HALLOWEEN

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY - SUPER 8 FOOTAGE - HOME MOVIE

A pretty 16-year-old girl tickles her baby sister. A jovial father works the barbecue. Mom blows bubbles for the baby.

A family portrait: Mom, Dad, the sisters and a sullen little boy, with his back to camera, who won’t join the group.

The Super-8 camera follows the boy through the back yard. When he finally turns, his expression is disturbingly blank.

We go closer and CLOSER into the boys dark, soulless eyes. As his pupils fill the screen we find ourselves in...

A LONG DARK TUNNEL

Hazy. Subterranean. Dim lights rush by as we hurtle forward.

LAURIE (V.O.)
You’ve heard of the tunnel, the one we all go through sooner or later. At the end, there’s a door, and waiting for you on the other side of that door is either Heaven or Hell.
(a beat)
In my mind...this is the tunnel

The tunnel DISSOLVES into a...

INT. SANITARIUM - LONG INSTITUTIONAL CORRIDOR - DAY

A hallway bathed in bright white light.

We pass several doors and hear crazed laughter, pathetic whimpers, wild canine yelps: the sounds of human madness.

LAURIE
...and this is the door.

ANGLE ON A DOOR

... at the far end of the corridor. We keep moving toward the window in the door. Beyond it we can see LAURIE STRODE sitting motionless in a chair, staring at nothing.

We move closer and CLOSER to her catatonic eyes. As her pupils fill the screen...

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SANITARIUM - DUSK

Lights in the building flip on as the sky grows dark. Birds fly off, spooked by something prowling in the underbrush.

INT. SANITARIUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Two nurses walk down the hall, pushing a medicine cart, their uniforms as hard white as the fluorescence. They are HEAD NURSE WELLES, stern and no-nonsense, and NURSE PHILLIPS, wide-eyed and naive, a newcomer to the facility.

Nurse Phillips looks at her clipboard.

NURSE PHILLIPS
Um. So, Dr. Howard says fifty milligrams Zyprexa twice a day.

NURSE WELLES
No dear, he wrote FIVE milligrams, and it’s Doctor Fien. Dr. Howard has curly hair.

NURSE PHILLIPS
Right. RIGHT. That decimal point looks like a zero.

(looking at the name)

Why is this patient in lock down?

NURSE WELLES
They didn’t tell you about Laurie Strode?

She shakes her head innocently.

NURSE WELLES (cont’d)
You must have heard of her. Sister of Michael Myers?

NURSE PHILLIPS
Myers, the serial killer?

NURSE WELLES
Well, you’ll hear ALL the gossip soon enough. For now lets just concentrate on...

NURSE PHILLIPS
No, wait. Tell me about her?

NURSE WELLES
She cut off a man’s head.
INTERCUT - LAURIE STRODE (STOCK - FLASHBACK FROM H20)

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

INT. SANITARIUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Their long shadows precede them as they round the corner.

NURSE PHILLIPS
Why? When?

NURSE WELLES
Halloween, three years ago, 20 years after the first murders, her brother finally found her.

NURSE PHILLIPS
But... I thought he was dead.

INT. THE HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

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

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

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

The other cop, with a large red nose and bushy mustache, steps over, looks at the body and the blood. He leans forward, closer and CLOSER...

MICHAEL’S HAND SHOOTS OUT, violently pinning the hapless cop to the wall, thumb crushing his windpipe.

INT. SANITARIUM - LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The lights are so low the nurses appear in silhouette.

NURSE PHILLIPS
(whispering)
You mean he was still...?

NURSE WELLES
Just listen. She didn’t take her brother’s death for granted.
INT. EMS TRUCK - (STOCK - FOOTAGE FROM H2O)

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

LAURIE SLAMMING

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

THE EMS VAN

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

LAURIE STRODE

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

The decapitated masked-head rolls across the ground.

EXT. THE HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

With the flashing lights off police vehicles in the distant background, a HULKING FIGURE in a police uniform, his face hidden by shadow, escapes into the night.

INT. SANITARIUM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

NURSE PHILLIPS
Oh my God, she killed the wrong man.

THE SEVERED HEAD - (FLASHBACK)

As a hand reaches to pull off the WHITE MASK, we reveal the big nose and bushy mustache of THE POLICE OFFICER.

NURSE PHILLIPS
(horrified)
But why didn’t the policeman say...

NURSE WELLES
He had crushed his larynx.

Nurse Welles pulls out a large ring of keys and moves to the door at the end of the hall.

INT. LAURIE’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Nurses enter to find Laurie in a white ROBE sitting in front of a WINDOW...
NURSE PHILLIPS
Hello Ms. Strode. And how was your dinner?

NURSE WELLES
She can’t hear you. She hasn’t spoken a word in years.
(beat)
Extreme dissociative disorder.

LAURIE STRODE
She sits in a straight-backed chair, tilting it back and forth as if it were a rocking chair. In her arms she clings to a tattered Raggedy Anne doll.

Nurse Welles takes a paper cup filled with meds and puts them to Laurie’s lips. She takes them in her mouth passively, and accepts a sip of water, while staring blankly out the window.

NURSE WELLES (cont’d)
The doctors think she’s a suicide threat. They found her up on the roof more than once.
(beat)
Maybe it’s the guilt...

They push their cart back out the door.

NURSE WELLES (cont’d)
Now all she does is stare out the window. God knows what she sees out there.

CLOSE ON LAURIE
As the door shuts, she spits the meds into her hand.

Then, she peels back the fabric on the doll’s head and dumps the pills into the stuffing. There are HUNDREDS of pills already there. The doll is like a bean-bag.

LAURIE’S POV – OUT THE WINDOW
In the WOODS around the facility, we get just the faintest glimpse of a dark shape, white face, moving through the shadows.

EXT. SANITARIUM – NIGHT – FOG
WILLIE, a chubby baby-faced young staffer, armed with nothing but a flashlight, exits the building and peers into the mist.
The grounds are dark and his flashlight is dim.

WILLIE
Hey. HELLO? Who’s out there?

He walks over the wet grass, towards the front gate, pointing the light one way and then another. Bushes and branches undulate in the murk.

He sees the gate is open.

Something CRUNCHES in the bushes just beyond the steel fence. Willie WHIPS AROUND and points his flashlight into the woods bordering the property. Nothing there.

The CRACK of a twig. A figure moves in the gloom behind him, A FIGURE IN A WHITE MASK. Willie looks up, but too late to notice.

Willie closes the gate. He is spooked.

Then, he nervously tries to light a cigarette, but the pack, lighter and flashlight are too many things to hold. He fumbles the flashlight, and drops it on the ground.

As he picks it up and turns back, the beam lights up...

A MASKED FIGURE
Arms raised, right on top of him!

ANGLE ON WILLIE

He JUMPS back and almost falls to the ground.

WILLIE (cont’d)
Jesus Christ! You want to give me a heart attack?

The figure moves into the half-light. It's one of the patients, walking awkwardly and flapping his arms. He's wearing a red-and-white clown mask.

WILLIE (cont’d)
Harold, How the hell did you get out again

HAROLD pulls up his mask, revealing a sweet faced man-child who avoids eye contact.

WILLIE (cont’d)
And, who you supposed to be today?
Willie takes the man's arm and walks back.

HAROLD
(savant monotone)

Willie leads him through the SIDE DOOR of the Sanitarium.

INT. LAURIE’S ROOM - NIGHT
She continues staring out the window. Patient. Waiting.

INT. SANITARIUM - SECURITY - NIGHT
FRANKLIN MUNROE, a wily old veteran sits at the security desk by a bank of MONITORS. He hands Willie a stack of paperwork.

WILLIE
I put Harold back in his room.

FRANKLIN
He didn’t scare you with his Halloween mask did he?

The Older man has a hearty guffaw.

WILLIE
No...

Franklin looks up at the monitor just is time to see a HULKING FIGURE move in and out of view.

FRANKLIN
(sarcastic)
Willie, I don’t mean to criticize your work, but if Harold’s in his room, how come I see him in the basement?

WILLIE
I... But... I just... Just two seconds ago he was..

FRANKLIN
Come on, let’s go get him.
INT. SANITARIUM - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Willie and Franklin jog down the hall. The chubby younger man is distracted by a VENDING MACHINE, and lags behind.

Mmmmm. Hostess snacks.

FRANKLIN
What the hell are you doing?

WILLIE
I skipped dinner.

FRANKLIN
(wear)
Well, hurry up.

INT. SANITARIUM - BASEMENT - NIGHT

We FOLLOW Franklin as he moves farther and farther into the dark bowels of the basement. He stops.

POV DOWN THE HALL

He sees nothing. Gurgling pipes snake along the walls. The floors are damp, the walls grimy. Old machinery growls.

FRANKLIN
Harold?

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Franklin creeps down the hall, constantly looking over his shoulder. As he rounds another corner he sees...

A HULKING FIGURE

stands in a dark corner, near laundry bins, facing the wall.

FRANKLIN
What’s gotten into you? You’re not supposed to be down here.

Franklin approaches, but the hulking figure doesn’t respond or turn around. Something makes Franklin hesitate.

FRANKLIN (cont’d)
Harold?

Cautiously, Franklin moves closer, reaches out to touch the man’s shoulder...
INT. SANITARIUM - BASEMENT VENDING MACHINE - NIGHT
Willie starts on a second round of Hostess snowballs, his lips frosted with icing, when from somewhere he hears an agonized, echoing SCREAM that is cut violently short.

Willie stands and walks down the corridor in the direction Franklin had gone minutes earlier.

WILLIE’S POV
As he darts down hallways and rounds corners.

BASEMENT - LAUNDRY BINS
Willie creeps into the area and steps cautiously around a laundry bin, looking for his partner but seeing nothing...

A single yellow bulb, hanging from a chain, swings back and forth, causing shadows to rise and fall on the walls.

THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!

He looks at the dryer as the clothes spin.

THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP! THUM-THUMP!

Something in the dryer is banging around with the clothes... like a tennis shoe, only HEAVIER.

Willie flips the dryer off. The thumping stops.

WILLIE
Harold? Frankie?

Through the glass door of the dryer, he sees a STAIN spread across the laundry, turning the fabric a GHASTLY RED.

His hand shaking, Willie reaches out and OPENS THE DRYER DOOR...

VIEW FROM INSIDE THE DRYER
Willie bends down and looks through the circular doorway.

He REACHES IN, tentatively poking and digging through the bloodstained linen until he UNCOVERS SOMETHING...

An EYE stares back at him from between the sheets.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON WILLIE
He backs away in horror and revulsion. HE STUMBLES AND TRIPS -
AND FALLS over Franklin’s DEAD BODY. His **HEADLESS** dead body.

Willie scrambles back to his feet.

Behind Willie, Michael Myers lowers himself with one hand from the pipes on the ceiling, and before the guard can scream...

Michael reaches around and slices his throat.

26

INT. SANITARIUM - ANOTHER FLOOR - NIGHT

Harold, with the clown mask pushed up around his forehead, sits in bed with a Detective magazine. The walls are covered with other disturbing Halloween masks.

HAROLD
Ted Bundy, born November 24, 19 --

He looks up just in time to see a dark figure with a gruesome blade walk past his observation window.

27

INT. TOP FLOOR - LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The dark shape, in silhouette, enters from the stairwell, led by some preternatural instinct. No one is left to stop him.

The shadow plods down the hallway with grim determination, and reaches the door at the end of the hall.

28

INT. LAURIE’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laurie lying in bed, hidden under piles of blankets.

CRASH! The figure hurls himself against her door. CRASH! And again, until one of the hinges BURSTS free of its housing.

29

CORRIDOR - ANGLE ON MICHAEL

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

30

INT. LAURIE’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He flies into the room towards the bed, thrashing wildly, slashing the blankets with his blade, but there is NO ONE IN THE BED - just PILLOWS and the limp RAGGEDY ANNE DOLL.

Laurie appears behind him, wielding a TABLE LAMP. CRACK! She clubs the back of his head. Glass flies. Bulb POPS!

Michael SLIPS on HUNDREDS OF PILLS, scattered on the floor like marbles. Laurie backs out into the hallway, and RUNS.
INT. LONG CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Laurie flees down the corridor as Michael staggers after her in his relentless, methodical gait.

All around we can hear the patients waking up. Some are crying out, others bark, some scream.

ON LAURIE

She desperately tries one door and then another, but they are ALL LOCKED. Michael is getting closer and CLOSER.

Laurie is desperate. The SOUND of hollering, babbling patients rises to a cacophony.

Finally she finds an open door labeled "ROOF ACCESS." She scrambles through. Slips, regains her footing and runs.

INT. STAIRWELL - FOLLOWING

Laurie looks back down the stairs and sees his shadow lumbering after her - She barrels up the steps...

And goes through the door to the roof, setting off the ALARM.

EXT. SANITARIUM - ROOF - NIGHT - WIDE

Michael bursts through the door to find what seems to be an EMPTY ROOFTOP. He looks right. Looks left. Steps forward.

He sees Laurie’s robe dangling from the guard rail.

As he moves to the EDGE OF THE ROOFTOP, we REVEAL Laurie, crouching in the one place he can’t see her, behind the housing of the doorway he came through.

Not scared, her face one of resolve, she smiles.

ON MICHAEL, as he reaches the edge of the roof, a COIL OF ROPE ensnares his feet...

QUICK CUTS - CLOSE ON

A lever is pulled. A spool turns, pulling the rope through pulleys, and Michael's feet are jerked up toward the top of -

A CANTILEVERED HOOK meant to hold a window washer’s rig.

He dangles, upside down, like a wolf in a snare, over the edge of the building. His KNIFE clatters onto the roof.

And Laurie rises up from her hiding place.
LAURIE
I’ve been waiting for you Michael.


LAURIE (cont’d)
I knew you’d come for me sooner or later. What took you so long?.

Michael doesn’t answer. She walks closer, TAUNTING HIM.

LAURIE (cont’d)
You failed Michael. I’m just not afraid of you anymore.
(beat)
But are you afraid of me?

He’s silent. She stands just out of his reach.

She picks up the knife. And holds it to the rope where it passes through the pulley and begins cutting...

But then she hesitates. She looks down at Michael’s mask.

LAURIE (cont’d)
I just have to be sure.

She steps forward, reaches out and grabs the mask. TUGS IT! It starts to come off...

Then, just as the rope is about to snap, Michael SPINS and GRABS LAURIE’S HAND, twisting her arm behind her.

HE BURES THE KNIFE IN HER BACK!

She arches her spine in pain, THE ROPE SNAPS, and they both tumble and FALL.

But Michael catches the edge of the roof with one hand, his other still gripping the knife imbedded in her back, holding her like a dance partner... or a ghastly lover.

For a moment they hang over the abyss.

CLOSE ON LAURIE AND MICHAEL

For the last time, their eyes meet, this time only inches apart. She seems oddly serene, even triumphant.

LAURIE (cont’d)
I’ll see you in Hell.
She gently kisses his masked lips.

And Laurie FALLS, her white robe falling with her, the fabric flapping like angel’s wings, and she is swallowed by the darkness.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he slowly pulls himself back up onto the roof....

34

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

MICHAEL’S POV

He looks in Harold’s window, opens the door, approaches the babbling, childish man, sitting on his bed.

Harold wears a clown mask eerily similar to the mask Michael himself wore when he murdered his older sister.

Harold looks up in fascination and wonder. A knife drops into frame, the tip pointed at Harold’s eye.

    HAROLD
    M...M...M....

A grimy hand lowers the blade and puts it in Harold’s hand. Harold clutches the bloody knife, the collector’s Holy Grail.

    HAROLD (cont’d)

35

INT. SANITARIUM - LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Harold continues to mumble statistics as we ROLL CREDITS.

    HAROLD (V.O.)
    Killed his older sister, October 31, 1963. Killed 3 high school students, October 31, 1978...

As the corridor around him DISSOLVES, becoming the SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL that we saw in the opening, Michael Myers lumbers into the dark, like Death himself, returning home.

36

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

    PROFESSOR
    Jung tells us that the human psyche contains a kind of bogeyman. It is the part of ourselves that the conscious mind denies. The dark, violent, unpleasant side.

    (MORE)
(beat)
In order to become fully integrated
- become whole - we must face this
figure... a figure he called...

PAN over a row of students, all bored to tears. Then we find
SARA MOYER, the only one taking notes. She is fascinated.

PROFESSOR (cont’d)
Stay with me, people. Take that
Kierkegaardian “leap of faith.”
Jung called this figure...

SARA
The shadow.

PROFESSOR
Thank you Sara. I’m glad somebody
was awake...

EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DAY

Out of class walks SARA, an ugly duckling who woke up about a
week ago to find herself a swan. She’s smart and capable but
“afraid of her own shadow.”

She pushes her SCOOTER across campus, looking over her
shoulder, sensing that she is being followed.

STALKER’S POV

And she is. We follow her from behind trees. Watch her from
over fence tops. Peer at her through branches of a hedge.

BETWEEN BUILDINGS

It’s early and the campus seems deserted. Sara takes a short
cut, walking the scooter through a space between buildings.

STALKER’S POV

We continue to follow her, getting closer and closer until...

JEN
Booo!

Sara SCREAMS a distinctive, blood curdling SHRIEK.
Unnaturally piercing. It could wake the dead.

JEN (cont’d)
Ouch my ears.

SARA
Damn it, Jen!
JEN DANZIG, a bubbly girl with a made-for-TV smile and a sadistic sense of humor, bursts into laughter.

JEN
That expression was classic! I should have had a camera.

But Sara is genuinely upset. She’s spooked and mortified.

SARA
Don’t you EVER sneak up on me like that. Not ever. You know I hate that more than anything.

JEN
Hey, I was just kidding. Are you all right? Hey Sara...

Jen hugs her friend. Sara takes a deep breath.

SARA
I just... I’m okay.

JEN
Well you better toughen up girl, ’cause you’re gonna be a star.

Beat.

SARA
Oh no. What did you sign us up for this time?

Jen grabs Sara’s hand and drags her towards...

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Sara and Jen cut through the line and work their way to the grill.

There they find RUDY GRIMES, an African American with a smooth voice and easy smile. He is chopping up vegetables to put on the grill. Other students nearby flip burgers.

JEN
Hey Rudy.

RUDY
Don’t distract me.

He chops the vegetables with LIGHTNING SPEED, while the beat of house music blares from a nearby Boom box.
JEN
Have you checked your E-mail?

RUDY
No. You send me something?

He juggles the knives and twirls them in his hands like a drummer showing off... his hands darting over the food like he has eight instead of two.

JEN
It’s back on. They’ve got a new investor.

Rudy cheers and holds up his arms like a man scoring a touchdown.

RUDY
This better not be one of your little jokes.

JEN
No, it’s true. But Sara doesn’t want to go.

RUDY
What? Unacceptable! Un-ex-cept-able.

SARA
I might do it. I just haven’t decided yet.

Jen urges Rudy on with a surreptitious nod.

RUDY
Sara! What about the mystery? Those inner-chambers-of-the-human-mind that you’re always going on about. Where’s your sense of adventure?

SARA
(eyeing nearby trays)
The turkey tetrazinni is adventure enough for me thanks.

RUDY
You know Donna is going, and that guy with the hair, Jim...
(beat)
We’re gonna big bigger than “Real World.” Bigger than “Survivor”!
SARA
(smiling)
Every time I let you two talk me into something, I live to regret it.

RUDY
Baby, without us, you’d die of boredom.

CLOSE ON the KNIFE as he buries it in a nearby pumpkin.

INT. CABLE ACCESS TALK SHOW – DAY

FREDDIE HARRIS, slick as a snake oil salesman, charming as a circus ringmaster, sits across from host BOB GREEN, a smiling, small-time sycophant.

Behind them are images on a large flat screen.

BOB
My guest is Internet entrepreneur Freddie Harris, whose latest venture has captured the imagination of net surfers throughout Illinois.

FREDDIE
Well Bob, Entertainment as we know it is OVER. Today’s audience doesn’t want tired old plots and slick production values.

Bob nods his head in oh-so-earnest agreement.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
They want “reality,” and they want to see it NOW... as it happens.
(on a roll)
This is the future. This is America’s pulse. Put down the remote and pick up your mouse. It’s not TV, IT’S DANGERTAINMENT!

Freddie glances off camera at NORA WINSTON, who gives him a reassuring thumbs-up. She is a lithe, Amazonian dream. Razor sharp eyes. Knows what she wants and just how to get it.

The faces of the six Haddonfield students flash up on the screen behind Bob and Freddie.
For those viewers who may not be familiar with his show, Mr. Harris has selected six Haddonfield University students from hundreds of E-mail submissions.

(beat)
Now, during the internet broadcasts, you’ll be sending them to “infamous locales.”

FREDDIE
That’s right. The sites of ritual cult suicides, mysterious disappearances, unexplained murders.

(beat)
And as we look for answers, you’ll see EVERYTHING they see. LIVE.

On the screen, we see video images of various ghastly environments. Bob presses a button and we hear the voice of the first caller.

BOB
Dan from Haddonfield, you’re on with Bob and Freddie.

DAN (O.C.)
Yeah, Mr. Harris. I don’t get it. What will these kids DO exactly?

FREDDIE

DAN (O.C.)
Uncover what?

FREDDIE
Well... We don’t know exactly what they’ll find, but we do know that not since Geraldo entered Al Capone’s safe on LIVE TV has -

DAN (O.C.)
But there was nothing IN Al Capone’s safe.

(beat)
What if nothing happens?

There is an awkward pause.
FREDDIE
Oh in places like these SOMETHING is bound to happen. I can give you my personal guarantee.

DAN
But if it’s “real” how can you be so sure that...

The host cuts him off in mid sentence.

HOST
Thanks for the call, Dan.
(beat)
Now Freddie, what do you have planned for the pilot episode?

An old picture of a seemingly ordinary suburban home pops up on screen next to the students faces.

FREDDIE
Halloween night, live on the internet, our six college students will enter and explore the childhood home of infamous mass murderer... Michael Myers.

The studio audience (off camera) APPLAUDS.

We PUSH IN on the screen... towards the face of SARA MOYER.

A39 INT. CYBERTUBE
DIGITAL TRANSITION: A39

The image is momentarily frozen, then compressed and shot down a cybertube. Reaching its destination, it uncompresses and unfreezes...

40 INT. SARA’S DORMROOM - DAY

An E-mail pops onto a computer screen. “CONGRATULATIONS: You have been cast...”. Sara and Jen sit at the desk reading it. A Raggedy Anne doll leans on the monitor.

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

JEN
No, no. It’s like we’re investigative reporters searching a crime scene.

(MORE)
(beat)
And look at the scholarship...

SARA
Yeah. I could really use that money next semester. I’m running on fumes.

JEN
Besides that, THOUSANDS of people are going to see my... our faces. That kind of exposure is priceless.

Sara looks to Jen and smiles, okay you got me...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Don’t do it.

ANGLE TO FIND
ARON, a creepy student, who has wandered in the open door, and has been looking over their shoulders at the screen.

JEN
Aron. Don’t you KNOCK, you circus freak?

ARON
That’s the house where it all started.

He takes two steps into the room, looking around as if he were standing, at that very moment inside Michael’s house.

ARON (cont’d)
He walked its hallways, hid in its closets, dreamed in its bedrooms. He helped his mother in the kitchen, watched TV in the living room with dad, played in his sisters bedroom...

(beat)
Then one day he picked up a knife.

Aron backs up to the door.

ARON (cont’d)
And he never put it down again.

And as mysteriously as he came, Aron exits.

JEN
Don’t pay any attention to him, he just thinks he can scare us.
In Sara’s case it seems to have worked.

SARA
I need to send a quick E-mail.

She begins typing...

A40  INT. CYBERTUBE  DIGITAL TRANSITION:
41   INT. MYLES’S BEDROOM – DAY

The room of a typical adolescent with an addiction to video games and the internet. MYLES BARTON, a clever 15-year-old in the midst of a “geeky” stage, checks his email:

“Deckard, you’re not going to believe what I’ve gotten myself into. Check out this website [URL].”

MYLES quickly clicks the window to hide it from his nosy friend Scott, who is looking over his shoulder.

SCOTT
Deckard? Who’s Deckard?

MYLES
It’s just my screensname.

Scott reads some of another E-mail on the screen

SCOTT
You told her you’re a graduate student? Graduate of what, junior high?

MYLES
Shut up. We talk like EVERY day. It’s like we’re dating.

SCOTT
Yahoo chat rooms don’t count. She’s never even seen you. (groaning) Now what are you doing?

MYLES
Hold on. Just gimme a second.

Myles types clicks the weblink and waits for the page to download. Scott is so bored his head is about to explode.
SCOTT
(pointing across the room)
Oh my God, look!

MYLES
What?

SCOTT
Over there, that girl’s HOT!

Confused, Myles looks around his room. Sees nothing.

MYLES
What girl?

SCOTT
(pointing at the wall)
And check THAT out, three tacos for a dollar. And there, 9 different movies in one place!

MYLES
What, are you stoned?

SCOTT
Oh sorry, you’re right. There are no real girls, tacos or movies here.... BECAUSE WE’RE STILL IN YOUR FUCKING ROOM!

MYLES
Okay, okay. I’m logging off.

Just as turn to leave, the DANGERTAINMENT Website pops up on the screen with picture of the home of Michael Myers.

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

MICHAEL MYER’S POV

We see through his eyes as he barrels through the underbrush like a juggernaut. As the familiar HALLOWEEN THEME rises, Michael plods on and on. Over logs. Tearing through bushes.

He is determined, unstoppable, and hellbent on getting somewhere. Suddenly he reaches a clearing and comes upon...

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

AN OLD RED CAMARO - MICHAEL’S POV

He looks inside the car at the empty black-leather seats. There is a lace bra hanging on the open door.
Nearby he hears the sound of a teenaged girl GIGGLING. He follows a trail of discarded prep school uniforms: white oxford shirts, plaid skirt and saddle shoes, ratty tubesock & silk panties.

It leads to a small clearing where there is a campfire and a TENT. On the nylon walls is a shadow dance of the couple inside, bodies entwined in graphic motion.

ON MICHAEL

The mask emerges from the gloom, and his head tilts slightly as he watches the girl’s shadow undulate, a sight he doesn’t fully understand.

A43 INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly the girl lifts her head from his lap and SITS UP. Something has her unnerved. She listens intently.

    BOY
    Hey, don’t stop.

    GIRL
    I heard something.

    BOY
    No you didn’t. Keep going.

    GIRL
    Go out there and check.

    BOY
    I’ll check when you’re finished.

    GIRL
    Check NOW.

    BOY
    There’s NOTHING out there.

She crosses her arms. No dice.

He sits up and scrambles out of the tent. Not happy.

ON THE GIRL

She listens to the boy trudge around the campsite and mutter to himself. Rustle. Bustle. Then silence.

    GIRL
    Sean? Do you see anything?
Beat. Silence. Then a snapping twig. A grunt. A muffled gasp?

GIRL (cont’d)

Sean?

Beat. More silence. Out the crack in the tent door, she sees only dying embers and dancing shadows.

She hears the JINGLE OF KEYS. Then more silence.

B43

EXT. CLEARING - NEAR THE TENT - NIGHT

The girl cautiously steps out of the tent. She scans the trees with her flashlight. She sees nothing.

ON THE GIRL

Half naked. Spooked. Stepping gingerly over pine needles.

GIRL
(a whisper)

Sean?

An interminable moment, then she WHIPS OPEN TO see...

THE BOY, Sean, holding a roll of toilet paper.

BOY
Nothing’s out here.

She’s speechless. Nearly had a coronary. Then...

VAARROOM!! The car engine roars to life. Headlights swing across the tent, momentarily illuminating the surprised couple as Michael drives off into the night.

44

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

Scott and Myles ride their bikes down the sidewalk. Scott makes a right turn, but Myles stops, preferring to go left.

MYLES
Let’s go the other way.

SCOTT
What are you scared?

MYLES
The other way is shorter.

SCOTT
It’s like three times longer.
Myles hesitates. Looks down the long dark road.

SCOTT (cont’d)
Come on. Myers’s ghost isn’t gonna jump out and get you for trespassing.
(teasing)
We’ll ride real fast and I’ll tell you when to cover your eyes.

MYLES
(riding after him)
Shut up.

EXT. DARK SUBURBAN STREET - MYERS HOUSE - MORNING

The two boys tear through the neighborhood as fast as their feet will pedal. They pass...

A truck backing into a driveway. Two men slide open the back revealing that it is packed to the roof with camera and video equipment. Written across the truck: “Dangertainment”

Nearby FREDDIE and NORA watch the men work and make check marks on their clipboards.

FREDDIE
What about night vision. I don’t want to miss anything because of low lighting.

A pair of workmen pass by with a tri-pods and cables.

NORA
Got it covered, sweetheart.

EXT. DORMITORY - DAY

Sara exits her dorm carrying a duffle-bag and a helmet. There is a group of students milling about.

SARA
Hey, have any of you seen Jen?

STUDENT
Yeah, I think she and Rudy just took off.

SARA
(annoyed)
Without me? Whose car did they take?
A few of them shrug. Sara climbs on a Honda scooter and zips out into the street.

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Sara puts along on her scooter, only doing maybe 45 miles an hour. She seems lost in thought on the empty road.

We FOLLOW HER as she drifts farther and farther ahead. Then we see, creeping into view, following at her pace...

THE RED CAMARO

Tinted windows. It’s engine growls with a bad muffler.

ON SARA

She rides on, for several miles, blissfully unaware of who is following her.

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

Sara spots the car in her REAR VIEW MIRROR. She slows to 35 miles an hour and waves for it to pass.

But the CAMARO doesn’t pass. It keeps pace, following 30 feet behind her.

Sara slows down to 15 miles an hour, waves the car on, but it still will not pass. The glare and the dark glass make it impossible to see the driver.

OMITTED

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

Sara PULLS OVER. And the CAMARO pulls over, just 50 feet behind her. A sign reads: Haddonfield 5 miles.

Suddenly she smiles in recognition.

SARA

Jen! Rudy! Why’d you leave me behind?

But there is NO RESPONSE.

POV FROM THE CAMARO.

The driver studies Sara’s face.

WIDE ON THE ROAD
Suddenly the car peels out, lurches and swings out into the street, kicking up a cloud of dust as it roars past her.

SARA (cont’d)
Asshole!

The car SCREECHES TO A HALT.

Sara looks up and down the empty road. No one in sight for miles. Completely vulnerable. Now she is scared.

Abruptly, the car PEELS OUT IN REVERSE, barreling towards her. But just as she is about to be RUN OVER, Sara turns her scooter and zips off the road...

FORREST TRAIL

She tears down the narrow path, for about twenty yards. The car follows her part way, ripping through the underbrush.

Then it stops. The path is too narrow. It pulls back out and tears off down the road. Sara watches, shocked and unnerved.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - LATER

Sara races her little scooter into the parking lot. She sees a van in the lot that has a banner, “Dangertainment.”

INT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - MEETING ROOM - DAY

The six students, still wearing backpacks and carrying travel bags, are assembled as a small digital camera crew works around them, creating a PROMO for the Halloween event.

It is chaotic, everyone is talking at once. Hand held digital cameras are moving from person to person.

Jen, with a big duffle bag on rollers, rushes up to Sara.

JEN
We were supposed to meet at West Andrews. I thought I told you –
(beat)
Wow, you don’t look so good.

SARA
I’m okay. Do you know anyone who drives a red Camaro?

JEN
No... but, is that what you’re wearing? Did you know we were going to be on camera today?
Sara looks down at her sweatshirt and jeans.

Freddie’s image on a FLATSCREEN covers a good part of the wall. He looks to camera with his best entrepreneurial face.

FREDDIE (MONITOR)
The search is over and you six have been selected to explore America’s worst nightmare.
(beat)
Tomorrow night, Halloween, live in front of the Internet nation, you will enter the birthplace of evil - the childhood home of the most brutal mass murderer in history.

ON JEN AND SARA

JEN
Oh, do you know Jim? His band plays at Lupos on Thursday nights.

JIM MORGAN is a wannabe rock star, half “lizard king”, half “Puff Daddy.” Majors in music, minors in womanizing.

JIM
(knowing smile)
Of course I remember. Backstage at the labor day concert. You, me and a bottle of tequila, right Alice?

SARA
No. I’m Sara. We’ve never met.

JIM
(relieved)
Thank god.

INTERVIEW AREA

On the other side of the meeting room, another camera has been set up and the students are doing interviews in turn.

DONNA CHANG is consummate euro-trash. Wearing all black clothing and thick-rimed dark glasses, and smoking imported cigarettes, she is a siren of “deconstructionism”.

NORA (OFF CAMERA)
So Donna, what do you think caused Michael Myers to kill?
DONNA
I’m not interested in “causes” as such. I’m interested in how Michael Myers embodies the politics of violence embedded in pop-mythology.

NORA
(to the cameraman)
What the Hell is she talking about?

He shrugs: with face like that, who cares?

DONNA
I also TOTALLY love Halloween. Once I wrote a whole paper on the neo-pagan symbolism of candy corn.

JEN
You remember Bill. He’s going to Yale Law next year.

BILL WOODLAKE is a player. Silk tie and slick suit, he’s always working an angle. Dry, cruel wit. Often smirking.

BILL
Jen’s told me EVERYTHING about you. Don’t worry, I think it’s GREAT that you’re doing a little girl-girl “experimentation.” You’re roommates! Had to happen, right?

SARAH
What?! I’m not... We’re not...

BILL
(winking)
We’re just messing with you, Suzy.

SARA
It’s Sara.

NORA (OFF CAMERA)
What do you hope to find in the house tomorrow night.
JEN
My way into network broadcasting?
Ha ha. No seriously, this is just
the kind of investigative
journalism I’ve always dreamed of.
(beat)
Some of my friends say I look like
a younger, sexier Diane Sawyer, and
I’m not saying that’s true but...
what was the question?
(beat)
Right. I don’t know what we’ll
find, but you’re gonna LOVE
watching me look for it.

56 BACK TO SARA

She stands with Donna. From across the room, Jim flashes his
I-just-can’t-help-myself grin.

DONNA
He is so arrogant it’s offensive. I
mean POLITICALLY offensive - to
woman as a gender.
(beat)
It would be a lot easier to take if
he wasn’t so... So...

SARA
... if he wasn’t so cute?

DONNA
Yeah.

57 INTERVIEW AREA

Bill looks argues his case adamantly to camera.

BILL
And let me say this, Myers was
never proven guilty in a court of
law. The “alleged killer” always
wears a mask. Lacking DNA evidence -
he could be ANYONE.
(smiling)
Reasonable doubt, baby.

58 BACK TO SARA

She looks a bit bewildered. Rudy approaches.
RUDY
Hey, you look pale. You want half my sandwich?

Famished, Sara nods. She takes one bite of the odd looking combo of ingredients stuffed inside pannini bread. Her eyes light up as she chews. Rapture!

SARA
This is the best sandwich I have ever had in my entire life.

RUDY
Oh yeah. I know it is.

59 INTERVIEW AREA

RUDY
Never underestimate the effect of a poor diet. Not enough protein, a bit too much Zinc... Next thing you know, you’re cutting up bodies in the bathtub.

(beat)
That’s why I’ll be opening my own line of diners...

60 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

Jen, Bill, and Jim all get their room keys and their itinerary. Jim wears sunglasses and looks aloof.

BILL
Jimbo, as your attorney, I’d advise you to court the media.

JIM
Nahhh, I want to antagonize the press. Think “Oasis.”

BILL
Then as your attorney, I’d advise you to start drinking heavily.

61 INTERVIEW AREA

JIM
So when do I get ask YOU some probing questions?

NORA (O.S.)
You’re barking up the wrong tree Fido. And... we’re rolling.
JIM
(into camera)
You don’t have to go far to find
Michael Myers. He’s hiding in that
little reptilian brain at the base
of your skull. He whispers to you
to STRANGLE the old lady taking too
long at the check out counter.
(moving close to camera)
He’s the great white shark of your
unconscious...
(right up to the lens)
Get to know him baby, he’s YOU!

There is a round of SARCASTIC applause from the other
students. Jim eats it up, taking a bow.

62 CORNER OF THE ROOM

Freddie and Nora review their casting choices.

FREDDIE
(worried)
These kids are striking me a bit
phony. I mean, they're promoting
restaurants, rock bands, and
personal politics. This is bad.
Americans can sniff out an agenda a
mile away.

NORA
Wait until they get in the house.
They’ll get “real”... real quick.

63 INTERVIEW AREA

Sara looks extremely uncomfortable in front of the camera.

NORA
Sara, honey, when we do the shoot
tomorrow night, you’re going to
have to wear some make up.

SARA
I am wearing make-up.

NORA
(interview voice)
So Sara, tell us, why do ordinary
people turn to murder?
SARA
Well... I - I - I think a lot has
to do with - uhm - upbringing and -

Suddenly a 2K light topples over, CRASH, and sends a GIANT SHADOW on the wall behind her. This startles her and she lets out her distinctive EAR PIERCING SCREEEEEEAM.

The sound man rips off his earphones and grabs his ears. The glass in Rudy’s hand SHATTERS.

RUDY
Damn! That girl can sing.

THE MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the entire meeting room looks over at her. What a bizarre sound.

NORA
Relax, honey, this is just a rehearsal.

SARA
Sorry.

Freddie bends over to Nora and whispers in her ear.

FREDDIE
Now THAT is what we’re looking for.

NORA
(smiling sadistically)
Shhhh. Yes. She’s perfect.

INT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - FREDDIE’S CABIN - NIGHT

Freddie sits in bed watching a KUNG FU movie and shadowboxing. He is only wearing pajama bottoms, and he is surprisingly muscular. Suddenly there is a ominous KNOCK.

There is a insistent KNOCK on the door.

Freddie opens the door to find Sara with a beleaguered expression.

SARA
I’m dropping out.

FREDDIE
What?
SARA
I’m sorry, but I’m so freaked out right now I can’t even sleep.

FREDDIE
Wait. Wait. Slow down -

SARA
I’m ALL WRONG for this. Can’t you see? I’m not like the others -

FREDDIE
I know you’re not like the others. The others are just smart ass, wise cracking, wanna-be, posers. (beat) You’re the real thing. You’re what the internet audience wants to see.

SARA
But what if I DON’T WANT to be famous.

FREDDIE
What do you mean you don’t want to be famous? That’s the American Dream!

Beat. Sara’s not buying it.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
Besides, you signed a contract. I am personally counting on you.

It’s hard for Sara to get the words out...

SARA
I think... I think I’m just scared.

FREDDIE
That’s okay. That’s good. Fear is good. (beat) Fear tells you you’re about to do something exciting. Fear motivates. Fear makes you feel ALIVE.

SARA
Fear makes me want to throw up.
FREDDIE
Sara, trust me, before all this is over, you’re gonna surprise yourself.

Beat. Sara, unconvinced, slips back out the door.

SARA
Well, anyway... I’m sorry to bother you. I -

FREDDIE
Do me a favor. Just sleep on it.

Sara nods and Freddie SHUTS THE DOOR.

FREDDIE (cont’d)  
(chuckling to himself)  
Freddie. Freddie. The shit you come up with off the top of your head.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - OUTSIDE FREDDIE’S CABIN

STALKER’S POV. We watch Freddie through the window. Then we turn, moving quickly down the path.

EXT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - OUTSIDE SARA’S CABIN

STALKER’S POV

We approach the room from the bushes that surround the Hotel. Peer in the BATHROOM WINDOW to catch a glimpse of Donna stepping in the shower.

She languishes under the stream of hot water as steam clouds the glass and ruins the delicious view.

We move on, creeping along the wall to the BEDROOM WINDOW where we can see Sara switching off the light.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Jen is in bed, asleep. Sara tosses and turns, wide awake. Suddenly she sees... A SHADOW moving across the bedroom wall.

She closes her eyes, shaking it off. But when she opens them the SHADOW IS MOVING closer and CLOSER. Sara whispers...

SARA
It’s nothing.

And the shadow disappears. Sara breathes a sigh of relief. She turns over on the pillow, facing the other way.
In the window behind her, A silhouetted FIGURE rises from the
darkness. Sara's eyes open as if she can feel the stalker’s
presence. Watching her.

ON SARA

Turning around slowly, not really wanting to look. She is
startled by THE FIGURE COMING THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

Sara SCREAMS! And the figure falls face first through the
window onto the floor with a CRASH!

Jen flips on the LIGHT and laughs hysterically.

Bill is upside down, foot in the window, head on the floor,
holding two six packs of beer. Rudy is at the window, holding
a KNIFE, a baguette, and several types of gourmet cheese.

Donna appears, dripping wet, and wrapped in a towel.

DONNA

DEFINITELY exhibiting signs of
arrested social development.

JEN

And you’re late.

But Jen GIGGLES again and opens the door, letting the boys,
and the PARTY inside. Jim appears with a BOOM BOX.

JIM

Sorry Donna, did we compromise your
virtue?

DONNA

(drinking)

That’s okay. You brought beer.

VIEW FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

The party revs up. Donna dances on the bed like a flygirl in
her towel. Bill, Jenna and Jim drink and cheer her on.

CLOSE ON SARA

Embarrassed, and a bit intimidated by the revelry, Sara
lingers near the door. She stares out into the darkness, lost
in thought. Wind through the trees. Shadows dance.
EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE CURB.

A red Camaro rolls to a stop. The door opens. A massive boot steps on to the sidewalk. We PULL BACK to reveal...

MICHAEL MYERS HOUSE

Old, boarded up and fallen into disrepair. Graffiti is scratched on the rotten walls. Gnarled trees and twisting vines are decades overgrown.

And Michael stands in front of it like the prodigal son.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD - MORNING

START on a pickup truck, loaded with pumpkins -

Then, we come across the window of a vintage clothing store. Donna and Jen are inside, looking through the racks.

INT. VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jen and Donna knock on the dressing room door.

DONNA
Are you coming out soon or are you thinking of subletting?

SARA (O.C.)
I don’t like it. It’s not me.

JEN
You have to get something nice, Sara. You’re gonna be on TV.

SARA (O.C.)
It’s not TV, it’s the internet.

JEN
(looking in the mirror)
Well, we gotta start someplace.

Sara comes out of the dressing room wearing a lace camisole as a top – much sexier than anything she’s used to.

Jen gasps with enthusiasm.

SARA
It’s a bit... revealing.
JEN
Oh, don’t start. I think you look RADIANT.

DONNA
Better than radiant. DEVASTATING.

Sara looks at her reflection, impressed with her own metamorphosis. She does look fantastic.

Then behind her, she catches a glimpse of SHADOWY FIGURE in a WHITE MASK looking in the storefront window.

She GASPS, SQUEALS and SPINS around. But the figure in the window is gone.

Donna and Jen look at each other. Not this again.

JEN
See another rabbit?

Sara approaches the storefront window and looks out.

DONNA
Sciophobia. Fear of shadows.

SARA
Donna, spare me the Psych 101.

Sara looks down the road and catches sight of a RED CAMARO rounding a corner, its engine growling as it disappears.

INT. MYLES’S BEDROOM - DAY

The Computer screen shows Freddie’s “Michael Myers” webpage.

Scott watches as Myles clicks an icon. And up pops a PICTURE OF SARA next to the other five group members.

MYLES
(enraptured)
There she is.

SCOTT
Dude, she’s like 20 years old.

MYLES
So what. I have a college level vocabulary.

SCOTT
And she’s not even the best looking of the three. Donna’s the hottie.
MYLES
(angry)
Oh - I can’t even talk to you. You -
you have NO appreciation for -

SCOTT
And Jen’s got a WAY bigger rack.

MYLES
Sara’s a really nice girl. Someone
I can relate to. YOU wouldn’t
understand.

Beat. Scott looks at his friend in disbelief.

SCOTT
Oh my God. You’re pussy whipped.
No, it’s worse... You’ve been CYBER-
WHIPPED!
(beat)
Hey, where’s your costume?

MYLES
I’m not going out tonight. I
promised to watch her first
episode. She’s really nervous about
it.

Scott’s mouth drops open.

SCOTT
(Deadly serious)
No. No. Micki Stern’s party is
tonight... you know that.

MYLES
(sighing)
Oh right. I guess I forgot.

SCOTT
Forgot? Do you have any idea what
it means for two FRESHMEN to get
in? It’s never happened before.
(beat)
Do you know what I had to GO
THROUGH to get us invited?

MYLES
Go through? Your sister invited us
so you wouldn’t tell your mom about
her tatoo.

Beat. Scott points at the computer.
SCOTT
The point is, Myles Barton, you can either sit in your room playing in the magical world of make believe. (pointing outside) OR... you can come with me to this party and learn to walk like a man.

ON Myle’s conflicted expression we CUT TO:

73
INT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Sara uses her palm pilot to send an E-mail message.

“I hope you’ll be watching tonight Deckard. Later, Sara.”

She smiles as she sends it.

JEN
Your chat room romance?

SARA
(blushing)
Shhh. He’s just a friend.

JEN
He’s probably fifty and fat, with a bad toupee.

SARA
Jen.

JEN
He probably collects human skin.

SARA

A technician outfits the students with their camera equipment. Freddie gives them a pep talk.

FREDDIE
Okay, listen up. The house has been rigged with several cameras, but for the most part, the audience is going to see ONLY what YOU see.

Freddie holds up a tiny camera about the size of a pen.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
These cameras can be clipped onto a hat, your collar, even rigged to a pair of glasses.
They have finished outfitting Jim with a camera. He walks around the room, turning one way and then another, watching the view displayed on the monitor.

He walks closer and closer to Donna, until her face fills the video screen. She smiles mysteriously.

DONNA
Cameras are so... phallic.

JIM
Is that good or bad?

DONNA
Depends who’s watching.

FREDDIE
Leave your cell phones and pagers in the Van. I don’t want anything to ruin the atmosphere.

Rudy grabs a little camera and puts it in his mouth. The inside of his mouth fills the screen.

RUDY
Ohhh, looks like a cavity.

FREDDIE
The viewers control what they watch. They can switch from camera to camera depending on what’s most interesting.

(beat)
So, if you want to be the star of the show, do something interesting.

Bill surreptitiously extends his arm around Jen’s shoulder and points it down her blouse.

BILL
Objects in mirror are larger than they appear.

For a moment, Jen squints at the monitor showing her cleavage, and then she recognizes herself. She gasps and elbows Bill in the stomach. Eruptions of laughter.

FREDDIE
Once you’re inside, you don’t leave the house until the show’s over.
Rudy passes his camera to Sara, who sneaks behind Bill and points the camera up under tail of his untucked Oxford shirt. Jen squeals at the sight on the monitor.

JEN
Back hair! Back hair! Aaaaaahhh!

The meeting is dissolving into chaos as they horse around with their cameras.

FREDDIE
Hey, come on, FOCUS. We’re trying to make history here.

Behind him on the monitor is a dark, blurry blob. The students can’t figure out what they’re looking at.

CLOSE ON JIM

He has dropped the little camera down the front of his pants. The others HOWL with laughter and shock.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
I can’t work with this.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON CABLES running from a GENERATOR parked in the driveway. We follow the cables into the open door of...

INT. MYERS HOUSE - GARAGE - DUSK

We continue following the cables to find...

Nora sitting at a MIXING PANEL controlling a bank of MONITORS. It’s somewhat jury-rigged, with a tangle of wires and ELECTRICAL CORDS feeding the system.

The view on one monitor, up a flight of stairs, is adjusted again and again.

NORA
(into a walkie)
Hey Orson Welles, pick a placement and move on.

A technician inside turns the camera and points it at his face to demonstrate...

CHARLEY (O.C.)
(over walkie)
High angles. Scary. Low angles. Scary. Medium angles. BOOOORING.
NORA
I’m on a schedule here, Charley.
We’re not remaking “Touch of Evil.”

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

A young technician, Charley, continues to fiddle with the camera, trying various shots up the stairs. A single worklight floods the otherwise darkened space.

CHARLEY
Never show a fool an unfinished masterpiece.

NORA (O.C.)
(over the walkie)
We’re not remaking “Touch of Evil.”

CHARLEY
Good. Welles is overrated.

Behind him an ominous SHADOW of a hulking figure moves across the wall. Getting closer and closer.

NORA
(over walkie)
Overrated?! Did you learn that one shooting weddings and Bar Mitzvahs?

CHARLEY
Hey, I went to film school at Long Beach State. Same as Speilburg.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nora plugs in the cappuccino maker and scoops up some fresh ground coffee. Her back is to the monitor.

NORA
Would you please just tell Max to rig a camera in the sister’s room.

CHARLEY (O.C.)
Max is back at the hotel helping Freddie.

NORA
Well who’s in there with you.

CHARLEY (O.C.)
Nobody.
NORA
But... okay.
(beat)
Oh, did you call the tow truck?

CHARLEY
Why would I call a tow truck?

NORA
Nevermind, I’ll do it. Some jerk ignored the signs and parked his Camaro in front of the house.
(beat)
It’s gonna ruin the establishing shot.

She puts down the walkie, and flips on the espresso machine.

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INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Charley tapes down electrical cables to the floor. Behind him the SHADOWY FIGURE crouches by the camera.

CLOSE ON THE TRI-POD

A massive hand bends the end of the METAL LEG back and forth until it BREAKS OFF leaving a jagged tip.

POV OF THE CAMERA

Charley looks up as the person holding the camera... as the camera moves TOWARDS him.

CHARLEY
Whoa. You scared me.

The tri-pod leg with the jagged tip is lifted up to point directly at Charlie.

CHARLEY (cont’d)
(nervous)
Why are you wearing the mask?

He backs up into the wall as the camera comes closer and closer.

CHARLEY (cont’d)
This isn’t funny.

Charlie opens his mouth to scream too late. The tip of the tri-pod PLUNGES INTO HIS NECK. Camera pointed at his face.
INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nora reclines in her chair, SIPs HER CAPPUCCINO and speaks into her cell phone.

Her back is to the monitors, one of which displays an extreme close-up of Charlie’s bug-eyed, gruesome face as he struggles to pull the tri-pod leg from his neck.

Nora’s checking her nails. She has no idea.

NORA (INTO PHONE)
Freddie, honey, relax. It’s all good. We’ve got it under control.

The life goes out of Charlie’s eyes.

NORA (cont’d)
I called the police Sergeant. He was just worried about us causing false 911 calls. I smoothed it out.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Charlie’s dead body is dragged down the hallway.

The video camera/tri-pod is flung back at the foot of the stairway. The uneven legs land at a bizarre slant.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nora turns back to look at the monitors and sees the dutch-tilt view up the stairs. She’s genuinely impressed.

NORA
Nice angle, Charlie.

EXT. HADDONFIELD - LATE AFTERNOON - MOVING

We are looking THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD of a van DRIVING SLOWLY along the idyllic suburban streets, where clusters of kids in Halloween costumes go from house to house.

INT. VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Freddie is driving and Bill is talking his ear off.

BILL
Two words Freddie: product placement. While we “investigate,” why couldn’t we be drinking Pepsi or sporting Gap wear?
(offering his card)
(MORE)
For just ten percent plus expenses, I could set you up.

In the back seats, the students are upbeat as they roll towards their destination. Jim, Donna and Jen eat Rudy’s sandwiches, and they’re in ecstasy – yum!

JIM
What – is – in – this – sandwich?

RUDY
(smiling)
Some Italian spices, some Indonesian. Very special sauce.
(beat)
Just wait. Someday there’ll be a “Rudy’s” on every corner.

JEN
You’re gonna be a millionaire.

RUDY
Billionaire baby. Billionaire.

DONNA
Wow. You could really undermine the socio-economic boundaries between fast food and gourmet.

JIM
Can’t you even eat without doing a dissertation?

DONNA
Yes, but it wouldn’t taste as good.

JIM
How do you figure?

DONNA
I tend to eroticize both food and language. I’m very orally fixated.

Beat.

JIM
Bon Appetit.

Jim and Donna make eye contact as she eats.
FREDDIE
Come on, people. Get fired up! 
Tonight, thousands, potentially 
MILLIONS, of people are going to be 
seeing through your eyes.

CLOSE ON SARA

Looking at the window, in her own world. Suddenly she sees a TOW TRUCK pass them pulling a RED CAMARO. Chills.

Out the windows, they watch as the neighborhood grows ever more derelict. Half the street lights are out, and there’s not a trick-or-treater in sight.

Their happy-go-lucky smiles start to fade.

84
EXT. MYERS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The van PULLS UP in front of the old, foreboding house.

85
INT. MYERS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

In an upstairs window, we see the curtains being pulled slightly apart.

THROUGH MICHAEL’S EYES

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

86
EXT. MYERS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The six students gaze up at the ominous, dilapidated structure towering over them. Sara notices movement in the window. Was that a person?

A86
EXT. MYERS HOUSE - DAY

A group of journalists and Local News Crews crowd around Freddie. He looks straight into the video camera and whips up excitement for the show.

FREDDIE
In just ten minutes we enter the mystery wrapped up inside a riddle, inside an enigma.
(beat)
Remember, EVERYTHING you will see is real. These are not actors. The contents of the house have not been disturbed in any way.
(beat)
(MORE)
FREDDIE (cont’d)

No one knows exactly what is about to happen, but we do know this - No one leaves the house until the show’s over.

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Myles and Scott ride their bikes down the sidewalk; They both wear normal clothes, but carry BACKPACKS.

Miles stops to look at a display of PLASMA COMPUTER screens that show the “DANGERTAINMENT” website. In the corner, there is a digital countdown. Only minutes to go. He is mesmerized.

SCOTT
God, it’s like crack cocaine with you.

MYLES
It’s starting in a couple minutes. When do think the party’ll be over?

Scott rubs his temple. As they ride off...

SCOTT
Please. PLEASE don’t embarrass me tonight.

INT. GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

NORA sits at the bank of monitors. There are views of every room in the house, and one of the front.

On several screens, several CAMERA POV’s light up. Each is labeled according to it’s owner: Sara, Rudy, Bill...

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

The students clip on their cameras and adjust the wires that lead to their belt packs.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - BACK TO FREDDIE

FREDDIE
Just seconds to go. The windows are boarded up, and the doors will be locked behind them. If someone tries to sneak out, we’ll see it on camera. Are we ready?

Freddie pulls out an air horn.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
LET THE DANGERTAINMENT BEGIN!
EXT. MYERS HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

The AIR HORN blares. They look at the front door, and at each other. The wind picks up. Time to begin.

They hesitate. Nobody takes the lead.

    JENNA
    Oh good God, let’s just DO IT!

Jenna steps up and pushes open the door, revealing...

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER - LATE AFTERNOON

The interior is as rotten as the exterior. The students enter as quietly as they would a church.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

The monitors track the student’s entrance. Several views become a bit hazy. The reception on Bill’s camera is terrible. Nora is clearly frustrated.

Then, behind her, a FIGURE IN A WHITE MASK APPROACHES, slowly, creeping, hands outstretched.

He GRABS NORA’S SHOULDER.

    NORA
    (swatting him away)
    Hey, off me.

She doesn’t seem to realize who it is behind her. The FIGURE strokes her hair and moves his hands up and down her body.

    NORA (cont’d)
    Hmm. Alright. That’s nice. You’re turning me on now baby.

The figure continues to caress her back with one hand, and with the other he LIFTS A GLINTING KNIFE!

    NORA (cont’d)
    Pumpkin, where the HELL is Charlie? What, did you cut his throat and hide the body?

She looks back, not at all surprised to see “Michael Myers.” The figure pulls off his mask, REVEALING FREDDIE.

    FREDDIE
    Doesn’t anything scare you?
He tosses the **rubber** knife on the console.

**NORA**
Yes. We’re already having trouble with camera two and our technician has gone AWOL. That scares me.

**FREDDIE**
Damn, I sent Max back to homebase to work the website.
(beat)
You can handle it. This console can run on auto-pilot if it has to.

**NORA**
Your leaving me to do this by myself?
(fed up)
I’m taking an Executive Producer credit **AND** a director credit.

**FREDDIE**
Anything you want, baby. Just get me through the night.
(checking his watch)
It’s show time, folks!

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**INT. MYERS HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON**

Sunlight bleeding between the boards on the windows paints the room in bands of light and dark. The furniture all appears to be in place, covered with years worth of dust.

**SARA**
What. Did they just seal up the house and leave it... without taking anything?

Rudy finds “National Geographic” and “Reader’s Digests” sitting on the coffee table, all from 1963.

**RUDY**
Seems like it. Seems like they didn’t even stop to pack a bag.

The mood is a bit ominous. They seem eager to break it.

**BILL**
We could cover more area if we split up. What should we do?
Jim opens his baggy coat to and takes a swig from his flask.

JIM
We don’t have to “DO” anything, technically - except stay in the house.

Jim chases the shot with beer.

SARA
Aren’t we supposed to be looking for answers?

JIM
Okay. The devil made him do it. (satisfied) I’m done.

Sara and Rudy wander out of the room towards the kitchen. Bill and Jen move towards the TV room; as they go...

JEN
We owe it to the people watching to at least take a look around.

BILL
That’s cute. Already worried about your fan base.

JEN
Bill, you’re like this close to getting voted off the island.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Sara and Rudy enter. By force of habit, she flips the light switch, but nothing happens. The room is murky.

They scan hanging pots, jars and mixing bowls. Vintage appliances and crumbling plaster. It looks like it was a mother’s “dream kitchen” once.

RUDY
Look at the size of that stove. Somebody here liked to cook. (beat) Ever tasted 40-year-old fennel?

Rudy examines an old spice rack, pulls a jar out.

SARA (O.C.)
Oh don’t. It’s got to be rotten.
RUDY
(sniffing)
That’s weird.

SARA (O.C.)
What?

RUDY
It smells fresh.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - TV ROOM - DUSK

Bill and Jen walk through the first floor, marveling that everything is still in place, right down to coasters and porcelain figurines.

The atmosphere is creepy. They seem afraid to touch anything. Bill tries to break the mood, playing to the cameras.

BILL
Jen, maybe you’d like to take this opportunity to tell your many fans about how you’ve overcome problems reaching orgasm.

JEN
(embarrassed)
What?! I don’t – I never –

BILL
- Jen. Be brave. Help other women come forward and face this issue.

JEN
(to camera, newscaster)
Tonight on Dangertainment, Jennifer Danzig interviews Bill, the man with the world’s smallest penis.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY TO 2ND FLOOR - DUSK

MICHAEL’S POV FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

He watches, catching glimpses off the students through the living room door and the TV ROOM. He hears Jen’s laughter.
BACK TO THE KITCHEN

The sound of ringing metal. Sara whips around to see...

Rudy looking at an old knife rack, holding the blade he has pulled from its slot.

RUDY
You don’t suppose that’s the he used to...

SARA
No they would’ve kept that in an evidence locker somewhere.

Rudy, suddenly spooked by the blade, puts it back.

SARA (cont’d)
Wonder what’s in here.

She tries to open a closet door and Rudy comes over to help. Suddenly the door OPENS -- and a tiny wooden chair slides out. It looks like an infant’s feeding chair.

RUDY
Check this out....

Jen and Jim enter from the dining room.

DONNA
Okay. I’ll admit it. This place is creepy.

RUDY
You have no idea. Look at this.

JIM
Wow. A chair.

But a closer look at the feeding chair reveals LEATHER STRAPS designed to hold tiny hands and feet in place.

SARA
My God, you suppose they kept him in this?

Bill and Donna hover at the doorway.

DONNA
This wasn’t such a “Leave It To Beaver” family after all.
Jim finds a strange twisted PIECE OF METAL in the shape of an eye-hook attached to the chair with a little chain.

SARA
What is that?

RUDY
It’s the medieval key to Sara’s chastity belt.

SARA
Rudy!

Beat. The mood becomes ominous again.

JIM
Okay. Yeah. Maybe we SHOULD poke around a bit. See what we can find.

Then out of the darkness SPRINGS...

SMASH CUT:

(INT. PARTY HOUSE - DUSK)

A FLESH EATING ZOMBIE!

But a quick pan reveals we are now in...

THE PARTY HOUSE

Myles and Scott, dressed as hit men from “Pulp Fiction,” enter the Costume party. They’re in over their heads.

Everyone is three years older and twice their size. Pounding music and frenetic dancing. Screams and drunken play fights.

As they walk through the house they are bumped and jostled. A beer bottle crashes above their heads. They look intimidated.

MYLES
Scott, what are we doing here?

SCOTT
Hey, be cool. All right?

Scott leans against the wall and tries to do his best dead-eye gangsta stare. He looks ridiculous.

A pair of girls walk past them and giggle at their expense.

Myles continues down the hall, avoiding some football players dressed as cavemen. He’s looking for a place to hide.
INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Myles slips into the empty room, shuts the door behind him and breathes a sigh of relief.

Then he looks up with the expression of a Knight who has just found the holy Grail.

REVERSE ANGLE on a desk, with the largest, most tricked-out, high-speed computer Myles has ever seen - complete with an ENORMOUS PLASMA FLATSCREEN.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Streetlights glow against the darkening sky. A band of trick-or-treaters cross the street to avoid the house.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Donna and Jim flip on their flashlights. Rudy and light candles and set them on the table.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY TO 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Bill and Jen cautiously ascend the stairs. The wood creeks as they go. Their flashlights scanning...

Suddenly one of boards on the steps crumbles. Jen’s leg nearly falls through but Bill catches her arm with one hand, but the other falls on her butt.

BILL
Careful.

Jen swats him.

JEN
Hands off, bud!

POV OF CAMERA

At the bottom of the stairs, the “dutch tilted” camera that killed Charlie records them as they continue up.

OMITTED

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

Myles has dangertainment.com up on screen. He clicks various icons, getting his choice of views throughout the house.

He switches from a view of SARA IN THE KITCHEN to JIM WALKING DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.
Then he pops back to Bill and Jen, tracking them into...

INT. MYERS HOUSE - SISTER’S ROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Jen enter the frilly bedroom. Light from a streetlight shines dimly through the boarded up windows.

Early sixties memorabilia is strewn about. There’s an old high-school photo still on the desk. Jen picks it up.

BILL
This must be Lanie’s room. The oldest sister. The one he killed when he was six-years-old.

Jen sits at a small dresser, looks into the mirror, picks up a hairbrush, a self-satisfied little smile on her face. Bill pokes through a closet.

JEN
HEY! Keep that camera on the money!

He turns back, pointing his camera at her.

BILL
Maybe he got her when she was sitting right there. Poor little Lanie, brushing her hair, all young, helpless... and naked.

JEN
Yeah, ’cause that’s gonna happen.

BILL
Come on Jen. One flash and you could light up a thousand computer screens. Launch your whole career.

JEN
Oh. You think?

Beat. Jen, with a vampish expression, runs her finger over the seem of her top - Is she really going to do it?

ANGLE FROM THE HALLWAY

A DARK FIGURE hovers by the door. Jen and Bill have no idea.

INT. GARAGE

Nora, alone at the switchboard, is trying to fix a cable, but the CAMERA signal from Lanie’s bedroom turns to snow.
100 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE

Myles looking at the plasma screen. The image is snow.

MYLES
(talking to the screen)
Hey wait! There was somebody else in the hall!

101 INT. MYERS BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

DONNA
Impulse control disorder.

JIM
Huh?

They explore as they talk, poking through boxes, opening drawers, scanning stuffed animal heads.

DONNA
That’s my theory. Michael Myers has fits of rage that he can’t help acting on. You know, like a klepto.

JIM
But instead of stealing silverware, he slashes teenaged girls.

DONNA
Don’t you ever have impulses you can’t control?

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

JIM
Continuously.

DONNA

JIM
Donna, when are you gonna get out of your head, and for once, think with your BODY?

He’s standing very close to her now. She smiles.
DONNA
Does that line work on chicks in
the music department?

JIM
Art History too. Sometimes even
Poly Sci.

DONNA
(smiling)
Well, it doesn’t cut it in critical
studies.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Myles watches the plasma screen with rapt attention: Jim and
Donna explore the basement.

Behind Myles the door swings open. A drunken teenaged couple
stumble in.

TEEN BOY
Hey, whachya doing in here ya’
little nerd?

He’s caught. He thinks. He tells it like it is.

MYLES
They’re exploring the house of a
mass murderer. Live. Wanna watch?

The couple looks at the plasma screen, oddly intrigued.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Rudy and Sara enter, coughing on all the dust.

RUDY
I’m telling you, it’s in the food.
Remember the murder trial for that
dude who ate nothing but twinkies?

SARA
Don’t you ever think about anything
other than food.

RUDY
Wouldn’t you like to know.

Suddenly a voice SCREAMS from upstairs.
JEN (O.C.)
OHMYGOD HEEEEELP! NO! STOP IT!
(beat)
SOMEONE HELP ME!

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY TO 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sara and Rudy dash upstairs.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - SISTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara and Rudy fly into the sister's room to find Bill searching frantically.

SARA
What happened??

BILL
I don't know. I turned my back for a second and then she was gone.

SARA
Jen??!

A whimpering voice comes from somewhere...

JEN (O.C.)
Sara...

Bill and Sara bolt out of the room.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

All around them is darkness. Bill goes right and Sara goes left. A flurry of flashlights.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara enters. The room is pitch black. She is panting. Scared. Turning the beam one way and then the other.

CLICK. Behind her Jen snaps on her flashlight, lighting her face from below. Sara turns just in time for...

JEN
BOOO!!

Sara lets loose her BLOODCURDLING SCREAM. Rudy, just arriving in the room nearly jumps out of his skin.

Jen erupts in a peal of laughter.
JEN (cont’d)
Ha ha. Gotcha.

SARA
You... bitch!

JEN
Slut!

But Jen just keeps on laughing.

RUDY
That’s just not right.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Bill looks in a mirror and speaks directly into his camera and the internet audience.

BILL
She’s gonna get what’s coming to her. You watch.

Suddenly emerging out of the gloom, the MASK appears in the mirror - RIGHT OVER BILL’S SHOULDER.

Bill Gasps!

WIDE ON THE BATHROOM

Bill SPINS AROUND! Points his flashlight into the darkness, looking one direction then another, but the room is empty.

CLOSER ON BILL

Spooked. Still scanning the corners of empty room.

Behind him, the MASK APPEARS AGAIN in the mirror right over his shoulder. Where is the reflection coming from?

SMASH! Hands shoot out through the glass, FROM BEHIND THE TWO-WAY MIRROR - GRABBING BILL - DRAGGING HIM BACK.

Michael’s hand SLAPS OVER HIS MOUTH. Bill kicks and thrashes desperately...

ON BILL

Eyes bugging. Struggling. Aghast. He is pulled through the hole and raked over the jagged glass.

SHUNK! SHUNK! SHUNK! Three horrible, bloody thrusts of the gruesome blade sink into Bill’s chest.
Michael drags Bill into the darkness.

109 INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS
CLOSE ON a GUSH of red wine filling a glass.
Nora stares at the video screen while Freddie pours.

NORA
What just happened? We just lost Bill’s camera.

FREDDIE
He must have dropped it. The idiot.
Find him on another view. Quickly.

NORA
Relax Freddie. This is going well.
It’s pretty entertaining.

FREDDIE
(smiling hopefully)
You think so?

110 INT. MYERS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT
Jen flops onto the bed, creating a cloud of dust.

JEN
(rolling around)
And this must be the bed where he was conceived.

SARA
Stop showing off, Jen.

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

ANGLE IN CLOSET
He pushes aside some hanging clothes -- and his flashlight beam catches a WHITE FACE in the darkness -- He JUMPS!

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

SARA (O.C.) (cont’d)
What is it?

RUDY
Nothing.
But then, Rudy peels back some old clothes and finds a hidden latched panel in the wall. He opens it, pushes aside cobwebs, then reaches inside and pulls out an old family photo album.

BACK IN THE ROOM

Sara is pacing back and forth, still angry at Jen.

JEN
Oh Sara you overreact to EVERYTHING.

Rudy walks back out into the room from the closet, pointing his flashlight at the open Album.

RUDY
Hey, look at what I found.

INSERT ALBUM

“OUR SON” is written on the cover in gold letters.

There are pages and pages of pictures of a little boy. He never smiles. He only stands or sits with his arms straight at his sides, staring blankly into space.

Further pages are even more disturbing. The baby boy is strapped down in his high chair. The boy all alone in an dark room.

RUDY (cont’d)
And I thought MY parents were mean for not letting me eat Captain Crunch.

SARA
That poor little boy. They must have been MONSTERS.
(beat)
Hey, where’s Bill?

JEN
I think Bill is still mad at me.
(whispers)
He’s gonna try and jump out someplace and scare me. You watch.

She pulls off the clip-on camera, points it at her face, and speaks directly to it.

JEN (cont’d)
YOU WATCH.
INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

Myles continues watching. A group of about 6 other party-goers is now sitting in front of the plasma screen in rapt attention.

MORE teens file in, carrying beer and munchies. The more people come into the room... The more people outside get interested.

DOPEY TEEN
(curious)
Hey is that the Michael Myers thing?

The plasma screen changes views to...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jim finds a chain attached to a bolt in the floor. He cleans the area around the bolt and finds A LARGE CIRCULAR METAL COVER. He tugs on the chain but the LID doesn’t budge.

DONNA
(pointing her flashlight)
What’s that?

Her flashlight beam hits a tiny hole near the bolt. Jim traces the edge with his finger. Puzzled. Stumped.

JIM
Keyhole? I don’t know.

As Jim stands up he bumps into Donna, knocking her a bit off balance. He grabs her to keep her from falling over and she bounces against him again.

DONNA
Sorry.

JIM
Are you?

Beat. They look at each other.

DONNA
You think they’ve got cameras down here?

JIM
What are you worried they might see?
They move closer... She smiles at him

DONNA
You’re such a lothario.

Beat. Their faces are so close their noses are almost touching.

JIM
Uhhh, I don’t know what that word means but...

DONNA
Just go with it.

Donna closes her eyes, ready for the kiss. But before their lips actually meet, a light bulb goes off in Jim’s head.

JIM
Hold on. I just thought of something.

Jim turns and runs back up the stairs.

DONNA
(snubbed)
You have got to be kidding me.

113  INT. MYERS HOUSE – 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR – DAY

Rudy creeps down the hallway. There are odd sounds. Creaks with every footstep. Whistling and groaning wind.

He points his flashlight at the ceiling and sees a rope attached to the PULL DOWN LADDER to the attic. He starts to tug it when...

There is a LOUD CREAK behind him and he WHIPS around.

RUDY
(whispers)
Bill?

He walks around the corner, pointing the beam into -

LAURIE’S ROOM

The beam scans a CRADLE and other nursery furnishings.

He turns the OTHER direction to see that, in a room down the hall, there is the glow of a flashlight.
JEN (O.C.)
Hey, Rudy, come’ere.

His bobbing flashlight is pointing in the opposite direction
to where he is looking. It momentarily lights up the MASKED
FACE OF MICHAEL MYERS, appearing near the cradle.

Rudy has no idea. He turns the flashlight down the hall.

114 INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL’S BEDROOM - NIGHT 114
Rudy enters.

Apart from decades of dust, it seems preserved in a pristine
state. Stuffed animals. Toy trains. A baseball and mitt.

Jen points the flashlight beam at a large wooden toybox with
wooden letters on its front spelling out “MICHAEL.”

JEN
This is the room where we’re gonna
find answers.

SARA
Looks like any normal kid's room.

RUDY
Why would his parents leave
everything like this... Like a
shrine. His sister’s room too.

SARA
Some people can’t let go.

Rudy goes through the drawers of a child-size dresser.

RUDY
Well, if he had a baseball card
collection, I could finance my
first restaurant.

Jen kneels down by the old trunk at the foot of the bed.

JEN
It’s locked.

Sara looks under the drawer that Rudy is checking. Sure
enough there’s a key taped there. She peels it off, holds it
up and goes to the trunk.

JEN (cont’d)
You go, Nancy Drew.
TIGHTER ANGLE

Sara turns the key and gets the ancient trunk lid open. A small head POPS OUT, an old jack-in-the-box, with eerie painted face and gazing glass eyes.

Startled, SARA opens her mouth and SCREAMS.

Myles covers his ears. The scream blows a tweeter in one of the five surround-sound speakers.

Rudy slaps his hand over her mouth, muffling the blast.

Rudy
Okay, you GOTTA stop that.

Jim is a bit rattled by the scream upstairs, but he is relieved to hear Jenna’s laughter. He looks down at the high chair and grabs the strange EYE HOOK dangling on a chain.

Donna sits alone in the basement. Her flashlight slowly scanning the rubbish piled high near the walls. Nothing but the sound of her own breathing.

Then she a CREAKING like footsteps from some hidden stairway. She shines the light on the METAL LID again. Muffled THUMPING comes from somewhere BENEATH THE FLOOR.

Sara looks in the toybox: Dolls and toy soldiers melted into grotesque shapes. Stuffed animals bound lewdly with twine.

Rudy lifts the mattress of the bed and searches around the top of the box spring with his bare hand.

JEN
You looking for his Playboys?

Rudy pulls out a coloring book. The other two come over to look as he flips through the pages.

INSERT COLORING BOOK
It starts out conventionally enough. But as we go deeper into the pages, the colors go beyond their borders in increasingly abstract, even disturbing patterns.

At the end of the book are blank pages left for doodling, where we find crude faces with agonized screams.

RUDY
This isn’t right.

SARA
(re: the book)
It’s obvious that this boy was subjected to emotional and physical abuse.

RUDY
No, I mean all of this isn’t right. It’s too easy. Why is this stuff still here?

There is a loud CREAK, like a footstep, just outside the bedroom doorway. Sara gasps.

SARA
(peering into darkness)
There’s someone in the hall.

Jen strides out into the hall with a cavalier smirk.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

She is unafraid of the darkness.

JEN
(mocking)
Oh I wonder who it could be.
(mock gasp)
Maybe it’s the big bad bogeyman coming to get me.

The only answer is moaning wind.

JEN (cont’d)
Come on Bill. I’ll even turn off my flashlight.

She switches off her flashlight. Darkness. Quiet.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

A KNIFE! A rubber knife, held by a kid in a killer’s costume comes down on his squealing girlfriend.
Scott enters the room and his mouth drops open in stunned disbelief. Half the party is packed in the room watching Jen on the plasma screen.

And, stranger still, Myles is at the center of it all, working the keyboard and explaining the premise.

**MYLES**
*(to All)*
They’re looking for clues, something that might explain why Michael Myers went bad.
*(nonchalant)*
Wazzup Scott.

The view on the plasma screen changes to Jim and Donna.

**INT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Jim returns with the TWISTED METAL OBJECT that was chained to the high chair. He ignores Donna, who is frosty.

**DONNA**
Hey, if I’m keeping you from something, just let me know.

But Donna becomes curious as he sticks the “key” in the hole. Jim SMILES as he pulls up a MAN HOLE COVER imbedded in the floor. Donna smiles back, impressed.

**DONNA (cont’d)**
Clever boy.

**INT. MYERS HOUSE - SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT**

They climb down the ladder...

Jim and Donna cast their flashlights about a small chamber cut into the ground beneath the house, little more than a cell.

There are little children’s toys in the corner, along with a chain and collar.

**JIM**
You think they kept him down here?

**DONNA**
Maybe. Look at this....

Her flashlight beam plays across the rough-hewn walls, where we see odd patterns of scratches, symbols of some sort: runic marks or hieroglyphics.
DONNA (cont’d)
Occult runes? Maybe this was some sort of secret religious chamber.
(beat)
You know what it makes me think?

JIM
His parents worshiped the Devil?

Donna unclips Jim’s hat-cam and tosses it on the floor.

DONNA
Definitely no cameras down here.

Beat. Then sudden PASSIONATE KISSING. Donna pulls her black turtle-neck, and her camera with it, up and off. She drops it to the floor.

INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

The teens cheer the make-out. All they can see is an oddly cropped view from Jim’s hat-cam. Donna’s tummy. Jim’s back.

Strange SKELETAL FINGERS pop into view and press against Donna’s skin. Myles reacts with a jump.

BACK TO THE SUB-BASEMENT

Hands and lips moving furiously. Slurps and gasps. From somewhere comes a CREAKING and the sound of falling dirt.

JIM
Say something smart.

DONNA
Existence precedes essence. The signifier has no signified.

JIM
God you are sexy.

There is a RUMBLING and the WALL COLLAPSES around them in a CLOUD of DUST and DIRT and...

BODIES tumble free from the weakened earth. Decomposed corpses with parched skin over sunken eyeholes. Bony fingers seem to claw at Donna’s face.

They are BURIED in mummified bodies and they scramble to free themselves, their flashlights casting lurid shadows around the chamber.
121 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

Several teens react with screams. Others are cynical.

TEEN BOY
Oh that is SO fake! Those people are actors.

MYLES
No. Sara isn’t an actor. This is a documentary...

He switches views to one of SARA.

DOPEY TEEN
Yeah. So was “Blair Witch Project.”

122 INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Nora and Freddie are beside themselves with laughter.

NORA
That worked PERFECTLY.

FREDDIE
Now the REAL fun starts.

123 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jim and Donna extricate themselves from the gruesome remains, brushing the rotting skin from their hair and clothes.

DONNA
(hysterical)
All his victims! It’s a mass grave!

But Jim is looking down at something.

JIM
No it’s not.

Jim holds the flashlight to one of the corpses. On closer inspection it’s clear that it’s PLASTIC.

One “rotting limb” still has a price tag.

JIM (cont’d)
Made in fucking Taiwan.
INT. MYERS HOUSE – KITCHEN – NIGHT

At the back door, a hand, slips a KEY into the dead-bolt, and locks it with a SNAP. A HULKING FIGURE turns and we recognize the MASK OF MICHAEL MYERS.

We follow him as he creeps through the KITCHEN...

BEHIND HIM

A SECOND HULKING FIGURE, also wearing a white mask, steps out of the shadows, and follows him. One stalking the other.

They move through the DINING ROOM...

Then through the TV ROOM...

Into the FOYER...

As the FIRST HULKING FIGURE adjusts the camera (the one with the broken tri-pod leg), The SECOND HULKING FIGURE moves towards the front door, and watches the first... curiously, head tilting.

Suddenly the first turns around.

WIDE ON THE FOYER

The two “Michael Myers” face each other for a moment.

FREDDIE
(behind mask #1)
CHARLIE, where the hell have you been?

The REAL Michael Myers does not respond.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
I’m not paying YOU to be Michael Myers. I’M playing Michael Myers.
(beat)
Now you go in there and help Nora. That’s your job.

The real Michael Myers is silent.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
I’m serious. Go quickly, before those kids see two of us. It’ll ruin the effect.

Still no response.
FREDDIE (cont’d)
GO BACK TO THE GARAGE RIGHT NOW!

Michael Myers turns and walks out the front door. Freddie locks the door behind him.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
God it’s hard to find good “help.”

INT. MYERS HOUSE - SUB BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jim climbs a short ladder back up through the trap door. Donna holds back, picking dirt off her turtle neck.

DONNA
Freddie is paying to have this cleaned.

She pulls the turtleneck back on and then notices, from beyond the crumbling wall, a FAINT YELLOW LIGHT.

She shines her flashlight into the hole, but the beam is swallowed by darkness. The glow is coming from something very far away. Donna is puzzled.

Pushing aside a couple planks she finds an enormous hole in the concrete foundation. It leads to...

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - FOLLOWING

At first she doesn’t know where she is, the only visible landmark is the distant glow. She turns her flashlight to -

Cylindrical, brick walls of some antiquated sewer system. Blue light and dripping water fall from somewhere above.

INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

The MASKED FIGURE approaches Nora from behind. She is aware of him, but unconcerned. She is riveted to the monitor.

NORA
Freddie, come look at this. Did you know that there are tunnels under the house?

ON THE MONITOR - DONNA’S POV

The flashlight beam runs over piles of rubble and twisted scraps of metal that reach out LIKE FIGURES LURKING in the dark. She moves towards the glow, stepping around rusty nails and SQUEAKING RATS.
INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

As she gets closer, she can see the glow is coming from behind a SHEET OF CORRUGATED METAL. A deep rumble echoes in the distance.

DONNA
(into her microphone)
Hey Freddie, was this on the program tonight?

INT. MICHAEL’S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

She pushes aside the metal, and looks around.

An eerily NEAT little room. The furnishings are fashioned from trash. A perfectly made cot is build from planks, bricks and sheets of plastic.

Other bits of trash, metal and debris are meticulously and inscrutably organized into rows and piles: Aluminum cans, stacked like poker chips. Shards of glass, nails, copper wire are preserved in glass jars. CANDLES glow everywhere.

ON A SHRINE

In the corner, taped to the wall, are little yellowed photographs... of LAURIE STRODE. And under it is a RAGGEDY ANNE DOLL with eight inch nails through the eyes.

DONNA
(touching her camera)
Is anybody else seeing this?

On makeshift table, tin cans and trash can lids act as cups and plates. There are scraps, and bones from a recent meal. Chicken? Donna looks closer. No RATS.

DONNA (cont’d)
Yeah right. Nice prop.

She reaches out to touch a “fake” half-eaten rat. It’s leg suddenly shakes. It SQUEEKS. Still alive! Not fake at all.

Donna recoils in disgust and horror.

INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

Behind Nora, the FIGURE is making a loop out of a electrical cord that hangs down from above.
NORA
Freddie what is that place? We didn’t set that up. Somebody is REALLY LIVING DOWN THERE!

She turns around to face the figure, and he drops the noose around her neck.

NORA (cont’d)
Freddie?

Michael Myers pulls violently on the other end of the cord, hoisting Nora up towards the rafters. Hanging her.

We see her legs kick and thrash as Michael, with his free hand, pulls out his KNIFE...

INT. MICHAEL’S LAIR - NIGHT

Donna hears a something heavy and metal scrape against concrete. Then she hears thumping... the sound of heavy feet climbing down metal rungs.

DONNA
Jim?! Come take a look at this. I don’t think they made this up.

A sudden draft, as if from an opening door, BLOWS OUT ALL THE CANDLES. Then another heavy scrape as the “door” is shut.

ANGLE ON DONNA

Uneasy. She slips back into the tunnel. Moving quickly.

INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Uncanny rumbles echo through the cavern. Donna is spooked. She races down the main section of tunnel...

But she hits a DEAD END. Wrong way. She turns back. Disoriented moving in a new direction. She whips around.

Her shaky flashlight beam criss-crosses the murk. Shadows move among the debris, almost as if the crumbling mounds were coming to life.

CAMERA’S VIEW - DONNA’S POV - INFRA RED

The grainy NIGHT VISION picks up what donna cannot see: A HULKING FIGURE lumbering around a corner. Coming closer.

ON DONNA
She turns and BOLTS, racing down one tunnel...

... And then another. Totally lost in the labyrinth.

ANOTHER TUNNEL

Donna backtracks but the space is getting cramped.

Desperate, turning one way and then another. Blind panic. Passing more twisted shapes, piles of brick and metal rods that reach out and tear at her clothes.

She races down tunnel almost running smack into...

THE GATE

Her flashlight roams up and down the strange metal spikes welded to the bars.

She opens the gate. Continues down the tunnel to a “T.” But rounding the corner, lumbering towards her is MICHAEL MYERS.

Donna turns and flees back through the gate. Slamming it shut behind her. Latching it. Locking Michael out.

Michael walks towards the gate. He’s in no hurry.

Donna bolts away from the gate, but the cord of her camera is caught on the jagged spikes. As she frantically tries to free herself...

Michael calmly reaches through the bars and GRABS HER by the hair. He SLOWLY PULLS HER BACK towards the ghastly metal spikes. Closer and CLOSER

CLOSE ON DONNA

She screams in pain as the spike slides between her shoulder blades. The pointed tip emerges from her chest RIGHT BEFORE HER EYES.

We hold on her look of horror as the life dims from her eyes.

133 INTERCUT - THE PARTY HOUSE - PLASMA SCREEN 133

As DONNA SCREAMS her lapel-cam is jostled and shaken, showing nothing but a blur of violent motion. Horrid cries of agony.

SCOTT

That was so bogus.

But Myles is horrified.
MYLES
Wait. That really happened. She was just killed!

The room erupts with laughter.

TEEN BOY
Man, you are gullible.

Suddenly, the sound crackles, and the video image goes fuzzy. Myles clicks over various views, looking for one that works.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON an exposed electrical circuit board as DROPS OF BLOOD fall from somewhere high above. There are sparks, and smoke as something shorts.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Rudy and Jen crouch in the hazy bathroom. He passes her the bong and blows out another massive cloud of smoke.

RUDY
We're safe. Don’t worry. There are no cameras in here.

JEN
We’re WEARING cameras.

The two stoners CRACK UP.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sara, alone, pokes through the bookcase, behind her a DARK FIGURE MOVES by the windows.

POV OF THE FIGURE

We watch her bustle around the room. We are hidden by darkness. We move close to her but she doesn’t even realize that we are there. She pages through some magazines.

Sara, sensing something, suddenly whips around, shining the flashlight DIRECTLY IN OUR EYES.

REVERSE - CLOSE ON THE WHITE MASK

Staring back at her.
A135 INT. MYERS HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenna takes a hit. From downstairs they can hear Sara screaming.

JEN
(deadpan)
She must have seen another shadow.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Rudy walks down the stairs, in no hurry, munching on potato chips. Sara comes flying in, completely hysterical.

SARA
He’s HERE! Michael Myers is in the house!

Rudy looks at her calmly. Glassy eyed.

RUDY
No, Sara. Calm down. You’re just freaking out again.

SARA
No I’m not. I saw his face. The mask. He’s here. He’s...

She turns into the TV ROOM just as a SHAPE comes out of the darkness and GRABS her --

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

The figure flips the white mask back on top of his head -- revealing Freddie beneath the Michael Myers costume.

Beat. They stare at him. Shocked.

JIM
(glaring down at him)
Freddie! What the fuck are you doing?

FREDDIE
Shhhh. Easy, dude, chill out.
(beat)
America loves a show. I’m just giving them a show.

Beat. The three students look at each other.
RUDY
(getting it)
None of this shit is real, is it?
The furniture, the photos, the
fucked up toys.

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

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

BEHIND THEM
We notice a DARK FIGURE, moving up the stairs in the dark....

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE
The plasma screen shows Jim and Rudy yelling at someone, but
there is NO SOUND. The image skips and freezes.

TEENS
Turn up the sound! What's wrong?
CUT TO a different camera.

They cut to a clear view of Jen's Camera POV as she hides in
the BATHROOM, and does a bong hit. The water pipe bubbles.

TEEN BOY
Not this chick again. She's boring.

Miles tries to find a workable view, but many are garbled...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
The three continue to confront Freddie.

JIM
You knew you didn’t have a show
anyone would watch. So you spiced
it up - at our fucking expense.

FREDDIE
Grow up! Nobody wants to see you
look though an EMPTY HOUSE. People
out there don’t want reality.
Reality is boring. They want a
little thrill. A little razzle
dazzle.
(beat)
And that's what we're givin 'em.
SARA
I SO did not sign up for this.

FREDDIE
Don’t blow it. Play along. There’s a lot of money in this for all of you on the back end.

Freddie GRINS and pulls back on the mask and walks in the direction of the basement stairs.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
(excited)
Now I’m gonna go scare one of the other girls...

INT. MYERS HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM.
Jen stumbles out of the bathroom. A Cloud of smoke billows out as she opens the door. This girl is stoned.

BACK TO - INT. MYERS HOUSE - THE FOYER
The three students consider their options.

RUDY
So what should we do?

JIM
(shrugging)
I don’t know. I mean I guess I could use the money.

RUDY
Oh fuck that. I quit.

SARA
Me too. Let’s just go.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT
Jen strolls along the hall, and suddenly hears a CREAK, like footsteps from above. Looking up, she sees the pull-down ladder to the attic door.

She smiles to herself knowingly.

JEN
(hushed)
There you are, Bill.
She reaches up, grabs the rope, and gives it a YANK. Down crashes the ladder, opening the attic doorway.

JEN (cont’d)

(into the darkness)

BOO!

Then A BODY DROPS DOWN, head first, catching by its feet. Splattering her with BLOOD

Jen SCREAMS as Bill’s dead face stares back at her.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

They hear the SCREAMS from upstairs, but they just roll their eyes.

JIM

She’s going for the first internet Emmy.

THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Jen appears, her shirt covered in Bill’s blood. She opens her mouth but can barely speak.

WIDER ANGLE

They all look up at her, and they are unimpressed.

SARA

We’re not scared Jen. You’ll have to do better than that.

The mask of Michael Myers appears in the gloom behind her.

SARA (cont’d)

You too Freddie.

ANGLE ON JEN

as a blade suddenly SLASHES out, cleanly SLICING through her neck before she realizes it. Her head sits there for an instant -- then TOPPLES downstairs one step at a time.

PARTY HOUSE - THE PLASMA SCREEN

...as we see Jen’s HAT-CAM VIEW of the dizzying descent down the stairs...until it reaches the floor and the HAT-CAM points up at Sara’s stupefied expression.
INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids stare at the plasma screen in amazement: Sara’s camera POV of the severed head. The video feed is crystal clear now.

TEEN GIRL  
(laughing)  
How’d they do that?

TEEN BOY  
(yawning)  
It’s all digital effects.

Myles  
(terrified)  
No it isn’t.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Rudy tugs desperately on the door. A keyed deadbolt has it locked fast.

Rudy  
(panicking)  
Why is this locked?

The three back up into the living room as...

Michael Myers walks slowly down the stairs.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rudy grabs a wooden chair and SMASHES THE GLASS in the window. Then the two boys take turns kicking the boards that are nailed to the outside.

It won’t budge. It’s the only wood in the house that isn’t rotted. And Michael has reached the bottom of the stairs.

ON MICHAEL

He enters the room and WHAM! He’s hit in the head with the video camera. He turns to see Jim, who holds the tri-pod and camera like a baseball bat.

Jim swings the rig at Michael again. CRACK! The camera shatters on his masked skull. Breaks into pieces.
RUDY
Just run, Jim. RUN!

Michael’s arms shoot out and grab either side of Jim’s head. As the boy’s eyes bulge, Michael PRESSES, crushing his skull.

There are sickening POPS, and CRUNCHES of fractured bone.

For a moment Sara and Rudy can only watch in shock, and then they flee in different directions.

Michael drops Jim’s quivering dying body to the floor.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY TO 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Sara flees up the stairs, but halfway up she steps on the ROTTED BOARD, and her foot falls through! CRASH! She falls hard. Her leg drops in the hole all the way to her thigh.

Michael is at the bottom of the stairs.

Sara PANICS. Tries to pull herself up. Yanks her leg up. But she is caught.

Michael takes two steps up the stairs when...

RUDY
Hey Michael! Yeah, I’m talking to you. You want a piece of me?

Rudy backs up leading the killer back down the stairs.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - THE PLASMA SCREEN

We watch Sara run up the stairs, nearly stumbling over Jen's headless torso on the second floor landing.

Another view shows Rudy leading Michael into the kitchen.

TEENS
(laughing)

But Myles is on a cell phone.

MYLES (INTO PHONE)
I KNOW what 911 is for - this IS an emergency. It’s not a prank. Turn on the webcast! This is REAL!

INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara SHUTS the door, TOPPLING a bookcase over to block it.
INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rudy runs for the back door but like the front door, IT IS LOCKED with a keyed deadbolt.

Michael appears behind him, striding unhurriedly closer.

Rudy pushes the old feeding chair between them. Michael slashes wildly with the knife

RUDY
Man, a little less protein in your diet will help control that aggression.

Rudy SMASHES the rolling pin down on Michael's shoulder. The knife clatters to the floor... but so does the pin.

Michael claws at Rudy, who ducks, quickly grabbing something from the spice shelf. Cayenne pepper!

And he FLINGS a handful of the red powder in Michael’s face.

INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE

The teens CHEER!

BACK TO SCENE - MYERS KITCHEN

Rudy pulls two carving knives from the rack, and slashes the air near Michaels face, with the precision of a Master chef.

RUDY
What. You trying to kill me? Huh?

But, suddenly Michael’s SHOOTS out and GRABS Rudy powerfully by the throat and PINS HIM TO THE DOOR.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL’S HAND

He grabs one knife and RAISES IT. It falls out of frame with a fleshy THUNK! He grabs another knife and drives it out of frame. THUNK!

The he picks up a THIRD KNIFE that sits on the counter...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

SARA (STREAMING VIDEO)
Somebody out there, please help us!
This is really happening. He's killing us!

On MULTIPLE VIEWS on the Plasma screen, we see Michael methodically checking each room on the first floor.

Another view shows Sara...

SARA (STREAMING VIDEO)
Somebody PLEASE listen!

TEEN GIRL
(impressed)
She is a really talented actor.

Myles is frantically clicking over Browser Windows in the corner of the plasma screen... Accessing his E-mail.

Sara gets her palm pilot out of her bag and turns back to the NET-CAM.

SARA
Deckard, are you out there?

In the corner of the massive PLASMA SCREEN Myles sends an E-mail. The crowd watches, unsure of what Myles is doing.

SARA (ON SCREEN)
Deckard, if you're there please let me know!

SCOTT
(pointing)
Deckard? MYLES IS DECKARD!

Sara listens to FOOTSTEPS coming from somewhere else in the house. On her palm pilot, as the words pop up:
DECKARD HERE

SARA
(into NET-CAM)
Deckard, oh God, this is for real!
Please. Help me. He's killing people!

160 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

We PAN over two dozen teenaged mouths dropping open in disbelief. Expressions of realization wash over them.

Could all this really be.... TRUE? Shocked silence.

TEEN GIRL
Tell her he’s coming up the stairs.

Myles types...

HE’S COMING UP THE STAIRS

161 INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Michael reaches the top of the stairs and notices something on the floor. He reaches down.

162 THE PLASMA SCREEN

Michael Myers is looking INTO one of the dropped mini-cams... directly at us. Eyes glowing in infra red.

163 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE - SAME

No more laughter. Now the teens look at the image in HORROR!
Myles types...

HE’S OUTSIDE THE DOOR

164 PLASMA SCREEN - MULTIPLE VIEWS

ONE VIEW: Sara sees this on her palm pilot and SCREAMS. Then covers her own mouth.

ANOTHER VIEW: Michael hears the scream, and turns to the door.

165 INTERCUT - THE PARTY HOUSE - SAME

The group of teens HOWL in anxiety! Edge of their seats.
INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara shudders as the doorknob turns and the door shakes.

WHAM! Michael throws all his weight against it. Sara’s palm pilot chimes with a message.

**TRY THE WINDOW**

As he POUNDS and POUNDS on the door.

Sara pushes open the window and scrambles through the space between two boards nailed to the outer frame. She can barely squeeze through.

INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE - SAME

TEEN BOY
(on cell phone)
Just send someone over there.
Something is REALLY HAPPENING. It’s NO JOKE!
(beat)
Hello?

BACK TO BEDROOM

CRASH! The door practically comes off its hinges. Michael pushes his way in the room.

And Sara scrambles out onto...

EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

Sara stands on the narrow ledge, back to the wall. Inside Michael thrashes around in a blind rage, looking for her...

INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE

The teens SCREAM at the plasma screen.

ALL
JUMP! JUMP!

Looking down. But it is too dark. Too far. She can’t.

ON THE WINDOW

Michael’s ARM CRASHES through the boards. CLAWING BACK AND FORTH. He GRABS SARA’S LEG. TUGS IT! TWISTS IT.
Sara kicks and thrashes, NEARLY FALLING OF THE LEDGE, but she grabs a drain pipe and HOISTS HERSELF UP, above the window.

SMASH! Michael’s head comes crashing though the boards. Splinters fly. He looks RIGHT. HE looks LEFT. He looks down into the darkness below. Where did she go?

Sara is clings to the drain pipe directly above him, trying not to move, trying not to make a sound. Michael’s head is only ten inches above her dangling feet.

Sara holds her breath.

172 PARTY HOUSE

The teen audience holds their breath.

173 LEDGE

He looks over to a second floor window, un-boarded, about ten feet to his left. Then he darts back inside.

ON SARA

She moves shimmies up the drainpipe, and hoists herself up to the attic window. She SMASHES the glass with her foot and quickly slips into the attic.

174 INT. ATTIC - FOLLOWING

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

**CAN'T SEE YOU!**

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

**SARA**

(whispering)

Deckard. Where is he?

175 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

TEENS

IN THE HALLWAY! IN THE HALLWAY!

176 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

**HALLWAY. DON'T SCREAM!**

Sara crouches down in the darkness behind some old boxes, listening to the CREAK of footsteps below. Pitch Black.
She pulls out her flashlight and flips it on, pointing it with the camera at her face. But it also illuminates, right beside her...

CHARLIE’S DEAD BODY.
Face twisted in agony. Ghastly hole in his neck.

CLOSE ON SARA
Her mouth open. Quick intake of breath...

177 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE

TEENS
DON’T DO IT!

178 ATTIC - ON SARA

Slapping her hand to her mouth to keep herself from screaming. Her palm pilot beeps...

HE’S IN HIS OLD BEDROOM
But Sara is frozen with fear.

179 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Several teens are crouched around Myles, tracking Michael’s movement on multiple views, frantically offering advice.

TEENS
Tell her GO! Now’s her chance! NOW!

TEEN GIRL
(over cell phone)
Mom! This is serious. We have to DO SOMETHING!
(beat)
I am NOT drunk!

180 INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

She moves towards the ladder to the second floor, trying SO HARD not to make a board creak as she creeps.

181 PARTY HOUSE

TEENS
TURN OFF YOUR FLASHLIGHT!
ATTIC - ON SARA

Realizing it’s giving her away, she turns off her flashlight.

ON THE PULL DOWN LADDER

Very slowly. Very carefully. Step by agonizing step. She creeps down the rungs.

She must nimbly climb around Bill’s corpse. She nearly loses her balance, but continues down, trying not to make a sound.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The multiple screens show Sara, but they can’t see Michael anywhere.

MYLES

I can’t see him. I CAN’T SEE HIM!

INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

With her back pressed against the wall she inches along. Listening. Eyes wide as saucers.

A floorboard CREAKS LOUDLY as she steps on it. She freezes.

Then, as she continues to shuffle across the floorboards, rounding the corner, and...

THE MASKED MAN IS ON TOP OF HER, covering her mouth so she can't scream.

INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE

The teens SCREAM IN HORROR!!

BACK TO SCENE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR

With the other hand he PULLS UP HIS MASK around his forehead, revealing the frightened face of FREDDIE.

He looks behind her.

FREDDIE

(whispers)

Everybody’s dead.

(beat)

Where is he?

SARA

(whispers)

I don't know.
FREDDIE
We got to get the fuck out of here.

They hear creaking FOOTSTEPS above them....

187 INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Freddie and Sara move toward the stairs when SUDDENLY MICHAEL APPEARS OUT OF THE DARKNESS blocking their way to the stairs.

BEAT. Michael stands straight and stares at his doppelganger.

Surprisingly Freddie barrels into to Michael's chest like a linebacker, sending Michael sprawling back against the wall.

WHAM! An explosion of splintered wood and plaster.

Michael grabs the shoulders of the other man and the two SLAM from wall to wall - like two enraged bulls in a pen - chaos of bodies thrashing in the darkness - Freddie gripping Michael's wrist to avoid the knife.

With unnatural strength, Michael HURLS Freddie down the hall. He TUMBLES, CRASHES, but finds his way BACK TO HIS FEET.

Freddie just grimaces. He's ready for more.

FREDDIE
So. You wanna be on Dangertainment?

Michael marches towards him, swinging the KNIFE in wild arcs. Freddie bobs and weaves, avoiding the blade.

SMACK! Freddie lands three quick fists to the torso and a KICK to the masked JAW. But Michael keeps coming. Unstoppable.

ANOTHER SPINNING KICK CATCHES Michael on the chin, but it barely turns his head. Michael in on top of him. They both go CRASHING through the door into...

188 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

Sara appears, swinging a VIDEO CAMERA around by its cord and LOOPING THE CABLE like a tetherball around Michael's neck from behind - trying to choke him.

Michael jumps back and Sara falls to the ground...
But Freddie SPRINGS at Michael again -- PROPELLING Michael THROUGH THE WINDOW in an EXPLOSION of GLASS --- THE CAMERA AND CABLE FALL WITH HIM.

189
EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael PLUMMETS toward the ground until but STOPS SHORT in mid-drop, the CABLE pulling like a NOOSE, the CAMERA dangling like a medallion on his chest.

POV OF CAMERA AROUND HIS NECK

His leg twitches violently, once, twice, then STOPS. He hangs there, unmoving.

190
INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

191
EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael HANGING there, seemingly lifeless.

192
INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

FREDDIE
(beat)
I swear on my soul, I had no idea.

193
INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

FREDDIE
I saw his room. He was living underneath the house. Who knows for how long... Maybe the last twenty years.
(beat)
I swear on my soul, I had no idea.

194
EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

OMITTED

195
INT. MYERS HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SAME
CLOSE ON SARA AND FREDDIE AT THE FRONT DOOR

There is an electronic BEEP as Freddie is about to open the door. Sara stops him.

   SARA
   Wait!

She shows him the screen of her palm pilot. It reads...

   He’s still alive!!

Freddie looks at the door apprehensively.

   FREDDIE
   Shit.

VIEW THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR WINDOW

Sara can see only the edges of the porch and darkness beyond.

   SARA
   The cord broke. I don’t see him.

   FREDDIE
   We could try going out the back way... no fuck that. Let’s just run for it...

Freddie grabs the doorknob, but hesitates to open it.

   SARA
   (whispering)
   Shhhhh. He could be standing right there.

Freddie looks at the door, unsure. Sara pulls off her camera and speaks into it.

   SARA (cont’d)
   Where is he?

Both she and Freddie crouch over the palm pilot, waiting for the reply.

And they wait.

And wait. Seconds seem like hours.

And finally it beeps...

   Behind you!
TWO SHOT: FREDDIE AND SARA

As they part, we see that STANDING RIGHT BEHIND THEM IS MICHAEL MYERS – torn cable still dangling from his neck.

SHUNK! Michael buries the knife in Freddie’s shoulder.

SARA

No!!!

Freddie drops to his knees. Michael grabs him by the throat.

FREDDIE

(choking)

Run...

Michael sticks him with the knife again and he crumples to the floor.

Sara runs...

196

EXT. MYERS HOUSE – FRONT PORCH – CONTINUOUS

OMITTED

197

INT. PARTY HOUSE – NIGHT

OMITTED

198

INT. MYERS HOUSE – NIGHT

AND THE CHASE IS ON....Sara flies through the house, and we RACE along with her...

199

INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Stumbling over the high chair to the back door.

She SLAMS against the door, shaking it, tugging it. LOCKED!

The door behind her swings slowly shut revealing –

RUDY’S DEAD BODY

Nailed up on the kitchen door with a half dozen kitchen knives. Like a bloodstained paper doll pinned to corkboard.

The SHADOW of Michael Myers reaches the dining room, and Sara flees down the stairs to...
INT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rushing through the murk, going from basement window to window, Sara scrambles to find an escape.

The SHADOW of Michael Myers reaches the bottom of the stairs, and Sara climbs down the LADDER to...

INT. MYERS HOUSE - SUB BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

She slips and FALLS among the plastic corpses, scrambles up and sprints through the opening in the foundation.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

OMITTED

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

Panic and disorientation. Sara races this way and that through the maze. Walls rushing past as she flees.

A wild flurry of movement while SHADOWS seem to reach out...

INT. MICHAEL’S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

She tears through Michael’s room, tripping over the table, and upending the plate of rats bones...

INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Sara dashes down another tunnel, The SHADOW following close after her. She runs smack into...

DONNA’S BODY

Hung with the rats. Jagged rods piercing her flesh like a pins in a voodoo doll, her eyes still open, mouth agape.

Sara JUMPS AWAY in fright, and finds...

AN IRON LADDER

Leading up. She climbs it, hustling three rungs at a time.

Below her THE SHADOW seems to follow after her.

ON SARA

She reaches the top, and finds a MAN HOLE COVER. It takes all her strength to push it up and slide it over...
INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

It leads into the control room. Sara scrambles up, and pushes the man hole cover back into place.

ON A HEAVY CONSOLE

Filled with electronics and monitors. Sara PUSHES it over, on top of the man hole cover. CRASH!

The she piles up a chair, a camera box. She OVERTURNS an OLD LAWN MOWER... GASOLINE dribbles from its tank.

Then she races towards the DOOR... only to SLIP on a...

MASSIVE POOL OF BLOOD

Her legs sliding out from under her. SMACK! She is stunned for a second, but then she snaps out of it as DROPS OF BLOOD land on her nose and cheek.

Looking up she sees...

NORA’S DEAD BODY

Swinging from the rafters like a gutted animal.

Sara stands up and approaches the control panel.

ON THE MONITORS, we see the viewpoints of each of the other students: Jen’s head. Knives in Rudy’s chest. Jim’s lifeless hand. Donna’s impaled torso.

All Sara’s friends are dead.

CLOSE ON SARA’S FINGERS

She touches the surface of a monitor as if to gently stroke Jen’s lifeless face.

ON SARA

Tears roll down her cheeks. Overwhelmed by grief.

SARA

(whispers)

How did this happen? You were the brave one...

Then she looks over at -

THE WINDOW
As Michael’s shadow lumbers by outside.

ON SARA

Something snaps. Her hysteria melts and turns to rage.

She dashes to the far corner of the garage. Scanning the garden tools for a weapon:

She sees a SHOVEL. A PICK. Hedge CUTTERS. A lawn mower. She riffles through them.

CLOSE ON SARA

But then, she spots something even better...

ON THE DOOR

Michael bursts in. Slowly lumbers towards the control panel.

WIDE ON THE GARAGE

Michael looks one way and then another. He doesn’t see her. Where is she hiding? He patiently searches through the room.

ON MICHAEL FROM THE BACK

He hears the pull of a drawstring, as if someone were starting a lawn mower.

PUSH IN ON MICHAEL

He turns around slowly as a motor buzzes to life.

MICHAEL JUMPS BACK

And he barely avoids getting hit in the face by the blade of -

A CHAIN SAW!

ON SARA - Stepping forward. Gritting her teeth. Wielding the fearsome saw, She YELLS over the roar of the motor -

SARA
ARE YOU SCARED YET, MICHAEL??!

She SWINGS AGAIN.

Michael turns and BACKS UP to avoid losing an arm.
CLOSE ON THE UNWIELDY SAW BLADE

It skips across the console. The chain TEARS UP the wood. Slices through plastic. Sara almost loses control of it...

SHE DUCKS

As Michael SWINGS his butcher knife, the tip narrowly misses her face.

Sara raises the chain saw like a sword and marches forward, slicing through hanging cables in her path.

Michael keeps backing up, avoiding the blade.

ON SARA

Still advancing. Backing Michael into a corner.

SARA

THIS IS FOR RUDY!!

She SWINGS and HITS - Tearing a GASH along Michael’s left arm. Blood splatters against garage wall.

SARA (cont’d)

THIS IS FOR JEN!!

She SWINGS AGAIN - Catching his knife and knocking it away.

ON SARA

Raising the saw high above her head - Taking aim at Michael’s neck - She’s got him now.

SARA (cont’d)

AND THIS IS FOR YOU!!

But just as she is about to swing, the saw SPUTTERS AND GOES DEAD. Out of gas. Silence.

ON MICHAEL

He stares at her. His head tilts.

ON SARA

Takes a step back. Pulls on the drawstring. It won’t start.

SARA

Shit.

Michael takes a step towards her.
She backs up. Pulls frantically on the drawstring, but it still won’t start.

Michael takes another unhurried step towards her. He picks up his knife...

She backs up. Pulls frantically on the drawstring, but it still won’t start. The sparking cable lashes around boxes and paper that suddenly burst into FLAME.

In desperation, She HURLS the dead saw at the madman, surprising him, hitting him right in the forehead.

Fire crawls over the walls. Smoke is everywhere. Sara turns and runs...

But, the fire races over a puddle of gasoline towards the old lawnmower which EXPLODES, knocking Sara to the ground.

A worktable CRASHES on top of her, and PINNS HER ANKLE TO THE FLOOR.

She lies there, nearly unconscious. Choking on the smoke. Disoriented. The POWER CABLE whips around near her face.

Groggy, she looks up to see...

Michael, slowly, relentlessly, walks back towards her through the web of wires.

Sara pulls and PULLS. She thrashes but she can’t get free...

Michael stands over her, and he raises his knife like death himself wielding the scythe...

CRASH! The crumbling, burning DOOR falls to the ground. FREDDIE, weak and wounded, but still alive, rushes in through the flames. He grabs the shovel...

CRACK! He hits Michael on the side of his head, the shovel ringing like a bell.

FREDDIE
TRICK OR TREAT. Motherfucker.

SMACK! He hits him again, snapping his head and knocking the monster back.

Sara GRABS THE POWER CABLE to keep the sparking tip from hitting her face.

As Freddie swings a third time, Michael CATCHES the shovel with his free hand, holding it fast.
Freddie DUCKS as Michael thrusts the knife at his face.

Then, with his last bit of strength, Freddie YELLS, SPINS and lands a KICK right in Michael’s sternum, hurrying him back into flames and the tangled web of wires.

Freddie looks down at Sara holding the electrical cable. They both seem to get the idea at the same instant...

SARA
(to Michael)
AND THIS... is for you.

Sara tosses the cable into the pool of blood at Michael’s feet.

We hear a CRACKLE as Michael suddenly STIFFENS, his back arching as the voltage courses through his body. The hot electrical wires hiss and crackle.

Michael slumps as the electricity shorts out in an explosion of sparks, his body held up by the cables in an eerie tableau, arms spread like a dark messiah.

ON FREDDIE AND SARA
As they rush out, Freddie takes ONE LAST LOOK AT MICHAEL, surrounded by dancing flames and arching bolts.

FREDDIE
Happy Halloween.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS
They escape through the crumbling burning doorway. Smoke billows out windows. They stumble across the lawn as...

The GARAGE ERUPTS in one final spasm of FIRE, and then COLLAPSES in on itself, on Michael Myers, sending flames leaping high into the night sky.

209 EXT. MYERS HOUSE - HOURS LATER 209
By now police, fire, and EMS vehicles are all around, assessing the carnage. The fire is finally out.

A COP talks to a FIREMAN.

COP
I have to know whether or not we have a manhunt on our hands. Could HE have survived that inferno?
FIREMAN
No way. If that really was Michael Myers in there, he’s burned to a crisp.

COP
Michael Myers or some copy cat.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

Sara stands nearby as Freddie sits on a gurney. He is bandaged and weak from loss of blood, but he smiles.

FREDDIE
You see? I was right. You surprised yourself.

Tears roll down her cheeks. She looks like a little girl.

FREDDIE (cont’d)
I’d give every dollar I’ve ever made in my entire life... to take all this back. Every cent.

SARA
This wasn’t your fault. This was... (looking back at the house)
This was evil. Pure evil.

Sara reaches out and grabs Freddy’s hand - gives it a little squeeze. Then she walks towards the fire engines...

NEAR THE FIRE ENGINES

Sara’s PALM PILOT BEEPS. She looks down to see the message...

You’re alive!

Sara smiles with relief.

We can see you on the News!

INTERCUT – PARTY HOUSE

On the PLASMA SCREEN is a live video feed from a local news cast. It shows the fire engines, bits of the fire, and Sara looking into the News camera and calling out...

SARA
Thank you, Deckard.

THE TEENS CHEER. Several slap Myles on the back.
ON SARA

A group of REPORTERS and NEWS CAMERAMEN clamor behind the
police line. The all call out, speaking over one another.

REPORTERS
EXCUSE ME! How does it feel now
that it’s all over?

Lights flash in Sara’s eyes. She is surrounded by oppressive
VIDEO CAMERAS. Microphones swoop on their poles.

Sara catches Freddie’s eye as he sits by the ambulance.

SARA
What makes you think it’s over?

The reporters continue to crowd and clamor.

Abruptly, Freddie appears at Sara’s side and pushes a couple
of the more oppressive camera people back.

FREDDIE
Hey, No cameras. NO MORE CAMERAS.
Dangertainment is OFF THE AIR.

REPORTERS
Mr. Harris, would you like to make
a statement? What can you tell us
about Michael Myers?

VIDEO CAMERA POV

The camera is pushed right up in Freddie’s face.

FREDDIE
Michael Myers is not a sound bite.
He’s not a spin-off, a tie-in or a
celebrity scandal. Y’all can stop
watching the screen ‘cause he’s
probably standing right there
behind you - right now.
(beat)
That’s all. We’re done dancing for
the cameras.

REPORTERS (O.C.)
But how are YOU feeling right now?

FREDDIE
How do I feel?
Freddie, outraged, stares directly into the lens. He reaches out and rips the camera from the reporter’s hand.

The image SHAKES and GOES DARK as Freddie smashes the camera on the ground. Then over the dark screen...

FEFFREDDIE (O.C.) (cont’d)
Feel THAT.

A210  INT. MYERS HOUSE - GARAGE
OMITTED

B210  EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT
OMITTED

EXT. GARAGE (BURNED TO THE GROUND) - MORNING

Two crime scene investigators poke through the ashes, charcoal and melted plastic, looking for bodies.

One brushes aside blackened timbers and finds the torso of A SKELETON; He brushes aside more ash and finds the SKULL.

The other digs around bits of twisted metal and finds...

THE MAN HOLE COVER

She kneels down and begins dragging the cover aside. She peers down into the gloom of the tunnel below.

She leans farther and farther down until...

A HAND

Shoots up from the darkness and grabs her neck.

CUT TO BLACK:

ALTERNATE ENDING #1

INT. HOSPITAL MORQUE - NIGHT

Two ORDERLIES wheel in a body bag on a gurney. A FEMALE CORONER closes a drawer and sighs. She looks weary. There are several other body bags already in the room.
CORONER
Another one?

ORDERLY
It’s your lucky night.

The orderlies exit.

Slowly, the coroner unzips the bag, revealing the charred body of Michael Myers. His overalls are singed black. The mask has melted to his face.

Alone in the room, she tries to peel the off the mask - tugging and pulling - but it won’t come off.

Suddenly, Michael's charred hand SHOOTS OUT AND GRABS HER BY THE THROAT....

CUT TO CREDITS:

**ALTERNATE ENDING #2**

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

EMT PERSONNEL carry a bodybag from the burned garage and placed on a gurney. It is the body of Michael Myers.

Sara approaches the gurney as they roll it down the driveway. A FIREMAN carrying GEAR stands nearby.

SARA
Is that him? Wait. I want to see his face. I have to see his face!

The firemen unzips the bag revealing a glimpse of the WHITE MASK. Sara reaches down...

VOICE (O.S.)
Don’t do it.

Startled, Sarah pulls her hand back, and turns to see Aaron standing there...

SARA
What are YOU doing here?

AARON
I told you not to go in the house.
SARA
Go home, Aaron. It’s over.

AARON
It’s never over. Don’t you get it? He won’t stop. Ever. You can shoot him; you can stab him; you can hang him up and burn him, BUT - HE - KEEPS - COMING - BACK.

A crusty, old FIREMAN reacts to Aaron with deadpan eyes. He clearly thinks the kid is a freak.

FIREMAN
What are you talking about? He’s a lump of charcoal.

Once again, Sara bravely reaches down and tugs on the mask but it won’t come off. Aaron can’t help but lean forward for a better look...

SARA
It’s melted to his face.

Suddenly a charred-black HAND SHOOTS OUT OF THE BODY BAG and GRABS AARON BY THE THROAT. The EMT personnel and FIREMAN jump back in SHOCK as MICHAEL SITS UP!

But as Aaron struggles helplessly, Sara grabs and swings a FIRE AXE!

THUNK! She buries the heavy blade to the hilt in Michael’s face. The killer drops back on the gurney like a bag of wet cement.

Aaron gasps for breath looks at Sara with surprise. Sara grits her teeth at the lifeless corpse, axe sticking out of its head like a sword in a dragon.

SARA (cont’d)
Now it’s over.

CUT TO CREDITS: