

HALLOWEEN: ASYLUM

by
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sent to Mark as per

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"I was born with the devil in me. I could not help the fact that I was a murderer, no more than the poet can help the inspiration to sing... I was born with the Evil One standing as my sponsor beside the bed where I was ushered into the world, and he has been with me ever since."

-- H.H. Holmes, on why he murdered over 200 people, 1895

"I met this six year old child with this blank, pale, emotionless face, and the blackest eyes... the Devil's eyes. I spent eight years trying to reach him, and then another seven trying to keep him locked up, because I realized that what was behind those eyes, was, purely and simply, Evil."

-- Dr. Sam Loomis, on then-patient Michael Myers, 1978

Darkness. A thunderstorm slashes through the night, a static-laden Golden Oldies radio station is abruptly interrupted --

REPORTER (O.S.)

Earlier tonight a publicity stunt ended in multiple tragedies when serial killer Michael Myers returned to his childhood home...

Lightening serrates the darkness, illuminating:

EXT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The wispy red brick hospital cowers from the fury of the thunderstorm as an ambulance screeches to a halt.

REPORTER (O.S. - CONT'D)

The publicity stunt was Dangertainment, a live webcast featuring eight youths who were to spend Halloween night in the Myers house for a monetary reward...

As the EMTs rush to the back of the ambulance:

SUPERIMPOSE: **"HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS -- OCTOBER 31, 2002"**

REPORTER (O.S. - CONT'D)

Dangertainment was the brainchild of one of the night's only two survivors, Freddie Harris, a modern-day P.T. Barnum-type, who even went so far as to have several-dozen Michael Myers costumes created in an attempt to inflict cheap scares on his captive contestants...

The EMTs place a BLACK BODY BAG atop their gurney, wheel it into the hospital --

And it is only after they're gone that we realize:

They seemed frightened. Of a corpse.

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL, CORONER'S LAB - SAME

A knife slices into human flesh, blood spilling everywhere --

REVEAL: a YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER performs an autopsy, drolly slicing into the corpse, her Golden Oldies still interrupted by the news report:

REPORTER (O.S. - CONT'D)
We have also been told that Michael Myers is dead, having burned to death in a fire that broke out in the house shortly after midnight...

The EMTs burst into the coroner's lab --

YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER
You've gotta be kidding me, another one -- ?

As they set the body bag on an empty examination table, SCRAWNY EMT smiles nervously, tries to diffuse the tension:

SCRAWNY EMT
It's your lucky night -- you got a celebrity.

But the Young Medical Examiner isn't in the mood:

YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER
Let me get my autograph book.

SCRAWNY EMT
I'm not kidding...

His smile dissipates as he glances at his partner -- who's already beating a hasty retreat -- then mutters:

SCRAWNY EMT (CONT'D)
It's Michael Myers.

Young Medical Examiner's scalpel falls atop her tray of sharp instruments, as Scrawny EMT exits, leaving her all alone.

With Michael Myers.

Young Medical Examiner moves cautiously to the body bag, just as the NEWS REPORT CONCLUDES and the GOLDEN OLDIES RESUME:

"*Mister Sandman*" blares with maniacal fervor as Young Medical Examiner unzips the body bag -- gasps:

ANGLE -- YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER'S POV: the grisly visage of Michael Myers, his infamous mask burned to his charred face, a macabre melding of flesh and latex.

BACK TO SCENE: as Young Medical Examiner makes sure Michael's eyes remain closed, then carefully reaches for the scalpel atop her instrument tray --

Michael's eyes pop open.

He lunges at screaming Young Medical Examiner --

Falls to the ground, lands on his back:

Lies perfectly still. As if toying with her.

Young Medical Examiner catches her breath, tries to compartmentalize this situation in to the realm of normalcy:

YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER
Post-mortem nerve palpitations --
common in burn fatalities.

She takes a deep breath, prepares to resume her duties, but --

A look of terrible disappointment crosses her face:

ANGLE -- YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER'S POV: her scalpel has fallen to the opposite side of Michael's corpse on the floor.

BACK TO SCENE: as Young Medical Examiner shakes her head:

YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER
Un-fucking-believable.

She estimates the distance between Michael's body and the deadly-sharp surgical instrument:

Glimmering blade lies within inches of outstretched hand.

Young Medical Examiner looks around the empty coroner's lab -- wishes she didn't have to do this -- looks back to her scalpel on the other side of Michael's body:

She grimaces, moves to retrieve it...

Cautiously leans over Michael's outstretched body...

Glances at the black hollows of Michael's eyes...

Stretches out her fingers...

Scalpel almost in reach...

Glances back at Michael's eyes -- still closed...

Grasps for the deadly sharp scalpel --

Halts in complete and total bewilderment:

ANGLE -- YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER'S POV: something else has fallen to the floor beside Michael...

BACK TO SCENE: as Young Medical Examiner grabs the object,
gets to her feet --

Movement toward her, seen too late --

Young Medical Examiner SCREAMS --

But it is a STOUT POLICE OFFICER:

STOUT POLICE OFFICER
Lotta commotion down here --
everything okay?

Young Medical Examiner shakes her head.

STOUT POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
What's the matter...?

She shrugs, mumbles -- dazed -- holds up the object:

REVEAL: it is a wallet. Stout Police Officer is confused --
until she shoves it at him for closer inspection:

ANGLE -- THE WALLET: inside is a Driver's License photo of
JIM MORGAN, a scraggly-looking hipster (fans might recognize
him as one of Michael's victims in *Halloween: Resurrection*).

BACK TO SCENE: as Young Medical Examiner gives trembling
voice to the horrific discovery, nods at the corpse:

YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER
This isn't Michael Myers.

Stout Police Officer begins to grasp the implications:

STOUT POLICE OFFICER
But if it isn't him, that means...

He trails-off in terror, Young Medical Examiner concluding:

YOUNG MEDICAL EXAMINER
Michael Myers is still out there.

And on that revelation, the final gleeful notes of "Mr.
Sandman" crescendo, whereupon we --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

A plague of silence. A decrepit motel on the outskirts of Haddonfield, as seen from a distance. A Dodge van with a Dangertainment logo parked in its nearly-barren lot.

Continuing to watch the motel from this oddly distant vantage point, we suddenly realize -- a horrific epiphany -- that we can hear SUBJECTIVE BREATHING.

And as we skulk subjectively toward the motel, we understand that we are in the POV OF AN INFAMOUS SERIAL KILLER.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM, DINGY BATHROOM - NIGHT

A small bathroom suffocating with steam. A DANGERTAINMENT ID BADGE with a photo of the aforementioned Freddie Harris (Busta Rhymes) atop a pile of hastily discarded clothes:

FREDDIE HARRIS stands in the shower, eyes closed, hot water running down his weary body --

A sound outside the bathroom door -- like the creaking of a floorboard -- as Freddie's eyes pop open:

He listens intensely, doesn't hear anything.

Freddie closes his eyes, returns to face the water, back to the bathroom door -- and as he remains in this position:

The bathroom door swings open with dreadful silence.

And through the thick blanket of steam we slowly discern:

Michael Myers. Standing in the doorway. The tendrils of steam swirling around his robust frame. A wraith-like vision seemingly born from the smoking flames of Hell.

Michael watches his prey for an eerie beat -- savoring every last moment of the hunt -- before finally stepping toward Freddie...

ANGLE: Michael grabs Freddie's discarded DANGERTAINMENT ID, pulls its thin steel cord tightly between his strong fists:

ANGLE: FROM INSIDE THE SHOWER -- as Michael's stark-white mask slowly peers over the top of the curtain -- chilling -- then:

Lowers the cord to strangle Freddie --

The PHONE RINGS.

Freddie opens his eyes, turns -- is perplexed:

ANGLE -- FREDDIE'S POV: the bathroom is empty, the opened door swaying ever-so-slightly.

BACK TO SCENE: as Freddie contemplates this for a long moment, cautiously resumes his shower.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Still damp from the shower and wearing only jeans, Freddie slides open the closet door, is violently lunged at --

A rat, yellow fangs bared and screeching angrily, scurries toward another nest within the motel:

Freddie watches as the rat's fleshy pink tail disappears into a hole behind the dresser, shakes his head, chuckles:

FREDDIE

Motherfucker's dead, man -- get a
hold 'a yourself, baby...

Freddie turns back to the closet, slides it all the way open:

Michael stares down at him from the darkness within --

But Freddie isn't remotely concerned, doesn't even flinch.

And its only when he pushes "Michael" aside, grabs a shirt, and turns to look around his room that we realize why:

Freddie is surrounded by too many Michael Myers to count, the several-dozen costumes he created for Dangertainment strewn haphazardly about the room:

But staring at a duffel bag atop his bed, he suddenly stops:

FREDDIE

I left one of my Michael Myers
masks back at the house --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

From the conclusion of *Halloween: Resurrection*, as seen in sketchy tripwires of memory:

Freddie throws his Michael Myers mask to the ground --

Engages in a violent struggle with Michael --

Slams Michael into a web of electrical wires --

Michael ensnared, a raging fire breaks out --

Freddie escapes before the flames get to high --

Assumes Michael will burn to death, but --

Left alone, Michael notices the discarded mask, scours the room, his gaze suddenly landing on:

JIM MORGAN, the scraggly-haired hipster from the driver's license photo, dead and pinned to a nearby wall.

ANGLE -- MICHAEL'S EYES: burning with an ingenious idea.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

As Freddie thinks on this -- the power suddenly cuts out, the blue light of the moon only accentuating how many Michael Myers silhouettes he is surrounded by. An unnerving image.

He moves to the phone, goes to dial 911 -- clicks the receiver several times -- his face awash in terror as he discovers that the chord has been severed.

Freddie spins, is confronted by the numerous Michael Myers, all swaying ever-so-slightly -- and he suddenly realizes:

Any one of them could be the real Michael Myers -- but which one...?

Freddie pulls a heavy lamp from the night stand, lunges at the first Michael Myers in striking distance --

But it's just one of his costumes.

Freddie quickly pushes it aside, strikes the next Michael Myers, but it too -- and the next one and the next one and the next one -- are all costumes:

Drowning in a sea of Michael Myers, Freddie finally pushes through to the front door, races into the rainy night:

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sprinting down the walkway, Freddie knocks on every door he passes, but nobody answers -- they're all vacant or all dead.

Freddie bursts into the manager's office --

INT. MOTEL, MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pushes through the dark and dirty space --

FREDDIE

Hello -- ?

A SCREAM from behind -- Freddie spins, discovers:

Flickering light emanating from the back room, goes to it --

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Enters the cramped living quarters --

FREDDIE

Hello...?

MOTEL MANAGER sits in a wheelchair -- back to us -- watching Haddonfield's Horror Movie Marathon, not moving a muscle, apparently transfixed by the old movie ("*The Burning*"):

FREDDIE

Sir...?

No response.

Freddie moves to the Motel Manager:

Reaches his hand to Motel Manager's wheelchair, slowly spins him around, rears back --

Bloody brown liquid trickles down the elderly man's chin --

Freddie is aghast, until --

Motel Manger cavalierly wipes the brown liquid away, spits the rest of the wad of tobacco into a can at his feet, reveals he has a shotgun in his lap:

MOTEL MANAGER
You tryin' to rob me, boy?

FREDDIE
"Boy" -- ?

Motel Manager nods, cocks the shotgun --

MOTEL MANAGER
I was just playin' possum: whenever
I let one of your kind stay here, I
watch my back real careful.

FREDDIE
"My kind" -- ?

MOTEL MANAGER
(nodding)
Eyes in the back of my head, boy,
eyes in the back --

TWO STRONG HANDS jut from the darkness behind Motel Manager's head, rip it back with such force that his neck snaps, the back of his head suddenly slumped against his upper back, lolling grotesquely on the stump of his cracked neck:

Eyes in the back of his head.

Freddie picks up the fallen shotgun...

Michael rears up from behind the wheelchair, pushes Motel Manager's corpse aside...

Freddie levels the shotgun --

But Michael rips a foot pedal from Motel Manager's toppled wheelchair, then throws it at Freddie, the metal behemoth flying across the room, knocking him back hard.

Freddie tumbles to the floor, fumbles to recover the shotgun as Michael stalks toward him...

Freddie retrieves the shotgun just as Michael is upon him, gets to his feet, levels it, but --

Too late.

Michael drives the foot pedal through Freddie's abdomen, lifts him high into the air, then pins him to the wall.

Freddie slaps at the foot pedal, tries to pull himself free from the wall, writhing like an insect pinned to corkboard -- and we are suddenly reminded of Michael's vast depravity:

He is completely fascinated.

Takes a step back, watches as the grisly death plays out.

Realizing it's hopeless, Freddie stops slapping at the foot pedal -- still in great pain, blood pooling rapidly on the floor below his feet -- raises his head, stares defiantly at Michael:

Michael cocks his head, intrigued.

Freddie makes his last breath a deep one, then --

Hawks a bloody glob of spit onto Michael's white mask.

At that, Freddie smiles weakly -- "fuck you" -- slumps over.

Freddie's corpse pinned to the wall beside him, Michael wipes at the glob of bloody spit trickling down his mask, rubs it between his fingers, examining it as if trying to unlock the secrets about life and death contained therein --

Suddenly whirls around as --

Stout Police Officer bursts into the room with a CAVALRY OF OFFICERS armed with so many taser guns, it suddenly looks like the Fourth of July during an electrical storm:

Michael drops to the ground amidst the stench of burning flesh, a wave of excitement spreading through the horde of police officers, whereupon -- over the continuous buzz and snap of taser guns -- Stout Police Officer shakes his head:

STOUT POLICE OFFICER
I can't believe it -- I can't
believe we've caught Michael Myers.

And on the most unexpected of revelations, we:

SMASH TO BLACK:

Over which the infamous HALLOWEEN THEME blares and garish orange letters announce:

"HALLOWEEN: ASYLUM"

BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE: a rapid fire blast of GRAINY STILLs, SUPER-8, and 16MM DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE -- sketchy, hard to follow -- detailing the capture and subsequent trial of Michael Myers, which serves to remind us that he is a depraved serial killer. Brutal and unflinching.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE chronicles the trail of blood left in Michael's wake over the past twenty-five-plus years:

BLOOD-SOAKED CORPSES are wheeled from stunned crime scenes -- suburban homes, hospitals, prep schools, the Myers house itself -- amidst hordes of media and stern-faced law enforcement.

Too dangerous to appear in court, Michael is only seen through archival photographs culled from iconic moments in the HALLOWEEN-franchise:

Blurry NEWSPAPER SNAPSHOTS of the sweet six-year-old boy who has just stabbed his older sister to death. Michael's PATIENT-FOLDER-FILE chronicling his subsequent fifteen-year stay at Smith's Grove. A POLICE SKETCH of Michael -- with and without his trademark mask -- after breaking out of Smith's Grove in 1978. Jittery SECURITY CAMERA FREEZE-FRAMES of Michael stalking through Haddonfield Memorial Hospital and Hillcrest Academy Prep School. Pixilated INTERNET CAPTURES taken from the recent Dangertainment debacle.

FAMILIAR FACES -- the rare survivors of Michael's killing sprees, or his victims' family members -- flock to the witness stand, rabid with emotion:

Sobbing. Screaming. Enraged. Devastated beyond counseling:

Their lives have been forever altered by Michael's brief but vicious intrusions upon their once-happy lives.

Newspaper headlines blare: "MICHAEL MYERS SENTENCED TO DEATH," "HALLOWEEN NIGHT," "THE ELECTRIC CHAIR," "TO AWAIT PUNISHMENT AT SMITH'S GROVE STATE HOSPITAL-PENITENTIARY."

We push into an archival photograph of Michael, are slowly consumed by the black holes of his eyes:

There is nothing left. No reason. No conscience. No understanding -- in even the most rudimentary sense -- of life or death, of good or evil, of right or wrong.

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

EXT. HADDONFIELD - DUSK

A smalltown sprinkled with iconic Halloween imagery:

Orange and brown leaves blow past Jack-o'-lanterns, ghosts, and skeletons -- all stabbed into front lawns or dangling from spindly tree limbs.

SUPERIMPOSE: **"HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS -- OCTOBER 30th"**

But there are also less-iconic elements littered throughout:

INSERT: hateful handmade signs reveling in the fact that Michael Myers is to be executed this Halloween night.

EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - DUSK

A lonely-looking craftsman, lackluster black-and-orange streamers drooping from the rafters of its front porch.

LUCY GARRETY (20), pretty in a quiet sort of way, peeks out the living room window, looks up and down the street -- is disappointed -- closes the curtain:

INT. TWO STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lucy turns from the window, tries to avoid the gaze of her roommate, KATHRYN LOWMAN (21), who flips absently through an entertainment magazine, doesn't bother looking up:

KATHRYN
You need a ride...?

LUCY
He'll be here.

Kathryn shrugs -- "whatever you say" -- as Lucy goes to her purse, grabs her cellphone, holds it up:

ANGLE -- ON LUCY'S CELLPHONE: "NO MESSAGES."

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy grimaces, scrolls through her phonebook, finds a listing, hits send, glances up at a photograph while the NUMBER RINGS:

ANGLE -- PHOTOGRAPH: Lucy and a HANDSOME GUY (20) beers in hand, having a blast on a ski trip:

BRAD (O.S.)
(through Lucy's cell)
This's Brad -- leave me a message.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy frowns, looks away from the picture of her and Brad in frustration then moves into the hallway -- a futile attempt to get out of Kathryn's earshot:

LUCY
(into cellphone)
Hey, Brad -- it's me.
(MORE)

~~LUCY (cont'd)~~
 You were supposed to give me a ride
 to work tonight...?

Lucy glances through the doorway at Kathryn, who quickly
 resumes not reading her magazine --

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Maybe you're on your way... I don't
 know. Give me a call.

She hangs up, crosses back to the window, looks out, gasps --

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Michael Myers stands across the street,
 staring up at her.

BACK TO SCENE: as she suddenly grimaces in horror:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Michael is suddenly on fire -- a surreal
 image -- black smoke billowing high into the night sky.

KATHRYN
 What is it...?

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy suddenly realizes:

LUCY
 Nothing.

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: revealing that several OVERZEALOUS
 NEIGHBORS are burning a cheap mock-up of Michael Myers,
 crucified upon a pole, a sign strapped to the pole -- "THIS
 HALLOWEEN IT'S SAFE TO GO TRICK-OR-TREATING AGAIN!" -- as
 they move down the street in lynch-mob fashion.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy shudders, looks down the street:

Still no sign of Brad.

She turns from the window -- really disappointed.

KATHRYN
 You sure you don't need a ride...?

Lucy looks down at her cellphone -- same amount of messages
 as there were ten seconds ago -- looks back up. Frowns.

CUT TO:

I/E. KATHRYN'S CAR - NIGHT

Kathryn drives, Lucy staring forlornly out the window:

KATHRYN
You wanna talk about it...?

LUCY
Not really.

KATHRYN
You can do better.

LUCY
I don't wanna talk about it.

KATHRYN
C'mon, Lucy, it's me you're talking
to --

LUCY
And I said I don't want to talk
about it right now --

KATHRYN
You guys have been dating for --
what? -- like ten months --

LUCY
-- eleven --

KATHRYN
And in ten months --

LUCY
-- eleven; it'll be a year this
November --

KATHRYN
-- he hasn't taken you on one real
date.

Lucy turns to Kathryn:

LUCY
Yes he has!

KATHRYN
Monday Night Football at Pizza-N-
Stuff doesn't count.

LUCY
We've gone on real dates -- !

Kathryn levels her gaze:

KATHRYN

Name one.

A long beat, then:

LUCY

He's having money problems --

KATHRYN

Hello...? He works at a gas station, Lucy.

LUCY

That's just to pay tuition -- he's having real money problems.

KATHRYN

Yeah: you make less than he spends.

LUCY

That's not fair.

KATHRYN

What's not fair is you taking the graveyard shift at the local nut house to support him --

LUCY

I'm working this shift so I can still go to school full-time -- you know that.

But Lucy looks away, frustrated that Kathryn right, and moments later they pull up to her work:

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE STATE HOSPITAL-PENITENTIARY - CONTINUOUS

A towering barbed wire fence surrounds the ominous building's vast perimeter, its silhouetted spires slicing through the iris of the full moon.

A CHAOTIC AND ANGRY CROWD pushes against the sturdy fence --

KATHRYN

Oh my God, I totally forgot:
tonight's the night...?

Lucy nods stoically:

LUCY

Tonight's the night.

ANGLE -- THROUGH THEIR WINDSHIELD: as we realize that the gathered crowd is an angry lynch mob, holding signs with hateful invective directed at Michael Myers.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy and Kathryn continue to watch:

LUCY (CONT'D)

Just after the stroke of midnight.

Kathryn shivers -- literally chilled upon realizing:

KATHRYN

Halloween.

Lucy nods, finally checks her watch --

LUCY

It's gonna take me half an hour
just to make it through that crowd.

KATHRYN

You need me to pick you up?

Lucy shakes her head:

LUCY

I'll be fine. Thanks.

Kathryn nods as Lucy bolts from the car, quickly turns back to face her:

LUCY (CONT'D)

For everything.

There share a sad smile as Lucy pushes back through the raucous crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A hovel. Plastered with archival documents -- newspapers, magazines, self-labeled VHS-tapes -- about Michael Myers.

Someone is clearly obsessed.

We move through the stacks of "evidence," finally come to rest upon former Haddonfield Sheriff, LEIGH BRACKETT (60s), whose weight and cholesterol are now roughly in the same deadly two-hundred-something ballpark.

The ashtray on his night stand overflows with cigarette butts, Brackett smoking a cigarette with an addict's lack of choice, staring at a newspaper photograph of Michael Myers.

Brackett finally pulls his gaze away, stares at a PHOTOGRAPH of an EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL circa 1978 (whom fans may or may not recognize as Nancy Loomis' ANNIE BRACKETT).

Brackett wipes a tear from his eye, a hateful smile scratching at the corners of his mouth as he looks back at the photograph of Michael Myers:

BRACKETT

Took my little girl's life twenty-seven years ago... tonight it's your turn.

He stubs his cigarette out on the image of Michael Myers, abruptly leaves for tonight's long-awaited date with destiny.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, ENTRY LEVEL - NIGHT

Lucy walks briskly past REGINA JAMES (early-30s), the new head nurse who takes her job a little too seriously, is reading through reams of paperwork -- and without even looking up, she scolds Lucy:

REGINA

Just because it's the graveyard shift, don't think you can stroll in here whenever you feel like it --

Lucy winces, caught --

LUCY

I know, I know...

REGINA

Especially on a night as important as tonight --

LUCY

I'm sorry, but I had --

REGINA

-- and don't even give me that "car trouble" nonsense;

(MORE)

REGINA (CONT'D)
 this's the second time he hasn't
 picked you up this week: either get
 a new boyfriend, or get a new bus
 schedule.

Lucy ekes out a smile -- "will do" -- continues on her way.

REGINA (O.S.)
 Oh, and, Lucy -- ?

Lucy turns around as Regina throws a small device at her --

REGINA (CONT'D)
 Red Level needs meds.

The device is a slender metal object with a red button.

LUCY
 (she hates it down there)
 Come on, Regina -- I said I was
 sorry.

REGINA
 Early bird gets the worm -- all the
 other rotations've been filled.

Regina watches as Lucy attaches the device to her uniform --

REGINA (CONT'D)
 Besides, you get into any trouble,
 just press that little red button,
 and the --

LUCY
 -- and the hospital's GPS system
 will pinpoint my exact location,
 and a whole team of guards will
 show up.

Lucy smiles -- "blah, blah, blah" -- grabs her tray-full of
 meds, crosses to the elevators, pushes the down button...

REGINA
 I'll call security, let 'em know
 you're on your way down.

Lucy nods gravely, enters the elevator as the doors close and
 she is plummeted into the bowels of Smith's Grove --

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Moments later, the elevator doors open to reveal:

A cage-like room teeming with WHITE ROBED MENTAL PATIENTS, several SECURITY GUARDS stationed around the room, closely monitoring:

The throng of mental patients, who shuffle around the room in various states of disarray:

Some bicker with each other, some talk to themselves, some are enraged, some listen in rapt attention to the voices only they can hear...

A chilling sight -- madness as painted by Hieronymous Bosch.

Lucy nods at one of the security guards, holds up her ID badge, is escorted through the sea of insanity to another elevator:

She inserts her ID badge into a sensor: moments later the doors slide open with a heavy force that belies their ability to secure whatever it is they keep locked-up down below.

Lucy steps into the elevator, is plunged into the lowest levels of Smith's Grove.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LOWEST LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open to:

Two security guards, BILL JENKINS (50s), a tough ass who's somehow still a teddy bear, and SAM SMITH (late-20s), a newbie who's constantly looking around, both standing at attention, diligently awaiting Lucy's arrival.

Jenkins bows, plays maitre de':

JENKINS
Bonsoir, madame. Welcome to
Killer's Row, home sweet home to
the state's most sick and depraved.

Lucy smiles in spite of her nerves --

JENKINS (CONT'D)
(pointing out Sam)
This's my new recruit, Sam Smith.

LUCY
Pleased to meet you.

SAM
(nervously)
You, too.

Jenkins leads them down a long hallway, whereupon they enter a rickety red-lit stairwell --

INT. RICKETY RED-LIT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Sam continues looking around agitatedly, notices:

Numerous fingernail clawmarks on the walls, dried splatters of blood, gouges of chipped and peeling paint from bodies slamming in and out of these halls -- finally wonders:

SAM
So how many're down here...?

JENKINS
Houses upwards of twenty, but we've only got two for the time being -- well, three, counting you know who, but he's got his own private suite.
(beat)
Wade Ludlowe and Jake Gracie: two of the sickest fucks you're likely to come across.

ANGLE: they arrive at a HEAVY STEEL DOOR that barricades Killer's Row from the rest of Smith's Grove, Jenkins removing a large set of keys from his belt --

SAM
Isn't Ludlowe the guy who killed all those little kids...?

Jenkins nods while fumbling with the keyring --

JENKINS
Little kids, teenagers, old ladies, infants -- the only good thing you can say about Wade Ludlowe is that he didn't discriminate.
(beat)
Easy catch, though.

SAM
How's that?

JENKINS

Had all of his victims tattooed up and down his arms and chest and neck -- fucker's literally covered head-to-toe in pictures of the people he's killed.

(turns)

Only problem was he had a few people tattooed that they hadn't reported missing yet.

Sam shakes his head as Jenkins unlocks the door --

INT. KILLER'S ROW - CONTINUOUS

We follow them into the long dark corridor -- lined with twenty bleak cells, ten per side -- at the end of which is another heavily barricaded set of doors.

Jenkins and Sam stand at attention, weapons ready, waiting for something to happen protocol-wise, finally:

JENKINS

You fucks forget the drill -- ?

They continue to stare into the black corridor, nothing happening, until -- like snakes slowly slithering out from under their rocks -- TWO SEPARATE PAIRS OF HANDS reach from the darkness of their disparate cells, then curl around their bars:

JENKINS

Keep 'em wrapped around those bars
or I'll lop 'em the fuck off -- !

Jenkins looks back at Sam and Lucy, nods -- "let's do this" -- then leads them down the long corridor, Sam falling in-line protectively behind Lucy for the tense walk...

ANGLE: midway down the corridor, Lucy moves toward the first set of fists -- as thick as canned hams:

She crosses to the edge of the cell, glances at the name stenciled atop it -- "LUDLOWE" -- whereupon we finally see:

WADE LUDLOWE (40s), an obese man, startling to look at: his neck, arms, even portions of his face, are indeed tattooed with stark black-and-white images of his numerous victims. Ludlow glares angrily at Lucy, tightens his knuckles around the bars --

Jenkins slams his billy club against the bars:

JENKINS

Keep back, big boy -- !

Ludlowe reluctantly eases his grip as Lucy drops his meds into the drop box, rushes from his cell...

They continue down the corridor, Sam nodding toward the other set of bony hands protruding from the far end:

SAM

What about him -- what's Gracie's deal?

JENKINS

Just you average, everyday necrophile.

SAM

Then what's he doing here...?

Jenkins turns to look back at him, Sam explaining himself:

SAM

I mean, that's some twisted shit, but it doesn't necessarily warrant a stay at Smith's Grove, does it...?

Jenkins sighs, glances at Lucy -- who's heard this all before, wishes she didn't have to hear it again.

JENKINS

Let's just say Gracie was so enamored with his corpses, he, uh, he wanted to "thank them" for their services.

A deeper sense of dread has crept into the scene:

SAM

What do you mean...?

Jenkins levels his gaze:

JENKINS

Every corpse Gracie fucked, he'd peel off a little of his own skin with a razor blade, then bury 'em with it.

A beat as this sinks-in, then:

SAM
How many corpses?

JENKINS
Thirty-something -- I don't
remember the exact number.

SAM
That's a lot of bodies.

Lucy interjects, disgusted --

LUCY
A lot of skinning, too.

Jenkins nods, finishes the twisted tale of Jake Gracie:

JENKINS
By the time they'd caught him,
Gracie'd removed almost all of the
skin from his face -- one little
sliver at a time.
(beat)
And to make matters worse...?
Motherfucker has more charisma than
Charlie Manson. Was able to get a
whole group of people to start
skinnin' themselves, and attacking
others, and trying to skin them,
and --

Sam suddenly remembers hearing about:

SAM
The Gracie Cult -- !

Jenkins nods grimly:

JENKINS
The one and only.

Sam shakes his head -- almost in awe of the depravity housed
in the halls of Smith's Grove -- as they come upon Gracie's
cell, his knotted hands protruding from the bars:

Assuming the same protective measures, Jenkins and Sam stand
beside Lucy as she moves to Gracie's drop box --

JAKE GRACIE (late-30s), a rail-thin stringy-haired
silhouette, suddenly leans forward into a shaft of light --

And although she's seen it a thousand times, Lucy flinches:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Gracie's face has indeed been almost-entirely played of its skin, a horrific amalgamation of slug-like scars and raw muscle tissue.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy drops the meds into his box, and the trio moves quickly to the end of the long, dark corridor.

ANGLE -- THE FINAL SET OF STEEL DOORS: heavier than the ones at the other end, they are emblazoned with a BLOOD-RED WARNING: "*DO NOT ENTER ALONE -- UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.*"

Jenkins turns to Sam, is the most stoic we have seen him:

JENKINS

Do you know who we keep caged
behind these doors...?

Sam nods, the air thick with tension.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Do not ever let you guard down in
his presence -- not even for a
second -- or it'll be the last
thing you ever do.

Sam nods -- extremely unnerved -- as Jenkins unlocks the heavy steel doors, moves to the point position:

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Now let's do this right: three in,
three out, got it?

Quick nods as Sam falls-in behind Lucy --

JENKINS (CONT'D)

My wife's gonna be pissed if I go
and get myself killed before taking
the rugrats trick-or-treating.

LUCY

(rolling her eyes)
You're such a teddy bear, Bill.

JENKINS

Fuckin'-A right.

At that, he and Sam escort Lucy inside:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, VAST AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The entire auditorium has been converted into a one man prison, a ceiling-high, fifteen-by-fifteen cage of thick steel bars constructed in the center of the enormous room.

And in the middle of the cage, sitting perfectly still -- a la Norman Bates at the conclusion of *Psycho* -- we discover:

Michael Myers. Emotionless eyes fixed dead-ahead.

But unlike Norman Bates, this is one man who would most definitely harm a fly; probably rip its fucking wings off just to watch it squirm.

And as we get closer to his cage, it slowly dawns on us: Michael's look is slightly different -- a temporary update necessitated by the reality of his surroundings:

Michael's face is now masked behind a colorless Michael Myers-esque restraint mask, his shark-black eyes peering out from tiny holes.

He is bound in a Michael Myers-esque industrial black straightjacket. His strong and severely scarred hands are cuffed, chained through a steel belt, connected to his similarly-cuffed ankles.

As Jenkins comes to the edge of the cage's perimeter:

JENKINS

Tonight's the big night, Michael --
you think you're ready?

But of course Michael doesn't say a word. Doesn't so much as move. Only stares dead-ahead.

Sam studies Michael in awe:

His first glimpse of the macabre masterpiece inside this museum of humanity's darkest works of art.

Lucy moves quickly to the drop box, and -- with trembling hands -- picks-out the meds she is to administer:

She glances up at Michael -- is horrified to discover:

He is watching her. Intensely.

And after what seems an eternity under the alarming intensity of Michael's gaze --

It's too much.

Lucy nervously fumbles the tray of Michael's meds -- whereupon it falls noisily to the ground at his feet, pills scattering everywhere -- abruptly runs from the vast auditorium, sprinting down the dark corridor of Killer's Row, LUDLOWE AND GRACIE'S CATCALLS ECHOING all around her --

And Jenkins and Sam rush after her, we remain focused on Michael:

He continues to stare at Lucy's receding image. Transfixed. Unblinking eyes wide and watching.

Always watching...

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LARGE OFFICE - SAME

A spartan office. Walls flecked with prestigious diplomas and awards -- all marred by cheap little wooden frames.

DR. PHINEAS CRAINE, a no-nonsense and tough-looking man in his fifties, stands at his large third-story window, back turned to us:

Craine is dressed in his best suit and tie (the least cheap suit and tie in his vast collection of cheap suits and ties), stares at the chaotic crowd gathered in the distance below with a stoic intensity...

But the silence is suddenly interrupted --

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
Are you nervous...?

Craine turns inquisitively -- "hmm..?" -- whereupon we:

REVEAL: A NICK BROOMFIELD-LIKE GUERILLA FILM CREW, comprised of only three people -- all twenty-something:

The film's director, TYLER JOHNSON (25), also doubles as the boom-microphone operator, wears a promotional baseball cap that brazenly displays the pretentious title of his documentary: *"The Life and Death of Michael Myers."*

JARED BROWN (23) films on his DV-camera, as EVIE DRAKE (22) operates her small console of portable sound equipment.

TYLER

I just thought maybe -- I don't know? -- maybe you were a little nervous about tonight...?

Craine returns his attention to view from his window:

CRAINE

Not necessarily nervous, per say.

A silent beat -- but Tyler has grown accustomed to his subject's enigmatic ways, gently pries a little deeper:

TYLER

If not nervous, then what...?

Craine mulls this over for a long moment -- some horrific private memory dancing behind his intense gaze -- then, still staring out the window and in a carefully measured cadence:

CRAINE

I've been running Smith's Grove for over two decades.

(grisly memories)

In that time I've encountered the most severely deranged men in the country. A collection of human specimens so depraved -- so deeply disturbed -- it literally staggers the mind.

(back still turned)

Under most circumstances, our two current violent offenders, Wade Ludlowe and Jake Gracie, would make anyone's stomach churn.

(still staring out window)

But over three years ago, I admitted Michael Myers into Smith's Grove -- and it was only then that I realized how little I knew about true malevolence. How little I knew about the desire to inflict harm and pain and suffering on another human being.

(finally turns around)

How little I knew about true Evil.

Craine stops, disturbed at the dark lessons he has learned from Michael Myers -- and after an uncomfortable silence:

TYLER

Well, how does it feel -- knowing
that you're the man responsible for
putting an end to his life...?

Craine thinks on this, then -- as is the way his mind works --
he answers the question from a different angle:

CRAINE

Shortly after the stroke of
midnight we're scheduled to bring
the good people of Haddonfield
closure.

(beat)

I refuse to let them down.

TYLER

"Let them down?"... What do you
mean -- there haven't been any last
minute stays of execution have
there -- ?

An ominous beat.

CRAINE

Nothing as... safe... as that.

TYLER

"Safe?"

Craine nods, turns back to the darkness outside his window:

CRAINE

I've watched Michael Myers like a
hawk for the past three years.
Sitting in his cage. Not seeing
the cage -- staring through the
cage...

Craine trails off.

Curious looks all-around -- Tyler finally inquiring:

TYLER

Staring at what?

CRAINE

Tonight. With the patience of the
gods. Waiting for the perfect
moment -- the most miniscule window
-- through which he might be
allowed to resume his reign of
terror.

Tyler, Jared, and Evie share a look -- Craine can read the skepticism in their faces, elaborates:

CRAINE (CONT'D)

Death has been residing in my
asylum for the past three years,
Mr. Johnson, and tonight...?
(an oath)
Tonight I exterminate it.

A heavy silence --

Blasted by A KNOCK AT THE DOOR:

Everyone turns, discovers Bill Jenkins standing solemnly at the door, eyes fixed intently on Craine:

JENKINS

It's time, sir.

And as Craine abruptly excuses himself, we realize that this is the moment we've all been waiting for; this is what we've come to see:

The execution of our most brutal serial killer.

The Death of Michael Myers.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LOCKER ROOMS - SAME

A dank space, water dripping monotonously from corroded overhead pipes. Lucy sits in front of her locker, still trying to recuperate from her brief but horrific encounter with Michael Myers --

A sound -- like a metal locker slamming -- from somewhere deep inside the darkness of the locker room.

LUCY

Hello...?

No response.

Lucy stands, looks around a corner -- nothing -- turns back toward her locker --

A BLARING SOUND.

Momentarily startled -- until realizing it's Lucy's cellphone:

She goes to her locker, answers it: the screen identifies that it's BRAD'S CELL, also indicates only ONE BAR of reception:

LUCY
(into cellphone)
Brad...?

The reception is awful -- the only thing we can discern is the AMBIENT NOISE OF A BAR, and several of Brad's slurred words: "SORRY" and "FORGOT" and "CRASH OUT" --

LUCY
(frustrated)
I can't hear you Brad --

The line suddenly goes dead -- Lucy curses, glances at her phone: NO BARS OF RECEPTION.

She tries back, but it's no use: her cellphone is dead -- suddenly hears something again in the darkness behind her, peers down a long row of lockers:

Nothing -- more nervous this time, though, waiting for a scare...

Lucy turns back around --

Michael stands in front of her, his straightjacket in tatters, eyes blaring out from the dark sockets of his restraint mask --

Lucy backs away, screaming --

Slams into --

REGINA
What's the matter -- ?

LUCY
Michael Myers: he's -- he's...!

Lucy turns to point him out:

But nobody is there -- only an industrial clothesline hanging with black straightjackets and restraint masks, all waiting to be washed.

REGINA
He really got to you tonight,
didn't he?

Looking around less-and-less frantically -- slowly comes to the same conclusion as Regina, finally nods:

LUCY

Guess so...

Regina nods, shows a tender side:

REGINA

You never really get used to him --
'least I never did.

(beat)

But after tonight: none of us have
to worry about Michael Myers any
more.

Lucy nods -- relieved at the thought -- continues staring cautiously into the darkness of the locker room:

LUCY

Can't happen soon enough.

Regina nods, helps Lucy from the locker room.

CUT TO:

INT. VAST AUDITORIUM, MICHAEL'S CAGE - NIGHT

Craine, Jenkins, and Sam enter the auditorium -- passing by a TEAM OF FULLY ARMORED GUARDS standing watch outside the heavy steel doors -- cross to the outside of Michael's cage:

ANOTHER FULLY ARMORED GUARD -- face protected by a full-facial shield, torso guarded behind a bullet-proof vest, and holding a fully-loaded shotgun -- stands behind Michael, weapon aimed directly at the back of his head.

Michael sits on a stool, arms cuffed tightly through the bars behind his back. Motionless.

HENRY CHANG (60s), cranky head medical examiner who never goes anywhere without his flask, shaves a patch of hair from atop Michael's head, rolls up Michael's right pant leg, shaves his calf -- every stroke of his deadly-sharp straight-razor a tense one...

As Chang continues, a YOUNG GUARD enters the vast auditorium:

YOUNG GUARD

(to Craine)

Sir...?

Craine turns impatiently:

CRAINE

What is it -- ?

YOUNG GUARD (CONT'D)

There's a man out here -- says he wants to see Michael Myers...?

CRAINE

Fine, great -- while we're at it, why don't we just set up a ticket booth and sell some popcorn!

Young Guard nods understandingly, knows it's out of the ordinary, explains:

YOUNG GUARD

Says he's the father of one of Michael's victims... he used to be Sheriff of Haddonfield's police department.

Craine sighs -- "*for Christ's sake*" -- relents ever-so-slightly, looking to Jenkins for advice:

Jenkins shrugs -- "*maybe just this once...?*" -- as Craine impatiently turns back to the Young Guard:

CRAINE

Let him in.

Young Guard nods, holds the door open for Brackett, who enters as Chang continues his examination:

Brackett is a bundle of nerves, turns to Craine:

BRACKETT

Thank you so much -- I just needed to see him alone, away from all the hoopla.

Craine nods -- "*I understand.*"

Brackett suddenly stops, eyes narrowed upon noticing Michael.

A tense stand-off, after which Brackett slowly moves closer to the bars of Michael's cage, staring at him, unblinking eyes brimming with hatred.

Everyone keeps a steady watch of Brackett, is startled when he suddenly goes to remove something from inside his jacket --

Relaxes upon realizing:

It is the photograph of his daughter.

Brackett holds it up for Michael to see, slams it against the bars of his cage:

BRACKETT

You took my daughter's life twenty-five years ago.

(voice trembling)

I want you too acknowledge that.

But Michael only cocks his head at the sight of the photograph, stares at it with a chilling intensity:

Does Michael recognize her -- is he intrigued by the sight of one of his first kills...?

BRACKETT

(choking back tears)

I want you to apologize.

But again, Michael remains deadly quiet -- Brackett suddenly enraged with frustration --

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

I want you to apologize -- !

Brackett's eyes have grown manic with revenge -- and his emotions suddenly explode --

He pulls out an old police-issue .44 that was concealed in his weathered ankle holster, levels it --

Jenkins, Sam, and Young Guard scramble to prevent the vigilante-style murder --

Fully Armored Guard momentarily taking his attention off Michael, pointing his weapon at Brackett --

Chang ducks for cover, unwittingly drops his straight-razor to the ground beside Michael's foot --

ANGLE -- ON MICHAEL: as his intense gaze stares at the straight-razor -- unnoticed by everyone else -- on the ground.

BACK TO SCENE: as Brackett kicks and screams like a wild animal -- is tackled to the ground: clothing ripped, skin slashed, Sam's security badge goes sliding across the floor and into Michael's cage --

The extremely violent struggle continues unabated -- and it's only after several more moments that Brackett is finally restrained:

CRAINE

Get him out of here -- throw his
ass in solitary until he cools off;
until we're done -- !

BRACKETT

You can't lock me up, Craine -- you
can't let me miss his death...!

CRAINE

(he's heard enough)
The hell I can't -- !

Craine nods commandingly at Jenkins and Sam, who drag Brackett -- raving like a madman -- from the auditorium...

ANGLE -- INSIDE MICHAEL'S CAGE: as Chang gets back to his feet, realizes his straight-razor is missing

Looks around in horror, but:

Finally finds it on the ground, next to Michael's feet, exactly where it had landed --

BACK TO SCENE: while hauling the kicking and screaming Brackett to solitary, Sam suddenly stops, pats his chest, realizes his security badge is missing:

Chang notices it on the ground, quickly picks it up and tosses it to him --

But as Sam goes to put it on, his face flashes with confusion:

SAM

Damn thing's broken.

JENKINS

(struggling with Brackett)
I'll get you a new one -- just help
me get this fucker out of here!

Sam nods, lets the security badge dangle from his uniform by its broken clasp.

ANGLE ON -- MICHAEL: as watches the entire scene play-out with a preternatural calm. Inhumanly patient.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

Jenkins and Sam throw the raving Brackett into one of the dark solitary confinement cells, slam its heavy door closed:

Brackett slams his entire body futilely against the sealed door --

BRACKETT

You can't do this to me -- !

The oblong viewing window in the door suddenly slides open:

ANGLE -- OBLONG VIEWING WINDOW: as Jenkins peeks-in on Brackett:

JENKINS

We can -- and we should -- do a lot worse: you just tried to commit an act of first-degree murder. You're lucky Doctor Craine isn't pressing any charges.

BACK TO SCENE: but Brackett is obstreperous -- can't be consoled -- all the more agitated upon hearing the BELL TOWER FATEFULLY CHIME MIDNIGHT, and Sam remind Jenkins:

SAM (O.S.)

(behind viewing window)

We gotta go, Bill -- !

Jenkins looks back at him, nods -- is about to close the viewing window on Brackett:

BRACKETT

Don't take this moment away from me
-- please -- !

Jenkins frowns sadly as Brackett disconsolately holds up the photograph of his murdered daughter:

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

Don't take it away from my little girl -- we deserve to watch him die.

Jenkins is troubled, stammers:

JENKINS

I'm sorry, Mr. Brackett -- I have little ones of my own... I understand how you must feel.

Bracket turns on Jenkins, enraged:

BRACKETT

You have no idea how I feel -- !

Jenkins lowers his gaze -- Brackett is right -- shamefully closes the door's oblong viewing window, enshrouding Brackett in a swamp of darkness.

And as we hear this grown man -- his life torn asunder by one of Michael's killing sprees too many years ago to count -- begin to sob in the dark privacy of his cell, we ominously:

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, ELECTRIC CHAMBER, VIEWING BOOTH - NIGHT

Tyler, Jarred, and Evie finish setting-up their equipment, as the SURVIVING FAMILY MEMBERS of Michael's killing sprees sit silently in the viewing booth.

Craine enters, hastily takes his seat.

ANGLE -- INSIDE THE ELECTRIC CHAMBER: Jenkins and Sam enter, solemnly stand at the ready.

BACK TO SCENE: as Craine nods at Jenkins, speaks into the intercom beside his chair:

CRAINE

Bring him in.

ANGLE -- INSIDE THE ELECTRIC CHAMBER: as Jenkins promptly crosses to the call box, dials an extension, then:

JENKINS

(into call box)

We're ready for Michael Myers.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The TEAM OF FULLY ARMORED GUARDS that stood watch outside his auditorium escorts Michael down a long and forboding corridor -- led by the foreseen shotgun-wielding Fully Armored Guard.

The heavy chains around Michael's ankles clank loudly with every step as we:

SUPERIMPOSE: **"OCTOBER 31, 2005 -- HALLOWEEN"**

Michael seems unafraid, stares straight ahead, the dead-looking whites of his eyes barely visible behind his restraint mask, his hands cuffed tightly behind his back.

CUT TO:

INT. ELECTRIC CHAMBER - NIGHT

Head Fully Armored Guard delivers Michael into the electric chamber, exits, whereupon:

Michael is strapped into the electric chair by Jenkins and Sam. They both seem nervous, but -- surprisingly -- Michael offers no resistance, practically slumps into the chair:

Maybe he really is going to let them execute him...?

They fasten a large black hood over Michael's restraint mask, whereupon Jenkins stands back, nods at Craine:

ANGLE -- INSIDE THE VIEWING BOOTH: as Craine nods back, turns toward the intercom:

CRAINE

Proceed with the execution.

Whereupon -- the air thick with tension -- Jenkins faces the now-hooded Michael:

JENKINS

Do you have any final words?

But Michael remains an enigma to the very end: is completely silent.

And after a long moment, Jenkins nods solemnly at Sam:

He takes a deep breath -- this is the moment of truth -- raises the hinged metal lid that's mounted upon the wall, depresses the SURGE button, whereupon --

THE ROAR OF ELECTRICITY is deafening:

Every muscle in Michael's body tenses as Sam steadily increases the flow of electricity: doesn't stop, moderation be damned:

After all, this is Michael Myers we're talking about...

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LOWER LEVEL ONE - SAME

Lucy administers meds to several of the WHITE-ROBED PATIENTS on the lower level, her face filled with concern:

The lights strobe on and off with every surge of electricity:

It's literally taking all the juice in Smith's Grove to put Michael down --

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, ELECTRIC CHAMBER - SAME

And as Sam pushes the flow of electricity to its maximum extent, continues holding down the SURGE button, rattling ferociously:

Michael's black hood suddenly bursts into flames --

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - SAME

Brackett sits on the cold floor, rocks back and forth with nervous energy -- the low thrum of electricity buzzing and snapping overhead like music to his ears.

He smiles a most hateful smile -- is enjoying the images dancing in his head of Michael Myers finally meeting a grisly death -- looks to the photo of his long-deceased daughter:

Its edges are tearing beneath the fury of Brackett's grip.

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING BOOTH - SAME

But even the crowd of surviving family members in the viewing booth are uncomfortable with the severity of the execution -- are dismayed as Michael's head continues to burst with flames, his legs twitching, his arms flailing spasmodically in his restraints:

FAMILY MEMBER

Isn't this a little -- a little
barbaric...?

But Craine only nods, smiles slightly, eyes unflinching:

CRAINE
Yes -- and Michael deserves every
last bit of it.

Family Member stares at Craine in disbelief.

ANGLE -- VIEWING BOOTH CORNER: Jared looks up from his camera -- disgusted -- turns to Evie, who winces in horror, both disturbed by the grisly death:

But Tyler absently flips his "*The Life and Death of Michael Myers*" baseball cap around, leans forward, can't quite hide how excited he is to be capturing this moment on film --

INT. ELECTRIC CHAMBER - SAME

Michael's body twitches spasmodically, burning and singed and still blasted with electricity, until:

Sam glances into the viewing booth, whereupon -- after several more moments -- Craine finally nods for him to stop:

Sam finally releases the SURGE button.

Michael remains perfectly still, his body charred almost beyond recognition:

But could this be his final game of cat-and-mouse...?

Chang cautiously leans over Michael's corpse -- globs of his flesh having melted out from beneath the black hood -- carefully places his stethoscope atop Michael's chest, listens for what seems an eternity, then:

Turns. Nods at Craine. Almost in disbelief.

ANGLE -- INSIDE THE VIEWING BOOTH: as Craine breathes a sigh of relief, picks up the phone next to his seat, is directly connected to his destination:

CRAINE
Hello Governor, I have good news:
(beaming)
Michael Myers is dead.

And as the words slowly begin to sink-in:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, DESOLATE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (LATER)

A desolate corner of Smith's Grove, sludge dripping monotonously from rusted pipes pulsing with human excrement.

Alone now, Head Fully Armored Guard -- who led Michael's transport to the electric chamber -- walks past a sign that reads: "GENERATOR ROOM."

ANGLE ON -- FULLY ARMORED GUARD'S HANDS: strong and with too many scars to count, his fingers dance across a ring of keys.

And as Fully Armored Guard continues down the long corridor, it suddenly dawns on us:

His walk is familiar. Like a shark confidently trolling deadly waters that are soon to be awash in blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CRAINE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (LATER)

Craine watches the last of the news vans exit the perimeter of Smith's Grove, the rabid crowd long-since gone, the vast field of lawn littered with debris.

TYLER

So what's it feel like to have
executed one of the most notorious
serial killers in American
history...?

Craine turns, reaches into his desk, pulls out a box of cheap cigars, then -- looking directly into camera -- he lights his cigar, takes a puff:

CRAINE

It feels...

Craine lets the smoke waft luxuriously around his face:

CRAINE (CONT'D)

Like justice.

Tyler and Evie share a smile at Craine's pride in a job well down -- but Jared suddenly peeks up from his camera, looking curiously out the window...

CRAINE

What is it?

Jared frowns in confusion, points out a window:

JARED
Since when do you let them wander
around...?

Craine turns, looks out the side window, eyes popping wide:

ANGLE -- CRAINE'S POV: hordes of the white robed inmates are idly wandering around outside. An extremely chilling sight, the implications hitting us like a mallet to the head --

BACK TO SCENE: as Craine immediately turns, snaps at Jared:

CRAINE
(re: the camera)
Turn that fucking thing off -- !

He hits AN EMERGENCY ALERT BUTTON beside his desk, whereupon Smith's Grove's CLAXONS BEGIN TO WAIL --

TYLER
(alarmed)
What are you doing -- ?

Craine levels his gaze -- it's as if he was born for this moment:

CRAINE
Smith's Grove has been prepared for
this since the breakout of '78.
(intense)
I'm putting us on lockdown --

No more time to waste explaining himself, Craine turns, bellows into his desktop intercom:

CRAINE
(into intercom)
Smith's Grove is being put on
lockdown until further notice --

And as Craine triggers the last of Smith's Grove's lockdown functions, we --

CROSS CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE, VARIOUS ANGLES - SAME

Heavy steel computerized bolts clamp down upon the outside of the building:

Thick steel barricades slam shut over all of its doors and windows -- a stunning display of 21st-century incarceration -- and once the last hungry security mechanism snaps its steel jaws shut, we realize:

There is absolutely no way in or out.

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LOWER LEVEL - SAME

Lucy drops a tray of meds as CRAINE'S VOICE CONTINUES RINGING throughout the asylum --

CRAINE (O.S.)
(through intercom)
"Repeat: Smith's Grove is being put
on lockdown until further notice.

She cowers into a corner, knows this isn't good.

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, GENERATOR ROOM - SAME

Fully Armored Guard stands amidst a serpent's nest of ravaged wires -- "MAIN GATES" -- clearly having just ripped them from their moorings, whereby the inmates were set free:

He crosses the corridor to a nearby door, pulls on it, but -- due to Craine's speedy lockdown -- it doesn't budge.

Fully Armored Guard pulls one more time on the door through which he hoped to exit Smith's Grove, stands back from the door, his plan irrevocably altered.

He turns, notices a sign at the opposite end of the hallway -- "EVIDENCE LOCKERS" -- suddenly starts toward it --

RABID GROWLING from behind --

Fully Armored Guard turns, discovers:

A hulking German Shepard guard dog -- monstrous fangs bared -- needles back and forth on its hind-legs, ready to pounce.

And our dark suspicions about Fully Armored Guard's true identity are confirmed in one simple little movement:

He cocks his head. Fascinated. Unafraid.

CROSS CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE, SIDE YARD - SAME

Orderlies try to corral the white robed inmates back into the building, CRAINE'S VOICE continuing to boom over the PA SYSTEM, the CLAXONS SHRILL CRIES unwavering.

But it's futile.

This most brief taste of freedom has set the inmates off: they punch and kick and tear and bite -- anything to avoid being locked-up.

And it's with a growing sense of dread that we realize:

They easily outnumber the Smith's Grove staff -- and seem to understand this simple fact for the first time.

One of the white robed inmates -- a strange little man in his forties, uniform stenciled, "HUTTER" -- watches the chaos in dismay:

He scurries back into Smith's Grove -- unnoticed by anyone -- as the bleak violence continues.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERATOR ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The German Shepard lies on the floor. Dead. Its back snapped in three places like a broken marionette.

Michael steps back from his handiwork, is slowly engulfed by the dark shadows of Smith's Grove.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LOCKER ROOMS - NIGHT

Lucy rushes through the nearly pitch black locker room -- her terror increasing with every passing moment -- fumbles for her cellphone, makes a call --

LUCY

Damn it -- !

No reception.

She rushes to the land line, dial a number, but --

The phones are dead.

A sound behind her -- Lucy turns:

The rack filled with straightjackets is blowing ominously in the wind. A chilling image of malice.

Could Michael be in here with her...?

As Lucy slowly pushes through the darkness toward them...

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CRAINE'S OFFICE - SAME

Craine turns to Sam, barks --

CRAINE

You're going to stay up here --
protect our guests -- until you
hear otherwise.

SAM

Yes, sir.

Craine turns to Tyler and his film crew:

CRAINE (CONT'D)

You so much as think about turning
that camera on, I'll have your ass
strung-up so high, you'll wish you
were back in film school shooting
movies on your Daddy's Super-8 -- !

Tyler nods nervously:

TYLER

You got it.

Craine turns his intense gaze to Jenkins:

CRAINE

I want you to check out the
generator room, Bill -- make sure
we're not going to all these
measures, only to find out a rat
has chewed through the wiring.

(Jenkins nods)

I'm going down to the coroner's
lab, just to -- just to make sure.

A grim reminder of what we're dealing with here.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, LOCKER ROOMS - NIGHT

Lucy continues cautiously toward the straightjackets...

Slowly reaches out her hand...

Starts to pull them aside...

Stops just before doing so, knows -- at some primordial level -- that this could be the last thing she ever does:

She takes a deep breath, the suspense jangling...

Quickly pulls them aside --

Nothing.

The space behind the straightjackets is empty.

Lucy sighs, leans-in, looks left:

Nothing.

Looks right:

Nothing --

Momentary relief, steps back --

Is lunged at from behind --

SCREAMS -- muted as a hand slams down over her mouth --

Eyes bulging with terror, trying to get a glimpse of Michael before he kills her --

VOICE (O.S.)

Please be quiet -- stop, please!

And as Lucy settles down, the hand over her mouth eases up, the grip finally releasing -- whereupon she turns, discovers:

Hutter, scared-looking, his white robes in disarray, his eyes filled with guilt at having had to handle Lucy so roughly:

HUTTER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry -- are you alright...?

Lucy nods -- wary of him, but relieved it's not Michael --
and after a beat in which they silently feel each other out:

HUTTER
(looking around nervously)
Word has it Michael Myers is alive.

Lucy nods -- she suspected as much...

HUTTER (CONT'D)
I know a place where we can hide --
probably a lot safer than in here.

Lucy eyes him suspiciously, looks down the corridor:

The halls are amuck with chaotic anarchy -- the inmates are
definitely running the asylum -- and she doesn't have many
options here:

LUCY
Where?

HUTTER
Hall of records.

Lucy shakes her head -- "nice try" -- rolls her eyes:

LUCY
They keep all the records in a
warehouse across town, so unless
you plan on calling a helicopter --

HUTTER
The original hall of records.
(beat)
Below Killer's Row.

LUCY
Killer's Row is the lowest level in
Smith's Grove. There's nothing
below it.

HUTTER
Nothing except the old hall of
records.

LUCY
(skeptical)
How come I've never heard of it...?

HUTTER

Been out of use over twenty years
now -- just filled with old files
and case histories.

LUCY

And you know about it how...?

HUTTER

Used to have a worker-reform
program here -- I'd do janitorial
work: I'd spend hours down there.

Lucy nods slowly -- it sounds remotely believable:

LUCY

And you can get us down there?

HUTTER

You get us into Killer's Row, I
take care of the rest.
(as Lucy thinks on it)
Whaddya say...?

She thinks on this a little longer -- but before acquiescing,
she suddenly demands:

LUCY

What are you in here for?

Hutter's eyes flicker ever-so-quickly, then:

HUTTER

Hall of records is gonna protect us
whether or not God talks to me
through the radio, or I killed my
mother at our family-owned motel,
or I think that my hemorrhoids are
the result of a nasty alien probe a
few years back.

Lucy actually chuckles -- Hutter smiling back:

HUTTER (CONT'D)

It doesn't change our situation.

And there's some endearing vulnerability -- either shame, or
regret, or embarrassment at long-past mistakes -- glimmering
behind Hutter's pleading eyes:

HUTTER

Are you in...?

Lucy looks around: inky black shadows and hazy silhouettes dancing around the room in the pale light of the moon.

She turns back to Hutter, takes a deep breath -- "*what've I got to lose...?*" -- nods quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Gun drawn and ready to blast, Jenkins skulks through the dark corridors of Smith's Grove, finally comes upon the generator room:

Is troubled to discover that it's lock is busted open:

He gathers his resolve, enters --

INT. GENERATOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenkins reaches for the lights, isn't surprised when they don't work:

He takes out his flashlight, lets its light slice through the darkness, tiny motes of dust floating through its thin beam.

Jenkins continues forward, every silhouette giving him pause, every dark shape potentially his angel of death...

ANGLE -- AROUND A CORNER: as Jenkins creeps around the cluttered space, walks down a long row of snarling machinery:

Screams as --

Steam blasts from a rotund overhead water heater.

Jenkins wipes the condensation from his face, shaking his head, trying to recompose himself:

JENKINS

(under his breath)

You can handle this Billy-Boy;
after a couple-three rum-n-cokes,
you're gonna take the rugrats trick-
or-treating, then you're gonna get
it on with the wife, and -- then? --
you're gonna have a good laugh
about this fucking bullshit...

Jenkins nods, convincing himself that he's convinced himself, hesitantly continues forward, finally makes it to the end of the row, but --

A look of deep concern spreads across his face...

JENKINS (CONT'D)

... or not.

ANGLE -- JENKINS' POV: the myriad electrical wires that have been savagely ripped from their moorings.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jenkins goes to grab his walkie-talkie, is about to shout into it, suddenly stops, confused:

ANGLE -- JENKINS' POV: the evidence lockers at the distant end of another corridor. One of them has been broken into.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jenkins hustles to the smashed-up locker, can suddenly discern the name stenciled above -- is aghast:

ANGLE -- JENKINS' POV: of the name stenciled above the smashed-up evidence locker, "MICHAEL MYERS" --

BACK TO SCENE: as Jenkins catches his breath, slowly backs away from the evidence lockers, gun trembling in shaky hands, realizing he is probably alone with one of history's most brutal serial killers:

Backing up defensively -- not wanting to take his eyes off his surrounding for the slightest second -- Jenkins suddenly slips, falling hard to the ground:

ANGLE -- ON THE GROUND: as Jenkins slams down, is slathered in a pool of liquid, horrified --

JENKINS

What the fuck -- ?

Realizes that he is lying in a pool of blood -- its surface already coated with a thin film of coagulated blood -- his face drawn back in morbid terror:

ANGLE -- JENKINS' POV: the pool of blood continues to trickle slowly from the dead German Shepard, its broken body now hanging overhead and eviscerated, its intestines ripped into, as if by human teeth for some type of twisted sustenance.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jenkins is unable to shake his revulsion, uses his hands and knees to back away from the grotesque discovery, suddenly --

Slams into somebody -- a big startle.

He looks up with trembling jaw, eyes flowing with tears of horror, pleading futilely for a mercy that won't be granted:

ANGLE -- JENKINS' POV: Michael Myers -- now adorned in the iconic mask and jumpsuit he reclaimed from the evidence lockers -- stands behind him.

Lording over Jenkins, Michael's pale-white face looks down on Jenkins with dispassionate resolve:

Michael raises something high above his head --

JENKINS

Oh Christ -- please -- !

But before Jenkins can finish --

Michael lowers one of the heavy steel lockers on his skull, smashing it into a thousand shards of bone and flesh --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CORONER'S LAB - NIGHT

Craine stands over Chang's shoulder, the CHARRED CORPSE from the execution lying naked on the examination before them:

Chang shakes his head, doesn't even know where to begin --

Something catches his eye -- and even through the smattering of blood and melted flesh and charred skin, Chang suddenly notices something strange about the corpse's skull:

He reaches behind its wrecked head, feels around cautiously with gloved hands, grimaces:

CHANG

Severe fracturing of the skull --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CAGE - NIGHT (EARLIER)

Brackett is tackled to the ground, kicking and screaming like a wild animal -- Sam's SECURITY BADGE goes sliding across the floor and into Michael's cage:

ANGLE -- ON MICHAEL: as his intense gaze notices the SECURITY BADGE-- unnoticed by everyone else -- at his feet.

TIME CUT: to end of scene, Sam discovering that his Security Badge no longer works, its clasp broken:

SAM
Damn thing's broken --

ANGLE -- CLOSE ON: Michael's hands, cuffed through the bars behind him, as he palms the sharp little clasp he pilfered from the badge.

BACK TO SCENE: but Michael's eyes tell no tale, remaining completely emotionless as he stares forward.

SMASH TO: Fully Armored Guard escorts Jenkins, Sam, Chang, and Craine from the auditorium, stands-guard as the heavy iron doors close behind them.

Alone with Michael Myers, Fully Armored Guard turns back to face the cage -- and even through his fully covered face-shield we can hear him GASP:

Michael's cuffs now dangle at the base of the cage. Empty.

Fully Armored Guard steps forward, gun leveled, but:

It is as if Michael has vanished into thin air, until:

ANGLE -- CEILING: Michael slowly lowers himself down from the bars behind unsuspecting guard's head, and just as the guard realizes it --

Michael slams down on him violently, rips off his helmet in raw brutality, then smashes the back of guard's head against the bars of the cage repeatedly --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CORONER'S LAB - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Chang continues examining the corpse's skull:

CHANG (CONT'D)
...massive contusions, too.

Craine shakes his head, as Chang pries open the corpse's mouth, has to shatter its jaw to do so -- suddenly stops, just staring into the mouth cavity and shaking his head:

CHANG
I'll be Goddamned.

CRAINE
What is it...?

Chang motions for Craine to come get a closer look:

He leans over the corpse, peers inside its mouth --

Rears-back, wincing disgustedly --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CAGE - NIGHT (EARLIER)

The action picks-up right where it left off, Michael smashing the guard's head against the bars of his cell, then -- just before the moment of death -- Michael stops:

Peers into the concussion-addled gaze of the guard, who begins to MURMUR DISORIENTED PROTEST, until --

Michael pries open his mouth, grabs hold of his tongue, then:

Savagely rips it out.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CORONER'S LAB - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Chang shakes his head, completely stunned, tells Craine what they both already know:

CHANG
No tongue. Looks like it was
ripped clean-out.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CAGE - NIGHT (EARLIER)

Michael handcuffs the mute and comatose guard to the ground -- now dressed in the straightjacket -- in the same position he was once cuffed...

Michael fastens the restraint mask upon the guard's face, pulls the full facial-shield over his own, whereupon:

The transformation is complete -- and THE CALL BOX RINGS:

Michael picks it up, as we once-again hear Jenkins inform us:

JENKINS (O.S.)
(through call box)
We're ready for Michael Myers.

But Michael doesn't say a word, only listens for a moment longer after Jenkins hangs-up, as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CORONER'S LAB - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Craine is enraged at the bungled execution, takes all of his fury and frustration out on Chang --

CRAINE
Damn it, Chang -- how could you
have missed this...?

But Chang and Craine go way back: Chang's seen him like this before, and -- after a beat to let things settle down -- calmly reminds him:

CHANG
Forgive me for saying so, Doc, but
he was fully masked: as per your
instructions.

Craine scowls -- looks away -- knows Chang is right, and only after another moment does Chang inquire:

CHANG
How do you plan on catching him...?

Craine turns, quickly corrects him:

CRAINE
We're on lockdown: nobody goes in
or out -- it's not catching him
that concerns me.
(deadly serious)
It's killing him. Before he kills
us -- or anyone else who happens to
cross his path.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, DARK WALKWAY - NIGHT

Lucy follows Hutter through the Byzantine corridors of Smith's Grove as they head toward the old Hall of Records:

The corridors have grown increasingly frantic: SEVERAL DOZEN INMATES push past them, all running in different chaotic directions, Hutter doing his best to protect Lucy...

ANGLE -- THE RICKETY RED-LIT STAIRWELL: on the cusp of Killer's Row, Lucy removes her ACCESS ID BADGE, is about to swipe it, suddenly stops, turns to face Hutter --

LUCY

You're sure about this...?

Hutter nods -- almost shy -- then:

HUTTER

And I hate to be the one to remind you, but there are some really bad people running around right now.

And they're both suddenly reminded of this fact upon hearing BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS OF MADNESS echo down the corridor toward them --

It's all the encouragement Lucy needs:

She swipes her ID BADGE, whereupon the gates open up, and they descend the forboding stairwell into Killer's Row --

EXT. RICKETY RED-LIT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

They exit the bottom of the stairwell, gather their resolve, myriad cackles of madness and rage swarming all around them like Manson Family Muzak.

After a terse beat:

HUTTER

You ready...?

Lucy takes a deep breath, nods, uses one of the myriad keys on her employee key ring to unlock the heavy metal door that leads into Killer's Row --

INT. KILLER'S ROW - CONTINUOUS

They enter Killer's Row side-by-side, Lucy's gaze constantly darting back and forth between Ludlowe and Gracie's cells --

The heavy door suddenly slams closed behind them --

LUCY

The hell was that -- ?

Staring back at the closed steel doors, Hutter shrugs:

HUTTER
Don't know.

Pure terror:

They suddenly hear the heavy steel doors locking from the other side, someone sealing them inside Killer's Row:

They turn back around, start to race down the corridor --

But Lucy suddenly stops, eyes wide with terror:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Jenkins' foreseen cell keyring -- now splattered with blood -- lies on the floor.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy looks up from her discovery, realizes:

All of the cells on Killer's Row doors have been unlocked.

And as Hutter's eyes dart around the room, he realizes:

HUTTER
The cells're all empty.

Lucy nods absently, having drawn an even worse conclusion:

LUCY
Ludlowe and Gracie's, too.

A sound up ahead, Lucy and Hutter looking to discover:

ANGLE -- THEIR POV: Ludlowe steps out from the shadows at the end of the corridor, his obese frame nearly blocking their entire view of the doorway.

He tightens his thick fists at the sight of Lucy.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy and Hutter turn to run back out from Killer's Row, Ludlowe suddenly running after them, but --

Lucy SCREAMS --

Slams into Gracie as he leaps from one of the empty cells, the crisscrossed scars on his face brittle and cracking with blood-splotches --

Gracie digs his bony fingers into Lucy's flesh, his grip like the talons of a bird of prey --

Acting on pure instinct, she knees him as hard as she can in the groin: he falls to the ground --

But holding his crotch in pain, Gracie suddenly looks up, a scabby smile spreading slowly across his flayed face:

He liked it.

Gracie cackles, grabs his groin in a rough-grip -- cackling madly -- begins mockingly acting like he's masturbating:

Lucy is completely and totally stunned -- Ludlowe almost upon them -- as Hutter finally rips her away, pulling them past Gracie:

He leads them down the corridor in the direction they came:

HUTTER

We can double-back later -- !

ANGLE -- SMALL PASSAGEWAY: Hutter leads them into a nondescript passage, quickly taking refuge inside one of its myriad little rooms, taking refuge in its shadows, trying like hell to be perfectly quiet...

Moments later, Ludlowe and Gracie enter the passageway, peeking their heads inside the little rooms:

Lucy nearly screams -- her mind about to collapse under the weight of this surreal terror -- has to put a hand over her mouth to avoid doing so as:

Ludlowe peeks his enormous tattooed head inside their room, scans it -- suddenly stops, eyes leveled in their direction:

Does he see them...?

An incredibly tense beat -- until:

GRACIE (O.S.)

(distant)

Think I found 'em -- !

Ludlowe retreats from the room, follows GRACIE'S VOICE down the passageway, whereupon Lucy and Hutter share a look -- both of them too scared to get up right away:

HUTTER

(whispering)

Gotta wait until we're sure they're gone, then we can try again.

Lucy nods grimly, knows their chances of surviving this horrific ordeal are dwindling rapidly.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, DECREPIT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Regina wanders through the madness of Smith's Grove, scared and nervous and on the verge of a breakdown, trying to will herself to --

REGINA
...stay calm, girl...

But as SEVERAL WHITE ROBED INMATES rush at her, Regina grabs her personal alarm, is about to use it, until:

They pass, continuing obliviously on whatever mad endeavor they've embarked upon -- as Regina slowly puts her personal alarm back, emboldened by:

ANGLE -- REGINA'S POV: a sign labeled "KITCHEN" with an arrow pointing down the hallway.

BACK TO SCENE: as she moves in the direction of the sign, quickly makes her way to the kitchen, pushes through its swinging metal doors --

INT. INDUSTRIAL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A gigantic industrial kitchen -- outfitted floor-to-ceiling in Halloween decorations -- the location from which all of Smith's Grove is fed:

Gigantic polished steel storage bins, counter tops, washing sinks. Too many butchering appliances to count. A walk-in freezer -- its door left open in somebody's haste -- inside of which hangs an army of freshly-gutted livestock.

Regina cautiously looks around the vast space:

REGINA
Hello...?

Nothing -- but as she slowly enters:

ANGLE -- REFLECTION IN THE SWINGING METAL DOORS: Michael stands against the wall behind her.

But even more horrifying:

Once the doors swing back again -- open and closed, open and closed, open and closed -- Michael is already gone; somewhere else in the room; patient but ready to strike...

BACK TO SCENE: as Regina continues through the industrial kitchen, fingering her personal alarm the entire time...

ANGLE -- OVER MICHAEL'S SILHOUETTED SHOULDER: as he watches her from a hidden vantage point, slowly reaches up to a HANGING RACK OF POTS AND PANS, waits for just the right moment, then --

Pulls the rack, steps aside into the shadows as they make an eardrum-shatteringly loud CLANGING --

BACK TO SCENE: Regina SCREAMS, turns so quickly -- so startled by the scare -- that she drops her personal alarm to the ground below:

ANGLE -- REGINA'S POV: of the still-swinging rack of pots and pans, Michael nowhere in sight.

BACK TO SCENE: as Regina reaches for her personal alarm --

Realizes it's fallen to the ground, scans the floor for it, discovers:

REGINA
...Motherfucker...

It has slid beneath the base of an enormous oven.

Regina shakes her head -- "just my luck" -- quickly goes to retrieve it, gets down on all fours, reaches for it:

Only knocks it back a little bit further -- can feel someone standing behind her, glances over her shoulder:

Nobody is standing there. The space is empty.

Regina turns back toward the oven, redoubles her effort to get the alarm back:

ANGLE -- BENEATH THE OVEN: as she shoves her hand even deeper beneath the oven, her fingertips just grazing the side of the alarm, but:

They maddeningly only serve to push it back a hair further --

REGINA
(beneath her breath)
Goddamn it -- !

BACK TO SCENE: as Regina shakes her head, shoves her hand even deeper beneath the oven -- grunting at the pain as her arm twists -- the alarm nearly in reaching distance -- but:

INT. CRAINE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sam, Tyler, Jarred, and Evie mill around nervously, the door barricaded tightly shut against the helter-skelter madness outside --

Tyler finally looks to Sam:

TYLER

How long can we just sit here -- ?

SAM

Until we're told to do otherwise --

A HEAVY KNOCKING AT THE DOOR, all eyes on Sam as he crosses to it --

SAM

(to person on other side)

Yeah -- ?

CRAINE (O.S.)

(from behind the door)

It's Doctor Craine -- let me in!

Sam quickly throws open the door, Craine bursting in like a man possessed, pushing toward his desk:

SAM

(tentatively)

How is it out there...?

Craine doesn't even dignify the question with a response, only looks up briefly and levels his gaze -- "*how the fuck do you think it is out there?*" -- before returning his attention to his top desk drawer:

He removes a monstrous .45, leans-in to his intercom:

CRAINE

(into intercom)

I want every available guard to report to sector five, repeat every available guard is to report to sector five -- !

As Craine double-checks that his weapon is loaded --

SAM

Excuse me, sir, but what are you doing...?

CRAINE
(matter-of-factly)
Killing Michael Myers.

Quick looks of confusion all around, Evie making eye-contact with Jared, twirling her finger beside her head -- "he's lost his mind" -- then:

SAM
What... -- how...?

Craine barely takes time to explain himself, nods toward the wall beside his desk as he heads back out into the madness:

CRAINE
Somebody just activated their
personal alarm -- signal's coming
from sector five.

Sam glances to the area of the wall Craine motioned at:

ANGLE -- ON THE WALL: a computerized grid of Smith's Grove, broken into numerical sectors, sector five currently pulsing with a silent and soft red warning.

BACK TO SCENE: as Craine shoves a small TRACKING DEVICE that BLIPS in-sync with the wall display into his coat pocket:

CRAINE
(to Sam)
Come on -- !

Sam nods excitedly -- "yes, sir!" -- struggles to keep up:

SAM
Where's sector five?

Already out the door, Craine calls over his shoulder --

CRAINE
The kitchen -- !

And at that, Sam hustles after the now-officially obsessed Dr. Phineas Craine.

ANGLE ON: Tyler, Jared, and Evie in stunned silence -- Evie finally breaking the ice:

EVIE
I don't know about you boys, but I
wanna get the fuck outta here.

Tyler and Jared nod hesitantly...

EVIE (CONT'D)

I mean, I don't know who's more nuts, here: the inmates or Craine -- who clearly thinks we're dealing with some kind of zombie-Myers.

(incredulous)

I mean, we totally watched the fucker fry -- !

Jared chuckles -- she has a point:

JARED

Lead the way, baby, lead the way.

Evie looks to Tyler:

EVIE

You in...?

Tyler shrugs, noncommittal --

JARED

C'mon, man -- she's right: we gotta get the fuck outta here before one of these cowboys accidentally opens fire on us.

EVIE

(nodding)

We can't stick around here anymore.

TYLER

And how do you suggest we get out, genius...?

Evie shrugs:

EVIE

You're telling me three NYU grads can't figure something out -- ?

TYLER

It was film school.

EVIE

(fuck you)

Whatever.

Evie starts gathering her stuff, Jared shrugging at Tyler -- "sorry, man" -- then joining her:

Tyler looks around -- doesn't like this idea -- finally gives-in, begins hastily collecting their sparse amount of film equipment.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A large group of SECURITY GUARDS responds to Craine's command, follows a tracking device that BLIPS with increasing rapidity the closer they get to the personal alarm signal:

They storm past the "KITCHEN" sign, burst inside --

INT. INDUSTRIAL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The TRACKING DEVICE BLIPS rapidly as they follow its signal through the now-empty kitchen, an ominous trail of blood leading toward the large walk-in freezer:

They follow the trail, enter the freezer --

INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

Capable of storing enough meat to last Smith's Grove several months, the army of guards is drowning in a sea of silhouetted slabs of beef, hanging in the near totally-dark freezer.

HEAD GUARD continues reading the BLIPS of his tracking device, leads the entirety of guards through the hanging slabs of meat toward the back of the freezer, assures whoever has set off their alarm:

HEAD GUARD

Everything's okay -- we're all here
for you now.

And as they pass through another row of dangling beef, the corresponding RED PULSING GLOW from the personal alarm becomes visible somewhere in the back of the freezer:

Head Guard leads them to the PERSON, the blip and the red glow blasting almost continuously now:

He finally pushes through the final slabs of hanging beef:

HEAD GUARD

Everything's gonna be --

But he suddenly stops, face contorted in confusion:

HEAD GUARD
What the fuck -- ?

The entire cavalcade stops in front of the alarm-holder:

ANGLE -- THEIR POV: Regina's eyes are frozen open. Literally. Throat slit. Ragged icicles of blood frozen mid-stream to the front of her uniform. A pool of blood at her feet already starting to freeze-over.

Her personal alarm dangles limply from her neck, lending an eerie red-glow to the proceedings, by the light of which we are suddenly able to discern:

BACK TO SCENE: the cavalry of guards isn't surrounded by slabs of hanging beef on the hooks all around them:

They are surrounded by gutted human beings.

The kitchen's night staff dangles grotesquely from the meat hooks next to Regina, whereupon Head Guard realizes --

HEAD GUARD
Everybody out of here right fucking
now -- it's a trap -- !

And as a frenzied panic breaks-out amongst them -- pushing through gutted human corpses as if they really were only slabs of beef; grotesque, life-or-death actions --

A LOUD GRATING from the walk-in freezer's distant entrance.

The entire cavalcade turns to look, sees:

The briefest glimpse of Michael Myers as he SLAMS AND LOCKS the HUGE STEEL DOORS that barricade the freezer from the outside, effectively eliminating the majority of the hospital's armed guards.

ANGLE -- OUTSIDE THE WALK-IN FREEZER: as Michael cranks the freezer's dial down as low as it can go, its temperature instantly dropping nearly twenty degrees.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CHAOTIC CORRIDOR - SAME

Craine continues to lead Sam down the corridor with reckless abandon, shoving sporadically encountered inmates out of their way -- abruptly stops, enraged:

CRAINE
Goddamn you, Michael!

SAM
What is it -- ?

Craine shakes his head -- his mind already trying to figure out how to play the next move in this most deadly game of chess -- holds up his small tracking device:

ANGLE -- ON CRAINE'S TRACKING DEVICE: which has flatlined with Michael's latest rampage.

BACK TO SCENE: as Sam looks back to Craine, distraught, his on-the-job training at Smith's Grove definitely one he'll never forget --

SAM
So what are we gonna do now?

And it's disconcerting to realize that -- for the first time since we've met him -- Craine has no idea.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S LAB, CHANG'S SMALL OFFICE - NIGHT

Faded anatomical charts. Depressing posters with cheery quotes. Cabinets lined with a stockpile of meds. An anatomically correct hanging skeleton holding a "HAPPY HALLOWEEN" sign.

Chang sits in the cramped little space, door bolted, listening to the chaos that ensues in the halls outside.

Extremely on-edge, Chang reaches into his metal desk pulls out a bottle of vodka, looks for something to drink it out of, scowls, settling on a urine sample cup:

Chang pours himself a stiff drink, knocks it back, pours himself another. Knocks it back. Eyes landing upon the Happy Halloween Skeleton -- Chang snarls at it:

CHANG
...you can shove your Happy
Halloween up your bony ass...

Pushes the skeleton aside, pours himself another drink, gets to his feet...

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S LAB, EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chang strolls through the examination room -- sad little Halloween decorations sprinkled halfheartedly throughout -- urine cup filled with vodka in-hand, humming with an enjoyable little booze-buzz going:

He walks down a row of examination tables, their myriad corpses all draped in white sheets, passes more of the anatomically-correct hanging skeletons throughout the room -- all propped with cheery "Happy Halloween"-esque slogans:

Chang glares at their inadvertently mocking messages:

CHANG

Happy Halloween yourselves -- !

Takes another comedic swig of vodka, continues forward, suddenly hears something behind him, slowly turns -- a befuddled look on his face:

ANGLE -- CHANG'S POV: one of the examination tables is now empty -- which sticks-out like a sore thumb amidst all of the other ones, occupied with white-sheet-draped corpses.

BACK TO SCENE: as Chang continues to stare at the empty examination table, the look on his face begging the same question we're also asking ourselves -- *"was that table empty just a second ago...?"*

Chang finally just shakes his head -- *"who gives a shit?"* -- knocks back the rest of his drink, tosses the plastic urine cup over his head with a devil-may-care shrug of his shoulders, turns back around, gasps --

ANGLE -- CHANG'S POV: still draped in its white sheet -- as if wearing a cheap "ghost" costume -- the corpse now stands before Chang. Unmoving. Defiant.

A horrifically surreal image.

Chang brings his hand to his mouth for another drink, scowls upon remembering that he already finished it and threw away his cup, squints his eyes drunkenly:

CHANG

Hello...?

But the sheet-draped corpse just stands there.

CHANG (CONT'D)

This's ridiculous -- !

Liquid courage in full-effect, Chang strides up to the "corpse," pulls angrily at its white sheet, whereupon it slowly slides down -- and Chang's eyes go wide with terror:

ANGLE -- CHANG'S POV: the hollow sockets of a skull stare down at him, the skeleton's teeth seemingly smiling at some private and macabre joke.

BACK TO SCENE: as Chang stares at his discovery a moment longer, suddenly realizes:

REVEAL: the skull belongs to one of the myriad anatomically-correct hanging skeletons that are littered throughout the coroner's lab.

CHANG
(pissed)
Whoever did this -- ha-ha-ha --
very funny, asshole -- !

Chang kicks the skeleton, dislodging it from its rolling prop-stand, watches as it flies across the room, crashes into the wall with a loud clattering, its grotesque head bobbing up and down, seemingly laughing at him --

Chang scowls, turns quickly -- slams into:

Michael Myers. Expressionless white mask staring down at Chang -- a look of complete and total confusion on his face:

But before he can so much as scream --

Michael stabs him several times in the stomach lightening-fast with his butcher's knife -- the blood spilling out as if from a stuck pig -- then grabs Chang forcefully by his shoulders, lifts him high into the air, then wedges him upon the rolling skeleton stand's hook:

Blood blasts from Chang's mouth as he finally screams, reaches back at the hook upon which he is gutted in a futile attempt to free himself, quickly slumps over, whereupon:

Michael kicks at the stand, sending Chang's body rolling into a horde of similarly-propped skeletons -- their bony fingers seemingly outstretched in a ravenous embrace --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOWEST LEVEL - NIGHT

Hutter and Lucy cautiously round a corner, glance up and down Killer's Row -- it looks empty -- move quickly into the corridor --

Slamming into someone --

Lucy SCREAMS --

Hutter pulls her away --

Person seems wary, too --

And it takes a moment for them to realize:

The person -- Tyler -- is harmless:

REVEAL: Tyler is leading Evie and Jared through the dark corridors of Smith's Grove.

LUCY

Who are you -- ?

TYLER

We're the film crew.

Lucy looks them over cautiously: Jared and Evie hold up their film equipment, as Tyler flips his "*Life and Death of Michael Myers*" cap back around, points to it --

Lucy nods -- slowly giving Tyler her trust -- whereupon he inquires:

TYLER

What're you two doing down here?

LUCY

(re: Hutter)

He knows a place where we can wait
this thing out in safety --

EVIE

(bitchy)

You mean hide...?

Lucy looks Evie over -- they take to each other like cats
take to water -- then smiles:

LUCY

I mean survive.

Evie rolls her eyes:

EVIE
Whatever.

JARED
Yeah, we're getting out of here.

Hutter laughs -- he doesn't have anymore time for this nonsense:

HUTTER
It was a pleasure meeting you:

Hutter starts down the hallway, Lucy following after him --

TYLER
(calling after her)
Where'd you say you were going?

But Lucy and Hutter don't have to time to waste answering him: they're already gone...

And after a moment, Tyler suddenly starts after them:

TYLER
Hold on -- !

Jared and Evie are stunned:

JARED
Where're you going -- ?

Tyler turns to face them, continues backpedaling after Lucy:

TYLER
With them.

Jared and Evie shake their heads in disappointment:

TYLER (CONT'D)
We've been wandering around in
circles -- the only thing to do is
wait it out.

EVIE
We were waiting it out just fine in
Craine's office -- it's time to get
out of here.

Tyler shrugs apologetically:

TYLER

Sorry.

And as he rounds the corner, Evie just shakes her head:

EVIE

Whatever --

Pushes past Jared angrily, whereupon he obediently follows her through the halls of Smith's Grove...

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - NIGHT

Brackett can hear the madness raging outside his cell, is a ball of anger and frustration -- wishes he was out there -- clinging to the photograph of his deceased daughter --

The door's oblong viewing window suddenly slides open --

BRACKETT

About goddamned time -- !

Angrily gets to his feet, storms toward the door --

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

Lockin' me up was the biggest
mistake of your life -- you
understand me -- ?

He stands before the heavy iron door, waits for it to open, grows impatient as nothing happens, realizes:

There's nobody looking-in through the oblong viewing window.

A look of confusion crosses Brackett's face...

BRACKETT

The hell's going on out there -- ?

He leans-in to the viewing window, fingers curled over its small edges -- photograph still in-hand -- tries to get a glimpse of what's happening beyond the door:

ANGLE -- ON BRACKETT'S EYES: framed by the open space of the viewing window, scanning the empty corridor for clues as the what's happening...

BACK TO SCENE: as someone suddenly snatches the photograph of Brackett's daughter from his hands --

BRACKETT

What the fuck -- who did that -- ?

He is enraged that someone would swipe his most prized possession --

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kick your ass when I get
out of here -- I don't care who you
are -- !

But Brackett's face is suddenly a knot of confusion as he discovers:

The photograph has shoved back through the viewing window, but his daughter's image has been defiled:

ANGLE -- ON THE PHOTOGRAPH: as we discover that Annie Brackett's face has been crudely cut-out from the photo. A chilling image.

Somebody doesn't feel any remorse about her death.

BRACKETT

What the fuck...?

BACK TO SCENE: as Brackett is suddenly enraged, throws himself against the door, leans-in to the viewing window to glimpse whoever is responsible for this atrocity upon his daughter's image:

ANGLE -- ON BRACKETT'S EYEBALLS: as they furtively scour the hallway, wide-open, darting back-and-forth with rage...

ANGLE -- BRACKETT'S POV: of the empty hallway, suddenly --

Stung by the presence of Michael as he moves into frame, punches his butcher's knife at us repeatedly -- directly into Brackett's wide-opened eyes -- a big, nasty startle:

BACK TO SCENE: as Brackett screams, blinded, falls out of frame, eyes gouged-out and bleeding to death.

ANGLE -- ON THE GROUND: as the blood runs from Brackett's fatal wounds, pools remorselessly around the ruined photograph of his deceased Annie...

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CRAGGY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Craine and Sam continue their intense manhunt for Michael Myers -- a scream from somewhere down the hallway -- Sam drops his revolver, picks it up, grimaces sheepishly at Craine:

SAM

Sorry.

But Craine's kindness cracks through his tough-guy persona:

CRAINE

Don't be -- it's okay to be scared.

Sam grimaces:

SAM

I'm not scared.

But Craine reassures him:

CRAINE

It's okay -- I'm scared, too.

Sam looks back at him -- surprised:

SAM

You...?

Craine nods as they take a temporary rest from their search, Sam intrigued by Craine's confession...

CRAINE

Of course. Fear is a good thing.
Keeps you on your toes. Keeps you
alive -- long as you don't let it
overwhelm you.

SAM

How can you avoid that...?

Craine thinks on this, then:

CRAINE

How old are you, Sam?

SAM

Twenty-nine. Thirty this March.

CRAINE

Any family?

Sam suddenly smiles just thinking about them:

SAM

Wife and two daughters. Me and my girls -- you wanna see a picture?

But as Sam reaches for his wallet, Craine smiles, puts a halting hand to his arm:

CRAINE

No, no, it's quite alright -- the reason I asked was because if you want to conquer your fear, you have to ask yourself: do you really think Sam Smith, twenty-nine year old husband and father of two, is destined to die in this decrepit hellhole...?

An intense question: Sam looks away, thinks on it --

CRAINE

Well, do you -- ?

SAM

No...?

CRAINE

That's right -- of course not.

Sam suddenly smiles confidently, nods:

SAM

Yeah -- there's no way I'm destined to die here.

CRAINE

You are meant for greater things, Sam Smith -- isn't that right...?

Sam is suddenly brimming with courage:

SAM

That's right: Sam Smith is meant for greater things than to die a lonely death in Smith's Grove -- !

CRAINE

And that, my friend, is how you
defeat fear: you just keep telling
yourself it is not in your destiny
to die here -- you're a family man,
with a wife and two beautiful
daughters -- !

Sam nods -- emboldened, invincible:

SAM

It is not my destiny to -- !

But his head is suddenly lopped-off, Craine flinching as his
face is splattered with blood, Sam's headless torso standing
upright for moment, blood gushing from his neck before
finally falling over, whereupon we --

REVEAL: A WHITE ROBED INMATE, crazed-looking, holding a pipe
like a baseball bat, its razor-sharp end jagged from where it
was torn from the ceiling and dripping with blood.

ANGLE -- CLOSE ON INMATE'S FOREHEAD: as we discover that the
inmate has recently skinned a chunk of flesh from his
forehead, the wound still wet with blood. Strangely
familiar.

BACK TO SCENE: as the inmate suddenly lunges at Craine -- who
raises his gun, is able to blast the deadly predator at the
last second.

But as the inmate falls out of frame --

REVEAL: a HORDE OF INMATES at the end of the hallway, rapidly
rushing toward Craine, all of their foreheads wet with blood
from wounds similar to those on the now-deceased inmate.

A look of confusion crosses Craine's face --

CRAINE

The fuck...?

Until he suddenly catches a glimpse of:

ANGLE -- CRAINE'S POV: through the horde of approaching
inmates, Gracie stands at the end of the hallway, smiling his
death's head smile at Craine, clearly having worked his
Manson-like charm on a group of the inmates.

BACK TO SCENE: as the rabid new chapter of the Gracie Cult is
nearly upon Craine, and he fires into the crowd -- only able
to wound one member of the approaching horde:

Gracie is enraged by Craine's attack, his sandpapered-sounding vocal chords roaring with rage:

GRACIE
Kill him -- !

Craine takes several more instinctive shots into the crowd, but there are too many people rushing him, races away before it's too late...

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, MID-LEVEL - NIGHT

Evie and Jared continue through Smith's Grove, happen upon a boarded-up section, a "RESTRICTED" warning logo emblazoned across several randomly nailed two-by-fours.

Evie looks to Jared inquisitively -- seems to be questioning his manhood:

EVIE
Whaddya think...?

He shrugs:

JARED
I don't know.

Reality is sinking-in:

JARED (CONT'D)
We should've gone with Tyler.

EVIE
Whatever -- !

Evie pushes past him, haughtily slinks through several of the two-by-fours...

Jared looks around, hesitantly follows.

ANGLE -- OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE TWO-BY-FOURS: pushing down a wide-berth passageway, Jared and Evie come across a large pull-down door, its padlock long-since gone to rust.

They share a look, Evie encouraging Jared:

EVIE
C'mon, Tiger: who knows...?
(flirtatious)
(MORE)

Maybe there's even a little reward
in it for you.

Jared easily smashes the lock, pulls up the rusty old door --
its hinges squealing loudly as it's raised -- revealing:

A large and abandoned old storage area.

Peering into the vast and moldy darkness:

EVIE

I bet there's a way out through
here...

Jared nods hesitantly, pulls back cobwebs as thick as cotton,
leads them inside --

INT. STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

A massive warehouse overflowing with silhouetted archaic
medical instruments dating as far back as the late-1800s:

Jared and Evie peer inside, try to get a better look -- this
place is spooky -- but the space is immersed in what seems to
be a centuries-old darkness encumbered in thick shafts of
dust...

Jared turns to Evie -- doesn't want to appear too cowardly --
tries to sound as rational as possible:

JARED

I'm not sure we should go through
here -- it's pretty dark...

Evie scowls, looks away, trying to think of a solution,
suddenly suggests --

EVIE

What about your camera?

JARED

Huh -- ?

EVIE

Your camera.

Jared looks at Evie like she's lost her mind...

EVIE (CONT'D)

Doesn't it have night-vision?

Jared looks down at his portable little DV-camera, and --
sure enough -- it has a NIGHT VISION FUNCTION.

He looks back up at Evie, smiles -- almost surprised:

JARED
You're right.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, BELOW KILLER'S ROW - NIGHT

Hutter leads Lucy and Tyler down decrepit hallways that haven't been used in decades, is a ways ahead of them, Lucy and Tyler doing their best to keep-up:

ANGLE -- IN THE DISTANCE BEHIND HUTTER: Tyler eyes him nervously -- doesn't completely trust him:

TYLER
(whispering)
So what's he in here for...?

Lucy shakes her head, shrugs:

LUCY
He wouldn't say.

Tyler rolls his eyes:

TYLER
Great -- !

Lucy glances at him:

LUCY
What...?

TYLER
(nods toward Hutter)
We're pinning all of our hopes on
someone who's in here for God-knows-
what.

Lucy nods -- she'd been trying to forget about that little detail -- whereupon:

Ears burning, Hutter turns around, looks over his shoulder, smiles enigmatically, picks up the pace.

Lucy frowns -- she's liking this less and less...

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

Jared and Evie skulk through the darkness of the storage area, Jared holding his digital camera in front of them, their eyes glued to the its small flip-screen, their faces illuminated only by its dim green light.

ANGLE -- THEIR POV THROUGH CAMERA'S NIGHT VISION: entirely tinted in a nauseating green, we subjectively push through the abandoned storage area:

Gargantuan gurneys, metallic slabs of operating room tables, dinosaur-like stands fixed with magnification lenses, kerosene lights, head-straps, piles upon piles of old operating tools that more-closely resemble instruments of torture.

BACK TO SCENE: as they continue to move silently through the vast storage area, desperately trying to escape the Hell of Smith's Grove...

A floorboard CREAKS behind them -- Jared spins around, his nervous reaction startling Evie more than the sound itself:

JENKINS

Did you hear that -- ?

EVIE

(nonplussed)

Yeah...?

JENKINS

What was it -- ?

Evie shrugs:

EVIE

How should I know...?

(nudges him forward)

C'mon -- let's go.

But Jared doesn't move, continues looking back into the darkness behind them -- Evie just shaking her head:

EVIE

Oh my God -- please don't tell me.

JARED

(defensive)

What -- ?

EVIE

Has Craine gotten to you, too?

She rubs a finger along Jared's cheek flirtatiously:

EVIE (CONT'D)

Do you really think Michael Myers
has risen from the dead...?

Still staring into the darkness, Jared shakes his head
absently, finally pulls his gaze away from the void, levels
it on Evie:

JARED

No, I don't think Michael Myers has
risen from the dead --

Evie smiles, stands closer now, taps his nose flirtatiously:

EVIE

Good --

But Jared levels his gaze -- almost scoldingly:

JARED

I just don't think they killed him.

Evie rolls her eyes -- Jared defending himself:

JARED (CONT'D)

Even if you don't think Michael
Myers is on the loose -- and I'll
grant you, maybe they did kill him
and we're all just a little
paranoid -- but even if you think
he's dead, there's no denying that
there're a bunch of madmen running
around -- !

But Evie just smiles, steps closer to Jared:

EVIE

I can handle madmen --
(flirtatiously)
I can create 'em, too.

And she suddenly steps away from Jared, is nearly consumed by
the sludge-like darkness of the warehouse, Jared immediately
having to look through the camera's monitor to see her:

He tries to sound more frustrated -- and much less turned-on
than he suddenly is:

JARED
What're you doing...?

EVIE
I'm trying to relax you -- you know
what they say: a mad player's a bad
player... so don't be mad, okay?

She giggles -- and it's immediately recognizable as the same type of giggle that's driven many a man to ruin...

ANGLE -- IN THE DISTANCE: Michael's silhouette darts across frame, stinging us with fear as he makes his way toward them.

BACK TO SCENE: as Jared slowly gives-in to Evie's seductive playfulness -- can't quite hide the smile at the corners of his mouth while watching her.

And Evie is really enjoying herself now, continues playfully seducing Jared...

ANGLE -- EVIE'S POV OF JARED: all she can see is the RED RECORDING LIGHT of the video camera, held by his pitch-black silhouette.

BACK TO SCENE: as Evie smiles at Jared, and he smiles back -- getting into this:

JARED
What is it about guys and girls and
video cameras these days...?

EVIE
I want a cut of the DVD profits.

JARED
Anything -- just don't stop.

Evie smiles, is really starting to turn Jared now -- she's enjoying her own sexuality almost as much as he is -- turns away from Jared, begins untying the straps of her skimpy little blouse.

ANGLE -- CLOSE ON JARED: as he continues staring at her through the camera's LCD screen --

Michael suddenly steps into frame behind Jared.

And after a silent pause, his hands suddenly cover Jared's mouth, then snap his neck with lightening-speed, whereupon:

Jared slumps to the floor.

BACK TO SCENE: as Evie has almost completely untied her blouse, hears something in the darkness behind her, turns:

EVIE
Jared...?

But she smiles, relieved, upon discovering:

ANGLE -- EVIE'S POV: the familiar image of the silhouette holding the video camera, its red light a beacon in the darkness.

BACK TO SCENE: as Evie smiles, turns all the way around, revealing that she is naked from the waist up:

ANGLE -- THROUGH THE CAMERA'S GREEN-TINTED NIGHT VISION: as Evie sways her hips ever-so-smoothly, rubs her hands along her waist, her stomach, her breasts -- enjoying the feel of her own naked skin -- then giggles:

EVIE
See anything you like...?

No response -- Michael stands stone-still, hidden in silhouette, watching Evie through the NIGHT VISION POV.

Evie continues to smile -- but she's getting pissed, would like a response:

EVIE
Hello -- anybody home...?

But Michael says nothing. Only continues to stand where he is, completely silhouetted behind the camera's red light.

BACK TO SCENE: as Evie gets frustrated -- is easily bored with her own games -- turns back around, begins re-fastening her blouse:

EVIE
Whatever.

And once she's finished tying her blouse, Evie turns back around -- but her face is suddenly awash in confusion:

EVIE
Jared...?

The red light of the camera is nowhere to be seen, Evie stranded in a sea of nearly-total darkness.

As she looks around, increasingly worried:

EVIE
This isn't funny, Jared.

Evie moves forward frantically -- suddenly stops, smiles:

EVIE
(singsong)
I see you...

And sure enough, she sees the red light of the camera filming her from behind several crates up ahead:

We cringe in anticipation of the big startle...

Evie rushes to the red light of the camera...

But there is no startle, Evie suddenly stopping in front of the camera, bewildered:

EVIE
Jared...?

ANGLE -- EVIE'S POV: as she discovers that the camera has been propped atop several crates, made to look as if someone was holding it.

BACK TO SCENE: as Evie steps aside, suddenly stumbles on --
Jared's corpse, twisted on the ground.

ANGLE -- THROUGH THE MOUNTED CAMERA'S NIGHT VISION: as Evie takes another step backward, so scared she's unable to scream, face slack with terror...

And the suspense is torture to watch:

ANGLE -- THROUGH THE CAMERA'S LCD SCREEN: as Michael's pale mask suddenly becomes visible in the sick green tint behind Evie, even more terrible-looking in the nauseous shading:

Evie takes one more step back, slams into Michael, turns, finally finds the will to SCREAM BLOODY MURDER --

EVIE
Help me -- please -- help -- !

But her futile pleas are abruptly terminated as Michael slams his butcher's knife down her throat, and we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, ABANDONED CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Craine sprints down the corridor, quickly rounds a corner --

Gracie's cult of killers follows moments later...

ANGLE -- AROUND THE CORNER: as they round the corner,
entering Killer's Row -- are suddenly startled:

REVEAL: Craine slams the heavy doors closed, locking the
bolt, re-caging most of Gracie's converts:

CRAINE
...back beneath the rocks from
which you came...

Craine races back into the darkness of his asylum, a wry
smile pulling at the corners of his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hutter leads Lucy and Tyler down the final archaic corridor --
unused for years, littered with old furniture, file cabinets,
and other detritus -- an aged and hard-to-read sign hanging
over two ancient doors at its end: "HALL OF RECORDS."

Hutter rests his hands on his knees, catches his breath, lets
Lucy and Tyler catch up to him:

HUTTER
(nodding toward the doors)
Safety.

Lucy smiles back, but Tyler only nods -- a little skeptical:

TYLER
You know what? I'm sorry, but
before I follow you any further, I
gotta know what you're in here for.

Hutter's expression suddenly dims: he glances at Lucy -- her
eyes are also lit up with curiosity -- glances back at Tyler:

HUTTER
My wife and son -- they, uh... they
were killed --

TYLER
-- Jesus Christ, I figured it was
something like that -- !

But Hutter turns on Tyler -- is ferocious:

HUTTER
It was nothing like that -- !

He stares at Tyler with deadly intensity, Lucy finally
prodding:

LUCY
(gently)
So what happened...?

Hutter thinks silently on the painful old memories, then:

HUTTER
My wife and son -- they were
killed. One of those random acts
of violence that you seemed to hear
about every other week or so in the
late-80s. I went a little nuts --
couldn't wrap my mind around it,
couldn't understand why...

He trails-off -- the whole thing so painful -- Lucy figuring:

LUCY
So they checked you in here for a
while...?

Hutter nods:

HUTTER
So they checked me in here for a
while.
(beat)
Stayed for about six or seven
months, worked hard at all of my
rehab, and group-sharing, and all
that other bullshit.
(beat)
Got back on my feet, and then --
one day -- they sent me home.

Hutter smiles sadly -- takes a long moment before trying to
explain the next part -- finally:

HUTTER (CONT'D)
Only problem was, I didn't want to
be home anymore. Too many
memories. Too empty. Too lonely.

He looks to Lucy and Tyler -- a glimmer in his eyes:

HUTTER (CONT'D)
So, I did what any sane person
would do:
(beat)
I checked myself into the madhouse.

Tyler and Lucy are flabbergasted:

TYLER
You're here voluntarily -- ?

Hutter nods:

HUTTER
Can leave anytime I like.

Tyler shakes his head -- a mixture of admiration and
disbelief -- as Lucy puts a tender arm over Hutter's
shoulder:

LUCY
You wanna leave now?

Hutter winks --

HUTTER
You bet your ass.

Lucy nods, smiles at him warmly, suggests:

LUCY
Shall we...?

Hutter nods, leads them down the final stretch of corridor
toward the closed doors --

ANGLE -- STALKING POV: they are being hunted from behind with
grim determination...

BACK TO SCENE: almost at the safety of the old hall of
records, Hutter squints, tries to decipher if the doors are
open -- suddenly:

HUTTER
The doors are opened -- !

They move forward more quickly, Hutter leading them excitedly toward the slightly opened doors...

ANGLE -- STALKING POV: obscured by the detritus that litters the dark corridor, the hunter is almost upon them, about to strike from behind...

BACK TO SCENE: as Hutter turns around, smiles excitedly at Lucy and Tyler, turns back to face the doors, but --

Blood explodes from his mouth, blasting forth with grotesque and violent force --

We are extremely startled -- even momentarily confounded -- to discover that he's been gutted by one of the enormous FIRE AXES that line Smith's Grove's halls.

From in front.

And as Hutter falls to the ground -- the blade of the axe engorged deep within his chest -- we suddenly realize what has happened:

REVEAL: Ludlowe, eyes shot-through with madness, narrowed on Tyler and Lucy.

He rips the axe from Hutter's chest, the blood gushing from his the gouged wound like a busted dam, tightens his knuckles around the large axe handle --

Lunges at them -- surprisingly agile for such an obese man -- swings the axe downward upon Lucy --

But is stopped at the last second as Tyler manages to get both of his hands around the axe handle before impact:

The two men engage in a life-or-death struggle over control of the axe, spinning around in a danse macabre, until --

Ludlowe suddenly gives-up control of the axe.

Without so much as putting up another ounce of struggle.

Tyler and Lucy are stunned:

Ludlowe's face is suddenly void of all its determined rage, his expression going blank, Tyler and Lucy watching him in complete perplexity, until:

A small rill of blood dribbles from Ludlowe's mouth.

Tyler and Lucy look down, discover that a huge industrial butcher's knife has been plunged straight through Ludlowe's thick frame, its tip protruding grotesquely from his abdomen.

And as the obese serial killer falls aside --

REVEAL: Michael stands behind him. Silent. Expressionless. Blood-soaked butcher's knife in hand.

And after a long beat:

He steps toward Lucy and Tyler...

Lucy screams -- her legs suddenly like jelly -- as Tyler grabs her, pulls her toward the hall of records...

Michael moves at them -- as sure that he will catch them as he was when he stalked Laurie Strode through the hallways of Haddonfield Memorial so many years ago...

Slipping in the lake of blood that pools from Hutter, Tyler continues trying to help Lucy forward...

Michael is nearly upon them...

They're nearly at the doors...

Michael raises his butcher's knife...

Tyler just manages to push Lucy through the doors -- hard to open, nearly rusted closed -- turns around...

Michael is standing right beside him...

Tyler raises his hands defensively...

As Michael savagely stabs him --

But Tyler turns at such an angle, that the knife only skims his shoulder --

And even though the wound bleeds profusely, it isn't fatal, Lucy able to pull Tyler through the doorway, slamming it closed behind them --

CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - CONTINUOUS

Lucy locks the enormous room's heavy bolt, slumps against the wall next to Tyler, as Michael repeatedly slams against the other side of the door -- over and over and over and over -- the sound absolutely horrifying:

Lucy yelps in fear with every slam, the door denting ever-so-slightly beneath the force of Michael's impact, seemingly inevitable that he will get inside, until --

The sound suddenly stops -- which is somehow scarier...

They have no idea what Michael is doing on the other side of the closed door.

But as the eerie silence continues, Lucy shifts her attention to Tyler, his shoulder bleeding profusely --

LUCY

We gotta get you bandaged up.

Lucy stands, searches the old hall of records for something -- anything -- to stop the bleeding as Tyler wonders:

TYLER

You think he's gone...?

Lucy looks at Tyler grimly, shakes her head:

LUCY

Not on your life.

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, FINAL HALLWAY - SAME

Michael stands silently at the doors, staring at them, his emotionless eyes betraying no hint of a plan.

After a long and chilling beat:

He slowly backs away from the doors, turns and walks down the hallway -- away from Lucy and Tyler -- into the dark heart of Smith's Grove.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - NIGHT

Lucy finishes wrapping Tyler's wound with a tattered old white robe once worn by inmates, gently pats it:

LUCY
Ought to do for now.

Tyler smiles gratefully:

TYLER
Thanks.

Lucy nods, suddenly realizes how close they are to each other -- and they can both suddenly feel something like attraction, even in the midst of their increasingly dire situation...

Lucy backs up a few steps -- Tyler continuing to study her face, her quiet beauty -- absently moves toward the vast wall of file cabinets.

ANGLE -- AT THE FILE CABINETS: as Lucy randomly opens one of the numerous drawers, is surprised to discover:

LUCY
They actually have files.

Tyler moves toward her:

TYLER
Really...?

Lucy nods, as Tyler grabs a file at random, flips through its photographs, assessments, notations, tapes of counseling sessions, patient-history -- grimaces in revulsion:

TYLER
Some scary people have been
confined here.

Lucy nods, suddenly crosses to another file cabinet, searches for something in particular, stops in front of a specific cabinet, opens it -- suddenly stops.

Intrigued, Tyler crosses to her:

She removes a heavy stack of ancient and yellowed folders -- overflowing with paperwork, photographs, cassette tapes, articles, studies, graphs... looks at Tyler nervously:

LUCY
It's from his first stay here.

ANGLE -- ON THE STACKS OF FOLDERS: labeled "MICHAEL MYERS:
1963 -- 1978."

A chilling moment. This is where the story began.

LUCY
(flipping through)
All their information about Michael
is in here -- from the time he was
six-years-old...

Filled with an inexplicable but overwhelming sense of dread,
they take the heavy files to a nearby desk, lay them out,
carefully open them -- almost with trepidation:

ANGLE -- ON THE DESK: as the folders are opened, revealing
numerous archival photographs of six-year-old Michael Myers
during his stay at Smith's grove.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy and Tyler study pictures of the sweet-
looking little boy, Tyler uttering in macabre wonder:

TYLER
This sweet-looking little boy...?
(looks at Lucy)
He'd already butchered his sister.

A chilling reminder.

Tyler continues flipping through photographs of Michael: it's
almost like watching a flip book of him aging during his
fifteen-year stay at Smith's Grove.

Lucy rifles through the file, pushes past documents and
graphs and letters written by lunatics to Michael during his
incarceration, glimpses of nonsensical names and groups of
people -- "THORN," "SAMHAIN," "JAMIE," "DRUIDS" -- finally
finds a STACK OF OLD CASSETTE TAPES.

Lucy examines them, discovers that they are all labeled, "DR.
LOOMIS -- MICHAEL MYERS COUNSELING SESSIONS," followed by the
accompanying dates of their many sessions together.

Tyler is still immersed in his findings --

TYLER
(absently)
If I still had the heart to make my
movie, these pictures would be
invaluable...

-- doesn't notice when Lucy crosses the room to a pile of old
hospital equipment, happens upon an ancient-looking stereo,
places one of the cassette tapes in there with obvious
trepidation, hits PLAY:

Moments later, we hear the tired yet obsessively driven voice
of DR. SAMUEL LOOMIS, Michael's doctor at Smith's Grove:

LOOMIS
 (on cassette tape)
 Dr. Sam Loomis -- Michael Myers
 session. November 13, 1963.
 Patient is a six year old male.

Tyler turns toward Lucy, both of them listening with rapt attention, as -- after a quick pause in the recording -- the tape continues, the ambient room tone now slightly different:

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
 (on cassette tape)
 Hello, Michael. How are you doing
 today...?

A long beat as we listen to the expected silence that greets Loomis' question -- but are suddenly stunned to hear:

LITTLE BOY
 (on cassette tape)
 Fine.

It is a monumentally chilling moment:

We have finally heard Michael Myers' voice -- even though he was only six years old -- and after a beat:

LOOMIS
 (on cassette tape)
 Last time we met, we were talking
 about what happened.

Silence -- after which Loomis tries again:

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
 (on cassette tape)
 Do you remember that that's what we
 were talking about...?

A long beat, then:

LITTLE BOY
 (on cassette tape)
 Mmm-hmm.

Once again, we are extremely chilled to hear his tiny voice.

LOOMIS
 (on cassette tape)
 Can you tell me what happened then,
 Michael, in your own words...?

A terrible silence -- we all know what happened -- but the suspense is unbearable as we wait to hear the words come from the little boy's mouth.

But it's going to take some prodding:

LOOMIS
(on cassette tape)
Did you kill your big sister...?

And even the question alone feels taboo -- reminds us of how twisted Michael's legacy is -- as we listen in revulsed fascination for a response.

A long beat, followed by:

LOOMIS
(on cassette tape)
Did you kill her, Michael...?

Another dreadful silence, then:

LITTLE BOY
(on cassette tape)
Yes.

LOOMIS
(on cassette tape)
Do you remember why, Michael -- do you remember why you killed her...?

LITTLE BOY
(on cassette tape)
Yes.

LOOMIS
(on cassette tape)
And why was that?

Silence.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
(on cassette tape)
Why did you do it...?

We wait on pins and needles for Michael's response, the silence unbearable:

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
(on cassette tape)
Why did you kill her, Michael...?

And after another moment of silence:

LITTLE BOY
 (on cassette tape)
 I don't want to talk anymore.

A strange response, the boy's voice monotone but somehow simmering with anger.

LOOMIS
 (on cassette tape)
 At all?

Nervous beat:

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
 (on cassette tape)
 You don't want to talk at all,
 Michael...?

Stark silence -- Loomis is now clearly scrambling to keep their conversation going:

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
 (on cassette tape)
 Let's talk about something else,
 then, okay, Michael...?

But that was it; that was the moment wherein Michael sealed himself off once-and-for-all from the world around him:

Lucy knows the rest of Loomis' attempts to communicate with Michael will be exercises in futility.

She FAST FORWARDS through the tape:

LOOMIS' QUESTIONS BLURB BY WITH INAUDIBLE HIGH-SPEED, are followed by increasingly long stretches of silence, then more FUTILE QUESTIONING, and finally:

Nothing but DEAD AIR SPACE.

Lucy hits STOP as she and Jared share a troubled look -- both of them unnerved by their glimpse into the dark heart of Michael Myers --

POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

A huge startle --

JARED
 Jesus Christ, he's back -- !

Lucy nods in quick horror, but --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(behind door - frantic)
Help me -- please -- !

Jared and Lucy share a befuddled look -- "who could it be?" --
and after more INCESSANT POUNDING:

TYLER
It definitely isn't Michael...

Lucy nods, concerned, as --

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D - O.S.)
(behind door - frantic)
Help -- help me -- please -- !

And she's finally heard enough:

LUCY
We can't just leave somebody
stranded out there -- !

Jared nods, follows Lucy as she crosses to the heavy set of
doors, whereupon they share a look, silently count to three --
"one, two, three" -- then throw open the door:

EXT. HALL OF RECORDS, LONG CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

But their faces are immediately riddled with confusion:

ANGLE -- LUCY AND TYLER'S POV: as they look into the dark
corridor, discover that it is empty.

BACK TO SCENE: as they stare into the dense void of the
corridor, are startled --

Suddenly and seemingly out of nowhere:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Help -- help me -- please -- help!

Lucy looks down, her face suddenly pale with shock:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Jared's blood-splattered camera has been
set on the ground, strategically placed in front of the door.

It is in PLAYBACK-REPEAT MODE, through which Lucy suddenly
realizes Evie's murder and her accompanying cry for help are
being repeated in a continuous loop:

EVIE
(in playback on camera)
Help me -- please -- help -- !

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy points speechlessly at the ground,
Tyler just as horrified as she is --

Both startled when POUNDING ON THE DOOR resumes --

They turn toward the sound, discover:

Michael stands to the side of the door, calmly continues to
pound on it -- almost tauntingly -- then:

Raises his butcher's knife high into the air, brings it down
full-force upon Tyler --

And after a moment of stunned silence we realize:

Michael has pinned him to the wall. Through his neck,

Lucy finally finds the will to scream as a stream of blood
flows from Tyler's mouth:

She backs away, stumbling into the hall of records as Michael
calmly removes his knife from the wall into which it is
deeply embedded.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, HALL OF RECORDS - CONTINUOUS

Lucy scours the room for a place to hide -- the sensation we
all remember from hide-and-seek, the person coming after you,
will you ever find a place to hide in time...? -- only, for
Lucy, it is a matter of life-or-death...

She runs toward the back of the room -- past row upon row of
old filing cabinets -- as we hear Michael finally dislodge
his butcher's knife from the wall, enter the room...

Lucy glances over her shoulder:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Michael skulks into the room -- seen
through the silhouettes and open spaces of the numerous file
cabinets -- heads in her direction...

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy cries silently, her nose running,
every bone in her body telling her that she isn't going to
survive this ordeal, but:

She carries on, unwilling -- unable -- to give up:

ANGLE -- AROUND A CORNER: as Lucy stumbles past us -- trying to be as quiet as possible -- continues down another long row of filing cabinets.

ANGLE -- ON MICHAEL: as he continues forward, several rows behind her...

ANGLE -- FURTHER INTO THE HALL OF RECORDS: as Michael has rounded the same corner Lucy rounded moments ago, continues down the walkway, looks left and right as he searches for any sign of Lucy...

ANGLE -- ON LUCY: as she slithers into a hiding spot behind several old crates of supplies, curls up into a ball, just as Michael rounds the corner to the hallway in which she hides...

Lucy tries to bite down as hard as she can to prevent herself from screaming in sheer panic, suddenly notices:

An crate of ANCIENT HOOK PINS next to her -- likely used for lobotomies at one point -- whereupon she quietly reaches inside the crate and grabs one...

Wedged between several crates on the left side of the hallway, Lucy peers out from between her boxes, tries to spy Michael, but can't see him yet, only hears him approaching...

ANGLE -- ON MICHAEL: as he continues down the hallway, suddenly cocks his head upon noticing:

ANGLE -- MICHAEL'S POV: Lucy hasn't realized that one of the tips of her shoes protrudes ever-so-slightly from her tight little hiding place, the tiny detail now noticed by Michael.

ANGLE -- ON LUCY: as she continues to look out from her hiding place, completely unaware that she's been spotted, seems dumbfounded as:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: she peers out of her hiding place, catches the quickest glimpse of Michael as he appears to be retreating -- and Lucy's face is suddenly an open book: *"maybe he wasn't able to find me; maybe he's leaving."*

ANGLE -- IN THE HALLWAY: but the suspense builds as Michael -- our Hitchcockian ticking-bomb -- now enters the hallway from the other end, preparing to sneak-up on her from behind...

ANGLE -- IN LUCY'S HIDING PLACE: as she gazes out from her hiding place, seemingly totally unaware of what Michael is doing...

ANGLE -- ON MICHAEL: as he continues to creep stealthily toward Lucy's protruding shoe, is nearly upon her, approaching from an angle wherein she won't be able to see him coming...

ANGLE -- ON LUCY: as she continues peering out from her hiding place, takes a deep breath: maybe something about this doesn't feel right to her...?

ANGLE -- ON MICHAEL: almost upon her, he silently raises his butcher's knife high over head, the proximity of Lucy's protruding shoe signaling that he is in striking distance...

ANGLE -- ON LUCY: who continues to peer out from her hiding place, oblivious...

BACK TO SCENE: as Michael storms her hiding place, lowers his butcher's knife down on Lucy in one fatal motion --

Suddenly stops. Confounded.

REVEAL: Lucy takes one quick glimpse down to her bare feet -- she knew what she was doing this entire time -- her trap having worked, gets a firm grip on her hook pin, then:

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy lunges from her hiding place, hurtles herself at Michael, who still stands -- back to her -- over the trap she had set --

Lucy pounces atop Michael's strong back -- he tries to throw her from his body -- she holds on tightly, repeatedly gouges at Michael's eyes in an effort to blind him, draws a little blood, finally:

Is able to drive her hook pin deep into Michael's right eye, twists it repeatedly, ramming it back into Michael's skull with the palm of her hand:

Hook pin slammed deep into his eye socket, Michael falls to the floor, lands on his back, lies motionless, a rivulet of blood streaming from the fatal wound.

Lucy slumps to the ground beside him -- tired, seemingly near-death, in a state of shock -- takes a moment to rest:

But it's as if she can hear the audience members screaming at her to get the hell out of there --

Lucy's face suddenly fills with self-reproach:

She gets to her feet, uses her last bit of energy to get safely away from Michael Myers, glancing over her shoulder quickly as she does so:

He still lies motionless in a pool of his own blood.

Continuing out of the hall of records, a look of exhausted pride crosses her face:

LUCY

I did it...

And it's true -- after over twenty-five years, it is Lucy Garrety who is able to say:

LUCY

I killed Michael Myers.

And as her pride continues to swell, Lucy slowly rounds the final corner, heads out of the hall of records --

Is suddenly ripped to the ground --

Turns, confused:

Michael still lies dead on the ground -- but if he's over there, who just grabbed her...?

Lucy is hit on the back of her head. Hard. Blood pouring from the wound -- she turns back around, crawling away as she does so, discovering:

Gracie stands over her, the two remaining members of his cult flank him -- seated at the right and left hands of their Father -- blood trickling from their foreheads' fresh self-administered carvings:

GRACIE

We got some unfinished business,
cunt -- !

Lucy screams as Gracie's disciples lunge at her, pinning her arms and legs down --

Gracie pulls out an old and rusted straight razor he pilfered from somewhere inside Smith's Grove, nicks the tip of his finger, drawing blood -- smiles with pleasure at the pain -- then moves toward Lucy --

He straddles her, presses the straight razor against her neck, a tiny sliver blood appearing from the pressure, clenches his free hand tightly around Lucy's throat -- all while rubbing his groin against her:

Cutting and strangling and dry-fucking all at once --
Gracie's scabbed death-head-grin is wet with bliss:

Lucy gasps, her face turning blue, unable to prevent herself from wasting the precious air in her lungs as she gurgles -- trying to scream -- with revulsion...

And we can see it in her eyes:

Lucy is about to die. She looks up to the dank ceiling of Smith's Grove, a tear trickling from her eye:

Can't believe that after all she's been through, she's still going to die in this wretched place.

Lucy looks back up into Gracie's eyes: manic with hatred and lust, glares at her, enraged --

The look suddenly vanishes as he looks up, inadvertently releasing his grip --

Lucy cranes her head around just as --

Michael snaps the last of the two unsuspecting Gracie cult members's necks, throws their lifeless bodies aside:

ANGLE -- ON MICHAEL: he has yanked the hook pin from his eye, the wound continuing to bleed -- creating a hallucinatory image:

It appears as though Michael is crying tears of blood, a rivulet of blood trickling from his gouged eyeball:

Lucy crawls to the side as Gracie gets to his feet, lunges at Michael, but --

Michael almost catches him in mid-air, holds Gracie by his scrawny neck, feet dangling, slams him against a nearby stack of crates, then:

Presses both of his hands against the sides of Gracie's head, squeezes them together with vice-grip pressure until:

Gracie's scarred and rotten skull suddenly cracks beneath the pressure, his eyeballs bulging, shards of his skull jutting forth --

Michael throws Gracie's corpse to the ground without another thought, turns and faces Lucy:

Still recovering and in great pain, she defensively backs away from Michael, slowly gets to her feet, both of them standing motionlessly across from one another...

Lucy leans slightly toward the exit -- we can feel her gaging whether or not she should attempt to pass...

But her chance has passed:

Michael moves at her...

Lucy takes a step back, her eyes suddenly alight with an idea...

But we are confounded when she backs deeper into the hall of records -- essentially sealing herself inside the room with Michael for good; essentially giving up her life:

Michael follows Lucy to the wall of file cabinets, as she stays several steps ahead of him, scrambling to find something...

Michael is almost upon her...

Time is running out -- what is she doing...?

Michael stands over her shoulder...

Lucy suddenly turns around, the old tape player in-hand:

LOOMIS
(on cassette tape)
Did you kill her, Michael...?

Michael suddenly halts as the tape continues:

LITTLE BOY
(on cassette tape)
Yes.

Michael stands completely motionless -- obviously stunned by the sound of his own voice -- silent through all these years of bloodshed.

Lucy tightens her grip around the tape player, watching him closely -- waiting for her moment -- as the cassette continues to play...

LOOMIS
(on cassette tape)
Do you remember why, Michael -- do
you remember why you killed her...?

LITTLE BOY
(on cassette tape)
Yes.

LOOMIS
(on cassette tape)
And why was that?

Michael's tear of blood continues to trickle down his expressionless mask -- and although it's playing on the tape, Loomis seems to be demanding of Michael right now:

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
(on cassette tape)
Why did you do it...?

Lucy's eyes widen in excitement -- this could be her moment -- as Michael cocks his head.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
(on cassette tape)
Why did you kill her, Michael...?

And in the hypnotic moment of silence, Lucy takes her chance:

Lunges at the transfixed Michael with the tape player, swings it down hard on his head, knocks him back several steps, her path to the exit now-clear, but --

Michael recovers quickly, pulls Lucy to the ground, the tape player falling beside her as:

LITTLE BOY
(on cassette tape)
I don't want to talk anymore.

And all these years later, Michael couldn't agree more:

He uses his heavy boot to smash the tape player into a thousand broken pieces, then:

Throttles Lucy, pins her to the wall -- whereupon she suddenly kicks and screams and flails upon realizing:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Michael holds the hook pin in his hand. And now so more than ever: it's payback time.

BACK TO SCENE: as Michael raises the hook pin, moves it toward Lucy's eye, wide with terror...

Lucy squirms, tries to wriggle out of Michael's firm grip...

But it's no use: he overpowers her, continues pushing the hook pin toward her bulging eyeball...

Lucy screams, the hook pin only inches from her eyeball...

Michael stares at her without compassion or remorse...

The hook pin is upon her eyeball, about to puncture it...

GUN BLASTS --

Michael suddenly releases his grip, tumbles to the ground --

Lucy falls to the floor beside him, looks up:

REVEAL: Dr. Craine stands in the doorway, .45 still leveled, hawkish features wound`tight, eyes fixated on Michael's body.

Lucy scrambles to her feet, limps toward Craine as he moves to her, our wounded heroine immediately taking shelter behind his defiant stance -- and through sobs of terror:

LUCY

Is the lockdown over...?

Craine continues to stare at Michael's lifeless body, nods:

CRAINE

Yes.

LUCY

Are we safe...?

Eyes still fixated on Michael's corpse, Craine begins to pull her away, nods again -- more quickly:

CRAINE

Yes.

As they leave, Lucy looks to Michael's lifeless body, then back at Craine -- studies his troubled gaze -- then:

LUCY

You're sure...?

Craine nods tersely, says nothing -- doesn't want to lie.

EXT. HALL OF RECORDS - CONTINUOUS

And as they exit the hall of records, leaving the dark catacombs of Smith's Grove behind, Lucy takes one final look over her shoulder:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: staring through the opened doors that frame the hall of records' dark maw:

We keep expecting Michael to emerge...

But he never does.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy looks away, not entirely satisfied that she's safe -- she never will be -- lets Craine help her from this dark night of hell on earth.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE

The heavy steel computerized bolts disengage from the outside of the hospital, the thick steel barricades slowly rising from all of the building's doors and windows -- and once the last hungry security mechanism has been satiated, we realize:

It is midday, the brisk October sky drowning in heavy sheets of rainfall, the sun blotted-out by menacing black clouds.

Not exactly uplifting...

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH'S GROVE, CRAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Smith's Grove's systems slowly returning, Craine is on the phone with the proper authorities, explaining the debacle that was the execution of Michael Myers:

CRAINE

(phone - mid-conversation)

I know it's a re-election year,
Governor, and that's what I'm
trying to tell you: absolutely
nothing has changed since early
this morning -- the citizens of
Haddonfield can rest assured that
they will be safe trick-or-treating
this evening...

Lucy -- shoulders draped in a warm blanket, sipping from a piping-hot cup of coffee -- looks away from Craine, moves to the window, his voice slowly fading out...

She watches as a HORDE OF VEHICLES -- authorities, media, curiosity-seekers -- makes its way through the heavy rainfall, descends upon the perimeter of Smith's Grove, precious-few actually granted access.

HER CELLPHONE SUDDENLY CHIMES with reception. Lucy reaches into her pocket, fixes her bleary-eyed gaze upon its LCD MONITOR: "NO NEW MESSAGES."

Lucy scowls knowingly: even after going through hell and back again, some things never change.

She looks up, shaking her head as she glances back out the window -- suddenly flinches:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Michael is standing outside the building, looking up at her, lone tear of blood having dried upon his cheek.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy looks to Craine, a look of pure fright etched across her face -- he's too preoccupied with his phone calls to the authorities -- looks back out the window:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Michael is nowhere to be seen. Seemingly vanished -- did she imagine him standing there...?

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy steps away from the window, sits back down in her chair, massages her temples, realizes she's probably experiencing the first signs of shock...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LUCY'S HOME - DAY

Late afternoon. The heavy rain continues to wash away the previous night's horrors.

A Smith's Grove van finally drops Lucy off, the driver watching her head-up the walkway toward her home.

She trudges up the front steps of the porch, exhausted, looks back at the driver -- waves thanks as the van drives off -- watches with lost innocence as:

SEVERAL GROUPS OF PARENTS get a jump on the night's festivities, take their COSTUMED CHILDREN trick-or-treating.

Lucy smiles sadly -- they're all safe because of her, and they won't ever know it -- enters her house:

Didn't even notice that the door was ajar.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Lucy enters the house, looks around: the place is a mess --

LUCY
(to nobody in particular)
They let me off early -- !
(flippant)
All I had to do was help kill
Michael Myers... they might even
give me time-and-a-half -- !

Lucy plops her tired bones down in a chair in the front room, the tears finally coming that she had to hold in during her horrific night, listens to the peaceful sound of the falling rain outside --

But a sound upstairs startles her.

Lucy listens for a long moment, tentatively calls-out:

LUCY
Kathryn...?

Gets no response, looks around the front room, notices a GAS STATION ATTENDANT'S UNIFORM thrown across the couch -- the name "BRAD" stenciled in cursive across its front pocket:

LUCY
(to herself)
Did you crash here last night...?
(calling-out)
Brad...?

Is greeted by silence, until -- floorboards creak overhead -- she slowly gets to her feet, listening carefully, crosses the room.

ANGLE -- INSIDE THE KITCHEN: as Lucy grabs a large knife from the kitchen counter, exits carefully.

ANGLE -- AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS: as Lucy moves to the bottom of the stairs, stands stone-still, listens intently as she peers into the darkness above.

She wipes the few stray tears that remain on her face, calls-out again -- more timidly now:

LUCY
Brad -- is that you...?

Nothing.

LUCY
(mutters)
...this is ridiculous...

At that she starts up the long stairwell -- knife gripped with white knuckles -- as we:

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH, CRAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Holed-up in his office in an attempt to stave-off the deluge of authorities and their bombardment of inquiries regarding the night's lockdown, Craine is startled by --

GUARD (O.S.)

Sir?

Craine turns, discovers a fresh-faced guard standing apologetically before him:

CRAINE

Yes...?

GUARD

They haven't been able to locate Michael Myers' corpse.

Craine shakes his head -- *"this can't be happening"* -- returns his attention to the guard, his gaze a laser beam of intensity:

CRAINE

And they've searched where I instructed -- ?

Guard nods meekly.

CRAINE (CONT'D)

(impatient)

Well what have they been able to find -- ?

Guard gulps -- and we're not sure if he's more nervous about the possibility that Michael Myers is on the loose, or about what he has to report to his boss:

GUARD

A stick pin...

Craine nods, he expected that --

GUARD (CONT'D)

And a trail.

Craine raises an inquisitive eyebrow:

CRAINE
"A trail?"

Guard nods quickly.

CRAINE
Of what...?

GUARD
Blood, sir.

CRAINE
And where did this trail lead to?

GUARD
It lead to employee records --

Craine bolts to his feet, heads determinedly for the door as the guard continues --

GUARD (CONT'D)
Some files with employees' personal information were missing.

But Craine is already gone --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S HOME, UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Lucy finishes her slow ascent of the stairs -- every floorboard seemingly as loud as a gunshot blast, every creak as loud as a trumpet heralding her arrival -- stands still, looking down the long hallway:

Several doors to choose from...

Hard to hear, the sound of he pouring rain louder up here...

Finally notices:

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: through a door that is ajar, can see Kathryn's naked leg entwined in bedsheets, still fast asleep.

BACK TO SCENE: as a look of relief crosses Lucy's face, she relaxes the grip on her knife, heads toward Kathryn's room --

INT. KATHRYN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy throws open the door, enters --

LUCY
Sorry to wake you so early, but I'm
so glad to see --

Lucy stops, the relieved look on her face suddenly blasted
with repugnance --

ANGLE -- LUCY'S POV: Kathryn lies on the edge of the bed --
still asleep -- but next to Brad, both passed-out and naked.

BACK TO SCENE: as Lucy stands over them, speechless, in
disbelief, unsure of what to do...

Until all of her anger finally comes roaring to the surface:

She steps forward, pushes Brad against his back, demands --

LUCY
Wake up...!

No response -- only serving to anger her more -- pushes Brad
harder --

LUCY (CONT'D)
I said wake up -- !

Pulls back in stark horror, examining the palm of her hand,
discovers:

It is covered in blood.

Lucy looks back down at the bed, realizes the sheets are
soaked with blood, suddenly notices that the lower halves of
Brad and Lucy's bodies are purple with stagnant blood.

And she is so stunned by her discovery, she doesn't notice --
seen in a mirror hanging over Kathryn's bed.

Michael Myers.

Standing in a corner of the room. Right behind her.
Butcher's knife in hand, and watching.

Always watching...

Lucy backs away from the macabre scene, unwittingly turns her
back on Michael, is almost out of the room, when --

He moves toward her, raises his knife, comes down hard --

Lucy screams in startled pain as the blade of his knife
slashes deep into her upper back --

Falls into the hallway --

INT. LUCY'S HOME, SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tries to crawl away from Michael, is bleeding profusely, but:

He will no longer be thwarted, moves toward her with fatal determination...

Lucy attempts to move away too quickly for her wounded shoulder -- now gushing blood -- stumbles as:

Michael lowers his knife one more time --

Lucy tumbling out of the way, but --

Twists awkwardly, accidentally crashes through the second floor banister, crashes to the floor below, extremely painful just to watch --

INT. LUCY'S HOME, FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Lands hard amidst a pile of broken wood and debris.

Struggles to get to her feet -- but her legs aren't yet responding -- as:

Michael peeks over the broken banister, realizes Lucy is still alive, starts down the stairs with an emotionless resolve --

Lucy finally gets to her feet, grabs the phone from an end table -- discovers the line has been severed -- limps toward the door, but:

Michael has descended the stairs, crosses in front of her path, stands there, perfectly still.

Lucy backs away -- refuses to give-up after having come this far -- turns her back on Michael, limps toward the front window through which she had searched for Brad so long ago...

Michael resumes his approach...

ANGLE -- AT THE FRONT WINDOW: as Lucy pulls back the curtains, slams futilely on their thick storm-proof panes:

LUCY
(out the window)
Help me, please somebody: help -- !

ANGLE -- FACING LUCY JUST OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: it is completely futile, her shrill screams for help seemingly muted by the thick window panes...

BACK TO SCENE: as she suddenly stops. Turns back around to face Michael.

He stops in confusion: he's never seen anyone greet their death like this -- never been confronted quite like this -- as if Lucy is completely unafraid to die.

And after one final enigmatic moment, Lucy suddenly snarls:

LUCY
Happy Halloween, Michael.

Michael cocks his head in bewilderment.

A long beat -- the tension and mystery unbearable -- then:

Lucy suddenly dives aside, rolls far out of the way, as --

A HORN BLARES, then --

Craine's vehicle smashes through the front of the house, ripping through its siding like buckshot through cardboard:

Hitting Michael head-on with two tons of steel, the car continuing its full-throttle trajectory deep into the house -- smashing through two walls -- finally coming to a stop deep inside the kitchen:

Michael is throttled violently against the wall, pinned with metallic precision and force.

Craine slides out of the car, immediately searches for Lucy:

ANGLE -- THE FRONT ROOM: as Craine enters, rifles through its wreckage:

CRAINE
Lucy -- ! Can you hear me -- ?

Continues searching for her, throwing debris aside --

CRAINE
Where are you -- ?

A rustling to the side of the window --

Craine darts toward it, is relieved as:

Lucy emerges from a pile of scattered siding, tries to get to her feet, can't, looks up, extends a hand to Craine for help:

And as he helps Lucy to her feet, she asks:

LUCY
Is he dead...?

Craine nods tersely:

CRAINE
Yes.

But Lucy knows better:

LUCY
Are you sure...?

Craine nods:

CRAINE
Have a look for yourself.

He leads her through the wreckage of the house --

INT. LUCY'S HOME, KITCHEN - DUSK

They slowly move alongside Craine's crashed car toward its smashed-in hood --

Lucy suddenly brings her hands to her face, mouth agape in horror, Craine's face awash in stoic disbelief:

ANGLE -- THEIR POV: Michael is nowhere to be seen, the hood of the car dented with the outline of his body, a heavy trail of blood leading out the kitchen's back door.

BACK TO SCENE: as Craine rushes to follow the trail, but the heavy rainfall has already washed it into nothingness, Michael now freely roaming the streets of Haddonfield.

Lucy begins to cry, traumatized -- knows it is likely that Michael will be hunting her for the rest of her life -- as Craine stares out into the unsuspecting hordes of trick-or-treaters that flock through the now-deadly neighborhood:

CRAINE
God help them.

But through her tears, Lucy manages to correct him:

LUCY
God help us all.

Still watching the streets outside -- the rainfall sprinkling his face with the tears he will never cry -- Craine nods in grim agreement, whereupon:

The HALLOWEEN THEME swells-up -- slowly drowning-out the sound of Lucy's tears -- and we ominously:

FADE TO BLACK.