance** causing it to ROCKET backwards!

The gurney's backboard BLASTS through the ambulance windshield!

INT. NORRIS'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Norris shields his face as **the backboard tears through the cruiser windshield and SPLATS him.**

EXT. MACREADY DAMN - SCENIC DRIVE - NIGHT

The ambulance, with Michael still wedged and on fire, **EXPLODES through the guard rail!**

EXT. MACREADY DAMN - NIGHT

THE AIRBORNE AMBULANCE RUSHES AT US - ass first. We fly up through the back doors - to Michael trapped and on fire within, his mask melting around his face. Ending on a massive close-up of his black, soulless eye.

INT. NORRIS'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Brackett snaps conscious.

Through windshield...the ambulance is gone...smoke hisses from the cruiser's engine.

He glances over at Norris...the backboard is where his head should be...blood pumps down his shirt.

EXT. MACREADY DAMN - SCENIC DRIVE - NIGHT

Brackett stumbles from the cruiser...dazed, starts toward the destroyed guard rail...

As he approaches Laurie's twisted body...he slows.

BRACKETT

No...no...no...

GOODMAN (O.S.)

Sheriff!

That snaps Brackett out of it. He turns as --

Goodman and Amy collapse near the broken guard rail.

As Brackett moves toward them...

Laurie's arm flies straight up into the air...startling Brackett.

He never saw Goodman's gun in her hand.

Laurie shoots Brackett in the face. He takes two steps...then drops to his knees...falls to the ground beside her.

Laurie's arm falls to her side. Her eyes stare skyward...blood seeps from her ears. Her eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. BURTON REHAB WING - DAY - EST.

Grounds keepers rake leaves in this peaceful picture. It takes a careful eye to notice the bars on the windows. Painted a lovely shade of pink.

Title Card: **J. Burton Rehabilitation Wing...362 days later.**

INT. BURTON REHAB WING - OCCUPANT ROOM DAY

We pull down a long white hall. A girl, hair in her face, sits on a bed. Eyes blank. Fuck. It's Laurie. Alive.

A door opens. DESMOND LEE (25), orderly, enters.

Laurie keeps staring...but not at a long hallway. She's staring at a wall right in front of her, covered in the same sort of 'mask' drawings Michael had so many years before.

DESMOND

Hey, where's my smile?

No answer. Desmond scans the wall.

DESMOND

This one's new. What's it mean?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The drawing of a woman in white, next to a white horse.

LAURIE

I don't want to go.

DESMOND

Six months in traction. Another six learning to walk? Figured you'd hate this place by now.

LAURIE
I'll miss fucking you.

Desmond looks nervous, his eyes jerk toward the open door.

DESMOND
Right. Uh Yeah. Me too.

Laurie stands, reveals her packed bag. Throws her arms around him. He steals a look, no one watching, kisses her.

CUT TO:

A GIANT AQUARIUM

Fish float before us as Josey's face appears on the opposite side of the glass...the fish dart for the surface.

ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALS

INT. DR. JOSEY BLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

Deep browns and greens. Earthy. Solid. Grounded. A giant fish tank fills the back wall as Josey sprinkles food within.

Amy steps next to her. They stare at the fish.

AMY
Will I ever find that kind of peace?

JOSEY
(a beat) Probably not.

AMY
Wow. You're the best shrink ever.

JOSEY
Amy, most people don't survive half the trauma you've experienced.

AMY
You did. You were there. It hasn't taken you a year to recover.

JOSEY
We all deal with trauma differently. There is no right or wrong. I know you've had to fight episodes of every kind. But you did it. You're a survivor.

AMY
God, I hope so. That night...

JOSEY

...is over. Just remember that.
It's over. Michael Myers is dead.
He can never hurt you again.

AMY

Right. Can I say bye to the girls?

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - COMMON ROOM - DAY

A flatscreen hangs from the wall. Moe beats the shit out of Larry and Curly. Several girls watch. Others color. Some drool. KIBNER, a white haired doctor, scribbles on a clipboard as he kneels next to a drooler. Our focus is on MARGO (17), RABBIT (19), KAT (16) and GINA (18).

GINA

I don't get it. They let us watch this but not Sponge Bob.

KAT

Sponge Bob is clearly OCD.

GINA

Moe just hit Curly with a hammer. Isn't that worse? Are we not fragile to the influences--

DR. KIBNER

--Thank you Ms. Gina. Enough.

The White haired Doc approaches.

MARGO

She's right though, Dr. Kibner, Moe clearly has anger issues. He should burn the other two and be done with it.

RABBIT

I'd rather watch porn.

GINA

You mean if you weren't a virgin?

RABBIT

Oh Gina, I'm very sexually active.

GINA

Dr. Kibner, I'm uncomfortable with this level of violence on the television.

DR. KIBNER

I grew up with the 3 Stooges, Ms. Gina, do I look violent to you? Reason you're all so uptight is that society's taken away all your outlets. Stolen your ability to distinguish right from wrong on your own. Tell you what to think, what to watch. Thus when faced with a life choice you...

(looks to Gina)

Papercut your arms.

(to Margo)

Or play with fire.

(to Rabbit)

Or talk sex nonstop.

(to Kat)

Or worse. You girls have lost the ability to make a simple decision.

GINA

Then I have decided I'm with Rabbit and would rather watch some fucking on the television. Show of hands?

Nearly every hand goes up. Including some droolers.

GINA

Doctor?

Kibner frowns and walks toward the exit.

GINA

Maybe if your 3 Stooges fucked more you wouldn't be so uptight about it.

Kibner stops as Amy and Josey appear in the doorway.

GINA

Get yo ass in here, bish!

The girls leap to their feet with a resounding AMY! All five collide in a giant embrace.

AMY

I'll come visit every week.

MARGO

Bring me some matches?

GINA

Fuck visit, you gather your homeboys and bust us out.

DR. KIBNER
Alright alright. Let's get you
signed out Ms. Amy. Come come.

One final, giant, heart felt, tear-filled embrace.

EXT. BURTON FACILITY - PARKING LOT - DAY

A shit Sedan pulls into the lot. Goodman exits. Checks his
watch, moves toward the entrance with a limp. Stops.

GOODMAN
Shit. Fuck.

He spins...limps back to the car, retrieves a box of
chocolate and a stuffed elephant.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - DAY

Kibner and Josey escort Amy toward the office wing.

DR. KIBNER
You'll likely get bombarded once
you're out there. Media, TV,
movies. Don't let'em run you over.
Tell'em to kiss your ass if you
like. And don't forget we're just
a phone call away. You understand?

Amy stops suddenly.

Kibner and Josey, stop...turn.

DR. KIBNER
What's wrong?

Amy stares between them...her face pales.

HER POV

FRANK THE ORDERLY and ORDERLY LINDA escort Laurie from the
Rehab wing. Laurie looks up...sees Amy and stutters to a
stop. Laurie's face reveals a kaleidoscope of emotion.
Shock...confusion...guilt.

Amy stares up at Josey...almost pleading.

AMY
Why? Why would you do this?
(to Kibner)
Some sort of sick test?

Kibner's baffled...then Josey sees Laurie.

JOSEY

Oh shit.

Amy leaps. She COLDCOCKS Laurie before Frank or Linda can react. Amy darts between them and kicks Laurie in the cunt!

Laurie goes down. Amy dives on top of her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Goodman turns the corner. Suddenly rushes forward.

GOODMAN

What the fuck?!

Frank manages to pull Amy back. Linda kneels next to Laurie, her nose and lip bleeds.

DR. KIBNER

Jesus Christ, Josey! You said she was ready!

Frank struggles to hold the wildcat that is Amy.

GOODMAN

Fuck were you two thinking?! You keep them apart for a year and the day Amy gets out you put them face to face?! What the hell?

Frank can't hold her much longer.

FRANK THE ORDERLY

A...little help...

Goodman rushes forward, wraps his arms around Amy, whispers in her ear.

GOODMAN

It's okay. Amy, it's okay. Stop this...please...

She calms a little as Josey removes a syringe from her pocket...pops the safety cap and administers the shot.

Amy reacts instantly...fights...then the juice takes effect. She calms...Goodman collapses with her, holds her.

He turns his glare on Josey.

GOODMAN
What the hell?!

JOSEY
Coop, it was a mistake.

CLOSE ON AMY

Her vision blurs. Her eyes lock with Laurie's...until...
distortion. And darkness.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. HALLOWEEN STORE - BACK PARKING LOT - DAWN

A piece of shit car pulls up, parks. The radio blares.

DJ (V.O.)
Don't forget folks, the Great
Pumpkin dance at Plissken park,
Halloween night. That's two days
people.

The engine shuts off, the DJ goes silent. CLARK (17) climbs
from the car, SLAMS his door.

His side-view mirror SNAPS off...FALLS to the gravel.

CLARK
Son of a...

INT. HALLOWEEN STORE - BACK DOOR - DAWN

Clark enters...stares at the mirror, at the attachment arm.
As he wanders into the store...the door behind him doesn't
latch...slowly eases open.

The store itself is decorated for Halloween and is a disaster
zone from the night before.

Suddenly a hideous mask is THRUST in Clark's face!

WILSON
BWWAAAHH!

We may jump but Clark looks up blandly.

CLARK
I need some glue, shithead.

WILSON (19) shorter than Clark, lowers the mask and frowns.

WILSON

I'm your boss, you can't talk to me like that.

CLARK

Then why don't you fire me and you can restock the shelves yourself.

WILSON

Start on aisle six. I've already laid out all the boxes.

INT. HALLOWEEN STORE - AISLE 6 - DAWN

Clark wonders up the aisle. It's a mess. Costumes and props everywhere. There are several boxes in the aisle.

He flips the flap on one...Scream masks. He checks them all. Gorilla masks, Frankenstein, Goblins, etc.

Clark turns toward the mask shelves. Disaster. But one mask stands out. White. Emotionless. A familiar classic.

Clark eyes the open boxes. None of them are like this one.

CLARK

Wilson! What about this white one? There's only one left.

WILSON (O.S.)

Chunk it. They've been discontinued.

Clark sits his mirror on the shelf, picks up the mask...stares at the face. Slips it over his head.

Checks himself in the mirror: 'Objects in Mirror are Closer than they appear.' And a distorted view of the mask. And of something else.

A SHAPE steps up behind him.

Clark turns...looks up...slowly. Fumbles for the mask--

As the Shape prys the side-view mirror from Clark's hand.

Clark removes the mask and his face reacts with shock...

CLARK

Jesus...what happened to your--

WHAM! Clark goes down! The mirror keeps slamming into his face... DRIVING AT US - with each hit we see Clark getting bloodier and bloodier... in the cracking reflection...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLOWEEN STORY - AISLE SIX - LATER

CLOSE ON THE CRACKED BLOODY MIRROR - as Cops dominate the reflection. One leans in takes picture after picture.

ON THE FLASH --

GOODMAN enters the crime scene. Looks from the dead 17 year old. Then to the wall of masks in the aisle behind him.

Hold on Goodman's face. Taking in the implications.

EXT. HADDONFIELD STATE POLICE STATION - DAY - EST.

Business as usual.

INT. INVESTIGATIVE DIVISION - DAY

CLOSE ON A PHOTOS OF CLARK'S MANGLED BODY

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The Investigation Wall...

A high school photo of Laurie Strode. A crime scene photo of her lying in the road after shooting Brackett. A large drawing of Michael Myers with H2 Mask. Assorted surveillance photos of Michael, security cameras. Around each...Crime scene photos depicting grisly death after death. And scattered throughout...several throwing darts.

MOVE TO REVEAL

Goodman as he places a red stickpin into a large city map. There are already 8 or 9 red pins.

OVER HIS SHOULDER

LIEUTENANT SHERMIN approaches Goodman's desk. Stares.

A photo peeks from a manila folder. He pulls it. It's Michael Myers. Like the still from Patterson's Bigfoot film, a blurry glimpse.

Shermin glances at a framed photo on the desk. Goodman and couple other G.I.'s in desert combat fatigues. There's also a simple brass urn: "Deborah Myers" printed on the label.

Shermin frowns, face fills with concern.

SHERMIN

You're a good cop, Cooper.

Goodman doesn't turn, stares at his wall.

GOODMAN

Brass think I'm crazy don't they?

Shermin glances at the urn.

SHERMIN

You've got a serial killer's dead mother on your desk.

GOODMAN

(turns) State was gonna stick her in Shady Pines Cemetery.

SHERMIN

Oh. Well pardon me. A shithole compared to this place. Rest in peace, toots.

GOODMAN

Myers killed three kids digging her up the first time. How many you reckon he gets the next--

SHERMIN

--Myers is dead.

Goodman turns back to his map.

SHERMIN

They found that ambulance wedged against the water intake at the dam. If he survived the burning, the drowning then his body was sucked through the turbines. He's gone, Coop. Fish food.

Goodman gestures to his investigation wall.

GOODMAN

Nine murders in the last 12 months. And one this morning. All unsolved.

SHERMIN
And all unrelated.

Shermin moves from one photo to the next.

SHERMIN
All different motives. Different
causes of death. Hell, we got the
guy did this one. The husband.

GOODMAN
That one's circumstantial and you
know it. Myers is back and he's
building momentum.

SHERMIN
Myers is dead. That's nothing more
than a map of coincidence.

Goodman grabs a red marker. Points to the first pin.

GOODMAN
Elizabeth Solley, November 7th.

He draws a line to the next pin.

GOODMAN
Victor Wong, January 23rd.

Draws a line to the next.

GOODMAN
Nancy Soles, March 12th.

He stops talking. Keeps tracing his line. Forming a
circle...no, a spiral. Round and round to the last pin.
Goodman snatches a throwing dart from the board.

GOODMAN
Coincidence? You sure about that?

The visual is strong. Goodman has his attention.

Goodman, **steps back and tosses the dart.**

Bulls-eye at the center of the spiral.

SHERMIN
What's there?

GOODMAN
J. Burton Psychiatric Facility.
The nuthouse holding Laurie Strode.

INT. DR. KIBNER'S OFFICE - DAY

The big room is designed to be comfortable. Which, of course, it isn't. Laurie sits in a leather chair too big for her. Kibner and Josey sit near.

DR. KIBNER

Look, before we close, let's touch on that night. That last night.

LAURIE

The night I killed my brother?

DR. KIBNER

You remember killing your brother?

LAURIE

Do we have to talk about this?

DR. KIBNER

Best to get it out.

LAURIE

I remember. But it's like it wasn't me. Like someone else was there. In my head. Looking through my eyes. It got cold.

JOSEY

Cold?

LAURIE

So cold it hurt. Physical pain. Is that possible? Because there was fire too. Behind my eyes. A burning pit of rage eating at my brain. Somehow I knew the pain would stop if I just let it burn. Just let it out. So I took the knife and I...it was still cold. Damn cold, but the pain went away.

Kibner and Josey exchange a glance.

DR. KIBNER

Then what do you remember?

LAURIE

Hitting the pavement. Fucking ambulance. More pain. Real pain, though. Fuck pain. And Michael was there. He was in a rage.

DR. KIBNER

Michael was there? But you killed Michael. In the shack. You stabbed him.

LAURIE

Yeah, in the shack. No. No, I shot him. On the road.

DR. KIBNER

So it was Dr. Loomis you stabbed in the shack.

LAURIE

You mean, Michael.

Laurie's clearly getting upset. Wrings her hands.

JOSEY

Maybe we should stop.

DR. KIBNER

On the road. You were hurt. Tell us what happened when Sheriff Brackett approached.

LAURIE

Lee? He wasn't there. Was he?

FLASHBACK:

EXT. MACREADY DAM - SCENIC DRIVE - DAWN

Laurie lies on the road. Bleeding. Broken.

And Michael is approaching. Out of focus behind her.

She fumbles to get away, but she's too damaged. Instead her hand finds Goodman's service weapon. Fingers spider the gun into her grip.

Michael walks right next to her. Stands over her. Turns back to look at her. Lifeless eyes. The torn mask.

Laurie, with every last ounce of strength, raises the gun.

SHOTS MICHAEL in the forehead... Her brother falls back. Dead....

END FLASHBACK:

Laurie wrings her hands...shifts in her chair.

LAURIE

I killed him. I killed my brother.
I stopped him from every hurting
anyone else again.

Tears streak down her cheeks.

DR. KIBNER

No, Laurie. You shot Lee Brackett.

LAURIE

I...shot...Michael.

JOSEY

Stop this.

DR. KIBNER

Who? Who did you shoot, Laurie?

LAURIE

My brother...

DR. KIBNER

See the truth, Laurie. Who did you
shoot?!

LAURIE

I...please...don't...

JOSEY

Dr. Kibner!

DR. KIBNER

Come on, Laurie. You KNOW what you
did! Admit it! See the truth or
we can't help you! You murdered a
man who was only there to help you!
To protect you!

Laurie cracks. The scales fall away. She HOWLS in remorse.
In pain. Her eyes wide...she stares at them...pleading.

LAURIE

Oh god...what have I done?! Oh
god! Lee! Nooo! Make it stop!
Take it back! No! I don't want
these memories! Pleeeeeease!

She pounds her head, pulls at her hair. Josey rushes to her,
embraces her. Laurie sobs.

Josey glares at Kibner who gives her a satisfied smirk.
That's how you get through to them.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - AMY'S ROOM - DAY

Amy sits on her bed. Her room bare. Her hospitalized life in a box on the floor.

She takes a framed photo from the pile. Goodman, Josey and Amy. Goodman and Josey kneel close to her. Protectively. Amy is smiling.

SOUND of a key, then Frank the Orderly enters, hands her a cup of meds.

AMY

I'm not getting out of here am I?

FRANK THE ORDERLY

Not this week, sweetie.

Amy tosses the photo back in the box.

Frank gestures to the meds. She takes one. Drinks.

Josey slides into the doorway next to Frank.

AMY

What's the matter?

JOSEY

Nothing. One of those days.

Josey stares at Amy.

AMY

Don't look at me that way. I should be scarfing down a Big Mac and a bucket of Haagen-Dazs instead I get these tasty bitches.

JOSEY

Amy why? What were you thinking?

Frank takes the cue and steps into the hallway.

AMY

I...I don't...FUCK is what I was thinking! Ahrrrg! I saw her and fuck! I just...I lost it. So stupid. Fucking stupid.

JOSEY

You're sorry. That's good.

AMY

I'm sorry I'm still here. You should be giving me a high five instead of standing there shrinking on me. You were there too, Josey. Or have you forgotten why you can't wear a bikini in public?

Josey reacts as if she were struck.

Amy immediately knows she went to far.

AMY

Shit, I'm sorry. I'm so...

LAURIE

It's okay. Amy, Michael Myers gave me my scar. Not Laurie. Michael Myers tried to kill you. Not Laurie.

AMY

She shut me in a coffin with my headless boyfriend. I can't just pretend that didn't happen.

JOSEY

No. No, you can't, but Amy, Michael Myers traumatized Laurie too. She was attacked. Just like me. Just like you. In fact worse. Michael destroyed her family. Her friends. Everything and everyone she's ever cared about. And she's trying, Amy. Laurie is trying to make it back. Just like you. It wouldn't hurt to cut her some slack.

Amy stares at the floor. In deep thought.

Josey nods to Frank. He closes the door, we hear it LOCK.

Alone, Amy fetals on the bed, cries.

HER POV

Dulling effects of the medication. The room swims.

And the door CLICKS.

Amy swings around.

The door's open. She gets up. The room spins around her. Amy lurches, and sits back on the bed.

A hand on her shoulder. She wheels around to find herself -
FACE TO FACE with Laurie.

LAURIE

Josey's right. I'm just like you.

Amy scrambles backwards across the bed. Pushes herself into the corner as Laurie reaches out, caresses Amy's cheek.

Laurie leans in. Her lips inches from Amy's.

AMY

Please...don't...don't...

Amy shuts her eyes -- presses her face into the wall.

CLOSE ON AMY'S EYE. It opens.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The hand on her face. It's not Laurie's. It's MASSIVE.

Amy whips around --

MICHAEL

Knife overhead - SMASHING DOWN AT US ---

And Amy SCREAMS and SCREAMS. Rolls off the bed.

She looks up as the door closes.

She covers her face. SCREAMS.

THE DOOR FLIES OPEN -- revealing Josey.

JOSEY

Amy?! What happened?!

Amy backs away from her...still SCREAMING.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - COMMON ROOM - DAY

The SCREAMS echo through the ward. Kibner ignores them as he chats with Desmond, the orderly Laurie was fucking. But most of the girls are agitated. One SCREAMS just like Amy. It's unsettling until Gina turns on the screamer.

GINA

Fuck the shut up before I pound
your head!

Screamer goes silent.

DR. KIBNER

Thank you, Ms. Gina. Eloquent.

DESMOND

They always like this?

DR. KIBNER

You asked to be transferred to this
wing, kid. Man up, or go back.

Laurie slips into the room. She brushes by Des, her hand barely touches his. Then sits at the back, watches TV with the others.

ON TELEVISION AS --

TV commercial comes on: *"2 More days til Halloween,
Halloween, Halloween, 2 more day til Halloween... SILVER
SHAMROCK!"*

Gina and the others start to sing along.

Laurie leans back, the song echoing in her head until...

Kibner changes the station.

DR. KIBNER

Enough of that crap.

EXT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Desmond, climbs from his car, moves wearily toward a duplex.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Desmond enters through the back door, drops his keys and sunglasses on the counter as CRYSTAL (23) enters with an iron in hand.

CRYSTAL

Hey there my sexy man.

She plugs in the iron, sits it on the ironing board and embraces him. Big kiss. He cups some ass.

There are pumpkins throughout the kitchen. Some carved into jack-o-lanterns...some awaiting design. There's a complicated Halloween costume in a knotted ball on the kitchen table. We can only sort of tell what it is.

The kiss breaks.

CRYSTAL

There's a list on the coffee table.
Go. I need to iron.

DESMOND

List? For what?

CRYSTAL

'To do' list.

She crosses to the iron, starts untangling the costume.

CRYSTAL

For all the decorations. Come on
babe, Halloween approaches.

Desmond nods. May as well get it over with.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is filled with Halloween decorations. Bodies, tombstones, etc. Desmond snatches the fuck-long list from the coffee table.

Doorbell RINGS.

ON DOOR AS IT OPENS: REVEALING:

Goodman. He flashes a badge through the security gate.

GOODMAN

Inspector Cooper Goodman. Mind if
I ask you a few questions about
Laurie Strode?

Desmond shoots a glance into the kitchen.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

Who is it?

DESMOND

It's about work.

GOODMAN

Mind if I come in?

Desmond shrugs, leads Goodman to the couch.

Goodman sits, sets his cell on the table, pulls out a pad.

DESMOND

I remember your face from the papers. You were there the night Michael attacked Laurie.

GOODMAN

That what she told you happened?

DESMOND

You think she's lying?

GOODMAN

Like you said, I was there that night.

DESMOND

She also said you had her mother illegally cremated so you could put a trophy on your mantle. She lying about that too?

GOODMAN

Yeah, as a matter of fact. I don't have a mantle. Tell me about her. You spent the last year with her. How does she seem? Mentally?

DESMOND

Sad. Got depressed alot. But she was tough. Learning to walk again ain't easy. You wanna know if I think she's crazy.

GOODMAN

I do.

DESMOND

She seemed fucked up, not crazy. She had nightmares. But wouldn't talk about them. Wouldn't much talk about *him* either. She acted like somebody who wanted to forget. That don't seem crazy and I've worked around alot of crazy.

Goodman scribbles in his pad. Nods.

GOODMAN

Okay then. I think this'll do it.
Oh and how long have you been
fucking her?

Desmond's head jerks toward the kitchen.

The refrigerator door is open. Only Crystal's ass is
visible.

Desmond leaps up and motions Goodman toward the door.

EXT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

As they step out into the chilly Autumn evening --

GOODMAN

You know, I can have you fired for
fucking patients in your care.
Especially cop-killers unfit to
stand trial.

DESMOND

Look, please, man. I know it was a
bad idea. I know I shouldn't have.
But I'm telling you. The girl they
said did those killings. It wasn't
Laurie. It was not Laurie Strode.

GOODMAN

You're right. It was Angel Myers.
Laurie Strode's a made up name. A
figment. Count yourself lucky.
Because you were fucking the sister
of one of the most prolific serial
killers in American history. You
really think that's a good idea?

DESMOND

(swallows) Michael Myers is dead.
Everyone says so.

GOODMAN

They always say so. And he always
comes back. I'm just glad I wasn't
the one boning his sister.

Goodman limps toward his car. Desmond watches, nervous, then
goes back inside.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Des locks the security gate, then the door. Sighs. Feels like he just got away with it.

He crosses toward the kitchen, then sees Goodman's cell phone where he left it.

DESMOND

Great.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Des enters.

DESMOND

Stupid cop forgot his...

He stops.

The iron sits on the board, steams. Back door open.

DESMOND

Crystal?

No answer. Des leans outside.

DESMOND

Crystal?

Nothing. She's not there. He steps back in, closes the door and standing in the corner of the kitchen--

A GIANT. With a white sheet draped over his head. Like some massive ghost...only malignant. It's wearing Des's glasses.

INT. GOODMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Goodman fumbles for his phone. Remembers.

GOODMAN

Ah, shit.

He jerks the wheel.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Des stares at the Ghost...frozen.

The Ghost doesn't move. Doesn't breathe.

DESMOND
(whispers) Crystal?

Des reaches for the 'Ghost'. And **WHIPS off the sheet** --
Revealing a dress-makers' dummy with a Wig-head attached!
Des shakes his head.

And the pantry door **FLIES** open behind him!

Des **SCREAMS**, falls back into the dummy, **KNOCKS** it over.

Its **head TOPPLES off FALLING at his face.**

LAUGHING, Crystal swishes before him, fully done up in her dead-sexy costume that's half-cat, half-demon, all fuckable.

SOUND of a car pulling up. **LIGHTS** swish across the windows.

CRYSTAL
Looks like your cop friend's back
for his phone.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Des crosses toward the door --

DESMOND
I'll take it to him.

MICHAEL STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS. Behind Crystal.

Holy fuck. Coveralls. White mask. Michael fucking Myers!

Grabs a knife from a cutting block and rams it in her throat.

Desmond reacts to the SCHPLACK sound. Spins as --

The Shape **YANKS** Crystal out of sight into the kitchen.

DESMOND
Jesus...

He stares. Stunned. Was that real? Help? Run?

He turns rushes toward the front door, grabs a bat from an umbrella stand - and runs back to the kitchen.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN

Michael's gone. Crystal's gone. There's blood on the floor.

KNOCK at the front door.

Des stares at the blood. Oh God. It leads to the basement door....wide Open...wooden stairs lead to darkness.

Tries the light switch. Nothing.

DESMOND

Crystal?

Fuck this.

DESMOND

Hey! HELP!!

EXT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Goodman stands at the front door as --

DESMOND (O.S.)

Cop are you out there?! Help!
He's in here! Myers is in here!

Goodman draws his weapon. SLAMS against the door.

He spins and heads down the back steps. Limping fast.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Des crosses toward the back door. Flings it open --

AND MICHAEL IS STANDING THERE.

Myers grabs him...SLAMS him onto the table...

SNATCHES the steam iron.

Des SCREAMS **Michael rams it towards his face...BUT STOPS...**
with it just a centimeter from his eye.

Michael then glances down Des body. And backswings the iron -
SMASHING IT with inhuman force into Des' CROTCH.

Des SHRIEKS.

Then Michael **hammers the iron into Des' face. Over and over and over...**

STEAM erupts right at us in horrific 3D with every blow.

EXT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Goodman rushes around the back of the house. He can hear Des SCREAMING.

There's a tall fucking gate. And it's locked. He hauls himself over. Lands HARD.

Runs, gun ready. Up the back stairs...

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Goodman rushes in...gun swings back and forth...he slips in the blood...nearly goes down.

Des lies on the kitchen table...face smashed in.

INT. DESMOND'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Goodman enters...gun first...searches.

The front door is now open.

Goodman stops. Stares. Spins behind him. Scared shitless...expects a trap.

He moves toward the door. Jumpy as hell.

Finally he stops at the front door. His face sinks.

HIS POV

Crystal's body is draped prickishly across the hood of Goodman's car. A pumpkin rammed over her head.

EXT. BURTON FACILITY - MORNING

The sun rises over the grounds. Yard workers sip coffee before beginning their day.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - ART THERAPY ROOM - MORNING

Amy sits with her clique of crazies in colorful room filled with the art projects of the mad. And of course...there's a Halloween theme to all of it. She, Gina, Kat, Margo and Rabbit sit around a table, drawing, collaging, modeling clay...generally making a mess.

GINA

How come you couldn't keep your shit together for another twenty fuckin' minutes? You would've been home-free.

KAT

Cuz Amy didn't want to leave us alone in here with Austin Powers' fucking sister.

Orderly Linda escorts Laurie into the room, then leans against the wall.

AMY

Keep your voice down.

Amy can't hide her feelings as Laurie takes a seat in the opposite corner. Alone.

GINA

Stop it.

AMY

I'm just looking.

GINA

No you weren't. You were shooting her with your fucking laser vision. Keep that shit to yourself. We're crazy. You, you're just pissed. Fuckin get over it and get out of here. Before you can't.

Amy smiles at her. Something she doesn't do often.

But then Margo starts singing.

MARGO

*One more day til Halloween,
Halloween, Halloween, One more
day....*

With a chuckle Amy takes her drawing and crosses the room to the supply rack. Selects a number of colored Crayons.

When she turns, she turns to find, Laurie standing right behind her.

Amy freezes. One of the Crayons in her hand SNAPS.

Her drawing FLUTTERS to the floor, face down.

LAURIE

Look, it's Amy right?

Amy doesn't respond.

LAURIE

For what it's worth and I know it's not worth shit, but I am sorry.

Amy finally looks up. Isn't sure how to respond.

GINA

You're right. That's not worth shit.

Laurie casually twists as Gina approaches. Rabbit, Kat and Margo are with her but slightly behind.

Laurie starts to go. Then stops. Looks back at Amy.

LAURIE

I know I hurt you, Amy. I know... and I know I can never make up for it. I can never change who I am. Who my brother is...

AMY

Don't you mean was? Who your brother was?

LAURIE

Was. Yeah...I know. He's...he's dead. But I see him. I close my eyes and he's there. Always. You see him too, don't you?"

It's all over Amy's face. Yeah. She sees him too.

LAURIE

You have every right to hate me. So hate me. I know I do.

And Laurie exits without looking back.

GINA

Bitch.

RABBIT

Yeah. But I'd fuck her.

GINA

You'd fuck her fuckin brother.

Margo picks up Amy's fallen drawing...turns it over.

ON DRAWING

An orange twisted pumpkin face melded with the tattered mask of Michael Myers.

DISSOLVE TO:

A large photo of Crystal's pumpkin-head body, draped across Goodman's car.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. INVESTIGATIVE DIVISION - DAY

Goodman presses a tack into the crime scene photo then crosses to his map. Puts another red pin in the spiral.

Shermin sits on Goodman's desk, scans a case file, then--

SHERMIN

Was it him?

GOODMAN

I didn't...I'm not...(sighs). I got nothing. I got no proof.

SHERMIN

But was it...was it him?

Goodman turns...stares. The answer all over his face.

SHERMIN

Ah hell.

Shermin runs his fingers through his hair.

SHERMIN

I can't shut down the Burton facility without evidence. It's too big. Too many questions.

(MORE)

SHERMIN (cont'd)

I tell them what you think and they lock us both up in there with the nutters.

GOODMAN

Last thing I want to do is shut the place down.

Goodman stares at the map. At the dart in the center.

GOODMAN

For the first time since his escape we know exactly where he'll be tomorrow night.

SHERMIN

So?

Goodman crosses to the open window. Sits on the sill.

GOODMAN

So we set a trap.

SHERMIN

You really think you can catch him?

GOODMAN

I didn't say anything about catching him.

Shermin considers, nods.

SHERMIN

This comes back to the department ...it's more than just the two of us...they'll shut us down. The whole thing. Pensions, retirement--

GOODMAN

That's why you need to start yelling at me. Tell me to clean out my fucking desk. Get me the fuck out of here. But first, I need access to the evidence room.

SHERMIN

Evidence room? Why?

Goodman smiles a sly smile and turns toward the window.

His eyes go wide.

HIS POV

MICHAEL is standing in the courtyard below...out of the public eye...nearly hidden by a row of bushes.

GOODMAN
Jesus...it's him.

Goodman pulls his revolver and races out of the room.

Shermin crosses to the window. Stares.

SHERMIN'S POV

Just people. Myers isn't there.

Below...Goodman limps into the courtyard...approaches the bushes. Scans...turns...eyes Shermin above.

Shermin shrugs. He saw nothing.

INT. HADDONFIELD STATE POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Goodman enters the evidence locker. Scans the shelves until he finds what he's looking for.

C4, detonation cord, timers.

Goodman carefully collects the items in a box.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Amy gazes out the barred window at the starry night. Music plays softly from a digital clock radio. 11:59. Click. Midnight.

DJ (V.O.)
Happy Halloween everyone!

Amy rolls toward the clock radio.

DJ (V.O.)
Get some rest and tune in tomorrow night for our live coverage of the Great Pumpkin Halloween dance in Plissken Par...

Amy hits the button on the clock. It goes silent.

She rolls back over to find --

MICHAEL standing in her open closet!

She GASPS! Rolls from bed and SLAMS on the light.

No Michael.

A long coat, some white shoes on a shelf. Her mind playing tricks on her.

She climbs back in bed. Reaches for the light...decides to leave it on.

INT. BURTON GIRL'S SANITARIUM WING - BATH HALL - DAY

We move down a long hall to a door at the end. Fog spills into the hallway.

INT. BURTON SANITARIUM - GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Near the door, a big bulky red phone is locked within a glass case. Orderly Linda leans against the opposite wall, stares into a shower room.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - GIRLS' SHOWERS - DAY

Big, tiled, circular. **Partitions separate Kat, Gina, Margo, Rabbit, & Amy, their backs to us as we pan the room.**

RABBIT

I'm not saying let it grow down to your knees but what's wrong with a little hair?

KAT

I'd love a pretty heart shape.

GINA

I'm lettin mine grow to my knees. How the FUCK did we get conned into running around with 12 year old vaginas?

The phone RINGS.

GINA

New rule...I don't drop my pants until I'm allowed to inspect a fully shorn ballsack. Let those fuckers deal with the razor burn.

Rabbit eyes Orderly Linda as she crosses the room and vanishes into the mist.

RABBIT

Linda again. Why don't we ever get Frank to watch us shower?

MARGO

Because he's a man you perv.

RABBIT

And she's a lesbian. What's the difference?

KAT

I guess if somebody's gonna lust me I'd rather it were Frank.

RABBIT

I'd fuck Frank.

GINA

You'd fuck Frank's dad.

Amy and Gina step out of the showers. Grab their towels.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM - DAY

They navigate through the steam. And stop cold. Staring at a wall of empty cubby holes.

AMY

Uh...where are our clothes?

They turn toward the hall.

Orderly Linda is gone. The phone doesn't dangle. The cord has been ripped out of it. The handset lies in a puddle on the floor. The security box that housed it, wide open. The keys still in the lock.

AMY

Uh...

Towels held tight, Amy and Gina move toward the open door.

A SHAPE moves by.

Amy recoils back, SLAMMING into Gina.

Gina snatches the keys from the box. Folds them between her fingers.

The lights go out.

RABBIT (O.S.)

Uh. Hullo? I'm trying to soap my
tits back here.

Gina advances toward the door, dripping and naked. Ready to stab whoever's out there with a fistful of keys.

Kat, Rabbit and Margo suddenly round the corner.

KAT

Who turned out the lights.

MARGO

We need a candle.

RABBIT

No more days to Halloween,
Halloween, hallow--

Gina SNAPS a hand over her mouth.

MARGO

Where the fuck are our clothes?

AMY

Shhhhh!

Some wrapped in towels, some not so much...they move as a unit toward the door.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - LOWER HALL - DAY

The hall is dark as the girls enter. The fog from the still running showers doesn't help.

There's an open door down the hall. A light shining out.

Gina in the lead...as they near the door...

THE SHAPE steps INTO THE DOOR WAY - silhouette. Massive.

Amy almost faints.

The girls backpedal. Even Gina is now scared shitless.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Asses and elbows, the girls slip and fall their way into the shadows.

GINA
Who the fuck was that?

AMY
It's him. Oh god.

MARGO
Him? Who him? You mean HIM?

KAT
Michael Myers?

Someone's coming. Getting closer.

Gina puts on her game face. Leans next to the shower entrance. Hand raised - ready to drive her fistful of keys into whoever rounds the corner.

A SHADOW looms THROUGH the swirling steam. Footsteps on water.

A figure steps into the doorway.

AND GINA LASHES out...

SCREAMS...confusion.

The lights POP on.

Linda dances in pain before them, hands cup to her face.

ORDERLY LINDA
Son of a FUCK!

Girls relax. Holy crap.

GINA
Linda, I'm so sorry. I thought you were...I thought...

ORDERLY LINDA
You thought what?!

Linda has a giant gash on her cheek from the keys...but She's distracted by something.

The busted phone.

ORDERLY LINDA
Jesus. Which one of you did that?!

The girls all look at Orderly Linda, innocent.

ORDERLY LINDA

Put your clothes on! We're going
to Kibner.

AMY

But our clothes are...

She stops. The girls stare. Their clothes are stacked
within their cubby holes.

EXT. PLISSKEN PARK - DAY

The outdoor concert bowl in the local park has been
transformed into a giant pumpkin, the stage sits in its
mouth. Signs all around, 'Halloween Concert in the Park' -
'dress warm' and 'sponsored by Silver Shamrock!'

Pan off it to GOODMAN - waiting at the traffic light.

He stares at the giant Halloween pumpkin and the workers
walking out of his yawning mouth.

The light changes.

INT. GOODMAN'S CAR - DAY

Goodman glances down at the passenger seat and the urn with
Deborah Myers remains. Puts the car in drive.

THROUGH DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW

Michael stands within the mouth of the pumpkin as the car
pulls away and he wipes our view.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - COMMON ROOM - DAY

Amy's huddled in the corner with Gina, Kat, Margo & Rabbit.
Now dressed. Hair wet.

Kibner's on his cell phone as Frank and Linda enter...Linda's
cheek now bandaged.

DR. KIBNER

Call ya back.
(hangs up phone)
Well?

Linda glares at the girls, Frank glances at them, then --

FRANK THE ORDERLY
 Nobody's here that isn't supposed
 to be.

ORDERLY LINDA
 They are fucking with us.

DR. KIBNER
 Linda, watch your fucking language.

GINA
 It was Michael Myers!

All but Amy launch in with agreement. "It was him!" "We saw
 him!" "Michael fucking Myers!"

DR. KIBNER
 Girls, girls! Look, I appreciate
 what you went through last year,
 Ms. Amy, but no ma'am. Myers is
 not here.

They try to protest but he stops them.

DR. KIBNER
 Eh-eh-eh, he's the boogeyman for
 chrissakes. And even if the
 boogeyman were real...which he
 isn't...he isn't here.

AMY
 Dr. Kibner.
 (her voice quiet)
 He is here.

A chill runs through the room. Kibner stares. Josey enters.

JOSEY
 I need Amy.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - DAY

Amy and Josey move toward the end of the hall.

JOSEY
 You have a visitor. If he gets you
 worked up I'll beat his ass.

AMY
 Goodman's here?

Goodman rounds the corner. Big stuffed Ladybug in hand.

GOODMAN
Hey Buttercup!

AMY
Cooper!

She leaps in his arms. He eyes, Josey.

GOODMAN
Hey. Sorry about...you know...
yelling at you last time.

JOSEY
You have twenty minutes.

EXT. BURTON FACILITY - THE GARDENS - DAY

The 'gardens' are all barren, **what leaves are left, fall and swirl in the wind** as Amy walks slow so Goodman can keep up.

GOODMAN
What's she like? Laurie.

AMY
Weird. Creepy. Probably still a
homicidal bitch but...I don't know.
She said she was sorry.

GOODMAN
Sorry's easy to say.

AMY
Yeah. But I...

GOODMAN
You want to believe her.

AMY
I hate her. But...yeah.

GOODMAN
There were two murders last night.
Five miles north. One of them
worked--

AMY
--You heard about our scare today?
He's already here, Cooper.

GOODMAN
Kibner's goons searched the place?

AMY

Hard to find what doesn't want to be found.

GOODMAN

You know what, forget it. I'm walking you outta here right now. I have a gun. No one will stop me.

Amy pulls away from him.

AMY

You said you had a plan. You've been talking about it for a year.

GOODMAN

I said come Halloween he'd find Laurie. That's not much of a plan. And your being in the middle wasn't part of it.

AMY

He's not just coming for Laurie. Michael's a dick. Sure, he'll come for Laurie but first he'll come for us. For me. For Josey. For you. We stopped him from getting his sister. Michael wants revenge.

Goodman rubs his temples. The stress mounting.

AMY

You were a soldier, don't you have some way to blow up the shark?

GOODMAN

I might. If I can get him in the clear. Cause I'm likely to take out a chunk of real estate with him. You're sure he's here?

AMY

I'm sure. But we can help.

GOODMAN

We. You and the lunatic fringe?

AMY

Gotta be mad to kill a madman.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We see Amy and Goodman turn and head back towards the building. We're in the tree-line, outside the walled grounds of the institution.

PULL BACK -- OVER THE MASSIVE SHOULDER -- of MICHAEL MYERS

Watching from the shadows. He steps out of frame.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - DAY

Josey's waiting outside the Common Room as Goodman and Amy approach. It's clear something's bothering her.

JOSEY

Go on in with the others Amy.

Amy does. Josey glares at Goodman and marches away.

GOODMAN

Hey.

He ignores him. He limps quickly to catch up.

GOODMAN

Hey! What's crawled up your ass?

She stops at a closed door, turns on him.

JOSEY

You told her about that orderly's death didn't you?

GOODMAN

As a matter of fact, I didn't. Of course, she interrupted me but--

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Josey enters, waits for Goodman then closes the door behind him. She locks it.

JOSEY

You really think filling her head with that crap will--

Goodman looses his tie, begins removing it.

GOODMAN

I was there last night, Josey. I saw what happened. I missed him by seconds.

Josey slips out of her shoes, untucks her blouse.

JOSEY

The girls are already bouncing off
the walls. We don't need more--

He reaches out, unbottons her blouse.

GOODMAN

--he's coming, Josey. They have to
be ready. We all do.

She pulls him close. Kisses him. Hard. Hungry. His shirt
comes off. Her blouse...her bra. Good Lord. We get it.
They ARE kindred spirits.

Both marked with horrific scars gifted by Michael Myers.

Down *his* chest from shoulder to hip. Across the length of
her back.

INT. BURTON PCYCHIATRIC - ART THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Kibner steps in, scans. It's empty except for Orderly Linda,
who straightens up.

DR. KIBNER

Seen Josey?

Linda shrugs.

DR. KIBNER

She has that interview about Myers
at four.

ORDERLY LINDA

Uh...if I see her I'll tell her.

Frustrated, Kibner RIPS a Halloween decoration from the wall.

DR. KIBNER

Fucking Halloween.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Josey and Goodman are going at it. They're good together...
at least good at this...

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - DAY

Kibner stomps down the hall as --

Frank exits the Common Room holding Gina by her ear. Gina looks pissed but knows better than struggle. Kibner ignores her completely.

DR. KIBNER

Josey?

FRANK THE ORDERLY

Gina.

DR. KIBNER

Have you SEEN Josey?

Frank gestures down the hall.

FRANK THE ORDERLY

Tried her office?

DR. KIBNER

Don't you think I would have tried her...Oh...right...her office...

He brushes passed them, mumbling.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

THE SEX nears its inevitable conclusion. Goodman makes his 'O' face. He's getting loud. Josey LAUGHS...puts a hand over his mouth.

JOSEY

Shhhhhhh!

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - DAY

Kibner hits the door, runs into it. Locked. Yanks a key ring from his belt...inserts the master key, turns and BURSTS into the room --

INT. DR. JOSEY CRANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Other than fish in the tank...the room is empty. The room is dark except for the aquariums blue glow and small desk lamp.

Kibner shakes his head, crosses to her desk. Line 3 is blinking on the phone.

He sighs. Sits on the edge of the desk. POPS his neck. Snatches the receiver, punches line 3.

DR. KIBNER

I'm sorry, Dr. Blair is busy with a patient, but as head of the facility, I'd be more than happy to answer any questions you have pertaining to Michael Myers.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Goodman and Josey lie entwined atop the desk...some of their clothes still half hanging from them. Sweaty. Breathing heavy, Goodman looks around.

GOODMAN

Who's office is this?

JOSEY

For guest doctors. You think I want you spilling your seed all over my desk?

GOODMAN

I'll spill my seed wherever you like.

He nibbles her ear.

INT. DR. JOSEY CRANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kibner sits where we left him. Barely lit by the small lamp and the aquarium.

DR. KIBNER

Michael Myers embodies that reptilian part of us all. Whatever humanity he was born with was either beaten or bled out of him. Over time, that primal instinct for blood lust was all that remained.

Behind Kibner...the darkness...suddenly moves.

Kibner is not alone. And doesn't know it.

DR. KIBNER

The importance of Halloween and its rituals to his fantasy possibly stem from his fascination with masks...that need to become 'another'...to deny his human identity...and let this...

Holding on Kibner as we now see the shape of Michael Myers stepping closer behind him.

DR. KIBNER

...'Shape' of evil, for lack of a better term, dominate. Halloween is all about hiding who we really are. Allows us to embolden our darker impulses by assuming whatever persona our subconscious aspires to. In the case of Myers...the face he chose was a blank. An emotionless, empty, white void.

Michael's arm raises slowly. The desk lamp GLINTS off the massive kitchen knife in his hand.

DR. KIBNER

Who knows what Myers was truly like under the mask. I think he wore it so long that he may have fully assumed it as his true self. That Michael Myers, in the end, was ONLY the mask. There was frankly, no one and nothing left beneath it.

Michael snatches the phone **HURLS it against the wall.**

Kibner turns...

As Michael pushes the door to the office closed.

Lit only by the desk lamp. Kibner can just make out the shape of a massive figure.

DR. KIBNER

Oh...fuck. You really are here.

Michael's hand wraps around Kibner's throat. Kibner **CHOKES** out a single gasp.

We see part of this distorted, through the fish tank. **The fish float in front of us while Kibner fights for his life behind.**

Michael squeezes. And raises the knife.

Kibner's eyes widen. Fuck no.

And Michael slowly pushes the knife down at his stomach.
Kibner tries to hold it off.

DR. KIBNER

No, no, no...seriously. No. Time
out. Time out!

Kibner kicks, fights. The desk lamp knocks over.

Light shines up at Michael at a ghastly angle.

Kibner snags a stapler from Josey's desk.

Michael presses the blade on Kibner's flesh.

Kibner SMACKS the stapler into Michael's hand. Embedding
staple after staple into Michael's flesh... until Michael
jerks his hand away...then --

WE'RE LOOKING THROUGH THE AQUARIUM

-- as Kibner's HEAD is RAMMED through the glass.

**The fish scatter. And Michael saws Kibner's head back and
forth on the broken glass edge...**

CUTTING his head off....

--letting it float in front of us... blood clouds the water.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Josey and Goodman dress.

GOODMAN

So I guess you forgive me for
yelling at you?

She doesn't answer. Stares.

GOODMAN

Josey?

JOSEY

I saw it in Amy's face. I see it
in yours. Jesus. He's back isn't
he? He's really back. Think I was
in denial.

GOODMAN

We all deal with trauma differently.

JOSEY

If he's back...if he's back I want him dead. I want him dead and I want him to bleed first, he fucking cut me! Fucker deserves--

GOODMAN

Whoa, easy there, Tex.

Goodman pulls her close.

GOODMAN

Stay with the girls.

JOSEY

You're gonna do the thing with the ashes?

GOODMAN

Gonna try.

JOSEY

I thought you were crazy.

GOODMAN

Let's hope so. I'm told only the mad can kill a madman.

He kisses her on the forehead, then --

JOSEY

Okay, me first. Wait a bit.

EXT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - DAY

Josey slips out quickly, casually and moves down the hall...never looks back at the Shape, out of focus, looming in background.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - GROUP THERAPY - DUSK

The sun hangs low on the horizon, the room fading. Chairs in a circle. Room decorated in Halloween but happy Halloween. Smiling bats. Grinning skeletons. There's a lit pumpkin. The girls are gathering, some in costume. Our focus on Amy and Gina.

They watch as Laurie enters.

She sees them...takes a chair farthest away.

AMY

If this is gonna work, we'll need
her on our side.

GINA

No way. Look at her. She knows
you hate her. She'll never trust
you. And she sure as shit won't
trust us.

AMY

Maybe.

Josey enters in a rush...realizes her skirt is skewed...
straightens it.

JOSEY

Sorry, I'm late.

The remaining girls take their seats. Amy sits directly
across from Josey. The five girls try not to watch
Laurie...but fail.

Laurie notices, looks...worried. Nervous.

And Josey doesn't miss any of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - GROUP THERAPY - NIGHT

The windows are dark now.

JOSEY

So...in this safety zone that we've
all created...is there any last
thing any of you want or need to
say to anyone else?

Amy stands quickly.

AMY

Laurie...

Josey is surprised. Gina and the girls are oh shit.

AMY

Laurie, I...
(deep breath)
Just want to say...thank you.
(MORE)

AMY (cont'd)

For the apology. I know it wasn't easy. But I'm gonna try. It won't be easy...forgetting won't be easy, but...I'm just...all I can do is try.

JOSEY

Laurie? I know you are new to our group so if you'd rather wait...

Laurie stands, wrings her hands.

LAURIE

Amy...I...

Her voice cracks. Eyes well with tears.

LAURIE

What he did...to you...to me...to my family...I'm so sorry.

Tears roll down her cheeks.

LAURIE

It's been a long time since anyone has...well...forgiven me. I...

Laurie moves quickly. Before anyone can react she throws her arms around Amy. Holds her tight. Sobs.

Gina looks ready to spring.

Amy looks shocked...then...her own eyes well with tears. Her hands rise...she embraces Laurie. They sob together.

Then --

Laurie turns her head, her lips near Amy's ear. Whispers...

LAURIE

My brother's here. And he's gonna cut you from your throat to your cunt.

Amy flinches. Like she's been shot. Pushes away from Laurie.

Laurie's face is deadly neutral. Haunted.

Josey can see that Amy's been stung.

JOSEY

What's wrong?

Amy's confusion boils to rage. She DIVES at Laurie. Screaming, and punching. Biting. Laurie goes down, curls into a ball. The girls are up, block Josey from interceding.

Orderly Frank leads the charge to break it up. Linda and a couple RANDOM ORDERLIES behind him.

In the fray, Josey is slugged, she stumbles backwards, hits her head.

Gina and Margo rush to her.

Frank and Linda pull Amy off of Laurie, who fetals, her nose bleeding. Random Orderlies attend to her.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - RESTRAINT ROOM - NIGHT

Frank and Linda struggle to get Amy in restraints.

AMY

Nooooooo! He's already here! And she knows it! She's with him! Noooooo!

Her legs are bound. Frank works on the last arm.

FRANK THE ORDERLY

Go. I got this.

AMY

Frank, please! Listen to me!

Linda rushes out.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Random Orderlies lead the girls back to the Common Room. As soon as the orderlies turn the corner --

Gina slides up next to Laurie and grabs her arm. Twists it behind her back.

GINA

I don't know what you did, bitch, but you're gonna pay for it.

Orderly Linda snatches Gina by the hair.

ORDERLY LINDA

Let her go, Gina.

Gina does. Laurie turns...looks wounded, hurt. Flees into the Common Room. Linda shoves Gina into the room.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

There's a tidal wave of madness rising. And no way the Random Orderlies nor Linda can get it under control.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - RESTRAINT ROOM - NIGHT

Amy struggles in vain against the restraints.

Frank turns from a locked cabinet...now open. He prepares a syringe.

AMY

No. Don't. Laurie said he's here.
She SAID it. Michael's here!

Frank moves to her, he sympathizes but he has a job to do.

AMY

Frank! Don't inject me with that!

FRANK THE ORDERLY

Look, all this will do is calm you.

AMY

No! It'll make me fuckin stupid!
Frank don't. JOSEY! HELP ME!

FRANK THE ORDERLY

Amy, stop this before you hurt
yourself!

AMY

Hurt myself? What do you think
Michael's gonna do to me?

Frank gets a grip on her arm. Presses the needle tip to her skin.

AMY

If you do this, you'll kill me.
It's like you're holding me down so
he can cut my throat.

That stops Frank. He stares at her.

The door opens - It's Josey.

JOSEY
Gimme that.

She jerks the syringe away from him.

FRANK THE ORDERLY
What?

JOSEY
Go help Linda.

Frank turns to go.

JOSEY
And Frank...just...just be careful.
He may be here.

FRANK THE ORDERLY
He. As in him. You told me that
was impossible.

JOSEY
Just be careful.

Frank nods, exits.

Josey takes a breath. Looks at Amy.

The lights go out!

LIGHTS OUT MONTAGE

--Lights go out throughout the facility.

--Limping the grounds outside...Goodman notices. "Shit."

--Emergency lights kick on. Only dim pools the fuck dark.

--This the ignition they've all been waiting for. Several
crazy girls take off running from the common room. And the
flood gates open. The rest of the girls scatter.

SCREAMS of the damned echo everywhere. It's BEDLAM.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Orderly Linda grabs another Orderly.

ORDERLY LINDA
You got this? I'm gonna go get the
lights back on before they tear
this place apart!

GINA

--wheels around for Laurie. But Laurie's gone.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - RESTRAINT ROOM - NIGHT

One ankle free...Josey works on Amy's other as --

SCREAMS from the hallway. Both girls jump.

SOUNDS of patients running down the hall.

FRANK THE ORDERLY (O.S.)
Hey! Get back here! No! Don't do
that! Ah man!

GLASS SHATTERS

JOSEY
Jesus.

Josey throws open the door.

AND MICHAEL IS STANDING THERE.

He SLAMS his hand into Josey's throat! Yanks her toward him!
The door closes behind her.

Amy sees Josey lift off her feet through the door's window.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Josey swings the syringe, the only weapon she has.

But Michael catches her wrist! Josey struggles. Michael
twists the syringe from her.

Then aims its tip. At Josey's face.

Josey fights. Hard. Kicks. Grabs.

But Michael's cutting off her air.

**The needle comes closer and closer to her eye. It drips.
Massive and right at her.**

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - RESTRAINT ROOM - NIGHT

Amy struggles. Desperate to get free. She's about to watch
Josey die.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

THE NEEDLE - pushes on Josey's CONTACT lens. Presses until. Its beveled sides, POP.

KERRACK!

A baton SLAMS across the side of Michael's head!

Frank has come in swinging for the bleachers. SWINGS again.

CRACKS Michael in the back.

Michael drops Josey. And the syringe.

His hands **CLAP FRANK'S HEAD.**

The big orderly GRUNTS. Drops his baton. Tries to pull Michael's hands away. No use. Michael forces him to his knees, pulls out his knife.

Rams it into Frank's throat!

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN STAIRS - NIGHT

GOODMAN charges up the stairs at the far end of the hall!

HIS POV

Josey scrambles back into the restraint room. As Michael looms over Frank. His knife in Frank's neck -- Frank SCREAMS, his voice tears like...

KUH-POW!

A bullet spins Michael where he stands.

GOODMAN

aims from the top of the stairs. Shoots again.

Michael JERKS with the impact as...

Frank's body drops from Michael's hands. Only it's missing something.

Michael turns and hurls Frank's head right at us --

It comes spinning at Goodman.

He shoots.

Hits the head, causing it to alter its spin...then -

Frank's head NAILS Goodman - knocking him ass backwards down the stairs into -

A rush of mad patients running up the stairs - all CACKLES, SCREAMS and INSANITY.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - RESTRAINT ROOM - NIGHT

Josey's works a wrist strap as the door BURSTS open.

It's Michael.

AMY
Jesus! Faster!

Josey gets one arm free just before he BACKHANDS her across Amy! Pure Havoc. Josey tries to fight. But she's no match.

Michael takes Josey by the throat, lifts her, then HAMMERS her against the back wall. Her feet dangle.

Amy SCREAMS...struggles to free her other wrist!

Michael slices his knife across Josey's stomach. Slow. Evil. Draws blood.

Josey lashes out - catches Michael's mask in her fingers. And yanks it off revealing --

MICHAEL'S TRUE FACE

The mask he wore in the ambulance - HAS MELTED into his flesh. Josey can't tell where the scars end and the mask begins.

ENRAGED, Michael SLAMS her against the wall. BAM. BAM.

Josey drops. Bleeding. Unconscious.

Amy's leaps from the restraint bed, FLINGS open the door.

Spies the syringe.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S MASK - he grabs it, slips it back on. Then glares down at Josey...he white knuckles his knife, raises it over his head and --

AMY
Michael! Leave her alone!

Michael turns, sees her in the doorway as she **HURLS THE SYRINGE - right at the Shape.**

It NAILS him in the eye.

Michael rockets back. The syringe protruding from the mask.

AMY

What's wrong ya pussy!

Michael yanks the syringe out! **Blood spatters toward us!**

He lunges for Amy! Fuck that was fast!

She stumbles backwards into the hall!

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Amy slips, gains her feet and runs.

Michael staggers into the hall, hand cupped over his eye...he throws out his other hand out as if confused...disoriented...he drops to his knees and falls over.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Amy stops, turns, her back to the stairs. She doesn't breathe. Doesn't move. She watches.

Michael just lays there.

Amy backs into the wall, slides down it. Her eyes lasered onto Michael.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A large industrial kitchen. Quiet ceiling fans loom above, motionless in the power outage. A shadow enters, frantic.

Pulls into a big close up: It's Laurie.

Alone. Determined. Crosses to the loading dock door. Locked. Looks out into the dining area.

Dark.

She stops at a locked glass cabinet. SMASHES the Glass. It's full of:

KNIVES. CLEAVERS. All sizes. Lots of 'em huge.

GINA (O.S.)

Hey!

Laurie spins to see Gina standing across the kitchen.

GINA

You're dead bitch.

Gina shoves a mop between two stoves, BREAKS the head off. She raises the splintered spear, its tip deadly sharp.

Laurie grabs for the knives.

But a FIGURE moves fast behind her - **TACKLES her into the knife cabinet.**

Blades go everywhere...**one sails RIGHT AT LAURIE'S FACE --**

But a hand SNATCHES IT MID-AIR:

Gina catches it, stops the knife from slicing Laurie's face.

Rabbit's with her. They yank Laurie from the knife cabinet.

Shove her into a rolling chair. The splintered mop handle pressed against her neck.

GINA

You think you do crazy, bitch? We eat crazy.

Then a long RIIIIIP of duct tape being pulled.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN STAIRS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON GOODMAN

On his back. Eyes flutter, face grimaces. He sits up.

GOODMAN

Jesus!

Frank's head, tucked lovingly under his arm, rolls away as Goodman scrambles to his feet.

AMY (O.S.)

Cooper?

He looks toward the top of the stairs

Amy stares at him...rises to her feet and rushes toward him.

She leaps in his arms.

GOODMAN
Where's Josey?

AMY
She's hurt. I think Michael's...

OVER AMY'S SHOULDER

Michael walks to the top of the stairs!

GOODMAN
Oh hell!

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - FOOT OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Goodman and Amy cut a sharp right and flee down the hallway.

We hold on the stairs as Michael's shadow moves into sight.
Goodman and Amy's footsteps fade. The shadow then stops.

A DOOR OPENS.

Kat and Margo appear from the opposite direction.

Michael's shadow ascends...until gone.

KAT
It's clear. Come on, this way.

She lead's Margo up the stairs.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAIN STAIRS - NIGHT

MARGO
If Amy's having Quite Time then how
we get her out?

KAT
I don't know but we can't do this
without her.

Kat TRIPS...falls flat on her face.

She looks back... Margo shines the light.

ON FRANK'S HEADLESS BODY.

Then backs into someone standing there. Someone who has been
standing there against the wall the whole time....

MICHAEL.

Kat's up. Shoves Margo. They scramble back down the stairs.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kat and Margo BURST through the double doors past a decorative display of unlit pumpkins.

KAT
Here he comes!

They vanish as Michael's face appears in the small window.

POV THROUGH KITCHEN WINDOW

At the other end of the room, Laurie is tied to the chair.

CLOSE ON LAURIE

As she sees him. Her face goes cold, anticipation, confusion.

HER POV

He backs slowly away from the window. Is gone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kat hides with Gina in a position of ambush. Both have knives taped to the ends of wooden mop handles, essentially spears. Gina also has a cleaver.

GINA
Where is he?

Across the room. Rabbit & Margo hide. Also with weapons.

Laurie in the center. Taped to the chair.

CLOSE ON LAURIE'S HANDS

She slips a hidden paring knife from her waste band.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAINTENANCE STAIRS - NIGHT

Goodman and Amy race up to find a metal gate extended across the stairs. Locked. Fuck.

Goodman gazes back down the long dark hallway.

GOODMAN
Why didn't he follow us?

AMY
Cooper look!

EXT. J. BURTON FACILITY - BACK GROUNDS - NIGHT

Linda pours gas into a giant generator. Another Orderly is wrangling a shrieking patient. Several must have escaped.

OVER HER SHOULDER

We can just make out Goodman and Amy pounding from the shadows within. Zero noise.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - MAINTENANCE STAIRS - NIGHT

They stop...exhausted.

AMY
Fuckin saftey glass.

GOODMAN
We gotta go back.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gina and Rabbit on one side. Kat and Margo on the other. Laurie still in the middle.

GINA
Fuck this.

Gina starts to rise, when --

There's a SQUEAK.

Something rushes towards the kitchen doors. On FIRE.

THE PILL CART - and on it... pumpkins... filled with burning paper, flickering...**glowing burst through the double doors.**

Margo, the firebug, sees the flames and immediately steps from hiding, drawn to it.

KAT
Oh fuck, Margo no.

Kat breaks from cover, reaches for Margo!

GINA

No!

OVER RABBIT'S SHOULDER

As Michael **SMASHES through the glass window** from the dining room, snags a handful of Rabbit's hair.

Gina spins, **SPEARS Michael's arm.**

He lets go...retreats.

The girls fan out...approach the shattered window as --

OVER THEIR SHOULDERS

Michael eases through the double doors. Moves toward Laurie.

The girls continue to move toward the window overlooking the big dark dining room. Not breathing...silent.

Michael gently pushes Laurie behind him. SQUEAK...SQUEAK...

The girls SHRIEK, spin, weapons held awkwardly before them.

Laurie spins her chair to watch. Only a slight tremor in her face betraying the conflict she still feels.

The girls are terrified but crazy. And crazy helps. A lot.

Gina ROARS!

The others follow suit. Suddenly they charge Michael!

They **RAM him with their makeshift spears** - like insane sexy cave-girls trying to slaughter a grizzly.

Rabbit's blade BITES Michael in the shoulder!

He grabs it! **RAMS IT BACK with the force of a pile driver!**

IT GOES THROUGH Rabbit's MOUTH and out the back of her head.

She staggers back.

Michael grabs the spear tip...bats it INTO the floor. IT STICKS -- **and RABBIT SLIDES DOWN THE SHAFT -- coming at us.**

GINA

Nooooooo!

GINA rushes in -- SHUNK! Right in Michael's chest!

Michael spasms. Teeters.

Margo and Kat snap out of it!

SHUNK...SHUNK!

A spear to the ribs...another below his shoulder!

They drive him back! He crashes backwards into table...
SHATTERS IT! Michael lands hard. Lays still.

The girls stare...frozen...then...

KAT

Jesus. We...we did it.

Gina looks from Rabbit's twitching body.

And as one, Gina, Kat and Margo turn their heads --

TO FACE LAURIE.

GINA

Now the only Myers left is her.

Firelight from the burning pumpkins on the cart cast long
flicker shadows of the girl warriors over Laurie's face.

Laurie pushes back slowly in her chair. It WHEELS away from
the savage sisters.

MARGO

After she's dead I wanna burn her.

As one, the girls hunch over, **stalking closer**. Madness in
their eyes. Their bloody spears ready to rip Laurie to
shreds --

MICHAEL SIT UP BEHIND THEM.

Laurie sees it. Hint of a smile mixed with dread.

A massive hand snags Margo by the back of the neck and--

FLIPS HER BACKWARDS through the air.

She SCREAMS as Michael **SMASHES her FULL BODY** onto the flaming
pumpkins!

He takes a step and **SMASHES a knife through her**, pins her to
the flaming pill cart, preventing her from rolling off!

Fire CONSUMES her. WAILING panic & pain.

Gina and Kat whirl, **blades up**.

Michael SNATCHES Kat's spear!

BREAKS the blade off with a forearm swing!

SLASHES Kat across the face.

She stumbles backwards, trips ass-first into a waste bin near the wall. She struggles to get out...face bleeds, cut like the Joker...she looks up as --

Michael SHOVES the flaming Margo-pill cart straight at Kat!

Kat's eyes go wide --

As Margo's fiery face flies right at her. **Burning pills and debris shower at us like meteorites of flaming pain.** FOOM!

Gina backs away -- right into Laurie -- now cut free.

Laurie presses the tiny knife to Gina's throat. Hesitates. She can't do it. She she lowers her trembling hand--

Gina jerks away from her! Spins, snatches the cleaver from her belt. But --

Michael GRABS her arms YANKS her close --

The cleaver CLANGS to the floor.

He pins her arms with both hands, raises her to his face as --

While still dark, the two microwaves CLICK...the clocks glow. The power restored.

And big silver bladed ceiling fans HUM to life.

Michael, Gina and Laurie all look up. Oh. Fuck.

Michael RAISES Gina slowly...closer and closer to the fan.

Gina SCREAMS.

Laurie watches in horror, shrinks to the floor. As--

Michael PUSHES GINA'S HEAD INTO THE BLADES --

BLOOD flies - showering all over Laurie. She shakes in the spray. Her mind is RIPPING inside her.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - LOWER HALL - NIGHT

The kitchen door windows flicker from firelight as Goodman appears, gun in hand, Amy behind him.

INT. BURTON PSYCHIATRIC - KITCHEN - NIGHT

They enter slowly and stare at the grotesque nightmare.

Gina's body swings from the ceiling fan.

Amy gasps, shaken. Goodman ignores the flaming bodies. The door to the loading dock at the back is open.

Amy grabs a fire extinguisher BLASTS the burning remains.

EXT. FACILITY LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Goodman steps out. Cautious, watchful. Amy appears behind him, cleaver now in hand.

As they round a corner they see --

A ramp leading up to the service entrance of the hospital. Half-way up...stumbles Laurie. Covered in blood. Unarmed.

And at the top of the hill. In silhouette: Michael.

GOODMAN

Laurie! You...you don't have to go
with him!

Both Michael and Laurie turn. It's the same movement. The same nuance. Almost choreographed.

A beat.

Laurie looks up at her brother...then back to Goodman.

LAURIE

I have nowhere else to go.

She turns and runs after Michael.

SIRENS approach from the distance.

Goodman leaps awkwardly from the loading dock then limps quickly toward the rear parking lot.

AMY

What are you doing?! They're getting away!

EXT. GOODMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Opens his door, grabs the urn with Deborah Myer's ashes.

AMY

What good is that other than a distraction?

GOODMAN

Michael's got a thing for his mother. Now old mom's gonna have something for him.

He pops the lid revealing the wad of C4 and timer.

GOODMAN

Anything happens to me you set the timer like so. When he see this ...he's gonna want it like a motherfucker. So the trick is to set the timer short enough to catch him, not so short as you get blown to fuck with him.

Amy nods.

Goodman slides a telescoping NIGHTSTICK into his belt, slams the door. And they're on the move.

GOODMAN

Come on...before we lose them in the crowd.

AMY

Crowd? What crowd?

As Amy and Goodman top the hill --

THEIR POV

Plissken Park is spread out before them. The giant pumpkin gazes up the hill at them. Red and blue lights strobe down there. We can hear distant bullhorn announcements.

AMY

If we can find him, what's your plan?

(MORE)

AMY (cont'd)
Just march up, hand it to him and
blow up a couple hundred moms, dads
and kids in the process?

GOODMAN
We'll just have to be patient,
unless you have a better idea.

AMY
I think I do, actually.

EXT. PLISSKEN PARK - NIGHT

Police cruisers idle. The insane roam free, blend with the
Halloween crowds that leave the concert at the Pumpkin Bowl
in the park. It's chaos.

COP BULLHORN (V.O.)
Repeat the event has been
cancelled. Please return to your
vehicles, return to your homes...

Cops try to separate the crazies for the partiers. With all
the costumes and wild behavior, it's hard to tell.

And moving through this crowd, almost invisible in the sea of
revelry and insanity --

Michael and Laurie.

Cop car SCREECHES to a stop in front of them.

Michael presses into the crowd blends into a sea of masks.

But Laurie walks amongst the crowd. She skirts the clash
between crazies and drunks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the last of the crowd empties out of the Pumpkin Bowl.
The concert area behind the temporary fence is almost empty.

SOMEONE SCREAMS.

Laurie tenses...but it's just a reveler as they race passed.
She relaxes as --

CLICK.

Laurie looks down at her wrist. There's a handcuff locked on
it. Connected to --

AMY

Laurie's eyes betray the loss of her freedom.

She looks to the cops.

Amy suddenly jerks her.

AMY

Come with me. Come with me and
this can all be over.

The cleaver is stuffed in Amy's jeans. Laurie reaches for it
but Amy PUNCHES her in the face.

Laurie looks back for Michael. Can't see him.

LAURIE

You really think Michael will let
you do this? You're dead, Amy.
Unlock these and let me go.

AMY

Sorry, Laurie, Angel, whoever you
are...but there's only one way this
ends. And I need you to end it.

LAURIE

Your friends tried that and now...

Amy yanks her so hard she shuts up.

INT. GREAT PUMPKIN - NIGHT

Empty of people. Amy swings Laurie through the fence.

Shoves her up the center aisle of folding chairs towards the
stage -- the mouth of the giant pumpkin.

Where Goodman waits. Urn in one hand. His gun in the other.

CLOSE ON LAURIE

She sees Goodman...become...Michael. Delusional Michael
stands in the mouth of the pumpkin.

Laurie drops to a knee. JERKS Amy down.

AMY

What are you--

GOODMAN

Amy, get her up here!

Amy glares at him.

AMY
I'm trying --

MICHAEL steps up behind Goodman.

AMY
No!

Goodman sees the look on her face, tries to move but --

Michael HAMMERS a knife into Goodman's back!

Goodman lurches forward, trips, falls...his gun slides off the stage.

Lands 10 feet in front of Amy.

Laurie spies it. Goes for it.

Amy SNAPS Laurie off her feet with the cuffs! Laurie crashes down on top of Amy! Folding chairs go AIRBORNE!

The cleaver SKITTERS.

PUMPKIN MOUTH

Michael approaches Goodman as --

Goodman SWINGS his telescoping Nightstick into the side of Michael's face. Michael stumbles back!

LAURIE

snatches the fallen the cleaver. Looks up as --

Amy **SWINGS A FOLDING CHAIR at her.**

Laurie blocks it with the cleaver, shoves it back at Amy! WHAM! Amy falls backwards.

MICHAEL

Thunders the knife at Goodman's face. Goodman barely rolls away...but the knife bites into his shoulder!

Goodman groans, tries to crawl away...

Michael wraps an arm around his throat. Yanks the knife free then SLICES down across Goodman's gut.

Blood gushes. Michael let's Goodman drop....

ONTO the Urn.

Goodman...bleeding...fetals around the Urn...his fingers,
open the lid. He starts the timer....60 seconds...
Tick...Tick...Tick...

MICHAEL RISES BEHIND HIM.

Goodman wheels around. Holds out the Urn in bloody fingers.

GOODMAN

Michael...your mother...what's left
of your bitch whore momma.

Blood bubbles from Goodman's mouth.

Michael's head cocks.

Looks at the lid. A smear of crimson across: DEBORAH MYERS

Michael reaches for the remains of his mother.

GOODMAN

Take it, you son of a bitch...

Michael grabs the Urn. His blank eyes fix on the lid.

Goodman immediately rolls away, starts crawling...but a heavy
hand GRABS his leg...YANKS him back.

Goodman twists to see - Michael reeling him in closer...
Driving his mighty hand into Goodman's throat...

the other hand...reaching...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Laurie straddles Amy, punches her over and over.

Finally, **Laurie hefts the cleaver in Amy's face.**

LAURIE

You're right. This ends. Now.
Goodbye Amy.

Amy cringes as Laurie raises the cleaver over her head --

And **DRIVES it down!** Onto her own wrist. Laurie CUTS off her
own hand!

**She rears back, flinging her hand at us with a painful WAIL
and spray of blood.**

Michael turns.

Amy reacts in horror. She didn't expect that. Neither, the fuck did we. Amy scrambles back as --

Michael stands tall. The bogeyman in the mouth of a giant pumpkin. The very icons of Halloween. And Michael starts towards Laurie. The Urn in one hand, his knife in the other. His gait is even. Slow. Inevitable. And relentless.

Amy looks to Laurie. Cradling her hand...blood running out of it.

tick...tick...tick...

LAURIE

I'm...sorry. I just want it all to stop... please...

Michael comes down the center stairs from the stage.

Amy looks with compassion at --

Laurie as the Shape hovers over her.

Amy scrambles away.

Michael, still holding the Urn, ignores Amy's retreat... he stops over Laurie. Blood runs from where her hand should be. She will not survive.

LAURIE

Michael... I'm not you...

tick...tick...tick...

Amy darts around Michael.

Heads for Goodman. There's blood everywhere on the stage. Goodman's barely breathing.

She's half-way up the stairs to the stage when --

Goodman suddenly lurches up to his knees. He grabs at his bloody stomach.

Amy's hit the stage...when...

Goodman raises his hand -- to stop her.

GOODMAN

No!

He pulls open his bloody shirt revealing--

THE C4 AND TIMER...SHOVED into the GASH in his STOMACH

2...1...

Amy throws herself back...

GOODMAN EXPLODES!

A spray of blood and fire. Total disintegration...

A massive CONCUSSION WAVE rocks outward.

Amy is hurled into the seats.

THE GREAT PUMPKIN catches fire - **flames PLUME out of its eyes. Its mouth.**

Michael is barely shaken by the blast. He looks back at the giant pumpkin now engulfed in flames. Then back to Laurie.

Laurie...dying looks up in awe at her brother...the empty ash Urn tumbles from his fingers.

Michael raises Laurie up. The knife still in his other hand. She looks up into the blank visage of her brother.

Then she slowly reaches for his knife with her remaining hand. And presses it against her stomach.

Michael cocks his head. Understanding. Laurie nods.

And Michael PULLS HER CLOSE - the KNIFE CUTS INTO Laurie.

He holds her to his chest.

Life fades. Laurie dies.

And Michael lets her slip from his fingers until--

--he stands. Alone.

The Killer. The Shape. Michael Myers. Framed against the massive Jack-o-lantern inferno.

SIRENS howl closer and closer...

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Amy slowly rises from the wreckage. No sign of Michael.

Police cars arrive. COPS approach. Everything goes slow.
Sound DISTORTS.

Josey is there, bandaged, a mess. She's helped to Amy.
Throws her arms around her.

Amy hugs her and looks out at the storm of police and
paramedics.

A firetruck wipes her view...

AND STANDING THERE IS MICHAEL. On the far side of the road.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

Cold. Malignant. Eternal. The Halloween theme rising like
an anthem of infinite madness.

An Ambulance WIPES the frame...

And Michael is gone.

AMY -- her face haunted as we crane back, the giant pumpkin
roaring fire into the night sky.

The End.