

Final Draft  
Month/Day/Year

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Registered:####

HALL8WEEN

1 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY - SUPER 8 FOOTAGE - HOME MOVIE 1

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...

2 A LONG DARK TUNNEL 2

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...

3 INT. SANITARIUM - LONG INSTITUTIONAL CORRIDOR - DAY 3

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:

4 EXT. SANITARIUM - DUSK 4

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

5 INT. SANITARIUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5

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.

6 INTERCUT - LAURIE STRODE (STOCK - FLASHBACK FROM H20) 6

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

7 INT. SANITARIUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 7

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.

8 INT. THE HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK) 8

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.

9 INT. SANITARIUM - LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT 9

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.

10 INT. EMS TRUCK - (STOCK - FOOTAGE FROM H20) 10

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

11 He had crushed his larynx. 11

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

12 INT. LAURIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 12

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.

16 LAURIE'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW 16

In the WOODS around the facility, we get just the faintest glimpse of a dark shape, white face, moving through the shadows.

17 EXT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT - FOG 17

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)

John Wayne Gacy. Born in Chicago, Illinois on March 17, 1942. Killed thirty-three people and buried them under his house. Executed on May 14, 1994.

Willie leads him through the SIDE DOOR of the Sanitarium.

18 INT. LAURIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 18

She continues staring out the window. Patient. Waiting.

19 INT. SANITARIUM - SECURITY - NIGHT 19

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.



20 INT. SANITARIUM - BASEMENT - NIGHT 20

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  
(weary)  
Well, hurry up.

21 INT. SANITARIUM - BASEMENT - NIGHT 21

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?

22 ANOTHER CORRIDOR 22

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...

23 INT. SANITARIUM - BASEMENT VENDING MACHINE - NIGHT 23

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.

24 WILLIE'S POV 24

As he darts down hallways and rounds corners.

25 BASEMENT - LAUNDRY BINS 25

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 26

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 27

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 28

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 29

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

30 INT. LAURIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 30

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.

31 INT. LONG CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 31

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.

32 INT. STAIRWELL - FOLLOWING 32

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.

33 EXT. SANITARIUM - ROOF - NIGHT - WIDE 33

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.

Calm. Resolute. Walking towards him.

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 BURIES 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

34

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)

Michael Myers. Born Oct. 19, 1957.

35 INT. SANITARIUM - LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

35

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

36

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...

37 EXT. NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY - DAY

37

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...

38

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

38

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.

39

INT. CABLE ACCESS TALK SHOW - DAY

39

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.

BOB

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

Explore. Discover. Uncover.

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 40

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: A40

41 INT. MYLES'S BEDROOM - DAY 41

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 screenname.

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.

42 EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

42

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...

43 EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

43

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

A43

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

B43

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

44

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.

45 EXT. DARK SUBURBAN STREET - MYERS HOUSE - MORNING 45

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.

46 EXT. DORMITORY - DAY 46

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.

47 EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY - MOVING 47

Sara putts 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.

48 EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY 48

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

49 OMITTED 49

50 EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY 50

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.

51 EXT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - LATER 51

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

52 INT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - MEETING ROOM - DAY 52

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.

53

INTERVIEW AREA

53

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-rimmed 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.

54 BACK TO SARA

54

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 rommates! 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.

55 INTERVIEW AREA

55

Jen checks her teeth for lipstick stains and then flashes her prime-time smile.

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

56

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

57

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

58

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

59

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

60

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

61

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

62

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

63

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 SCREEEEEEEEAM.

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

RUDY

Damn! That girl can sing.

64 THE MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

64

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.

65 OMITTED

65

A65 INT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - FREDDIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

A65

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.

B65 EXT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - OUTSIDE FREDDIE'S CABIN B65

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

66 EXT. HADDONFIELD HOTEL - OUTSIDE SARA'S CABIN 66

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.

67 INSIDE THE ROOM 67

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.

69 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

69

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:

70 EXT. HADDONFIELD - MORNING

70

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.

71 INT. VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE - CONTINUOUS

71

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 site of a RED CAMARO  
rounding a corner, its engine growling as it disappears.

72

INT. MYLES'S BEDROOM - DAY

72

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, were'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

73

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 a bad toupee.

SARA

Jen.

JEN

He probably collects human skin.

SARA

JEN.

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! Aaaaaaahhh!

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.

74 EXT. MYERS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 74

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

75 INT. MYERS HOUSE - GARAGE - DUSK 75

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."

76 INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

76

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 Spielberg.

77 INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

77

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.

78

INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

78

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.

79 INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 79

Nora reclines in her chair, SIPS HER CAPPUCCHINO 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.

80 INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS 80

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.

81 INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 81

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.

82 EXT. HADDONFIELD - LATE AFTERNOON - MOVING 82

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.

83 INT. VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS 83

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 84

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

85 INT. MYERS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 85

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 86

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 A86

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)



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

B86

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

B86

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)

Hmmm. 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!

OMITTED

90

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

90

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:

94 (INT. PARTY HOUSE - DUSK)

94

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.

95 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 95

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.

A95 EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT A95

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

B95 INT. MYERS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT B95

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 creaks 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...

98

INT. MYERS HOUSE - SISTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

98

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.

99

INT. GARAGE

99

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

100

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

101

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

You mean continually. "Continuous"  
means uninterrupted. "Continual"  
means recurring periodically.

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.

102 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 102

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.

103 INT. MYERS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 103

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)  
SOMEBODY HELP ME!

104 INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY TO 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 104

Sara and Rudy dash upstairs.

105 INT. MYERS HOUSE - SISTER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 105

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.

106 INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 106

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

107 INT. MYERS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 107

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.

108 INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 108

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

109

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

110

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 a 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.

111 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

111

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...

112 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

112

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

113

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.

A114 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE A114

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

B114 INT. MYERS' HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT B114

BACK TO SCENE

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

RUDY  
Okay, you GOTTA stop that.

C114 INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS C114

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.

D114 INT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT D114

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.

E114 INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT E114

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.

115 INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 115

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.

116 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE 116

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.

117 INT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 117

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.

118 INT. MYERS HOUSE - SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT 118

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.

119

INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE

119

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 121

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 122

Nora and Freddie are beside themselves with laughter.

NORA

That worked PERFECTLY.

FREDDIE

Now the REAL fun starts.

123 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT 123

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."

125 INT. MYERS HOUSE - SUB BASEMENT - NIGHT 125

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...

126 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - FOLLOWING 126

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.

127 INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME 127

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.

128 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT 128

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?

129 INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS 129

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 SQUEEEKS. Still alive! Not fake at all.

Donna recoils in disgust and horror.

130 INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME 130

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...

131 INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - NIGHT

131

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.

132 INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

132

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.

A133 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A133

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

134 OMITTED

134

INT. MYERS HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Rudy and Jen crouch in the hazy bathroom. He passes her the  
bong and blows out a 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.

135 INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

135

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

A135

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

JEN  
(deadpan)  
She must have seen another shadow.

136 INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

136

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....

137 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE 137

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...

138 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 138

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...

139 OMITTED 139

A139 INT. MYERS HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM. A139

Jen stumbles out of the bathroom. A Cloud of smoke billows out as she opens the door. This girl is stoned.

140 BACK TO - INT. MYERS HOUSE - THE FOYER 140

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.

141 INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 141

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.

142 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

142

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.

143 PARTY HOUSE - THE PLASMA SCREEN

143

...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.

144 MYERS HOUSE - ON SARA 144

Her friend's head only inches from her feet. She SCREAMS.

145 INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT 145

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.

146 INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS 146

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.

147 INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 147

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.

148 INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY TO 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT 148

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.

149 INT. PARTY HOUSE - THE PLASMA SCREEN 149

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)  
Get 'em Michael. Kill 'em all.

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!

150 INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 150

Sara SHUTS the door, TOPPLING a bookcase over to block it.

151 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 151

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.

152 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE 152

The teens CHEER!

153 BACK TO SCENE - MYERS KITCHEN 153

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...

154 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 154

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

155 INTERCUT - THE PLASMA SCREEN 155

Sara looks INTO CAMERA.

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

156 INT. PARTY HOUSE - SAME 156

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.

157 INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 157

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

SARA  
Deckard, are you out there?

158 INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK OFFICE 158

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!

159 THE PLASMA SCREEN 159

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 160

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 161

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

162 THE PLASMA SCREEN 162

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

163 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE - SAME 163

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

Myles types...

**HE'S OUTSIDE THE DOOR**

164 PLASMA SCREEN - MULTIPLE VIEWS 164

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 165

The group of teens HOWL in anxiety! Edge of their seats.

166 INT. MYERS HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 166

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.

167 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE - SAME 167

TEEN BOY

(on cell phone)

Just send someone over there.

Something is REALLY HAPPENING. It's  
NO JOKE!

(beat)

Hello?

168 BACK TO BEDROOM 168

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

And Sara scrambles out onto...

169 EXT. LEDGE - CONTINUOUS 169

Sara stands on the narrow ledge, back to the wall. Inside Michael thrashes around in a blind rage, looking for her...

170 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE 170

The teens SCREAM at the plasma screen.

ALL

JUMP! JUMP!

171 EXT. LEDGE - ON SARA 171

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 172

The teen audience holds their breath.

173 LEDGE 173

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 174

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 175

TEENS  
IN THE HALLWAY! IN THE HALLWAY!

176 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT 176

**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 177

TEENS  
DON'T DO IT!

178 ATTIC - ON SARA 178

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 179

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 180

She moves towards the ladder to the second floor, trying SO HARD not to make a board creak as she creeps.

181 PARTY HOUSE 181

TEENS  
TURN OFF YOUR FLASHLIGHT!

182 ATTIC - ON SARA 182

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.

183 INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT 183

The multiple screens show Sara, but they can't see Michael anywhere.

MYLES

I can't see him. I CAN'T SEE HIM!

184 INT. MYERS HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 184

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.

185 INTERCUT - PARTY HOUSE 185

The teens SCREAM IN HORROR!!

186 BACK TO SCENE - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR 186

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

187

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

188

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 189

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 190

Freddie and Sara rush to the window and look OUTSIDE to see...

191 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 191

Michael HANGING there, seemingly lifeless.

192 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 192

They look at each other, amazed they're still alive.

FREDDIE

(deadpan)

I think it's time to go.

193 INT. MYERS HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS 193

They walk down the stairs.

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 194

OMITTED

195 INT. MYERS HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SAME 195

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)

Shhhh. 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 196

OMITTED

197 INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT 197

OMITTED

198 INT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT 198

AND THE CHASE IS ON....Sara flies through the house, and we RACE along with her...

199 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 199

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...

200 INT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 200

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...

201 INT. MYERS HOUSE - SUB BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 201

She slips and FALLS among the plastic corpses, scrambles up and sprints through the opening in the foundation.

A201 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT A201

OMITTED

202 INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT 202

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...

203 INT. MICHAEL'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS 203

She tears through Michael's room, tripping over the table, and upending the plate of rats bones...

204 INT. TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS 204

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...

205

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

205

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!

Then 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 PINS 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, hurtling 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.

210

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

210

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. They 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...

FREDDIE (O.C.) (cont'd)  
Feel THAT.

A210 INT. MYERS HOUSE - GARAGE A210

OMITTED

B210 EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT B210

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 MORGUE - 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: