

**HALLOWEEN**  
**RETURNS**

by  
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Based on characters created by  
John Carpenter & Debra Hill

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The Weinstein Company  
Trancas International Films

FADE IN:

Black screen. SUPERIMPOSE:

HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS  
HALLOWEEN NIGHT

1 **EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)**

1

It is night. From a low angle, a house is seen before us. It's white. Two stories. No lights.

Then, we RISE. As if standing up from the ground, seeing through someone's POV. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD to a Jack-o-lantern glowing brightly on the rear porch.

We HEAR a breathing sound. A GASPING BREATH muffled against a rubber mask.

KAREN (O.S.)  
HELP ME! PLEASE!

The POV turns to the sound of a young, frantic voice. It's nearby. A blood-caked hand rises, revealing a large butcher knife coated with blood.

We glide silently out of the yard to the alley. **KAREN** (late teens) hobbles away, limping from a blood-spewing wound.

She looks back, crying. Pushes through a fence to a yard.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Help me!

The POV moves down the alley. Past trash cans and garage doors. Following a trail of blood.

The yard is pitch dark. No movement of any kind. The POV stops. Looking around.

In the distance, SIRENS are heard.

Suddenly, a BLACK DOG leaps out of the darkness straight at the CAMERA. Growling. Baring its teeth. But restrained by a long cord tethered around its neck.

The POV moves toward the side of the house. The porch light goes on. The back door opens. A MAN yells at his dog

MAN  
Ralph! Shut up!

The POV continues down the side of the house. On the cement, the trail of blood can be seen.

At the side window, the POV stops. Looks inside to see a recliner in front of a TV. A NEWS BULLETIN in mid-report:

\*

ANNOUNCER

(from TV)

...the State Police has issued an all-points bulletin for Michael Myers, a mental patient who escaped last night from Smith's Grove Sanitarium. He is now believed to be at large in Haddonfield...

As the man reenters the room, sitting in the recliner, we progress down the side of the house. Crossing the street, Karen is seen. Limping along. Looking back at us.

KAREN

Someone! Help me!

Trees SWAY in the wind. Leaves blowing. She disappears in the darkness between two houses.

A group of CHILDREN trick or treating, walk jauntily away down a sidewalk. They're GIGGLING. Then the POV watches a figure come out of the shadows. It is a POLICE OFFICER.

\*  
\*

A pair of headlights swing around the corner and hit the police officer. A PATROL CAR screeches to a stop.

POLICE OFFICER

I found three more bodies in that house... all of them dead!

(points)

Get these kids off the street!

The patrol car ROARS away down the street, rounding a corner. The SIREN fades to a distant WAIL. The POV pulls back from the bushes. Back to the dark spot between the two houses.

\*  
\*

The POV swings up to a window. Moves closer. Peers inside. Through the blowing curtains we see **BETH HUNT** (30s) sorting a BAG OF CANDY next to a **BABY** in a bassinet.

BETH HUNT

Noah, you can have some candy when you change out of your costume.

The nearby TV drones.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(from TV)

...reports of at least five violent attacks tonight by the escaped mental patient. This includes a teenage girl and man, believed to be the suspect's doctor, found just minutes ago in the upstairs hallway of a Haddonfield residence...

A BANGING at her backdoor causes her to look up and move.

The POV moves from the window. Along the side of the house to the back. Suddenly, we hear VOICES from inside the house.

BETH (V.O.)

Karen?

KAREN (V.O.)

Help me! He's out there! He killed all my friends!

BETH (V.O.)

Karen, calm down! Who's out there?

The POV stops. We see Karen and the woman moving from the back kitchen to the front of the house.

On the second floor, a **YOUNG BOY** (8) is seen in the bedroom window. He wears a mask, pulling it up and staring at us.

BETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm calling the police.

The POV moves back down the side of the house. Police SIRENS are all around. We move to the FRONT DOOR. But it is LOCKED. A clenched fist PUNCHES through the door window. \*

KAREN

IT'S HIM!!!

The POV PUSHES through the door. The woman stands right in front of us with a surprised look, phone to her ear.

The butcher knife PLUNGES INTO HER STOMACH, causing to her fall. Karen screams, rushing up the stairs. \*

The TV blares in the nearby living room, the baby crying.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(from TV)

...and we're going to stay on the air now. Repeating, it is feared nearly a dozen people are dead tonight as the result of an attack by an escaped mental patient...

The POV glides up the stairs. Blood covers the carpet, leading to the back bedroom. But the POV stops. Looks into a kid's room filled with toys and posters.

The young boy stands. In his Halloween costume. Scared. \*

The POV turns and moves further down the hallway to the back bedroom. The door leading the patio is open. \*

We move to the door, but then turn to the closet, lunging forward and stabbing the butcher knife through closet door.

Karen SCREAMS from within. She tries to run out of the closet and to the patio door.

The POV lunges forward. There is a rapid blur as the POV drives the butcher knife into Karen's back. She stumbles out the patio door and OVER THE RAILING.

We move to the edge, looking over to Karen down below. Bleeding. But still alive. Crawling across the yard with the butcher knife still stuck in her back.

The POV turns, stepping over the railing and climbing down to the ground below. We move to finish off Karen when--

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Do not move!

A flashlight hits us. A POLICE OFFICER with weapon raised. \*

POLICE OFFICER #2

Right there!

Another one. From the opposite direction. A third officer, **DEPUTY GARY HUNT** (30s), holds a shotgun.

DEPUTY HUNT

The fuck you doing in my house?!

YOUNG BOY (O.S.)

Dad!

The young boy from the house runs up to Deputy Hunt.

DEPUTY HUNT

Noah, where's your mom and brother? \*

(yelling)

Beth?! Liam?!

Deputy Hunt BOLTS toward the house. SIRENS rise all around. Karen MOANS on the ground. Barely alive. The POV looks to the ground, seeing the butcher knife. Not far away. But the two police officers are ALL OVER US. \*

ROGERS (O.S.)

Michael, stop! They will kill you!

The POV looks up to see a man, **PAUL ROGERS** (30s), a clinical psychiatrist. He's a sincere-looking man in street clothes and he couldn't be more out of place. \*

ROGERS (CONT'D)

There is nowhere left to go. Everyone is dead. You've killed everyone.

The POV stares to Rogers. His voice is calm. But his hands tremble. The POV seems to consider this.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Please stop. There's nothing left.

(inching closer)

It's over. Let me help you.

The POV looks to Karen. The butcher knife. The police officers. We look back to Rogers and then...

Drop to our knees.

CLOSE SHOT -- THE BACK OF THE SHAPE'S HEAD -- CRANE

Rogers reaches up and rips off the Halloween mask, revealing **MICHAEL**. But only the back of his head.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing the blood-stained jump suit, CRANING UP past Rogers and the police officers, up from the surrounding house to a HIGH SHOT of the neighborhood as the sounds of POLICE SIRENS completely envelope us.

FADE OUT:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

On a black screen. SUPERIMPOSE in dark orange letters:

HALLOWEEN  
RETURNS

FADE INTO:

Darkness. A shape starts to form. A flickering orange color overtakes the screen and reveals a pumpkin.

In the middle of the screen. A Jack-o-lantern. Two candles cast the orange glow on the carved, grinning face.

SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLES.

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK to reveal more pumpkins. All flickering orange.

The pumpkins are surrounded by BLACK.

CONTINUE TO PULL BACK. The pumpkins get smaller and smaller. Until it is to reveal that the pumpkins are a reflection in the center of a black iris. A human eye.

PULL BACK as a FACE starts to form. But it is not a normal face, it is of a Halloween mask - *the* Halloween mask.

The mask FILLS THE SCREEN. It is a blank, dark, breathing, staring human behind the mask.

SUPERIMPOSE FINAL CREDIT.

2

A MONTAGE OF VIDEO CLIPS AND NEWSPAPER HEADLINES BEGINS:

2

--Headline reads, "HALLOWEEN KILLER LEAVES 12 DEAD." Black and white photos show the faces of the victims.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)  
 Condemned to Smith's Grove Sanitarium  
 under the care of Dr. Paul Rogers  
 at the age of six for murdering his  
 older sister, Michael Myers has killed  
 twelve more.

--Newspaper photo shows Hunt and others helping Karen at the  
 hospital with townsfolk looking on.

HUNT (V.O.)  
 The victims will always be  
 remembered... including my wife. He  
 will answer for her.

KAREN (V.O.)  
 He took everything from me...  
 everything...

MALE BYSTANDER #1 (V.O.)  
 We're a small community, no one is  
 untouched by this.

--Newspaper photo shows young boy weeping as he holds a photo  
of his dead mother at a CANDLELIGHT VIGIL at the court house.

FEMALE POLITICIAN (V.O.)  
 These murders were not the work of  
 an insane person, they were carefully  
 thought out and meticulously executed.

ROGERS (V.O.)  
 He *fixates* on these young women,  
 targeting his victims, one after  
 another.

--Headline reads, "DEATH PENALTY SOUGHT FOR HALLOWEEN KILLER."  
 A jail cell photo of Michael in chains with his head down.

--Headline reads, "HALLOWEEN KILLERS'S PSYCHIATRIST TESTIFIES."  
 A COURTROOM SKETCH of Rogers before the JURY.

ROGERS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It is my professional opinion that  
 Michael Myers is mentally fit to  
 stand trial for murder.

--Newspaper photo of the FEMALE POLITICIAN before the media.

FEMALE POLITICIAN (V.O.)  
 Make no doubt about it, the State  
 will be seeking the death penalty.

MALE BYSTANDER #1 (V.O.)  
 I hope the sonuvabitch burns in hell!

--Headline reads, "RUSSELLVILLE HIRES GARY HUNT AS SHERIFF."  
 A photo shows Hunt in Russellville Sheriff uniform.

HUNT (V.O.)  
I'll ensure that nothing like this  
will ever happen again.

--A headline reads, "HALLOWEEN KILLER SENTENCED TO DEATH."  
A COURTROOM SKETCH shows Michael with head down.

FEMALE POLITICIAN (V.O.)  
What happened can never be undone...  
but today's judgment will be the  
first step in the healing process.

--A headline reads, "TEN YEARS AFTER HADDONFIELD MASSACRE;  
APPEALS EXHAUSTED, HALLOWEEN KILLER TO BE PUT TO DEATH BY  
LETHAL INJECTION OCTOBER 30."

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)  
Almost ten years to the exact day of  
the Halloween killings, the Halloween  
Killer will be put to death.

Black screen. SUPERIMPOSE:

WARREN COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER  
OCTOBER 30

3 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - ESTABLISHING** 3

A cold-looking building surrounded by fences and barbwire.

ROGERS (V.O.)  
I don't believe in Capital punishment.  
Never have.

4 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - CELL AISLE - DAY** 4

Rogers sits, leaning forward. It has only been ten years,  
but he looks twenty years older. Tired. Worn. We don't  
see who he is speaking to.

ROGERS  
People are reactive. Emotional.  
Easily affected by circumstance or  
environment. So, I've never believed  
that no one is unreachable... beyond  
rehabilitation...*incapable* of change.  
(beat)  
Except you.

We're now over Michael's shoulder, seeing Rogers on the other  
side of the bars separating them.

ROGERS (CONT'D)  
Ten years behind these bars... I've  
seen nothing. No remorse. No regret.  
No pain. *Nothing*.

As Rogers speaks, Michael doesn't move. CAMERA moves from his shoulder to reveal Michael's face hidden in shadow.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

I wonder if there is anything left inside you... or if there was ever a soul at all.

Rogers stares into Michael, voice dropping.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Michael, what you did... was... not *human*. You destroyed lives. Families. You don't belong here... amongst the living.

(finding words)

So, that's why I testified. That's why I put you here.

Rogers tilts his head, but gets nothing back.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

And your death will bring closure... and a hopefully, just a bit of peace.

Rogers stands, taking a step but then stopping.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Michael.

Rogers walks away, down the long hallway to a door at the end, hitting a button that unlocks the door.

5 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

5

Rogers tosses a key back into his desk, moving to the window. The late day sun hits his face, causing him to squint.

He stares a moment, noticing that his hand is shaking ever so slightly. He pulls a vial from his jacket, downing a white pill dry. After a moment, he eases it.

He takes a deep breath and then turns back to his desk, grabbing a report as a fast-moving **SECRETARY** (40s) enters.

ROGERS

(re: report)

Diane, what's this?

SECRETARY

The list for the execution.

ROGERS

I know, but I asked for the specific drugs they're administering.

\*

SECRETARY

Well, the Medical Examiner will be here in a few hours.

Rogers shakes his head, staring to the report when he realizes--

ROGERS

Wait... what time is it?

SECRETARY

Half past three. Why?

Rogers grabs his coat, bolting for the door. \*

6 **EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY** 6

A late model SUV flies down the highway, passing a sign that reads, "RUSSELLVILLE, ILLINOIS."

7 **EXT. ROGERS HOUSE - DAY** 7

The SUV pulls into the driveway of a modest two-story house sitting in the middle of a quiet neighborhood. All homes are adorned with HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS and CARVED PUMPKINS.

8 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - DAY** 8

Rogers pushes through the door, looking around. \*

ROGERS

Sofia? Hello? Sweetie?

EMMA (O.S.)

She's gone, and you missed the interview.

Rogers turns, seeing a pretty, refined woman, **EMMA** (40s), entering the kitchen carrying a tray of glasses. \*

ROGERS

I'm sorry, I got tied up.

EMMA

Don't apologize to me, I'm not the one trying to get into Princeton. \*

ROGERS

I'll call the interviewer, it's no big deal.

EMMA

Paul, she only applied there because of you, but even then, you're still not here.

Rogers leans against the counter, putting up his hand.

ROGERS

I'm sorry, okay?

EMMA

Sorry doesn't cut it, you're losing her, Paul. When she leaves next fall, that's it, she's gone.

ROGERS

I'm here.

EMMA

No, you're not. You haven't been here in ten years. You're inside that prison with that monster trying to figure out a "why", but sometimes there isn't one.

ROGERS

It'll be over tonight... I promise.

Rogers stammers, leans against the hallway wall where family photos hang next to him. He covers his eyes with his hands.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

I'm just... trying to hold this all together.

\*

Rogers looks to his wife. Vulnerable as hell. Emma gets it. Takes a breath and steps to her husband.

EMMA

So am I.

(off his look)

Sofia is half you and half me. She has your compassion, my temper, and both our stubbornness.

(hugging him)

You know how to keep me close, so do the same for her.

\*

\*

\*

Emma kisses his cheek. Rogers nods, easing just a bit.

\*

9 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - DAY**

9 \*

The sun drops on the horizon, highlighting a stunning beauty in her late teens, **SOFIA**. The wind rustles through her hair as she stands in the middle of a pumpkin patch.

The pumpkin patch is vast with SEASONAL DECORATIONS including "Farmer John's" sign, hay barrels, oversized Jack-o-lanterns, rusted-out tractors, a graveyard with headstones, scarecrows, ghosts, and a giant PUMPKINHEAD MONSTER with ten-foot arms.

There is also a CORN STALK MAZE and working HARVESTER with massive blade slowly spinning to spooky music.

BRIE (O.S.)  
Head's up, Noah's coming.

Sofia turns, seeing two pretty teenage girls **BRIE** and **ASHLEY** (18). They step away as a cute guy, **NOAH** (18), nods to them, moving to Sofia. She regards him, nervously smiling.

NOAH  
How're you feeling?

SOFIA  
Fine.

Noah takes a beat, looking over the pumpkin patch.

NOAH  
You still good with this?

SOFIA  
I don't know.

Noah sees her trepidation, nodding his head.

NOAH  
You've been there before, you said  
you could easily get me in.

SOFIA  
I know... but this doesn't seem right.

Sofia stares into Noah. He holds a second, perhaps wanting to say something, but he doesn't. He just nods and turns.

He doesn't get more than a few steps when he turns back.

NOAH  
My mom is dead, is that right?

Sofia blinks, not expecting that response.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
A dozen people were killed in  
Haddonfield, is that right?

SOFIA  
Noah...

NOAH  
I'm asking you for a simple favor.

SOFIA  
You're asking me to steal from my  
dad.

Noah sighs to himself, shaking his head.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about what happened...  
but I shouldn't have agreed to this.

NOAH

I know you can take your dad's keys  
and get me into that execution. You  
said it yourself.

SOFIA

I can't... I'm sorry.

Noah stares to her. Pissed. But Sofia isn't backing down.  
He turns and stomps away. Sofia watches him a second,  
obviously upset.

She looks over to Brie and Ashley who watch from a distance.

Behind them, there is an AGE-OLD TWO-STORY FARMHOUSE with  
exposed wood and missing windows. It's eerie looking, like  
it hasn't been touched in decades.

10 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - LATE DAY** 10

Sofia stands by a beat-up compact. She looks to the parking  
lot where Noah jumps into a pickup truck along with his two  
pumpkin-holding friends, **BEAR** and **FOG** (18).

Noah looks over, giving Sofia a look. But he turns away,  
quickly starting the engine and driving away.

Sofia watches the truck distance when her phone CHIMES.

SOFIA

(into phone)

Your timing is perfect, dad.

11 **EXT. ROGERS HOUSE - OFFICE - LATE DAY** 11 \*

Rogers stands in his home office. It has family photos, but  
it's mainly a cluttered mess of PSYCHE FILES and NEWSPAPER  
CLIPPINGS about Michael Myers and the murders.

ROGERS

(into phone)

Sweetie, I'm sorry. I blew it.

INTERCUT

SOFIA

It doesn't matter, it's fine.

ROGERS

You're not mad?

SOFIA

If I was mad, I wouldn't have answered  
my phone.

Rogers breathes easy, sitting down in his desk chair. \*

ROGERS

Well, I'm still sorry. It's just, today has been a long time coming. \*

SOFIA

I know. You get a pass. \*

ROGERS

Thank you.

(easing)

I'll make it up to you, let's get an early dinner tonight. Just the two of us, like we used to. \*

SOFIA

That'd be nice. \*

ROGERS

See you at home, sweetie. Love you.

SOFIA

Love you too.

Sofia ends the call, letting out a deep breath.

12 **EXT. ROGERS HOUSE - OFFICE - LATE DAY** 12 \*

Rogers clicks off his phone, sitting at his desk a beat, looking to a framed photo of him and Sofia. \*

Just beyond it, is a headline for the HALLOWEEN KILLER. His warm expression drops when his phone CHIMES. \*

ROGERS

(into phone)

Hello, Diane-- \*

(listening)

What? Why's the Medical Examiner already there? \*

(listening)

Fine, fine... tell her to start setting up, I'll be there in fifteen minutes. Twenty tops. \*

Rogers clicks off his phone and jumps to his feet. \*

13 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EVENING** 13

Sofia and Brie jump out of the beat-up compact, Ashley honking as she pulls away. Brie makes her way to her house. \*

BRIE

Call you later.

SOFIA

Okay. Bye.

Sofia walks across the street. As she moves down her street,  
the street lamps come on when--

\*

Noah's pickup truck slides to a stop.

NOAH

I want to apologize... I didn't mean  
to put you in a weird spot.

SOFIA

It's okay, I understand.

Noah holds a beat, looking to her.

NOAH

Have you ever seen him before? Not  
just in pictures? But seen him?

SOFIA

No.

NOAH

He was like nothing I'd ever seen  
before - evil - I'll never forget  
it... which is why I have to see him  
die, Sofia. You understand that?

\*  
\*  
\*

Sofia hesitates to reply.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I know it's not your fault what  
happened, but it was your dad's.  
(off her look)

I know it, this town knows it... and  
deep down, you have to as well.

Sofia drops her eyes, averting his gaze.

\*

NOAH (CONT'D)

He killed my mom, right in front of  
me. I see it every time I close my  
eyes - over and over - that knife...  
that mask... all the blood...

\*  
\*  
\*

(voice trailing out)

I don't want to end up like my dad -  
drinking it away - shutting down...  
I want to move on. I want it to  
end. Seeing him die will do that.

\*  
\*

Noah stares to Sofia, and he's making an impression. She  
sees his pain. Vulnerability.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to ask you for something  
so hard, but only you can help me.  
You're the only one who can get me  
into the execution tonight.

\*  
\*

(MORE)

NOAH (CONT'D)  
 (off her look)  
 Please help me, Sofia. I don't want  
 to see my mom die anymore.

His words bounce through Sofia's head. She's torn.

SOFIA  
 I don't know, Noah.

NOAH  
 Just think about it, okay?

Sofia nods. Noah nods as well. Puts the engine into drive  
 and pulls away from the curb. Sofia stands a second.

14 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - EVENING**

14

Sofia enters, leans against the door. She huffs, Noah's  
 words bounces around her head. She takes a beat, setting  
 down her bag and moving through the house. \*

SOFIA  
 Dad? \*

Sofia passes the kitchen, looping around to the living room.  
 She sees the light on in her dad's office. \*

SOFIA (CONT'D)  
 Do you mind if we go to that new  
 place just off the square... \*

Sofia's sentence trails out as she enters her dad's home  
 office to see that he's not there. On the door, a note is  
 taped up that reads, "I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU. PROMISE." \*

Annoyed, Sofia rips it off the door. \*

SOFIA (CONT'D)  
 Mom? Where's dad? \*

She turns, seeing her mom coming down the stairs. \*

EMMA  
 I don't know, he was just here a  
 moment ago. \*

(off her look) \*

Was he was supposed to meet you? \*

Sofia waves the note, holding off the urge to be upset. \*

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry, hon.

Emma tries to console her daughter, but Sofia shakes her  
 head and moves to her bedroom upstairs. \*

SOFIA  
It doesn't matter, I know where he  
is.

\*

15 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

15

Sofia closes her door. More angry with herself for getting her hopes up than with her dad for not being there. A minute passes and her eyes shift to her wall.

Tacked up is an OLD PHOTO of her and her dad.

SOFIA  
Fuck it.

16 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - NIGHT**

16

A light mist falls from the dark sky. Sofia exits her mom's car, looking to the many PEOPLE and REPORTERS amassing at the front gates. The State Police keep them all back.

17 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT**

17

The execution table lies in the middle of the room surrounded by medical equipment that's being installed by **MEDICAL TECHS.**

Rogers stand by a no nonsense female **MEDICAL EXAMINER** (50s).

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
It's a three-tiered drug injection:  
One, he feels nothing. Two, we spike  
his nervous system into the red.  
And three, we push him into the black.

ROGERS  
Can I ask why you aren't using sodium  
thiopental as a sedative?

The calm, sturdy-looking **WARDEN HELMS** (50s) stands nearby.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
The manufacturers stopped making  
sodium thiopental available to us  
five years ago.

\*  
\*

ROGERS  
But Midazolam is mainly used in  
sedating animals.

MEDICAL EXAMINER  
And just as effective on humans.

As Rogers presses, his secretary steps into the room.

\*

SECRETARY  
Doctor Rogers?

\*

ROGERS  
Just a minute, Diane.

\*

Roger waves her off, moving closer to the Medical Examiner.

ROGERS (CONT'D)  
Are you mixing it with the  
Hydromorphone?

Before the Medical Examiner can respond, Rogers' secretary  
steps into his path. \*

SECRETARY  
Paul, your daughter is in your office. \*

ROGERS  
Excuse me? \*

18 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 18

Sofia stands in her father's office. She looks to the degrees  
on the walls. The photos of her and him. On his desk, she  
notices his files. They're all for Michael Myers.

Her expression changes. She opens a file, looking at the  
photos. She scans through several of them and then--

Her eyes turn to the doorway of the holding cells. Through  
a portal window, the long, dark hallway is seen. Sofia inches  
closer, looking into the darkness when-- \*

ROGERS (O.S.)  
What are you doing here?

Sofia jumps, turning to see her dad barreling into the room.

SOFIA  
What are you doing here?

ROGERS  
I left you a note. \*

SOFIA  
Yeah, I got it. \*

ROGERS  
This isn't a safe place for you now-- \*

SOFIA  
You stood me up, dad.  
(motions to cells)  
For him. Again.

RING-RING-RING! Rogers' office phone rings. He looks at it  
like he's going to answer. Sofia tilts her head. Daring  
him. He answers but hangs it up immediately.

ROGERS  
I understand, but I put in a call to  
Princeton's Dean of Admissions and-- \*

SOFIA  
It doesn't matter, dad. I'm in.

ROGERS  
What do you mean?

SOFIA  
The interview was just a formality.  
I'm in. That's what I was going to  
tell you at dinner.

Rogers stammers before a smile comes to his face.

ROGERS  
Sweetie, that's great!

SOFIA  
Yeah, but that's not why I'm here.

ROGERS  
Okay... why are you here?

SOFIA  
I want to watch tonight.

ROGERS  
Watch what?

SOFIA  
The execution.

RING-RING-RING! The phone rings again. He picks it up and  
hangs it up without even looking.

ROGERS  
Sofia... that's ridiculous, you're  
too young to see--

SOFIA  
I'm eighteen.

ROGERS  
You're *too young* to see something  
like this.

SOFIA  
No, I'm not, and if you were around,  
you'd know that.

ROGERS  
Sofia--

SOFIA  
Do you even know what my Princeton  
essay was about?

Rogers stammers... he doesn't.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

It was about growing up *second* to the Halloween Killer. Living with the guilt. The shame. In the same house as you, the one who treated him, the last one to see him before he killed all those people in Haddonfield.

(off his shock)

Him dying doesn't just mean something to you, it means something to me.

\*  
\*  
\*

ROGERS

Sofia... this isn't debatable. It's not happening.

RING-RING-RING! The phone rings again. Rogers is too stunned to answer. He just looks at the phone.

\*

SOFIA

Just answer it already.

ROGERS

(answering)

This is Doctor Rogers.

(listening)

Okay... okay... I'll be right there.

\*  
\*

Rogers presses the hang up button, but still holds the phone.

SOFIA

Thanks for being so understanding.

ROGERS

That's not the point... okay, just give me a second - one second...

(turning)

Diane?

No response.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Diane?!

Nothing. Rogers curses under his breath as he sets down his phone, moving from the office.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

DIANE?!

Sofia turns, shaking her head as he father's voice distances.

Her eyes shift to the doorway, seeing the portal window once again. She looks back. No one is in sight.

Sofia stares through the portal window. It's spooky. A long, empty hallway with nothing but a cell at the end.

It is impossible to see within the cell from his angle.

Sofia turns, looking to her father's desk. Back to the files again. She opens the top drawer, revealing a KEY CARD.

19 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - CELL AISLE - MOMENTS LATER**

19

The security door opens, Sofia sliding into the aisle. Single overhead lights lead the way to the cell at the end. \*

There is NO SOUND. Just her shoes hitting the cold cement floor. And her heart BEATING in her chest.

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

Sofia can be seen coming down the hallway. Heavy breathing is heard. He inches forward a step.

WITH SOFIA

As she gets closer and closer. The overhead light spills into the final cell.

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

She doesn't see him, but Michael can see her. She's right before him. His breathing has **INTENSIFIED**.

WITH SOFIA

She is about to see Michael standing within the cell when--  
THWAP!!! A hand HITS her shoulder.

ROGERS

What the hell are you doing?!

Sofia nearly jumps out of her skin, her father grabbing her and pulling her back to the security door.

SOFIA

Jesus, dad!

ROGERS

You can't be in here!

SOFIA

Dad...!

They exit, continuing to argue... but WE STAY PUT.

CAMERA moves further down the aisle, coming to the cell. Within, Michael stands at the bars. Face hidden. Michael places a hand on the bars. Gripping it tightly. \*

\*

20 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - NIGHT**

20

It's raining now. Even more reporters and people standing before the front gates.

Near the service entrance, Rogers opens the car door, using his jacket to shield his daughter.

ROGERS

Sofia, you're my daughter, and I love you... but I won't expose you to him or what's happening in here.

Sofia hops in, looking up as she fires up the engine.

SOFIA

You already have, dad. Long ago. \*

Sofia closes the door. Pulls away. Rogers watches her. \*

21 **INT. HUNT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

21

SHERIFF HUNT slouches in a recliner. He's older. Worn. Eyes full of pain. He stares at a FRAMED PHOTO. It's an old photo of him with his wife, son, and baby boy.

NOAH (O.S.)

Dad, you have to eat something. \*

Noah stands before his father, setting down a plate of food. Hunt breaks his stare, nodding to his son.

At the kitchen table, Noah's little brother, **LIAM** (10), eats his dinner with a glass of milk. The entire house is cluttered. On the table, Liam looks at the DAILY NEWSPAPER.

Noah returns to the kitchen, making himself a plate of food. He sits with his brother, looking to his dad.

LIAM

Did you really see him?

Noah looks over, not knowing what he's talking about, until his eyes drop to the headline that reads, "HALLOWEEN KILLER SET TO DIE AT MIDNIGHT."

Noah takes away the newspaper, flipping it over. \*

LIAM (CONT'D)

Was he a monster?

NOAH

*Stop.*

Noah is stern, causing Liam to drop his head. A beat passes as the two brothers eat in silence. Hunt takes a sip of his coffee and moves to the bathroom.

He coughs violently, hacking away to clear his throat. Noah sighs to himself, lowering his voice as he looks to Liam.

NOAH (CONT'D)

He was a man, and tonight at midnight, he's getting what he deserves. \*

LIAM  
Why aren't you going?

Noah pauses, glancing to where their father just left when his phone CHIMES. He looks, recognizing the number.

NOAH  
Who says I'm not?

Noah moves from the table, putting the phone to his ear.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hey.

22     **INT. CAR - NIGHT**     22

Sofia sits in the car with her cell. Rain pelts the glass.

SOFIA  
(into phone)  
I got it, pick me up at Brie's. But hurry, before I change my mind.

Sofia holds the key card in her hand.

23     **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT**     23

The WITNESSES start to enter the viewing area. The mood is quiet. Somber. Some nods of recognition. One woman stands out. It's KAREN from the opening. She walks with a limp and cane, her DAD helping her move.     \*  
\*     \*

DAD  
Are you sure you want to see this?

KAREN  
I'm damn sure.

24     **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - NIGHT**     24

Heavy rains falls now. Many people are lined up at the front gate holding candles and signs in memory for all the fallen. Cameras from the news media light up the darkness.

FEMALE REPORTER  
Tonight, within these walls behind me, at the stroke of midnight, Michael Myers, the Halloween Killer, will be put to death by lethal injection.

LIGHTNING flashes, following closely by ROLLING THUNDER.

25     **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - OFFICE - NIGHT**     25

Rogers stands alone in his office. In the distance, the thunder continues to roll. He moves to the door leading to the cell. Stares. Caught in a moment.

His hand shakes a bit. He reaches to take a pill... but he stops himself. Instead, he places the vial in his desk.

WARDEN HELMS (O.S.)

It's time.

Rogers turns to see Warden Helms flanked by FOUR GUARDS. \*

ROGERS

So it is.

Rogers steps to the door, reaching for his pocket for his key card, but it's not there. \*

WARDEN HELMS

I got it.

Warden Helms uses his. The four guards enter, but we stay put with Rogers. He watches them move down the long hallway.

WARDEN HELMS (CONT'D)

This will all be over soon.

Rogers nods to Warden Helms.

Rogers stares down the hallway. A pulse of lightning ILLUMINATES the dark space. Two of the guards wait outside the cell. A door opens, and out comes Michael Myers.

**NOTE: His face is not covered, but it will NEVER be seen.**

Thunder rolls far in the distance, a flash of lightning causing the shadows to streak past his face. The two guards motion down the hallway as the other two guards follow. \*

26 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT** 26

CLOSE ON: The key card slides through the service entryway lock, the door opening.

Sofia pulls open the door, sliding in as Noah follows.

NOAH

How'd you get out?

SOFIA

Told my mom I was sleeping at Brie's.

27 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 27

Emma sits on the couch wearing pajamas, staring at the TV.

FEMALE REPORTER

(from TV)

...nearly ten years ago tonight, Michael Myers, the Halloween Killer, took the lives of a dozen people in the small town of Haddonfield... \*

28     **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT**

28

Rogers follows Warden Helms into the viewing room. Everyone is already in place. Dead quiet. Rain pelts the windows.

Rogers looks around. Hidden between two people, almost like she's hiding with fear, he sees Karen.

ROGERS

Didn't expect to see her here.

WARDEN HELMS

It'll be cathartic to see him die.  
For everyone. Including you.

Warden Helms checks his watch and then steps away through a side door leading to the nearby control room.

Rogers glances to Karen again. Next to her, he sees HUNT. Hunt has his arms crossed. Staring straight ahead. A quick, icy cold look is exchanged between the two.

AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Sofia and Noah slide into the standing room only. They're cloaked in darkness, hidden from their fathers.     \*

SOFIA     \*

You okay?

29     **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

29

The light from the TV pulsates off Emma's face.

FEMALE REPORTER

(from TV)

...in addition to law officials and first responders from that evening, many relatives of the deceased are here as well to witness this moment...

ON TV SCREEN: Photos of the deceased are shown, including a photo of Noah's mother.

30     **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

30

The small room contains control boards and monitors for most of the building. **TWO GUARDS** sit at the consoles.

WARDEN HELMS

A lot of people out there tonight.

GUARD

Amazing they're sticking around in this rain.

Thunder crackles beyond the walls, causing both guards to look up when the light bulbs pulsate ever so slightly.

On the monitors, the outside crowd can be seen. Warden Helms checks his watch again, moving to a far door.

31 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - EXECUTION CHAMBER**

31

Michael is placed against the execution table. It's a sleek, modern device. He's buckled in. A heart monitor is attached and the table is tilted back to vertical.

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...

All Michael can do is lay there and watch, as:

The MEDICAL EXAMINER nods and the two MEDICAL TECHS swab Michael's arms with alcohol, prepare the needles, find his veins. The needles are inserted, taped off. The I.V. lines are attached to each arm. Very methodical.

The techs step back and the curtains is drawn aside, revealing the big window that separates the chamber from:

THE VIEWING ROOM

Rogers is among the several dozen witnesses seated in chairs. They watch as Warden Helms faces Michael.

WARDEN HELMS

Do you have anything to say?

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

The entire room before him is seen. He looks to Warden Helms, the Medical Examiner and the two techs surrounding him.

Lightning flashes in the far windows of the viewing room, casting light across all the faces.

His breathing is slow and steady. No response is given.

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...

Outside the window, Rogers is seen. The gaze holds.

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

Rogers stares back. His brow tightens. Until Michael looks away, lowering his head.

Warden Helms nods to the two techs manning the LETHAL INJECTION MACHINE, on which THREE OVERSIZED GLASS CYLINDERS in a vertical row are the main feature, filled with liquids.

There are two switches -- one main, the other a backup. The techs power up the machine. Lights activate the boards. A tech grabs a switch. Waits.

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

He stares down at the floor. His breathing stays the same.

\*

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...

Rogers watches the wall clock. It hits midnight. Warden Helms nods and the tech flicks the main switch.

Warden Helms steps out of the room along with the two guards, leaving the Medical Examiner and the two techs inside.

We hear the pumps quietly activate. Michael is taking shallow breaths now. Calm. Not moving.

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...

PLUNGER ONE slowly descends, emptying its contents into the I.V. lines...

Michael sags as the fast-acting barbiturate spreads through his veins... his breathing slows... his head drops back... he's losing consciousness...

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

The world seems to slow... all the sharp edges turning soft... his pulse easing...

BEEP..... BEEP..... BEEP..... BEEP.....

PLUNGER TWO depresses, sending the second vial of liquid into the I.V. lines with a quiet whir of pumps...

Rogers looks on. Inching a bit closer.

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

His head warbles even more... everything going soft...

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

Noah moves to get a better look. He rises a bit, getting a good view of Michael. Sofia stays put.

But after a beat, she moves forward with Noah, staring to Michael in the restraints.

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

Blackness starts to creep in at the corners of his vision... he fights to keep his head up when--

Something catches his eye... out in the viewing room... lightning pulsates... thunder cracks... mixed in the crowd is the face of Sofia.

Michael stares out... tilting his head... transfixed... suddenly his heart rate starts to INCREASE...

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

Rogers notices the heart rate. Looks to the viewing room, but isn't yet able to see what Michael is looking at.

Rogers moves forward, glancing to Warden Helms. Warden Helms nods his head as if to say, "Relax, it's fine."

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

His breathing INTENSIFIES. His eyes stay on Sofia. His hands FLEX every so slightly.

PLUNGER THREE activates... the row of cylinders emptying--

Michael's body CLENCHES. Shooting up. Thick veins popping in his arms and chest. His muscles FLEXING. His entire body starts to CLENCH.

The witnesses go tense, confused -- *what the hell?*

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

The room spins as he BUCKS and FIGHTS. He gasps for air as his HEART RATE SKYROCKETS:

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!!!

Rogers moves forward to see Michael WRITHING ON THE TABLE. His expression turns to sheer horror, because: the veins on Michael's arms are turning angry red, then blackening, as the liquids coarse through them and--

Michael jerks up, the restraints CLANGING.

Shock sweeps the onlookers. People rise to their feet. Horror and incomprehension.

NOAH

This is too much, get me out of here.

Sofia looks to Noah, his breathing panicked.

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

He jerks up, seeing the face of Sofia. She's standing now. Trying to help Noah.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!!!

The liquid is going down Michael's arms and legs, up his neck -- a nauseating discoloration courses through his body, using his veins as a road map, going from red to yellow to black like bruises birthing spontaneously before our eyes...

People in the room SCREAM, turning away.

SEVERE PANIC floods into Noah's body as people back out of the room. He can barely breathe. Sofia grabs him, helping him toward the exit.

SOFIA

Noah, relax... breathe...

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM

Rogers pushes his way to the viewing glass, shouting at the Medical Examiner:

ROGERS

What's going on?! Do something for  
Christ's sake!

\*  
\*

The two techs stare like deer caught in headlights.

WARDEN HELMS

Raise the goddamn curtain!

The Medical Examiner dashes to the machine, hitting the switch to start the backup liquid when--

THUNDER STRIKES louder than ever and the lights all CUT OUT. Screams fill the room. Panic.

NOAH

Get me outta here...

\*

Sofia tries to help Noah out, but it's CHAOTIC.

\*

WARDEN HELMS

Everyone stay calm, we have a backup generator for this very thing! It'll be just be a moment!

IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

The two techs pull the curtain as the backup liquid races through the I.V. lines when--

BLOOD SPURTS out at the point of the injection.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Shit! The line's bad!

She quickly pulls the needle, blood seeping out. Michael JERKS UP. AGAIN and AGAIN. His arms BULGE with INTENSITY.

\*  
\*

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)

Let's go manual! Four doses of potassium chloride!

(holding out hand)

MOVE!

\*  
\*

One of the techs grabs a nearby syringe, filling the dose. He hands it to the Medical Examiner as the lights above flicker. Gaining and losing power.

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

Rogers SLAMS into the locked door to the control room, yelling through the glass at the two guards.

ROGERS

Hey! Unlock the doors!

WARDEN HELMS

Every door locks when we lose power!  
They'll all be back online when the  
generators kick in!

IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

The Medical Examiner struggles to insert the needle.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Keep his arm still!

MEDICAL TECH

I can't!

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

The world seems to STROBE. Everything is electric. Vibrant. He STRAINS with ALL HIS MIGHT.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Almost got it!

The needle gets millimeters from Michael's bulging vein when--

SNAP!!! One of the restraints BREAKS, Michael's hand SLAPPING INTO THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S THROAT.

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

A horrifying SCREAM emits from the execution chamber. Rogers hears it. So does Sofia.

QUICK INSERT SHOT: Michael grabs the Medical Examiner's head, TWISTING IT 180 DEGREES.

Rogers moves to the window, trying to looking in.

QUICK INSERT SHOT: Michael grabs a syringe, SLAMMING it into the eye of the Medical Tech.

Another yelp. Rogers tries to see, but everything is hidden by the curtain.

QUICK INSERT SHOT: The SLASH of a scalpel hits the neck of the second Medical Tech, blood spewing out.

Rogers inches closer to the glass, looking with wide eyes--

\*

WHAM!!! The Medical Examiner's body FLIES through the curtain and SMASHES INTO THE WINDOW.

The window CRACKS, a splatter of blood left behind. SCREAMS fill the room and--

FLASH!!! All the lights POP BACK ON. Rogers backs away, witnesses barreling toward the two doors out when he realizes:

ROGERS

No, no, no... don't unlock the doors!  
You'll let him out!

But it's too late, the doors unlock and people spill out of the room. Rogers stares when he sees...

SOFIA. In the back of the room, helping out Noah. Her eyes are wide. Terrified to see her dad.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Sofia...?

But before he can finish a word--SCREAMS FROM THE EXECUTION CHAMBER. Rogers turns to the screams.

Sofia pulls Noah with all her might.

SOFIA

Come on, come on!

Rogers turns again to his daughter... but she's gone. Rogers tries to move toward her, but people are everywhere.

ANOTHER SCREAM from the execution chamber.

Rogers grits his teeth and grabs one of the chairs and SLAMS it into the window of the execution chamber--CRASH!!!

He pulls away the loose glass, climbing through when--

BLAM-BLAM!!! Two gunshots echo. Rogers flinches, carefully pushing through the curtains to find--

TWO DEAD BODIES. The techs. One with their throat slit and the other with a syringe jammed into his eye socket.

32 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - NIGHT**

32

Pouring rain. Alarms ring out from within the building. The people look on confused, scared.

Sofia pulls Noah along, making their way out the front gates.

SOFIA

We're out... you're okay...

33 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - EXECUTION CHAMBER**

33

Rogers kneels by the two techs, checking their pulses when--

BLAM-BLAM!!! More gunshots. Rogers sees into the control room where people are running in every direction.

WARDEN HELM (O.S.)  
STOP HIM!!!

A scream rings out. Rogers moves to the control room, seeing the two dead guards and Warden Helms lying on the floor with a bloody slash across his chest.

ROGERS  
Dave!

Rogers moves to him, the Warden quivering, pointing in the direction where Michael just vanished.

WARDEN HELM  
I'm fine... go... get help!!!

Rogers rises to move, his eyes taken to the control panels. They all BLINK RED. ALARMS WAILING.

On the monitors, the doors are open to every cell. INMATES flee their cells, attacking the guards.

ROGERS  
Jesus...

34 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - NIGHT**

34

The first few civilians from the viewing room run out of the front gates. A few guards help usher them out, while others move in the opposite direct carrying rifles.

GUARD #1  
How many civilians are in there?!

GUARD #2  
At least thirty!

GUARD #1  
Get them out of there before this becomes a full blown riot!

Guard #2 turns and runs. It's panicked. Chaotic.

35 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

35

On the monitors, TEAR GAS CANISTERS are shot into the cell area, the SMOKE sending the inmates fleeing.

Rogers grabs a handgun from the floor, moves down one of the connected hallways when he sees--

Bodies. Three of them. BLOOD pooling out around them. Splatter covering the wall. Rogers gasps in horror as SCREAMS echo in the distance. A stream of gunshots when--

KAREN (O.S.)  
NO!!!

A scream rings out. It's Karen. Rogers runs forward, seeing down a long, dark hallway, smoking filtering in.

In the middle of the hallway, Karen stands. She appears to be alone, but she's crying. Shaking.

ROGERS

Get out of there!

\*

Karen shakes her head no, reaching out her hands when she screams, a hand grabbing her neck from behind and--

Her body contorts as she RISES OFF THE GROUND.

Michael is behind her, lifting Karen's quivering body off the ground with one hand. And with the other, he holds a long knife. Karen gasps and strains.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Michael... no...

Michael drops Karen down into the knife, skewering her through the back. Karen bucks, blood sliding out of her mouth.

Rogers holds the gun, about to fire when Michael backs around the corner. The hall is dark and filled with smoke.

\*

Rogers gags, covering his face, staring at the twitching body of the poor girl. He can barely breath when--

\*

\*

WHAM!!! A hand HITS the door window. He looks up to see Michael's hand retracting, leaving behind a bloody hand print.

Rogers moves, trying to open the door. But it's locked.

36 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - NIGHT**

36

Lightning flashes. People are led out the front gate.

GUARD #1

Let's go! Let's go!

From the rain and fear, people hold up their hands to their faces. It's a stream of blurred, chaotic images.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Move it!

IN THE PARKING LOT

People run to their cars. Headlights move in every direction. Sofia and Noah make it to Noah's pickup truck. They're covered in rain. Both breathing heavily.

NOAH

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

Noah is overcome with emotion, nearly crying.

SOFIA

It's okay, I understand...

Sofia leans in, putting an arm around him. \*

37 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - BOILER ROOM - NIGHT** 37 \*

An older **JANITOR** hustles through the inner workings of the building. An alarm blares. A massive boiler steams. He locks a series of doors when he notices... \*

BOTTLES OF CLEANING CHEMICALS spilled out on the floor. \*

JANITOR \*

What in the hell...? \*

The Janitor leans down, picking up one of the bottles. He looks to it, turning and-- \*

MICHAEL IS STANDING THERE, GRABBING HIS FACE. \*

38 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT** 38 \*

Rogers carefully moves down a hallway, seeing specs of blood on the floor. The alarms ring. Smoke is thick. He follows blood to a door that reads, "LOCKER ROOM." \*

Rogers hesitates. Holds the handgun tightly. At the end of the hallway, TWO GUARDS streak by. \*

ROGERS

I need some help here! I have a death row inmate on the loose!

But the two guards are already out of earshot. Rogers gains his nerve, pushing through the door to-- \*

39 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT** 39 \*

--the locker room. With only half power, it's dark. Only a lone emergency light offers a glimpse of the interior. The alarm is quieter in here. \*

Rogers inches forward, seeing the sink still running. Steam rises from the spewing hot water. He keeps moving.

Specs of blood lead him to a closed doorway that reads, "BOILER ROOM." Rogers stops short. Holds up the handgun. \*

Rogers moves forward, about to push through the door when-- \*

A HAND GRABS HIS SHOULDER. \*

HUNT (O.S.)

Where the hell is he?!

Rogers jumps back. Hunt looks to him. Jacked up.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
Stay outta my goddamn way!

Hunt snatches the gun out of Rogers' hand, moving past him and pushing through the doorway into the boiler room. \*

He doesn't get more than a few feet when-- \*

KA-BLOOM!!! A chemical EXPLOSION from within the room blows Hunt back, knocking him to the floor. \*

SMOKE fills the room. Hints of FIRE. The fire alarms BLARE. \*

Rogers hustles to Hunt, trying to help him when something stumbles through the middle of the room-- \*

It's a man... COMPLETELY ON FIRE. The man flails his arms, only taking a few steps when-- \*

KA-BLOOM!!! The boiler EXPLODES, shaking the room and sending Rogers FLYING BACK OFF HIS FEET. \*

SMOKE overtakes the room. Rogers' vision warbles. He fights to his feet, seeing the burning man face down. Motionless. \*

Rogers turns to see Hunt writhing. Trying to move. The smoke gets thicker. *They have to get out. NOW.* \*

Rogers runs to Hunt, pulling him out of the room. Hunt is woozy and confused, fighting him. \*

HUNT (CONT'D)  
What're you doin'...?!

ROGERS  
Getting you out of here! \*

Rogers coughs, fighting through the smoke, pulling Hunt to a security door and--

40 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - YARD - NIGHT**

40

--out into the large yard. Rain falls in buckets. Lightning pulsates in the black sky. Behind them, a wall of the boiler room has COLLAPSED, fire and smoke bellowing out. \*

Rogers pulls Hunt far enough away, setting him down. He sees some MEDICAL STAFF in the distance, screaming:

ROGERS  
Over here! Hey!

The medical staff comes running, allowing Rogers to step away. He continues coughing, his eyes seeing the front gates. He looks back to the burning room. Back to the gate. \*

ROGERS (CONT'D)  
No...

41 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - NIGHT**

41

The guards wave out the last of the civilians when Rogers comes stumbling up, coughing, blood covering his body.

GUARD #1

Doctor Rogers, are you okay?

ROGERS

Why is this gate open?! Why aren't you screening these people?!

GUARD #1

We are. No prisoners have even gotten out of the main building.

ROGERS

You're sure of that?!

Guard #1 yells right back as Rogers blocks the flow of exiting, panicked personnel.

GUARD #1

Nothing got out that isn't supposed to get out.

Rogers backs away, his eyes shifting to the main building. He's dazed. Blood slides down his forehead.

The rain is still heavy. People move about. Most are still scared and shaken. Rogers sees a blur of faces.

Rogers stares to the BURNING BOILER ROOM. He drops to his knees, woozy. His blood-covered hand falling from his scalp. Behind him, the boiler room burns. \*

\*  
\*  
\*

FADE OUT:

Black screen. SUPERIMPOSE:

RUSSELLVILLE  
OCTOBER 31

A spooky RING TONE plays and--

42 **INT. BRIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING**

42

Sofia's phone alarm lights up. A hand reaches over, turning it off. Sofia rolls over. Same clothes as last night.

She scrolls through her many notifications, seeing the headline, "SEVERAL FATALLY WOUNDED DURING EXECUTION."

SOFIA

My god...

She scrolls, seeing the line, "...Michael Myers, the Halloween Killer, killed in the massive explosion..." \*

\*

BRIE (O.S.)  
Happy Halloween, girl.

Sofia looks over, seeing Brie on her side as well.

BRIE (CONT'D)  
So, how was it?

SOFIA  
Crazy. \*

BRIE  
How was Noah?

SOFIA  
He was alright, considering. \*  
(tilting head)  
But he's different than I always  
thought he was.

BRIE  
What do you mean?

SOFIA  
I just... saw a side I wasn't  
expecting.

BRIE  
Good or bad.

SOFIA  
Good, I think.

Sofia sets down her phone and stands, letting out a deep  
breath. She stretches, putting her hands over her eyes. \*

Brie stands as well, putting her arms around her friend. \*

BRIE  
At least it's all over. \*

The two hug, Sofia relaxing just a bit. \*

SOFIA  
Thanks. \*

Sofia gives Brie a smile and then--DING! Her phone chimes. \*  
She looks to the message from Noah.

SOFIA (CONT'D)  
I left my license in Noah's truck. \*

BRIE  
Oh, I know that old trick, girl. \*  
Sounds like you have a second date. \*

Brie winks and giggles, causing Sofia to smile. \*



FOG

Bear, I can't stress the importance  
of this moment. Everything you are,  
everything you've done, everything  
you will be, leads to this moment.

(growing)

Right now is the difference between  
Bear the fat, bearded ape... and  
Bear the Golden God.

(pointing finger)

So what's it going to be?

BEAR

Golden God...

(gaining nerve)

How does my beard look?

FOG

Perfect. Now go get what's ours.

Fog slaps Bear on the back as Bear takes a deep breath and  
makes his way to a LIQUOR STORE. Clearly, he's about to go  
buy some alcohol.

Noah and Fog watch. Arms crossed. Doubt creeping in.

NOAH

I don't think this is gonna work. \*

FOG

It *has* to work.

A BLACK VAN with painted pumpkin on the side passes the boys.

45 **EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY**

45

The black van drives to the alleyway behind the businesses.

POV FROM DOWN THE STREET

A SHAPE stands near some bushes, watching the van park.

**HARRY GRIMBRIDGE** (60s), a kindly old man, exits the van and  
enters the backdoor of a business with sign that reads,  
"SILVER SHAMROCK NOVELTIES." The door is left open. \*  
\*  
\*

46 **INT. SILVER SHAMROCK NOVELTIES - DAY**

46

Harry flicks on all the lights. Turns on the TV over the  
cash register. A kids commercial featuring three Halloween  
masks and a bouncy tune plays:

COMMERICAL (V.O.)

(sing-song)

*Happy, happy Halloween. Halloween.*

*Halloween. Happy, happy Halloween.*

Harry grumbles and changes the channel to LOCAL NEWS.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(from TV)

...officials are still assessing the damage from last night's fatal incident at Warren County Correctional Center. All prisoners are accounted for, however, several are believed dead, including Michael Myers, known as the Halloween Killer...

CAMERA moves as a photo is flashed on the screen, but Harry looks up, not paying it much mind.

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE FRONT WINDOW

A shape stands near the front window looking inside. Before him in the window are SEVERAL MASKS - including a familiar pumpkin mask, a skull mask, and a green witch mask.

Harry moves around, until he stops, as if sensing he's being watched. He looks up quickly right as--

The shape steps back. Harry only caught a glimpse. But it's enough for him to open the front door and look out.

HARRY

Happy Halloween -- *hello?*

But no one is on the street. Harry shrugs and reenters the store, locking the door again. He moves down an aisle when--

A SOUND from the back of the store takes his attention. He looks, seeing that the back door is ajar.

Harry moves to the back of the store. He closes the door completely, looking outside, but no one is there.

IN THE STORE FRONT

A dirty, blood-stained hand reaches forward, pulling THE MASK from the front window.

BACK WITH HARRY

As he moves from the back and a SOUND takes his attention. It's a LAUGHING SOUND. From the main floor. Harry moves to an aisle, finding a halloween toy turned on.

It's a skeleton, cackling. He turns it off, setting it down. Harry continues down the aisle, passing several hanging HALLOWEEN COSTUMES.

He whistles to himself, shaking his head when something catches is eye. He turns to a hanging costume. Looking at the mask. It's tilted down.

Harry reaches up, as if to raises up the face when--

THE MASK LUNGES FORWARD, two hands GRASPING ONTO HIS THROAT and SHOVING him backward to the floor.

Harry looks up, seeing MICHAEL before him. Black jump suit on. Iconic mask over his face. Harry gasps and--

47 **INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

47

Two cases of beer and a few bottles are dropped down onto the front counter. The **BURLY CLERK** (40s) with giant beard lowers his newspaper and steps down from his stool.

BURLY CLERK

Two cases of piss, can't do much worse if you tried.

Bear laughs as the clerk starts to ring him up. However, he laughs just a bit too much... the clerk eyeing him.

BURLY CLERK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need to see your ID, son.

BEAR

Oh... must've forgot it at home.

CLERK

Gotta card everyone, it's the law.

BEAR

I'm obviously legal... I mean, look at my beard, an eighteen year old kid can't grow a beard like this.

CLERK

Don't matter, bub.

48 **EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

48

Noah and Fog stand in the alleyway, eagerly watching the front doors of the liquor store.

SOFIA (O.S.)

Hey, what're you guys doing?

They both flinch, looking over to see Sofia.

FOG

Shh, quiet! We don't need any unwanted attention.

SOFIA

Okay, okay... but unwanted attention from what?

NOAH

Just watch... and be quiet.

Sofia nods, staying hidden with the guys. Noah reaches into his pocket and hands her the ID, speaking quietly.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You alright?

SOFIA

I think so. You?

Noah squeezes her hand and nods, as if to say, "*Thank you.*" \*

49 **INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

49

Bear coyly leans forward, holding out his money.

BEAR

We can work something out, can't we?

CLERK

No sale, bub. Hit the bricks.

The clerk takes a seat on his stool, holding up his newspaper. \*  
Bear sighs, lowering his head. He takes a few steps and \*  
then stops. Turns back. The clerk's newspaper lowers.

BEAR

Look, I'll be honest... I'm 18, and my friends made me grow this beard so I could maybe buy some booze. But the thing is... I never get anything right. Ever. Everything always screws up for me. I mean, look at me, I look ridiculous.

(emotion rising)

But *this* could be my thing. My defining trait. I could be the guy who looked so old in high school he could buy beer without an ID.

The clerk stares to him. Indignant.

BEAR (CONT'D)

So what do you say? One fat, bearded guy to another?

50 **EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

50

The liquor store jingles as Bear walks out holding the alcohol. His eyes are wide, shock covering his face.

BEAR

It worked... \*

FOG

What'd you say to the guy? \*

BEAR

The truth.

Fog grabs Bear with both arms, holding him in an embrace.

FOG

You're a God... a Golden God.

Bear smiles, Sofia watching with a "what the fuck" look.

SOFIA

All this excitement... over beer?

NOAH

It's for our Halloween party tonight,  
kind of an all or nothing moment.

SOFIA

Right, of course.

Fog and Bear start loading the beer into the truck. Noah moves, but looks back to Sofia.

NOAH

Hey, I can give you a lift home.

SOFIA

Okay.

51 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - YARD - DAY**

51 \*

Police and fire personnel fill the yard cleaning up the mess. Several bodies are on stretchers underneath white sheets. Rogers follows Warden Helms, who has his chest wounds covered and wrapped in gauze.

\*  
\*

ROGERS

It doesn't track.

WARDEN HELMS

How doesn't it track?

ROGERS

A man is set to be executed, but he escapes and blows himself up five minutes later?

WARDEN HELMS

He's been on death row for a decade, that does things to the mind.

\*

ROGERS

How can you be so sure?

WARDEN HELMS

You said you saw him burning.

\*  
\*

ROGERS

I said I saw "someone" burning.

\*  
\*

WARDEN HELMS

No inmates exited the building last night, we have cameras.

\*  
\*  
\*

ROGERS

It was chaos... someone could have slipped through.

\*

WARDEN HELMS

Not Michael Myers. He's dead. Burned to a crisp underneath that rubble over there.

\*  
\*  
\*

(motioning)

That fire was burning so hot last night, teeth melted. It took engines from three counties to put it out, and it's still smoldering.

Rogers looks to the charred room that exploded, smoke rising from the within as firemen still put out the kindling.

ROGERS

Dave--

WARDEN HELMS

We lost friends last night, Paul. A lot of them. Ones with families.

(pointing to his wound)

He's dead. Even Sheriff Hunt agreed. So before you start getting everyone all worked up, think about them.

Warden Helms turns and walks back to the building. Rogers hesitates a second.

ROGERS

Today is Halloween... they're *exactly* who I'm thinking about.

Warden Helms doesn't respond. Rogers grits his teeth and turns, looking past the front gate.

He sees Gary Hunt. Standing by his patrol car. Staring.

52 **EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SILVER SHAMROCK - DAY**

52

On the sidewalk, Liam walks alone. He comes to Silver Shamrock Novelties and yanks on the door, but it's locked. He looks to the "CLOSED SIGN" and sighs to himself.

\*  
\*

POV FROM INSIDE THE STORE

Liam cups his eyes, trying to see inside. Michael stays behind an aisle, watching the young boy.

LIAM

Come on, Grimbridge, where are you?

After a minute, Liam steps away from the glass, looks away.

POV FROM INSIDE THE STORE

Michael moves out from the aisle, Harry's slumped over, blood-covered body is seen on the floor. He steps to the glass.

OUTSIDE

Liam moves to the curb when--

FOG (O.S.)

Little man, you need a ride?

Liam looks up, seeing Sofia in the passenger side of Noah's truck. Fog and Bear are in the back.

LIAM

I guess... old man Grimbridge isn't  
even open and it's Halloween.

\*  
\*

Liam moves to the truck and Sofia's eyes shift to the store. Inside, she sees Michael staring out.

POV FROM INSIDE THE STORE

Michael focuses on Sofia. Breathing heavily.

IN THE TRUCK

Sofia stammers a second, staring to Michael when her brow begins to tighten. *Is that a costume... or a man?*

NOAH (O.S.)

We have to stash the beer.

Sofia turns to Noah, seeing him holding his phone.

SOFIA

What?

NOAH

We have to stash the beer at my house  
before I take you home. Cool?

Sofia looks back to the store... but Michael is gone. Her eyes shift, but he's nowhere to be seen.

SOFIA

Yeah, sure.

Liam hops in the back as they pull away.

Behind them through the rear-view mirror, we see the Halloween van pull out of an alley and follow along.

53      **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY**

53

Rogers quickly exits the front gate, making his way to the parking lot where Hunt turns, moving to his patrol car. Hunt has a few facial injuries, but he appears okay.

ROGERS

Something tells me you're not here to thank me for pulling you out of that building last night.

HUNT

Got that right. \*

ROGERS

Then why are you here? \*

HUNT

Why are *you*? \*

ROGERS

I need to know he's dead.

HUNT

Likewise. I wanna see his charred remains dragged from there in a bag. \*

ROGERS

Yeah, well... you're not going to. Not standing here anyway. \*

HUNT

'Scuse me?

ROGERS

Get in the car, Gary, I'll tell you on the road.

Rogers moves around to the passenger side. Jumps in.

54      **INT. NOAH'S TRUCK - DAY**

54

Fog, Bear, and Liam are in the bed of the truck. Noah drives and frequently glances over to Sofia in shotgun.

NOAH

You need to tell Ashley something good about Fog.

SOFIA

Why?

NOAH

I guess he digs her.

Noah smiles, causing Sofia to smile as well. \*

NOAH (CONT'D)  
What're you guys doing later anyway?

SOFIA  
I don't know, not sure I'm up for  
much after last night.

NOAH  
I know what you mean.

They exchange a glance.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
Well, if you want to just chill, we  
do this thing out at the Bowles' family  
farm, should be pretty mellow.

SOFIA  
I'll think about it.

NOAH  
Cool.

55 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

55

Noah's truck moves down a quiet little residential street. It's not quite as nice as the neighborhood where Sofia lives. Following behind is the Halloween van.

ANGLE FROM THE HALLOWEEN VAN

We are in the front seat of the van. Through the windshield we see the group exit the truck carrying the cases of beer and make their way into the Hunt house.

TRACKING SHOT BEHIND MICHAEL

Michael gets out of the van and moves. CAMERA TRACKS behind him as he walks toward the Hunt house.

He stops in front. Through the front room windows we can see the group moving about when--

Liam exits the front door. He holds a BUTCHER KNIFE, moving to the pumpkin on the front steps. Liam sits, looking up.

OFF TO HIS SIDE

Michael stands. But as Liam looks over, Michael slowly steps away, hidden behind the house.

Liam lowers his head again, raising the butcher knife and slamming it into the top of the pumpkin.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

Michael moves to see inside a side window of the Hunt house.

56 INT. HUNT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

56

Bear and Fog are carrying the cases to the basement door.

NOAH

Load them into the basement fridge,  
my dad never goes down there.

Bear and Fog disappear, Noah is left with Sofia.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Want something to drink?

SOFIA

No... it's a little early for beer.

NOAH

I meant water.

SOFIA

Oh, right... of course. Sure.

Sofia nervously laughs. Noah smiles and moves to grab some water from the faucet. \*

NOAH

That was pretty wild last night,  
wasn't it? \*

SOFIA

Yeah, it was. All those people died. \*

NOAH

I know... crazy.

Noah moves back to her, holding out the glass of water.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I wanted to thank you for... you  
know, for being there for me.

Sofia takes it, having a sip. Noah watches her.

SOFIA

Of course.

NOAH

It didn't go as I expected, I never  
should have put you in that position.

SOFIA

What'd you expect?

NOAH

I don't know... I thought I wouldn't  
be as affected as I was, but seeing  
him there... so close, looking out  
like the way he was... \*

(MORE) \*

NOAH (CONT'D)  
 (fighting off memory)  
 It just brought everything back.

\*

There's a quiet beat as they both stand there.

SOFIA  
 Well... how do you feel now?

NOAH  
 I'm sorry for all those people, but  
 I'm happy he's finally dead.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

Michael moves closer. In the yard next to him, laundry hangs from a line. Fresh cut wood is stacked up, and next to it, stuck into a stump, is an AX.

Suddenly a DOG starts to bark from the neighboring yard. There is no fence, but the dog is attached to a cord.

ON THE PORCH

Liam is carving his pumpkin, opening the top and pulling out the guts. He hears the dog. It annoys him.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia stands with Noah, drinking the water.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
 I was still shaken up this morning  
 reading the news, but it helps having  
 friends around.  
 (huffs)  
 God knows my dad doesn't care.

SOFIA  
 I know what you mean.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

The dog keeps on barking. Until Michael turns, taking a step toward the ax. He moves toward the dog.

ON THE PORCH

Liam has just about all the guts of the pumpkin out when he picks up the butcher knife to start cutting the face. The barking suddenly stops, followed by a YELP.

Liam looks up. *That was odd.* He jams the knife into the pumpkin, stepping off the porch.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia finishes her water, handing it back to Noah.

NOAH

Do you?

Sofia nods, suddenly a little self-conscious.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Your dad ever talk about that night  
back in Haddonfield? \*

SOFIA

Not really. Yours? \*

NOAH

You kidding me, he doesn't say much  
of anything these days. \*

(with a huff) \*

He just points and grunts.

Sofia laughs, as does Noah. But after their smiles drop,  
Noah still stares into Sofia. \*

There's a pregnant pause and then... he leans forward, kissing  
her. It's more than a peck. It's a real kiss.

But right as it gets passionate, Sofia shyly pulls away.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just...

SOFIA

It's okay.

Sofia smiles to him, blushing when her eyes shift to the  
window to see--

MICHAEL STANDING THERE. Staring at her.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Whoa...

Sofia flinches, stepping back.

NOAH

What?

Sofia's eyes shift to Noah, and then she points outside again.

SOFIA

There's someone out there.

Noah turns to look, but Michael is gone.

NOAH

Where?

SOFIA

In the yard, by the laundry.

Noah looks closer through the window, but sees nothing. He turns, grabbing a BASEBALL BAT leaning against the wall and moves out the back door.

IN THE BACKYARD

The wind blows in the overgrown lawn. The laundry flutters. Noah moves through it as Sofia hovers in the back door. We notice that the ax is missing from the stump.

Noah moves through the laundry, swatting it away. But it's gusty, sheets fluttering in his face.

He can't see much. But before him, something moves. A shape. As if evading him. Noah raises the bat. Gets closer and closer. He lunges forward to attack when--

LIAM

AHHH!!!

It's only Liam. Noah retracts the bat, shaking his head.

NOAH

Liam... what the hell are you doing?

LIAM

I thought I saw something back here.

BACK WITH SOFIA

She tiptoes forward, seeing Liam. Behind her in the bushes, Michael stands. Watching. As she moves to Liam and Noah, Michael steps away.

NOAH

You didn't see anything.

Noah slaps Liam in the back of the head, sending him back to the porch. Noah shrugs to Sofia, but she isn't so sure.

SOFIA

It wasn't your brother I saw.

NOAH

Who was it?

SOFIA

The guy I saw in Mr. Grimbridge's shop... he was wearing a mask.

NOAH

The shop was closed.

SOFIA

Someone was inside.

NOAH

Who?

SOFIA

I don't know.

Sofia and Noah both look around. It's an eerie moment. The wind stirring. The sun dropping in the sky.

BACK WITH LIAM

Liam makes his way to the front porch, but he stops near the stump. Looks. Touches the spot where the ax used to be.

On the ground, the cut dog cord lies. Liam picks it up. Weird. He looks around. Whistles. But no dog.

IN THE BACKYARD

FOG (O.S.)

Let's go!

They look over to see Fog waving to them from the back door.

FOG (CONT'D)

The sins of the night approach!

Noah sort of huffs, moving as he gives Sofia a look.

NOAH

Are you trying to spook me? \*

Sofia smiles and follows. But she self-consciously looks around as they move back to the house.

BACK WITH LIAM

Liam continues around the side of the house. From the front door, Noah, Sofia, Fog and Bear exit.

They hop into Noah's truck, pulling away from the curb.

Liam sits on the porch again. He looks for the butcher knife in the pumpkin... but it's gone.

Liam looks around and something catches his eye. It's the ax. Now leaning against the porch. He steps to it, crouching down to see the blade when--

The dog leaps on him, licking his face.

LIAM

There you are!

Liam laughs as the dog gets close. It cowers. Whimpering.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Geez, what got into you?

He continues to pet the dog. Behind Liam, the Halloween van pulls away, following Noah's truck down the street.



HUNT (CONT'D)

Shit...

Rogers gives him a look. Hunt nods, sighing deeply.

HUNT (CONT'D)

I'll holler over to Sheriff Brackett  
in Haddonfield, make sure he keeps  
his eyes peeled and his boys alert.

60 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK**

60

CAMERA BEGINS on the trees that line the residential street, twisting and writhing in the dusk wind. SLOWLY CAMERA BOOMS DOWN to Sofia standing outside Noah's truck.

NOAH

So maybe I'll see you later?

Sofia nods, walking down the street to her house. Noah's truck continues down the block.

Sofia watches him go, smiling to herself. She's smitten.

The sun is a pale glow behind the trees. Sofia turns her gaze down the street.

SOFIA'S POV - TRICK-OR-TREATERS

LOTS OF CHILDREN in costumes walk from house to house trick or treating. The wind blows their costumes, billing them outward. Decorations are everywhere. Lights turning on.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

She watches the trick-or-treaters as the Halloween van swings around the corner and pulls over to the curb.

ANGLE FROM THE VAN

We are in the front seat. Through the windshield we see Sofia making her way up the front walkway to her house.

TRACKING SHOT BEHIND MICHAEL

Michael gets out of the van, close to the CAMERA so we can't see him. He glances down the street. Nearby children giggle and scream. They run in costumes, paying him no mind.

Michael moves. CAMERA TRACKS behind him as he walks toward Sofia's house.

Sofia stops on her porch, leaning down and picking up the mail. She checks it, not noticing Michael behind her.

After a moment, she turns, but Michael moves behind a tree.

\*

Sofia opens the front door, closing it. Michael steps from behind the tree and moves closer to the house.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

Michael moves to see inside a window of Sofia's house.

61 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - DUSK**

61

Sofia sets down the mail on the table, still glowing. She moves to the kitchen when her mother steps out.

EMMA

Sofia, where have you been?

SOFIA

Brie's.

EMMA

Really, because when you didn't answer  
your phone or reply to any of my  
texts, I walked over to Brie's, and  
Brie said you left an hour ago?

\*

\*

SOFIA

I had to help Ashley with something.

\*

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Michael moves down the side of the house, watching their every move.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Emma follows around Sofia, trying to keep up.

EMMA

Sofia, I'm your mom, I know when  
you're lying.

SOFIA

I'm not lying, mom.

EMMA

Your father told me where he saw you  
last night, and now I see you being  
dropped off by Noah Hunt.

\*

\*

\*

DING-DONG! The front doorbell RINGS.

\*

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Hearing the trick-or-treaters at the front of the house, Michael moves. CAMERA follows him, revealing several kids in costume at the door. The entire street is full of kids.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Emma gets in front of Sofia, forcing her to stop.

SOFIA

Mom, you don't get it...

\*

EMMA

Yes, I do. I trust your judgment,  
hon, but do not lie to me.

(off her look)

We don't lie to each other, right?

SOFIA

Yes, I know, I know...

Sofia throws up her hands, as if being submissive.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

He just... he just wanted to see.  
And so did I.

EMMA

I get it, I do, but it was dangerous,  
and you should have come to me.

SOFIA

I know, I'm sorry.

EMMA

Don't be sorry, just be careful, I  
don't want you getting into trouble.

Emme puts her hands on Sofia's shoulders, nodding. DING-  
DONG! The doorbell rings again.

SOFIA

It's Halloween, mom, you better get  
that or they might egg the house.

EMMA

Let them, I'll spray down the little  
brats with the garden hose.

Sofia looks to her mom and laughs. The tension is broken.

SOFIA

Okay... I'll tell you everything,  
just lemme change clothes first.

EMMA

Alright.

Sofia hugs her mom and moves to the stairs to the second  
floor. Emma watches her every step when--

DING-DONG! Doorbell.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I hear you already.

Emma grabs a BOWL OF CANDY and opens the door to--

TRICK-OR-TREATERS

Trick or treat!

A half dozen kids in costumes hold out their bags.

EMMA

Oh, look at you, you're all so scary.  
(holding out bowl)  
Only take one... or else.

\*

The kids take some candy and run for the next house.

TRICK-OR-TREATERS

Thank you!

EMMA

You're welcome.

Emma leans up again, the kids all running away. She looks to the yard, seeing Michael standing right there.

He stares to her. Motionless. Emma stares back. Smiling at first... but her expression changes as he just stands there. She retracts into the house, closing the door.

62 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - SOFIA'S ROOM - DUSK**

62

Sofia secures her door, making sure it can't be opened.

SOFIA

(to herself)

Sorry, mom... but I am *not* talking  
about this right now.

\*

Sofia grabs her cell, calling Brie.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Brie, I gotta get out of here, let's  
start the night early.

BRIE (V.O.)

(from phone)

What do you have in mind?

SOFIA

Noah and his friends want to hang.

BRIE (V.O.)

(from phone)

That sounds like a third date! And  
you know what happens then!

\*

\*

Sofia laughs to herself.

63 **EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT**

63

The sun is gone. Hunt is inside the car, points with a pen to a streak of blood. Rogers nods, staying by the open door.

HUNT

He must've taken it last night, left  
it here when it ran out of gas.

Hunt leans deeper into the car. Rogers watches him a second,  
lowering his head a bit.

HUNT (CONT'D)

I wanna know, how'd he do it? \*

(off Rogers' look)

Ten years ago... how'd he escape?

This catches Rogers off guard. But Hunt stares into him.  
He wants to know. Now.

ROGERS

Well... all those years we thought  
we were watching him. But no. He  
was watching *us*.

(beat)

Patiently waiting. One night, we  
blinked, and he was gone. Right  
through my office window. \*

Hunt stares to Rogers, but Rogers keeps his eyes in the  
distance. Hunt shakes his head.

HUNT

You know the critical difference  
'tween you and me, doc?

(off his look)

You need to understand these people.  
I don't. You see them after the  
system processes them. Judges them.  
Hands them over to you in straight  
jackets and shackles. \*

(beat)

But I see them everywhere. I see  
them on the outside. \*

Hunt shakes his finger in Rogers' face.

HUNT (CONT'D)

You look for a cure. But to me, the  
only cure is a bullet.

ROGERS

With all due respect, Gary--

HUNT

*With all due respect?* As deputy, I  
had a town to protect. But as a  
father, a husband, I had *one house*. \*

(beat)

All I had to do was to keep that  
house safe, but all that was gone  
the night you "*blinked*."

(MORE)

HUNT (CONT'D)  
 (anger bubbling)  
 With all due respect, *fuck you*.

ROGERS  
 Fuck you, too.

Hunt stammers a second, not expecting this reply. \*

ROGERS (CONT'D) \*

Shoot first, think later? That's  
 your plan? Well, watch the news,  
 Sheriff, that doesn't work. I know  
 exactly what you lost, and I feel it  
 every day. Every second. There  
 isn't a moment that goes by that I  
 don't feel what happened. \*

(inching closer) \*

And you know what? It will happen  
 again. In a different town. By a  
 different maniac. And it will keep  
 happening until someone like me can  
 understand the ones doing it. Until  
 someone like me can spot them before  
 they snap. \*

Hunt freezes.

ROGERS (CONT'D) \*

I've put my life on hold. My family  
 on hold. All because I'm trying to  
 understand and *stop it* from ever  
 happening again.

(off his look)

We both want the same thing, Sheriff,  
 but save your guilt trip for someone  
 else because I'm doing something, \*

I'm trying to solve the problem for  
 good. \*

Rogers finishes talking as his chest heaves. He stares into  
 Hunt, suddenly not sure if Hunt might shoot him or knock out  
 his teeth. But Hunt does neither. He simply sighs. \*

HUNT

Hell, doc. \*

Hunt drops his head, looking out the front glass.

ROGERS \*

I know it might not mean anything to  
 you right now, but I am sorry. \*

(shaking head)

Not a day goes by when my mind doesn't  
 go back to that night and think if I  
 could have done something different. \*

HUNT  
Sometimes bad things just happen.

\*

Hunt gives him a look. Nodding. Rogers nods as well, a huge weight lifted off his shoulders.

Hunt grunts and gets the power to come on in the car. The computer screen on the dashboard pops to life.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
A name was entered into the  
Russellville address database.

ROGERS  
What name?

Hunt looks to him, the words fall out...

HUNT  
Yours.

64 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

64

Michael moves through the kitchen. He stops at the countertop KNIFE BLOCK. Sees something he likes. He sets down the knife he took from Liam, finding a BIGGER ONE. Perfect.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Emma tries the handle on Sofia's door, but it's locked.

EMMA  
Sweetie, open up, we said we were  
going to talk.

She hears nothing back. Sighs and turns, stepping down the stairs to the first floor right as the house phone rings.

She looks to the caller ID, answering it. Behind her, Michael stands in the doorway to the kitchen.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
What is it?

Michael holds the butcher knife. Not moving.

ROGERS (V.O.)  
(from phone)  
Where's Sofia?

65 **EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

65

Hunt's patrol car TEARS down the highway. Rollers flashing.

66 **INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT**

66

Rogers has his phone to his ear, Hunt on the radio.

EMMA (V.O.)  
 (from phone)  
 In her room, why?

ROGERS  
 (into phone)  
 Get out of the house, the police are  
 on the way.

INTERCUT

EMMA  
 Why?

Emma is on the cordless phone, walking around the house.  
 Behind her, Michael follows.

ROGERS  
 Emma, do what I'm telling you!

EMMA  
 You're starting to scare me, Paul.

ROGERS  
 Get Sofia and get the hell out of  
 the house! He's coming!

Emma is about to reply when her eyes hit a mirror before  
 her. She sees Michael over shoulder.

Emma gasps, turning around. Michael is before her. Butcher  
 knife in hand. Breathing heavily through mask.

ROGERS (CONT'D)  
 (from phone)  
 Emma?! Do you hear me?! Hello?!

EMMA  
 He's already here...

A beat passes and then -- MICHAEL LUNGES AT HER. Emma swats  
 the phone at the butcher knife, sending the phone skittering  
 across the floor.

ROGERS (V.O.)  
 (from phone)  
 What?! Hello?!

Emma runs for it, Michael right behind her.

67 **INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT**

67

Rogers yells into the phone.

\*

ROGERS  
 Emma!!

They can hear EMMA'S SCREAMS. Hunt FLOORS the car.

\*

ROGERS (CONT'D)  
Oh god, please no...

Rogers lowers the phone as another SHRIEK comes through.

68 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

68

WHAM! The butcher knife slams into the wall, just missing Emma's head. He reaches for anything, grabbing a pan and hits the butcher knife as Michael swings.

The butcher knife slips from Michael's hand. Emma kicks away. Fighting mad. Trying to get to the backdoor when--

Michael pushes her from behind, sending her head smashing through the backdoor glass--CRASH!

DING-DONG! The front doorbell rings.

69 **EXT. ROGERS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

69

A GROUP OF KIDS in costumes stand by the door, oblivious to what's happening inside.

70 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

70

Emma slides back across the floor, blood now pouring from her cut head. She spins, getting to her feet.

EMMA  
HELP ME...!

Emma tries to run for the front door. Michael goes the other way. Emma gets close to the front door when--

CRASH!!! A vodka bottle SMASHES her over the head, shattering. She falls to the floor.

But Michael grabs her quickly, hoisting her up off the ground and jamming the broken bottle into her body.

AGAIN AND AGAIN. She moans with pain. He then JAMS IT INTO HER NECK, allowing her to drop to the floor.

Emma writhes, blood spilling out of her mouth and neck.

Michael just stands there. Breathing heavily. Staring down as his eyes then shift to Rogers' home office.

He stares inside the doorway to all the PHOTOS and NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. He stares a beat and then tilts his head, looking up to the second floor.

Michael steps forward, finding his butcher knife.

DING-DONG! The doorbell rings again. Michael stops.



INSIDE THE CAR

Sofia passes the joint, Brie waving it off. Ashley tries to put the car into gear, but the gears grind.

BRIE

Anyway, this farm plan sounds kinda sketchy, I mean, where do I fit in?

SOFIA

What do you mean?

BRIE

You're with Noah, Ashley is with Fog, so who does that leave me with?

Sofia and Ashley look to each other, laughing.

POV FROM DOWN THE STREET

Michael is getting closer and closer. He's almost running now. Breathing heavily. A grinding sound is heard.

INSIDE THE CAR

Brie looks over with a nasty look. Ashley jams the gears again, finally getting it to engage.

BRIE (CONT'D)

What?

The car jerks, finally moving. Behind them, Michael reaches out... but just misses the car.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Do not tell me I'm left with Bear.

(off their laughter)

Oh, come on, no. He's constantly sweating and he looks like a silverback gorilla.

\*  
\*  
\*

The girls continue to laugh. Michael stands in the street behind them. Watching them distance.

74 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

74

Rogers pushes through the front door of the house.

ROGERS

Emma?! Emma?!

He sees the blood and broken bottle, moving to find his wife. Hunt is right behind him. He goes the opposite, following a streak of blood leading to Emma.

HUNT

Oh, Jesus...

Rogers runs up, kneeling next to his wife, rolling her over to see that she's still alive. Barely.

ROGERS

Babe.... oh honey... nooo...

Emma quivers, blood covering her body. Rogers holds her.

HUNT

Keep talking to her!

(into his radio)

It's Hunt, where's my goddamn medical assistance?! Where is everyone?!

As Hunt distances, Rogers holds his wife tight.

ROGERS

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

Emma closes her eyes, shaking her head as if to say it's okay. She tries to speak, but can barely be heard.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

What is it? What?

EMMA

...he's after Sofia... find her...  
save our daughter...

Rogers stares to his wife as she begins gasping for air, her eyes beginning to flutter.

ROGERS

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

She takes a final breath, her body tensing... and then it eases. She dies. Rogers' face is red.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

No... no...

HUNT (O.S.)

The paramedics are a minute out!

Hunt moves back into the room, but he stops the second he sees Emma. She's dead. Rogers shakes. Looking up to Hunt.

Hunt eases, the air sucked from his lungs. The two men stare a beat until Rogers lowers his head to Emma's chest.

He cries. Hunt is frozen. Just staring.

Liam's Jack-o-lantern sits on the porch before the front door. It's all lit up and the guts have been used to make the pumpkin face look like it's vomiting.

FOG (V.O.)  
 Little man, that's the grossest Jack-o-lantern I've ever seen.

76 **INT. HUNT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

76

Liam sits on the couch eating candy and popcorn. Noah moves about gather his things, while Fog and Bear look on.

LIAM  
 You think that's gross, check this out.

ON TV SCREEN: John Carpenter's "THE THING" plays. It's the chest defibrillation scene -- chest opening, biting off the arms of the doctor. Full screams blast the room.

BEAR  
 Whoa... how'd they do that?

\*

LIAM  
 I know, right? Looks real.

NOAH  
 The girls are here.

Noah leans into Liam, holding up a finger.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
 Not a word to dad and you can stay up watching whatever you want until I get home. Deal?

LIAM  
 Deal.

Noah turns, motioning to Fog and Bear.

FOG  
 Later, little man.

ON TV SCREEN: The monster rises out of the guy's chest, moaning and growling.

Liam smiles, stuffing popcorn into his face.

77 **EXT. HUNT HOUSE - NIGHT**

77

POV THROUGH VAN'S FRONT WINDSHIELD

Michael's POV watches from the front seat of the van. Noah motions to the girls in the beat-up compact as he and his friends pile into his truck.

Sofia and Ashley wave back, Brie scowling in the back.

BRIE  
 You guys suck so bad.

ASHLEY

I don't know, he's making that beard look sexy.

The girls laugh again as both cars pull away.

Michael starts the engine on the van. It starts to move out into the street to follow when--

WHAM-WHAM!!! Several eggs EXPLODE on the front windshield.

78 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT**

78

A GROUP OF BOYS dressed in all black with knockoff HALLOWEEN KILLER MASKS throw eggs at the van, laughing.

BOY #1

You totally nailed it!

BOY #2

Suck it, Grimbridge!

The boys back away, like they're waiting to be chased. But the van doesn't move. It just sits there. Idling.

BOY #1

What's he waiting for?

Their laughing dissipates, two of them lifting up their masks. The van inch forward, seeing Michael within.

BOY #1 (CONT'D)

That's not old man Grimbridge...

The van slowly moves forward, stopping in the middle of the street so Michael is looking directly at them through the passenger side window. He glares.

BOY #2

Who is it...?

Suddenly, something is TOSSED out the window, rolling across the ground and stopping before the boys.

**GRIMBRIDGE'S SEVERED HEAD.**

The boys SCREAM, running back to their friends as they all disappear into the darkness between the houses.

Michael looks forward again. The van pulls away.

79 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

79

A white sheet is placed over Emma's dead body. The house is filled with POLICE OFFICERS and PARAMEDICS.

HUNT  
 (into radio)  
 Shut everything down and repeat the  
 APB on Michael Myers 'til it's on  
 every TV and cell we can reach, copy?

Hunt holsters his radio as he eases toward Rogers. He takes a second, putting a hand on Rogers' shoulder.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry.

Rogers holds a second. Drops his head. Tears in his eyes.

ROGERS  
 He saw her... Sofia. At the jail.  
 I allowed him to see her.  
 (shaking head)  
 He wants her.

HUNT  
 I got every uniform looking for her.

ROGERS  
 She was at the execution. I saw her  
 in the back with your son.

HUNT  
 Noah? What was he doing there?

ROGERS  
 I don't know, but they were together.

80 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

80

The two cars pull up to the abandoned farmhouse, parking in the barn. The area is dark, but the pumpkin patch can be seen nearby. Fog and Bear hop out of Noah's truck.

FOG  
 Happy Halloween! Let's get wasted!

Fog smiles, looking to the girls. Ashley nudges Brie and hollers as well, following Fog to the house.

The group keeps on laughing and moving to the farmhouse. Bear carries the crate of booze, holding out a hand for Brie.

BRIE  
 That's sweet of you... but I really  
 need to have a few drinks first.

Noah walks up next to Sofia, laughing.

NOAH  
 I think this is going to work out.

IN THE DISTANCE

The Halloween van slides to a stop. Its lights are off.

POV FROM INSIDE THE VAN

Michael grips the wheel, staring out. He watches as the teens all filter into the farmhouse.

81 **EXT. ROGERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

81

Two patrol cars drive off in opposite directions, their sirens howling and lights flashing. Hunt moves to his patrol car where Rogers sits in the passenger seat, holding his cell.

HUNT

Noah's not answering his phone.

ROGERS

Neither is Sofia.

(off his look)

If they're together, we have to find them first... and we have to kill him. We kill him. Now.

Hunt grits his teeth, looking into the distance.

HUNT

I have an idea who might know where they are.

82 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

82

A wireless speaker spews pop music. Candles have been set up. The girls dance, drinking straight from the bottles. Fog eagerly watches, smiling to Bear when--

FOG

Hey... who wants to check out the corn maze out back?

ASHLEY

I do!

Ashley holds out her hand. Fog grabs a bottle and takes her hand. He leads her out of the house

BEAR

Cool, I'll go--

But before Bear can finish his sentence, Fog jumps forward.

FOG

*Not a move, Bear.*

BEAR

But--

Fog grabs his shoulders, speaking privately.

FOG

But nothing. A girl like Ashley stays interested in a guy like me for a week. Two tops. My time is limited, and I'll enjoy every second.  
(putting on a smile)

Alone.

Fog slaps Bear on the shoulder and smiles to the others, chasing after Ashley.

Bear backs up, looking to Brie. She sighs.

BRIE

Alright. Fine.

Brie grabs Bear and sits him down. She opens her purse.

BRIE (CONT'D)

But if we're going to do this, you have to at least do something about that beard. You look homeless.

She holds out a pair of small scissors and tweezers.

BEAR

Not the beard...

BRIE

Yes. The beard. Trust me.

Brie puts a hand on Bear's shoulder. He quickly wilts.

83 **INT. HUNT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

83

ON TV SCREEN: It's the final scene of John Carpenter's "THE THING." MacReady sits amongst the burning remains of the arctic camp, the cold weather setting in.

MACREADY

(from TV)

*Why don't we just wait here for a little while... see what happens.*

Liam stuffs popcorn into his mouth when--

WHAM!!! The door is pushed open, nearly falling off its hinges. Hunt and Rogers barrel inside. Liam flinches.

HUNT

Where'd your brother go?

LIAM

Uh oh...

HUNT

What do you mean "uh oh"?

\*

LIAM  
I'm not supposed to tell you.

HUNT  
Do I look like I'm playin' with you? \*

Liam hesitates, looking to Rogers. \*

ROGERS  
He's not.

84 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

84

Music plays from within the house. Laughing. Michael stares from the outside. Suddenly, giggling takes his attention.

Ashley runs from the house with Fog right behind her.

FOG  
Don't make me chase you!

ASHLEY  
If you catch me, you can do whatever you want!

FOG  
Whatever I want?

ASHLEY  
(with sexy gaze)  
*Whatever you want.* \*

Ashley slides off her shirt, vanishing into the maze. \*

FOG  
Hell yeah, dude. \*

Fog gives chase, Ashley laughing from somewhere within. Behind them, Michael watches, moving as well.

INSIDE THE MAZE

Fog moves with a drunken smile on his face.

FOG (CONT'D)  
Where you at, babe?

He stops when he sees something hanging on a corn stalk. It's a sock. Placed for him to see her direction. Fog grabs it. Smiles. Moves with renewed vigor. \*

INSIDE THE MAZE

Ashley giggles as she moves. She starts to slide off her last sock, hanging it on a corn stalk.

ASHLEY  
Come and get it!

Ashley laughs and moves. She doesn't notice that Michael is standing between corn stalks. He backs into the darkness.

85 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

85

Brie stands before Bear, tilting her head. Nods.

BRIE

Now that's a guy I might go for  
someday. Not *tonight*. But you  
know... we're making progress.

Noah and Sofia step forward, looking as well.

SOFIA

Bear, you're so... handsome.

Bear stands, holding Brie's makeup mirror. His hair has been styled and his beard has been trimmed.

He, in fact, does look handsome. Debonair even.

NOAH

You went from drifter hobo to mountain  
man chic just like that.

BEAR

(smiling)  
Awesome.

86 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - NIGHT**

86

Fog steps through the corn stalks, giggling to himself when he sees the CIRCUIT BREAKER. He gets an idea.

FOG

Come out, come out wherever you are.

CLOSE ON

Fog's hand grabs the main power switch, pushing it up and--

The circuits spark, sending power to all the Halloween decorations. The dark night is now FILLED WITH LIGHTS and all the HALLOWEEN SOUNDS.

87 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - CORN MAZE - NIGHT**

87

Ashley, pants unbuttoned, stops, seeing the light.

ASHLEY

Hey, that's cheating!

Michael stands right behind her, but she's looking the wrong way. He steps back between corn stalks right as Ashley turns and-- he's gone.

ELSEWHERE IN THE MAZE

Fog looks over when he hears her.

FOG

I'll take any advantage I can get!

He keeps moving, quickly rounding a corner and--

RUNS RIGHT INTO A GLOWING SCARECROW! The freaky doll cackles, signifying that he's hit a dead end.

FOG (CONT'D)

Nice one.

He turns to go back the way he just came and--

MICHAEL IS STANDING BEHIND HIM! Fog gasps, about to scream when Michael SHOVES THE KNIFE UP THROUGH HIS CHIN.

Michael holds up with the knife, lifting Fog up to his eye line. Michael stares into him, Michael's rage-filled eyes seen in close up.

Fog twitches and then goes limp, his life slipping away.

Michael tilts his head and then lowers the knife, allowing Fog to fall to the ground with a wet thud.

ELSEWHERE IN THE MAZE

Ashley has made the middle of the maze. It's lit up with spooky lights and ghosts.

ASHLEY

Fog? You lost?

She giggles to herself, placing herself sexily on a hay stack.

88 **INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT**

88

The lights flash as the car tears down the highway. Rogers stares out the front. Hunt holds his radio to his mouth. \*

HUNT

(into radio)

All cars! Code 33 for 11543 Highway 2, 459 in progress! I repeat, Code 33 for 11543 Highway 2, 459 in progress! Suspect is a white male, approximately thirty years of age, six feet tall, two hundred pounds and should be considered armed and dangerous! Shoot to kill!

89 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - CORN MAZE - NIGHT**

89

Ashley playfully poses on the hay stack when a spotlight hits her. Someone is holding it, coming toward her.

ASHLEY  
Looking for a show?

Ashley giggles, getting up on her knees, beginning to do a strip tease. The spotlight comes closer.

Because of its brightness, it's impossible to see who's holding it. Ashley slides off her pants, tossing them.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Come closer, I'm just about ready.

The spotlight gets closer. Moving around behind her. Michael reaches out a hand. Ashley lets him touch her body, lowering her bra strap.

She holds his hand, bringing a finger to her mouth. She licks it, looking up with a sexy smile.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
You like that--

She sees the mask, recoiling back. He's covered in blood. Dirt. He drops the spotlight.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Hey... what's with the mask?!

Michael breathes heavily behind the mask.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you?! Where's Fog?!

Holds up the butcher knife and tilts his head. Ashley turns and RUNS. SCREAMING:

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
FOG!? WHERE ARE YOU?!

Michael gives chase. He moves at a good clip. He holds out the butcher knife. Taking turn after turn.

WITH ASHLEY

She runs aimlessly through the corn maze.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
SOFIA!!! BRIE!!! ANYONE!!!

Ashley stumbles, looking back over her shoulder. SCREAMS again. Takes a corner and sees--

FOG. Wrapped in lights. Blood pouring from his face.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
AHHH!!!

Ashley begins to cry, backing away and running. She comes to a DEAD END, but tries to stop crying.

She holds her breath, trying to be quiet. She listens. Michael is no longer behind her. She backs up. Looking left and right. Trying to be dead quiet when--

\*  
\*

MICHAEL LUNGES OUT OF THE CORN STALKS BEHIND HER and yanks her back into the darkness SCREAMING.

90 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

90

Noah and Sofia look through the slots on the window, seeing all the lights and the decorations moving.

NOAH

What the hell are they doing?  
Someone's going to see us.

SOFIA

I'll go turn them off.

NOAH

I can do it.

SOFIA

No, we girls have to talk.

Sofia smiles and winks, grabbing a bottle. She grabs Brie's hand as they get giggle and head for the door.

BEAR

I think Brie might actually like me.

NOAH

Just don't play too hard to get.

91 **INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT**

91

Hunt sets down his radio and pulls a handgun from the front console, holding it out for Rogers.

HUNT

Know how to handle a firearm?

ROGERS

Not well.

HUNT

Simplest gun there is. Safety on.  
Safety off.

(shows with one hand)

Center up. Point and pull.

Rogers takes it, looking to Hunt.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Nine shots. Don't stop pulling until you're out or he's dead.

92     **EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT**

92

Sofia and Brie move away from the house. The muted screams from Ashley can be heard in the distance.

BRIE

Wow, what's Fog doing to Ashley?

They both laugh.

SOFIA

You're next, big Bear hunter.

BRIE

He's actually kinda sweet.

Brie moves away from Sofia, seeing the lit up pumpkinhead monster in the distance.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I have to selfie that.

SOFIA

Brie, come on.

But Brie is already gone, moving into the distance.

BRIE

It'll just be a second for a moment  
that will last a lifetime!

93     **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - CORN MAZE - NIGHT**

93

Brie runs up to the pumpkinhead monster. From where she is in the corn maze, no one can see her.

PUMPKINHEAD ANIMATRONIC

(cackling)

Happy Halloween, kids!!!

Brie laughs to herself, maybe a little spooked.

BRIE

*Creepy.*

She lines up her shot. Her in the foreground, the pumpkinhead monster in the background. Makes a duck-face smile and--

FLASH! The camera flashes, casting light into the darkness and highlighting Michael.

But Brie is oblivious. She takes another photo--FLASH! Michael has moved closer. Another photo. And another. With each photo, Michael gets closer and closer.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Let's see.

Brie stops taking photos, looking at the result. Behind her, Michael stands. He takes a few steps, making a NOISE and causing Brie to look up. But Michael is already gone. \*

Brie looks back to her phone. Scrolls through the photos. Finds the best one and looks closely to it when she notices the mask of Michael in the photo.

BRIE (CONT'D)

What the hell...

Brie jerks up her head right as--

MICHAEL THRUSTS FORWARD with a HANDHELD PITCHFOORK, the three blades STABBING BRIE THROUGH THE PHONE AND INTO HER TORSO.

Brie gasps, falling back, the handheld pitchfork still stuck in her torso, her arm immobile, clutching her pierced phone.

BRIE (CONT'D)

AHHH!!!

Brie scrambles to her feet, running.

94 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT** 94

Sofia turns, having heard something. She looks into the distance, but doesn't see anything. \*

SOFIA

Brie? You okay?

No response. Sofia sighs and moves toward the corn maze.

95 **INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT** 95

Hunt stands on the accelerator. The lights flash.

HUNT

They're alive. Keep telling yourself that. They're alive. Don't break.

Hunt and Rogers exchange a look. Stare out the front.

96 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT** 96

Noah goes to the window, peeking out into the distance. He can see the lights, but nothing else.

BEAR (O.S.)

Can I DJ something else, this music is kinda chick-shit.

Noah turns, seeing Bear sitting on the stairs.

NOAH

That's the point, don't touch it.

Noah moves for the door, grabbing a wood board.

BEAR  
Where you going?

NOAH  
They're taking too long.

Noah exits the door, leaving Bear alone. Bear pulls out a headset, using his phone to listen to his own music.

He stands, beginning to randomly walk around the house.

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Michael stands in the distance. He watches Noah move in the direction of the corn maze.

Michael turns back to the house, moving to Bear.

97 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - CORN MAZE - NIGHT** 97

Sofia pushes through a corn stalk, looking around.

SOFIA  
Brie? Where are you?

She takes a few more steps when her eyes drop, seeing something on the ground. She leans down, seeing the specs of blood when--

The lights all CUT OUT. She's surrounded by darkness. Sofia shifts, suddenly very spooked.

SOFIA (CONT'D)  
Brie? This isn't funny.

Sofia moves forward, barely able to see, pushing through the corn stalks and seeing--

ASHLEY STRUNG UP LIKE A SCARECROW. She's covered in blood, STRAW sticking out of her EYES and MOUTHS.

Sofia gasps, stumbling back and seeing FOG'S BODY ON THE GROUND, SURROUNDED BY BLOOD.

Sofia SCREAMS and turns, grabbing her phone and running.

SOFIA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god... BRIE!? NOAH!?

She pushes through the corn stalks, dialing.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
(from phone)  
911, what's your emergency?

SOFIA  
 (into phone)  
 I need help out at Farmer John's  
 Pumpkin Patch, my friends are hurt!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
 Ma'am, stay calm. What is your name?

SOFIA  
 Sofia Rogers... send police now...

Sofia runs to the house as her voice trails out. Inside the house, she can see Michael on the first floor. He holds the butcher knife, moving around.

SOFIA (CONT'D)  
 Oh my god...

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
 How many people are injured, ma'am?

On the second floor, Sofia can see Bear. He bobs his head to the music, his earphones in.

SOFIA  
 Bear! Bear!

Michael begins to move to the stairs, but hearing Sofia's scream, he looks over.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
 Ma'am? Are you still there? Are  
 you in a safe place?

Sofia ducks, moving around to the side of the house. Michael doesn't see her, continuing up to the second floor.

SOFIA  
 (hushed)  
 No! Send the police! Fucking now!

Sofia ends the call, quickly dialing another number. She holds the phone to her head when--

BEAR (V.O.)  
 (from phone)  
 Sofia? Why are you calling me?

98 **INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

98

Bear stops, looking up from his phone.

SOFIA (V.O.)  
 (from phone)  
 Bear, get out of the house!

\*

BEAR  
 What? Why?

INTERCUT

SOFIA

Ashley and Fog are dead! The killer  
is in the house! Move! Now!

BEAR

You messing with me?

SOFIA

No! Fucking move!

BEAR

Okay... move where?

Sofia picks up a ROCK from the ground.

SOFIA

He's behind you, move further into  
the room!

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear, now a bit spooked, looks over his shoulder as he moves  
deeper into the bedroom.

Behind him, Michael rises to the top of the stairs when--

WHACK! A rock SLAMS into the side of the house. Michael  
stops a beat, looking... allowing Bear to get further away.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia moves down the side of the house, keeping her voice  
down, looking to the house.

BEAR (V.O.)

What was that?!

SOFIA

Me! Get to the stairs, but do not  
go through the hallway!

\*  
\*

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear moves, holding his phone. He moves into the bathroom,  
which is connected to a room at the front of the house.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia keeps moving when her CALL WAITING rings -- it's NOAH  
CALLING. But Sofia can't answer, pressing ignore.

As Sofia looks down, Michael looks out through the window,  
seeing her. When Sofia looks back up, he's no longer there.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear moves to the front room, about to make his way to the hallway and the stairs when--

SOFIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Wait, I don't see him anymore.

Bear sees a glimpse of the mask in the hallway. Hidden in the shadow. Like Michael is waiting for him. \*

BEAR  
I do... he's hiding.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia stops, her CALL WAITING rings -- it's NOAH AGAIN. But Sofia has to ignore it again, looking back to the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear moves. Barely breathing. Trying to make as little sound as possible with each step.

BEAR (CONT'D)  
I think I can sneak back around him  
and get to the stairs.

He stops in the back bedroom again. Takes a breath. The stairs are just around the corner.

Bear moves, tiptoeing to the stairs. He looks over, seeing the mask within the shadow... but the mask is on a broomstick.

BEAR (CONT'D)  
Oh shit...

Behind him, MICHAEL STEPS FORWARD, Bear turning right as-- SLASH!!! The butcher knife hits his hand, CUTTING OFF THREE FINGERS, causing him to drop the phone.

Bear SCREAMS, blood spewing from the finger stumps.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia moves forward, hearing Bear screaming.

SOFIA  
BEAR?!

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear stumbles back when Michael SLASHES again, slicing across Bear's eyes, blinding him. Bear screams. Michael lifts a boot and SLAMS IT INTO BEARS'S CHEST--

Bear stumbles back, tumbling down the stairs and hitting the bottom with a SICKENING CRACK. He's dead.

At the top of the stairs, Michael puts the mask back on.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia frantically moves around the house, trying to see Bear.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Bear?!

She comes around to the front right as Michael steps out from the side. He's holding the bloody butcher knife. She screams, backing away when--

\*  
\*

WHACK! A wooden board SLAMS into the back of Michael's head, causing him to drop to a knee.

Noah is revealed, holding the wooden board. He tosses his car keys to Sofia, yelling:

NOAH

Get to the truck! Go get some help!

SOFIA

He'll kill you!

NOAH

GO!!!

Sofia grabs the keys, turning and running to the barn. Noah stays with Michael, turning right as Michael rises.

Noah swings the wooden board again, but Michael blocks it with his forearm, swinging the knife and cutting Noah's torso.

Noah stumbles back, Michael slicing him again across the back, causing Noah to drop the wooden board and fall.

Noah writhes in pain, blood seeping out. Michael turns, seeing Sofia running in the distance. He follows.

99 **EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

99

Sofia comes to the side door of the barn. She fiddles with the rusty door latch, yanking it when--

SOMEONE GRABS HER. Sofia spins, screaming and seeing BRIE. Still alive. Blood pouring from her wound.

SOFIA

Jesus, Brie...!

BRIE

They're dead... they're all dead...

SOFIA

Come on, quick!

Sofia helps Brie into the barn, pulling closed the door.

100 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

100

Sofia and Brie gets inside the truck. Brie cries, weak from the blood loss. Sofia jams the keys into the ignition. The truck roars to life. Lights on. Radio on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
(from radio)  
Hope all you ghosts and goblins are  
having a scary Halloween out there.

CRASH!!! The side window is SHATTERED by Michael's fist. Brie screams. Sofia tries to put the truck into gear, but Michael's hand turns the keys, killing the engine.

But the radio and lights are still on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(from radio)  
We're going to keep the hits coming,  
boils and ghouls.

Brie jumps out of the passenger side door as Michael opens the driver's side door, SLICING with the butcher knife.

Sofia kicks out, hitting him in the face, causing him to stop his attack a second. Sofia slides out of the passenger side, grabbing a rusty screwdriver from the WORK BENCH.

She turns, standing before Brie with just the truck separating them from Michael. The radio speakers have been affected. \*

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This golden oldie goes out to you  
ladies looking for Mr. Right.

"MISTER SANDMAN" by The Chordettes starts to play, but the sound is WARBLLED, making the song sound EVEN MORE CREEPY.

Brie runs for it, getting to the side door and allowing it to slam closed behind her. Sofia follows coming to the door but it's now locked from the outside.

SOFIA  
Brie?! Open the door!

OUTSIDE THE BARN

Brie cries, trying to unlock the door with her lone hand, but the latch is stuck tight.

BRIE  
I can't! It's stuck!

INSIDE THE BARN

Sofia frantically tries to push the door when Michael LUNGES AT HER FROM BEHIND, the butcher knife hitting the door with such force Michael's ARM PLUNGES THROUGH.

Brie is nearly hit, backing away and screaming. Sofia jabs Michael in the chest with the screwdriver. He flinches, pushing her away with his free hand. \*

Sofia falls to the ground, but she's up fast, moving to the work bench to try to find any weapons. But Michael is right on her, standing on the opposite side of the work bench. \*

Michael thrusts into it, FLIPPING THE BENCH. It falls into Sofia, making her fall again. Michael steps over the work bench, advancing on her when she--

Slides underneath the truck. Sofia sees the butcher knife on the floor just beyond the truck. She reaches for it when-- \*

Michael STEPS on her hand. Sofia gasps, pulling her hand free. Michael grabs the butcher knife, kneeling down and swinging it at Sofia. \*

But she's able to scoot away. Michael walks around the truck. Sofia stays in the middle underneath, just out of reach.

From the radio, "Mister Sandman" continues to play when--

Michael slams the butcher knife into one of the tires. The truck starts to DROP. He punctures another tire.

The truck DROPS MORE. Sofia had a few inches... but now she's ABOUT TO BE CRUSHED. She panics, trying to move. But Michael punctures the last two tires. \*

The truck gets LOWER and LOWER. About to crush Sofia when she sees a thick wrench on the floor.

Sofia quickly grabs it, placed it vertically to MEET THE DROPPING TRUCK. It's WOBBLY. BARELY HOLDING the truck. Sofia takes a breath when--

The truck engine then STARTS.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Michael tosses a brick onto the gas pedal, the engine ROARS. He jams the truck into gear, the wheels spinning and--

UNDERNEATH THE TRUCK

The wrench starts to slip from the acceleration. Sofia has to move fast, rolling out from under the truck right as the truck TAKES OFF.

The truck races across the barn toward the side door and-- CRASH!!! BREAKS THROUGH THE WALL.

Dust and debris fills the barn, Sofia bolting through the destroyed wall with Michael still behind her.

She exits the barn when--

NOAH (O.S.)

Sofia, run!

Sofia turns, seeing Noah limping toward her, blood covering his body. He lurches forward like he's going to take on Michael, but Sofia grabs him.

SOFIA

I'm not leaving you to die!

(pulling him away)

Help is coming, I called the police!

Sofia helps him toward the house. Behind them, Michael steps out of the barn. He holds the butcher knife. Moving.

FAR IN THE DISTANCE

Michael can see a pair of headlights coming his way.

101 **INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT**

101

The car approaches the farmhouse. Michael can be seen following Noah and Sofia into the house.

ROGERS

There they are! LOOK OUT!

Rogers points, Brie JUMPING INTO THEIR PATH, screaming. The car slides to a stop, just missing her.

102 **INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

102

Sofia and Noah enter the second floor bedroom, pushing the old furniture up against the door.

SOFIA

We just have to keep him back!

103 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

103

Hunt and Rogers lead the hysterical Brie into the car.

HUNT

Lock the doors, help is on the way.

BRIE

Don't leave me! Please!

HUNT

He's not coming out of that house alive, darlin'. I promise you.

\*

Hunt closes the door, holding up his shotgun and hustling toward the house, Rogers following him.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Watch my back.

## INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

Hunt enters with shotgun leading the way. He sees Bear's dead body. Keeps moving until--

He sees Michael outside of the kitchen and--BLAM!!! A shell takes out part of the wall -- just missing Michael.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Get Noah and Sofia outta here, I got this sonuvabitch!

Hunt motions up the stairs, Rogers moving. Hunt moves deeper into the house.

104 **INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

104

Sofia braces the door for Michael when--

ROGERS (O.S.)

(banging on door)

Sofia?! It's your father!

SOFIA

Dad?!

Sofia pulls back the furniture, allowing the door to crack open and reveal Rogers' face.

ROGERS

Thank god you two are safe!

105 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

105

Hunt takes a corner and--BLAM!!! Lets off another shot just missing Michael again. Hunt moves with speed.

He wipes around the shotgun. Looking into every corner. He approaches the bathroom and -- sees Michael at the far wall.

HUNT

Die, you sonuvabitch!

BLAM!!! The shotgun barks and--CRASH!!! The image of Michael SHATTERS, revealed as his reflection in the mirror.

Michael lunges out from the side, SLASHING Hunt across the forearm, causing him to drop the shotgun. Michael SHOVES him, pushing him back into the main room.

106 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

106

Rogers and Sofia help up Noah.

NOAH

What're you doing with my dad's gun?

ROGERS

He gave it to me.

NOAH

My dad's here?!

ROGERS

He's covering downstairs. Come on,  
we have to move.

NOAH

I have to help my dad!

107 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

107

In Hunt's fall, he knocked over the candle. The dry wood quickly ignites, the flames crawling the walls.

Hunt is up fast. Pulls a switchblade from his boot. The two men square off. Each holding their blade.

They each strike, using their free hands as defense. But Michael is just too strong. Too unrelenting. Hunt strikes, but Michael grabs his arm, bending it, BREAKING it--SNAP!!!

Michael grabs Hunt by the collar, slamming him up against the wall. He holds the butcher knife to his chest, but Hunt has his good hand up. He grips the blade.

Blood seeps out of Hunt's hand. His face is red. Michael PUSHES, but Hunt is holding strong.

It's a losing battle, though. Michael THRUSTS HARDER, the blade sliding through Hunt's hand and into his chest.

Hunt moans. Looking up at Michael. Eye to eye.

HUNT

I'll be waitin' for you, bastard...  
in Hell... I'll be waitin'....

Michael pushes harder, the blade PIERCING HUNT'S HEART. His eyes widen. Mouth going wide. The air sucked from his lungs.

108 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT**

108

Noah opens the door, moving, but Rogers grabs Sofia.

ROGERS

No, I won't lose you too.

SOFIA

What do you mean?

Sofia stares to him. Confused.

ROGERS

Your mother... he killed her...

Sofia backs away, putting her hands to her face. Grief rushes through her body. But the sadness quickly turns to anger.

SOFIA  
I'm not waiting here to die!

\*

Sofia grabs the gun out of her father's hand, running.

ROGERS  
Sofia!

Rogers begins to follow, looking out the windows as sirens rise in the distance. HELP IS ON THE WAY.

109 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

109

Michael pushes the blade into Hunt's chest, looking to his dead eyes. He takes a step back, looking to Hunt's body pinned to the wall. His head tilts and--

NOAH (O.S.)  
YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!!

Michael turns right as Noah BARRELS INTO HIM, sending them both crashing into the doorway behind them--CRASH!!!

The door flies in off its hinges as they TUMBLE DOWN THE STAIRS to the basement below.

110 **INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

110

Dust fills the dank space. Noah tries to rise, but his leg is broken at the shin, a bone sticking out. He groans, looking over as Michael stands.

Michael picks him up, about to slam him into the wall when--BLAM-BLAM!!! Gunshots just miss him.

Michael turns, seeing Sofia at the bottom of the stairs, about to pull the trigger again when--

Michael THRUSTING Noah through the air into Sofia--WHACK!

Sofia FALLS BACK, dropping the gun. Michael is right on her, kicking away the gun and grabbing her by the throat.

NOAH  
No...

Noah writhes on the ground, in pain, but still fighting. Michael stomps on his broken leg, causing him to wail.

SOFIA  
No... no...

Michael spins Sofia around by the throat, raising her off the ground. She struggles, his hands crushing her neck.

Sofia kicks her legs. Claws at his hands. And then grabs for his mask, almost pulling it off when--

Michael drops her, taking a step back, adjusting his mask--

ROGERS (O.S.)

MICHAEL!!!

Michael turns, seeing Rogers at the bottom of the stairs.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

I'm the one you want...

(breaking)

You killed my wife, you want to kill my daughter, but I'm the one who locked you in that cage. I'm the one who sedated you with drugs. I'm the one who condemned you to death.

(beat)

Me. It was my decision. I'm the one you want. I'm the one who tried to kill you. Me. I'm the one you want! Kill me, Michael!

(growing)

KILL ME!

\*

\*

\*

\*

Michael stares to him. His chest heaves. Rogers takes a step forward. Smoke begins to fill the air.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Finish what you started! Come on, Michael! Kill me!

(growing)

KILL ME! KILL ME!!! KILL ME!!!

Michael picks up a shard of jagged glass and CHARGES ROGERS.

Rogers quickly backs away, climbing the stairs. But Michael is fast. ALMOST RUNNING AT THIS POINT.

ON THE STAIRS LEADING UP

Michael bounds forward, taking two steps at a time, swinging the glass -- SLICING ROGERS ACROSS THE BACK OF THE LEG.

111 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

111

Rogers screams in pain, losing his footing and falling to the ground. He tries to flip over, but Michael stands over him. He grips the glass shard. About to kill Rogers.

ROGERS

Yes, Michael... yes....

Rogers backs up along the floor. Michael moves closer. The room is ablaze by this point. SMOKE filling the air.

112 **INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

112

Sofia grabs a some debris from the floor, breaking out a wooden slot covering the basement window.

Outside, she can see the POLICE LIGHTS.

113 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT** 113

Rogers continues to back up along the floor. Michael gets closer and closer until Rogers laughs to himself.

ROGERS

They've got you, Michael... they've got you surrounded. You're *caught*.

Michael holds a second, his eyes rising. Through the slots, dozens of headlights can be seen. Red and blue lights.

114 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT** 114

The police cars pull up in the front of the farmhouse. Smokes spews out from the upper floors. OFFICERS exit their cars.

Sofia helps Noah from the basement window. They limp across the grass, several officers helping them.

SOFIA

My dad's in there! He's still in there! Help him! Please!

115 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT** 115

Rogers continues to laugh to himself.

ROGERS

You will never get my Sofia, Michael. \*  
You will never kill again. \*

Michael grabs Rogers by the neck, slamming him into the wall, and uses the glass shard to cut his chest. Back and forth. Rogers HOWLS IN PAIN.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

When you walk out that door, they will kill you! It's over!

Michael grabs Roger's tongue. Pulls it out, further and further from his mouth. Brings the glass shard to it and--

116 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT** 116

Noah is on the ground. Gasping in pain. Surrounded by officers. Sofia kneels with him when--

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Show your hands!

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)

Drop the weapon! Drop the weapon!

Sofia's head whips up, seeing Michael rushing from the farmhouse. He has his arms up, glass shard in his grip when--

POP-POP-POP!!! Several gunshots slam into Michael, putting him down in a heap.

But as Sofia inches forward, something isn't right. Michael is wearing the mask... but he's NOT WEARING THE JUMP SUIT.

SOFIA

That's not him... that's not him...

Sofia runs over as officers surrounded the downed man, Officer #1 rips free the mask and reveals... ROGERS.

Rogers gasps for air, the bullets lodged in his chest. He's not holding the glass shard, it's jammed through his hand. Blood covers his face, his tongue split down down the middle.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

That's my dad! It's not him!

Sofia rushes to her father, past an officer trying to stop her, but she screams, pointing.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

He's still inside! He's in the house!

Several officers rush for the house. Sofia collapses to her father, grabbing his head.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Dad! Dad!

Rogers struggles to speak. Clutching his daughter tightly.

117 **INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT**

117

Flames and smoke now engulf the interior. A few officers stay low, entering with weapons aimed.

OFFICER #1

There's no one alive in here!

OFFICER #2

What the hell is that?!

On the wall, written in blood reads, "THIS TOWN WILL NEVER BE SAFE AGAIN." The blood sizzles on the wall.

OFFICER #1

This place is coming down! Move!

A flaming beam crashes down behind them. They retreat.

118 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT**

118

The farmhouse burns, embers filling the night sky like fireflies. Rogers, on his back, pulls Sofia close.

SOFIA

I'm here, dad... I'm safe...

Rogers shakes his head, trying to speak, but it's hard.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I'm okay... I'm okay...

ROGERS

(a strained whisper)

He doesn't just want to kill me and  
you... he wants to kill everyone.

Sofia retracts. Rogers gasps as PARAMEDICS tend to his  
wounds. She looks to Noah and Brie being treated.

Her eyes shift to the house, the flames licking the night  
sky. She starts to spin, noticing the darkness around her.  
Sofia backs up even more, looking around and seeing--

A shape. In the trees. Face obscured by shadow. She stares.  
The shape staring back. Motionless.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Who could do all this...?

Sofia turns to the officer leaning over her father. The  
officer takes off his hat, horrified by the bloody massacre.

ROGERS

Pure evil.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

She looks back to the trees with a growing fear. But the  
shape is no longer there.

SOFIA'S POV

The pumpkin patch, the corn maze, the field, the burning  
farmhouse, all are empty, quiet, dark. There is only the  
SOUND of the wind swelling in the trees.

The shape is back.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END

**POST END TITLES TAG**

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Rogers. Broken. Hooked up to IVs. Lies in a hospital bed. Rogers speaks softly, with wide-eyed terror to a man whose back is to camera.

ROGERS

I tried to understand him... I wanted to help him, but when I saw what was inside of him, God help me, I tried to kill him.

(breaking)

I tried to kill him, Dr. Loomis. *I tried.*

The man touches Roger's trembling wrist.

DR. LOOMIS

*Him?*

Camera slowly rises, revealing the man's attire.

DR. LOOMIS (CONT'D)

You speak of Michael Myers as if he were just a man.

The man wears a black turtleneck and beige trench coat. A revolver peaks from his shoulder harness.

DR. LOOMIS (CONT'D)

He's not a man, Dr. Rogers. He never was.

Reveal... **DOCTOR SAM LOOMIS** (40s). He is Gary Oldman with the eyes of a chopping block.

DR. LOOMIS (CONT'D)

He's simply... and purely...

(beat)

*Evil.*