

HALLOWEEN IV

a screenplay

by

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THIRD DRAFT

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1 MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

1

OPEN on a black screen. SUPERIMPOSE in dark red letters:

HALLOWEEN IV

And main titles.

FADE IN TO:

2 EXT. NIGHT - MYERS HOUSE - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

2

ANGLE from behind bushes.

Standing--moving forward--crossing the overgrown lawn--toward the abandoned MYERS HOUSE.

Around the porch--to the back door--and entering the house.

3 INT. NIGHT - MYERS HOUSE - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

3

MOVING through the dusty kitchen--the dining room--toward a dark, shadowed stairway.

Climbing the stairs--through cobwebs...

To a bedroom.

PANNING RIGHT to a dusty box-springs...

PANNING LEFT over peeling wallpaper, an old chest-of-drawers...to a vanity table...and a cracked MIRROR on the wall.

MOVING to the vanity table. Sitting down. Now we see dim reflections of parts of the room behind.

As two pale hands from below frame appear in one jagged piece of the mirror--and bring up a white, featureless mask.

The screen goes black for a second as the mask is pulled on.

Now, through the eye-holes, we see a figure in the mirror. Tilting his head as he considers his reflection...

The costume is complete.

It is THE SHAPE.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN TO:

4 BLACK SCREEN

4

Superimpose:

HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS
October 31st, 1978

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. NIGHT - ANOTHER HOUSE - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE) 5

Watching from behind the mask:

An upper-middle-class home on a residential street.

A jack-o'-lantern flickers in the window.

SOUND of chatter on the porch as guests depart.

Moving closer...

6 NORMAL ANGLE ON PORCH

6

Last out are MR. & MRS. WALLACE, late thirties.
They linger, saying good-night to their hostess.

MRS. WALLACE

Thank you!

HOSTESS

Thank you both for coming.
We should do this more often...

MR. WALLACE

Oh, we will!

HOSTESS

Drive carefully, you two.
And kiss your Lindsey for me...

7 SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

7

Watching from behind the mask as MR. & MRS. WALLACE
leave the porch and walk to their car.

Pumpkin eyes gutter in the windows.

8 INT. CAR - NIGHT

8

MR. & MRS. WALLACE get in and start home, husband driving. Reflexively she locks her door.

MRS. WALLACE

I hate this time of year.

MR. WALLACE

I always loved it. My brother
and I used to get so much candy...

MRS. WALLACE

And I suppose you ate every bit of it.

MR. WALLACE

We sure did.

MRS. WALLACE

There was a man in my neighborhood,
old Mr. Hallendorf, who put--things
in the candy. One year he gave out
popcorn balls with needles in them.

9 EXT. NIGHT - ANGLE ON CAR

9

As they glide through dark streets. Pumpkins in windows,
candy wrappers and leaves blowing, a few older kids still
out in costume.

As the car passes, one kid dressed like a PIRATE shouts
something. The others follow, running ahead to the
corner of Woodbine Street.

10 SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

10

A view from behind a mask, watching as the kids run by
on the sidewalk.

PANNING to take in the Wallace car as it passes.

11 IN THE CAR

11

They turn onto Woodbine. MRS. WALLACE looks back
apprehensively.

MRS. WALLACE

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MR. WALLACE

(amused)

Teenage boys, up to no good as usual.
They're heavy on the trick part.

SOUND of distant sirens.

MRS. WALLACE

(uneasily)

Now what's going on?

12 EXT. NIGHT - ANGLE ON STREET AHEAD

12

SOUND of honking, growing louder, as they feed into
a traffic jam.

Lights and commotion ahead-- as an AMBULANCE rounds
the corner behind the Wallace car, cuts over the
sidewalk to get by.

13 IN THE CAR

13

MRS. WALLACE sees where the ambulance is headed.

MRS. WALLACE (CONT'D)

Oh dear Lord!

She reaches over and hits the horn. Then--she opens
the door, jumps out and runs ahead between the cars.

14 EXT. NIGHT - FOLLOWING MRS. WALLACE

14

She hurries forward on foot. As she passes carloads
of rubbernecks, we hear blips of newscaster ROBERT
MUNDY's voice on the radios:

MUNDY (FILTERED)

...Repeating this late-breaking story.
In the aftermath of the killings, the
streets between Chestnut and Tenth
are jammed. This is usually a quiet,
peaceful street, but tonight neighbors
were stunned by the grotesque sight of
three bodies being wheeled out of the
house. The names of the young victims
have not yet been released....

MRS. WALLACE breaks a heel, leaves her shoes behind
and climbs over bumpers.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

The scene ahead is red with spinning lights. Finally she sees the two-story white house at 3250 Woodbine--surrounded by ambulances, police cars and a TV truck.

She runs faster.

15 EXT. NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

15

View from behind mask as MRS. WALLACE is followed.

16 EXT. NIGHT - AT THE HOUSE

16

Reporter ROBERT MUNDY stands in a circle of light, microphone in hand.

MUNDY

Not since that night fifteen years ago when young Michael Myers tragically murdered his sister can the town of Haddonfield recall such a...

MRS. WALLACE is stopped by police officers.

DETECTIVE HUNT

Sorry, ma'am, but you can't--

MRS. WALLACE

This is my house!

She wrestles free and makes a dash for the porch.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S., INSIDE)

Mommy...!

MRS. WALLACE

Lindsey!

The front door is locked.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mommy...Mommy...help!

17 CLOSE ON MRS. WALLACE AT DOOR

17

As she pounds and pounds.

Suddenly--the NOISE FADES OUT and the LIGHTS DIM around her.

She starts to turn back to the street.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MRS. WALLACE
Help me, somebody, please! My
little girl...!

She completes her turn.

18 ANGLE FROM PORCH - PANNING

18

The lights, police cars, ambulances, TV truck, traffic
--all are gone. The street is dark, empty. Normal.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mommy?

19 ANGLE ON DOOR

19

As MRS. WALLACE turns back to the house, confused and
terrified.

MRS. WALLACE
Let me in! Lindsey...Lindsey!

Her fists strike the door--and sink in. The wood has
become soft, yielding. It tears like a doughy membrane
--and she falls through into darkness. Then the door
solidifies again, re-forming. Sealing over.

20 INT. WALLACE HOUSE - DISTORTED

20

MRS. WALLACE climbs to her feet and looks around.

Ahead, on the stairs, the silhouette of a child--
a LITTLE GIRL.

MRS. WALLACE
Lindsey?

The LITTLE GIRL does not move.

MRS. WALLACE (CONT'D)
Baby, come to me.

MRS. WALLACE starts for the staircase. She bumps into
something--a lamp and table. Almost knocks it over.
Straightens it. And notices that it is soft and sticky.
Her hand comes away wet. And red.

MRS. WALLACE (CONT'D)
Lindsey, what's happened?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

She finds the lamp again, switches it on...and the light bulb explodes!

She is sprayed with drops of moisture. Her hands, arms... all covered with the spray. More drops fall onto her face. She looks up.

21 LOW ANGLE

21

To include the ceiling--which is dripping like moist flesh!

The ceiling, walls, everything in the room appears to be alive. Like the interior of a living organism.

22 WIDER

22

The LITTLE GIRL on the stairs raises a hand--and we see that she is holding a large butcher knife.

The LITTLE GIRL raises the knife higher, holds the pose like a mechanical doll...and breaks open. Splitting down the middle.

To reveal the SHAPE, dressed in black, crawling up out of her skin to stand there tall on the stairs, the knife now in his hand.

The SHAPE starts down the stairs. Coming for MRS. WALLACE. Knocking furniture aside. As he slashes with the knife, the overstuffed sofa and chairs tear open and spray like severed arteries.

The room and MRS. WALLACE are drenched in blood.

23 EXT. NIGHT - HOUSE - LONG SHOT

23

As a stream of blood oozes from beneath the door, spreading down the porch to the sidewalk and gutter.

WIDER to show the row of white wooden houses, windows orange with grinning jack-o'-lanterns, like a line of skulls in the moonlight...

And in front of them all, the street running with blood.

As the SHAPE comes bursting through the front door, knife in hand.

He walks rapidly and purposefully across the yard--and out into the Haddonfield night--as if nothing can stop him.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Approaching the camera head-on. He raises the knife--
and the screen goes black as he fills the frame!

SOUND of a SCREAM.

CUT TO:

24 INT. MORNING - BEDROOM - THE PRESENT

24

CLOSE on MRS. WALLACE as she tosses in bed, screaming
into her pillow.

WIDER to show MR. WALLACE shaking her awake.

She opens her eyes and looks around, then hugs him
desperately. After a few seconds she pulls herself
together, efficient and controlled again.

MRS. WALLACE

Where's Lindsey?

MR. WALLACE

Still in bed. I'll wake her for
school.

MRS. WALLACE

I can do it. What time is it?

She focuses on the clock on the nightstand--7:15.
Next to it is a calendar for October, 1987.

MR. WALLACE

You sure you're all right?

MRS. WALLACE

Yes, I'm sure. It happens every
year. Damn Halloween.

He studies her, concerned.

MR. WALLACE

Coffee?

MRS. WALLACE

I'll make it.

He kisses her forehead, but she brushes him off.

MRS. WALLACE

I'm okay. Really. You'll be late
for work.

25 INT. MORNING - LINDSEY'S ROOM

25

Her snooze alarm goes off. She slaps it down. She is already up and dressed. Seventeen and prettier than she knows.

A TAPPING on her door.

LINDSEY

All right, I hear you! I don't want any breakfast.

MR. WALLACE opens the door a crack.

MR. WALLACE

Lindsey?

LINDSEY

Yeah?

He comes in.

MR. WALLACE

Want me to drive you to school?

LINDSEY

No, thanks.

He starts to withdraw. Then he sees that she is still sitting there, unmoving.

MR. WALLACE

Is everything all right?

LINDSEY

Yes. I have a stomach ache, that's all.

MR. WALLACE

Are you going to the homecoming dance?

LINDSEY

Daddy, please?

MR. WALLACE

I just thought you might be going this time.

LINDSEY

I have to go. I'm on the committee.

MR. WALLACE

That's not what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

LINDSEY
I know what you mean.

MR. WALLACE
Well?

LINDSEY
Well what?

He gives up. His face is tender with unexpressed love for her.

MR. WALLACE
See you later, kiddo.

He leaves, closing the door.

She continues to sit there.

LINDSEY
(to herself)
You wouldn't understand...

She goes to her window, looks out.

26 LINDSEY'S POV - FROM WINDOW

26

The Doyle house across the street.

LINDSEY
But you understand, don't you, Tommy?
You remember, even if I don't....

27 INT. MORNING - KITCHEN

27

As the PHONE RINGS. MRS. WALLACE, puttering around in her robe, is startled. She glances at the kitchen clock. 7:30. Frowning, she answers the phone.

MRS. WALLACE
Hello?

28 INT. MORNING - TOMMY DOYLE'S BEDROOM

28

The back of a teenage boy's head as he sits with phone in hand. Through the open window he is watching the Wallace house on the other side of the street.

TOMMY
Is Lindsey there?

29 WALLACE KITCHEN

29

MRS. WALLACE

Yes, just a...who is this?

Silence on the line.

MRS. WALLACE (CONT'D)

Hello?

TOMMY'S VOICE (FILTERED)

Please, Mrs. Wallace, may I talk
to Lindsey?

MRS. WALLACE

I've told you before, Tommy Doyle.
Don't call again.

She hangs up.

LINDSEY comes into the kitchen.

LINDSEY

Who was that?

30 TOMMY'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

30

TOMMY sits listening to the dial tone. He is a
handsome boy of seventeen. Sensitive. Nervous.On the wall are posters and covers from horror magazines--
Fangoria and the like--all showing frightening figures of
some sort. Also pictures cut out of newspapers, articles,
8 x 10's: dark figures with faces in shadow. A rogue's
gallery, as if he has been researching an obsession.

TOMMY

I know, Lindsey. This time I
really know.He continues to hold the buzzing receiver. Staring out
at the house across the street.

CUT TO:

31 INT. MORNING - ANOTHER BEDROOM

31

As another PHONE RINGS.

DETECTIVE HUNT digs out from under the covers and
snares the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

HUNT

Huh? Never heard of him.

He hangs up. Crawls back under the covers.
The PHONE RINGS again.

HUNT

Yeah. What? Ed? Oh--good
morning, sir.

He sits up, clears his head. Rattles the alarm clock,
tosses it down.

HUNT (CONT'D)

No sir, I was just--where?

32 INT. MORNING - SHERIFF'S OFFICE

32

SHERIFF HAMILTON

Looks like we got ourselves some
trouble. The Shop and Bag. I
don't care, Gary--I need you!

WIDER to show activity in the office. In the waiting
area are several angry women carrying signs: NEVER AGAIN,
NO HALLOWEEN IN HADDONFIELD, etc.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Now get your ass over there,
while I hold the fort. I've
called Warren County for back-up.
If they ever get here.

He hangs up, opens the door to his office and goes out
to face the angry women.

MRS. DOYLE

We're waiting, Sheriff. Now
what's going on?

HAMILTON

Hello, Mrs. Doyle.

MRS. DOYLE

We don't want another Halloween
in Haddonfield.

MRS. NOLAN

They're even showing horror movies
at the drive-in!

HAMILTON

That's across the river. Out of
my jurisdiction.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MRS. NOLAN

Well, Sheriff Brackett would
have done something about it.

HAMILTON

Sheriff Brackett's not here anymore,
is he? This is my job now. We're
doing the best we can. Now, please,
ladies...

MRS. NOLAN

We want your promise that there's
not going to be a Halloween in
Haddonfield this year!

HAMILTON

We're doing the best we can. Now,
please, ladies...

CUT TO:

33 INT. HUNT'S BEDROOM

33

As he finishes dressing. The shades are up on a bright
autumn morning. He reaches for his holster. Pauses.

34 HUNT'S POV

34

PANNING pictures on a dresser: Hunt as a high school
athlete, a soldier, a police rookie. A certificate of
commendation from 1978...

And framed clippings about the Myers murders, including
a shot of former Sheriff Brackett and the headline:
'GRIEF-STRICKEN SHERIFF SEES JUSTICE DONE'.

35 HUNT'S BEDROOM

35

As he touches the rosewood grip of his .38 Special.

SOUND of giggling from outside as CHILDREN pass on their
way to school. Through the window we see them skipping
along the sidewalk.

CHILDREN

(singing)

No more days to Hal-lo-ween...

HUNT opens a drawer. Unwraps a .44 Magnum and switches
it for the .38. Then he straps on the holster.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. MORNING - WOODBINE STREET

36

A lineup of clean residential houses. Dogs bark--doors slam--as TEENAGERS leave for school.

LINDSEY crosses the lawn of the Wallace house, hefting her books. She sees another teenage girl, LIA, and hurries for the sidewalk.

LINDSEY
Lia! Hi!

LIA
(cooly)
Hi.

LINDSEY
Do you need that English homework?

LIA walks a few paces, stops. She looks around to be sure no one will see her talking to Lindsey.

LIA
Um, yeah. I guess. I'm in a hurry.

LINDSEY
I've got it right here. Wait up.

MRS. WALLACE comes out onto the porch. The same house as in the dream, only now it's back to normal.

MRS. WALLACE
Lindsey?

LINDSEY
What?

MRS. WALLACE
I want to talk to you.

LINDSEY ignores her.

MRS. WALLACE
Lindsey...

LINDSEY hesitates.

LIA
Forget it.

LINDSEY considers turning back, then lowers her head and keeps walking.

MRS. WALLACE
Don't you move, young lady.

CUT TO:

37 INT. WALLACE CAR

37

MRS. WALLACE backing out to intercept her daughter.
She puts on the brakes and leans over to open the door.

MRS. WALLACE

Get in.

The car pulls out and heads down the street. They pass LIA and several other girls, who laugh and whisper as the car goes by.

LINDSEY

Thanks.

MRS. WALLACE

I suppose there's something wrong
with my driving you to school.

LINDSEY

You haven't done it all year!
What do you want from me?
You said to make friends.
Well, I'm trying.

MRS. WALLACE

This isn't like the rest of the year.

LINDSEY

It is if you'll let it be! I was
eight years old. I don't even
remember.

MRS. WALLACE

Yes....Lindsey, your father and I,
we've been meaning to have a talk
with you.

LINDSEY is silent. She knows what is coming.

MRS. WALLACE

We don't think it's a good idea for
you to see so much of Tommy. I
understand from Mrs. Nolan that he's
still seeing a psychiatrist.

LINDSEY

So? I used to see a shrink, too.
You made me.

MRS. WALLACE

Because of what you two went through
together when you were children.
There's no need for you to remember
more of it than you have to.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LINDSEY

I told you, I don't remember.
Would you get that through your head?

MRS. WALLACE

Don't talk to me that way.

LINDSEY

What way? I don't know why I talk
to you at all. You don't listen.

MRS. WALLACE

I only want what's best for you.

The car comes to an intersection. A group of TEENAGERS
on foot are turning right onto a sidestreet.

LINDSEY

Turn here. It's faster.

MRS. WALLACE considers, then proceeds straight ahead.

MRS. WALLACE

I don't care if it's faster.

LINDSEY

Why? Because the Myers house is
down there?

MRS. WALLACE

We'll get you to school, don't
you worry.

38 ANGLE FROM SIDESTREET

38

To show the WALLACE CAR passing the corner--and the
group of TEENAGERS heading this way.

In the foreground is the MYERS HOUSE. It is an
archetypal haunted house with overgrown yard and a
tilted FOR SALE-STRODE REALTY sign. In among the
weeds are a few straggly wild vines, with several
undersized orange pumpkins scattered through the
grass like misshapen children's heads.

One of the teenagers is LIA.

Another car moves up the street and slows next to LIA,
pacing her.

'39 ANGLE FROM CAR - MOVING - SUBJECTIVE POV

39

LIA is being followed.

The car slows to a stop. A HAND reaches over and opens the passenger door.

40 ANGLE ON STREET

40

LIA stops, startled.

Then she recognizes the car--it is her boyfriend, SHAUN, 19.

SHAUN

Need a ride, little girl?

LIA

Where were you this morning?

SHAUN

I had to work the late shift last night.

LIA

You could have called me.

SHAUN

I tried to.

LIA

No, you didn't.

SHAUN

Hey, do you want a ride or what?

LIA

No, I don't. Not if you're so busy. Why don't you give your friend Jennifer a ride?

She walks on.

He gets out of the car and stops her on the sidewalk in front of the MYERS HOUSE.

SHAUN

Look, I'm sorry, okay?
At least I've got a job.

LIA looks down and doesn't say anything.

The other TEENAGERS have walked on, leaving her behind. Only the empty street--and the MYERS HOUSE.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

SHAUN

All right--you can find somebody else to take you to the drive-in. Maybe I'll ask Jennifer. Is that okay with you?

He walks back to his car. LIA looks at the MYERS HOUSE and the overgrown yard. Some of the vines have grown across the sidewalk.

LIA

No.

SHAUN

What? I didn't hear you.

LIA

All right! Come on, let's get out of here. This place gives me the creeps.

SHAUN

The boogeyman's gonna get you! Hey, Michael Myers--take a bite offa this!

He picks up a rock and hurls it at a side window of the MYERS HOUSE.

SOUND of glass breaking.

Then SHAUN and LIA get in the car and drive away.

41 INT. MYERS HOUSE - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

41

A pale, muscular hand reaches down, picks up the rock from the floor, and carries it to the broken window.

POV--watching the group of TEENAGERS disappear up the street--and the CAR driving away.

The hand grips the rock.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. MORNING - OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL

42

As LINDSEY climbs out of her mother's car.

Three teenage girls--D'ARCY, BROOKE and CORY--see LINDSEY.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CORY

Oh God, Brooke, there's Lindsey Wallace!

BROOKE

She's so lame. Her mother won't let her go out on dates...

D'ARCY

I hear she knew Michael Myers. She's weird.

BROOKE

(sarcastically)

I know what, D'Arcy. Why don't you ask her if she can double tonight, after the dance? Me and Richie and Cory and Keith in one car...

D'ARCY

Sure. Of course, I don't even have a date yet...

CORY

Lonnie's going to ask you.

D'ARCY

Oh yeah, right. Anyway, who'd want to go out with Lindsey?

BROOKE

I bet I know someone...

CORY

Tommy Doyle!

They laugh, then stifle themselves as LINDSEY looks their way.

43 ANGLE ON LINDSEY

43

MRS. WALLACE

And come straight home after school.

LINDSEY

I have to help with the decorations for the dance.

MRS. WALLACE

Halloween decorations?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED

43

LINDSEY

No, Mother.

MRS. WALLACE

One hour, then--no more. I'll
tell Daddy to pick you up.

LINDSEY slams the car door, pissed.

44 ANGLE ON MRS. WALLACE

44

MRS. WALLACE locks the door after her daughter. She
is about to drive away--when she notices something.

45 MRS. WALLACE'S POV

45

A SHAPE standing a few yards away from the front of the
school, between some trees. Black clothes, no face--or
rather a white, featureless mask.

The SHAPE stands watching, half-hidden by bushes, and
cocks its head like a dog as LINDSEY ascends the steps.

46 ANGLE ON MRS. WALLACE

46

MRS. WALLACE covers her mouth, leans over for a better
look, rolls down the window.

MRS. WALLACE

Lindsey!

47 FOLLOWING LINDSEY

47

As she refuses to look back. Climbing the steps, head
down. Suddenly she bumps into someone at the top.
She drops her books, startled.

It is MR. CRABBE, her English teacher.

CRABBE

Lindsey, hello! I meant to tell
you after class yesterday. Your
paper on fate versus free will--
it was outstanding.

LINDSEY

Huh? Oh hi, Mr. Crabbe. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

He helps her gather her books. He presses them into her arms with what is perhaps too lingering a gesture.

CRABBE

What you had to say about Wittgenstein was right on the money.

The BELL RINGS.

LINDSEY

I gotta go.

CRABBE

If you ever need--

MRS. OLDFIELD, Lindsey's drama teacher, intervenes.

MRS. OLDFIELD

Having trouble, Lindsey?

She helps LINDSEY get a better hold on her books.

LINDSEY

Mrs. Oldfield! Uh, no. I--
I guess not.

MRS. OLDFIELD

Come along now. You don't want to be late for homeroom.

LINDSEY walks into the building with her, grateful to be rescued.

48 MRS. WALLACE'S POV

48

LINDSEY and her TEACHERS enter the building at the top of the steps.

PANNING FROM MRS. WALLACE'S POV-- the SHAPE is gone. Was it really there?

49 ON MRS. WALLACE

49

MRS. WALLACE

No, no...it can't be starting again! I won't let it!

SOUND of a siren -- as a POLICE CAR cruises by.

She waves her arm to get the cop's attention. But the POLICE CAR accelerates and pulls away.

50 IN THE POLICE CAR

50

DETECTIVE HUNT at the wheel. He checks out the school as he passes, then punches up his two-way radio.

HUNT

Roger, HQ. Repeat?

HAMILTON (FILTERED)

Aw, come off it and haul your jaws over to the mall. We've got a whole lot of shit to deal with this morning. And don't talk to any reporters.

HUNT

Do me a favor, Chief? Ask Mary to call my dentist? I was supposed to go in for a--

HAMILTON (FILTERED)

God damn it, Gary, I've got my hands full here.

HUNT

Yes, sir.

HUNT turns on his flasher. The siren grinds louder.

HAMILTON (FILTERED)

And don't let's use the horn and the bubble machine this time, all right? Just keep a tight asshole. Will you do that little thing for me?

HUNT

Ten-four.

HUNT turns off the flasher and siren and speeds up.

Clicks on the AM radio, finds the news station. As he passes quiet streets and houses. Hard to believe anything is wrong on a morning like this.

NEWSCASTER (FILTERED)

...Soybeans and pork bellies. On the local front, Haddonfield residents are up in arms as parents demand greater police protection during the Halloween weekend. The City Council will hold an emergency meeting...

HUNT clicks it off. He tromps on the gas, burning rubber.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. MORNING - TV STATION

51

A crowd is gathering outside the TV studio.

A station car pulls up, and reporter ROBERT MUNDY steps out. He is handsome from a distance.

He makes his way to the entrance, smiling and waving, but the crowd is not here for his autograph. His smile drops to a pained expression.

52 INT. LOBBY

52

MUNDY offers his usual greetings to secretaries and staff, but they are busy with irate visitors--one of whom is MRS. WALLACE.

IRATE MAN

Mundy? Robert Mundy?

MUNDY

Hello there.

MRS. WALLACE

Mr. Mundy?

MUNDY

Yes, dear?

MRS. WALLACE

How can you run ads for Halloween after what this town's been through?

MUNDY

Those are network spots, ma'am. You'll have to talk to the advertising director.

MRS. WALLACE

Where's your sense of responsibility? If you think--

BARRY, the news director, grabs Mundy's arm.

BARRY

File your complaints with the FCC.
(to Mundy)
Come on, Bob. In here.

BARRY leads MUNDY toward an office.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

SECRETARY

I've got the President of the PTA
on line one. There's going to be
a demonstration if we don't pull
the ads for the Lost River Drive-In.

BARRY

Tell them I'll get back to them.

SECRETARY

They won't like that.

BARRY

Then tell them to watch Channel 83.

SECRETARY

They still won't...

BARRY

Then tell them to go to hell.

BARRY closes the door to his office.

53 INT. - NEWS DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

53

BARRY

Whatever happened to that
retrospective on the Myers murders?

MUNDY

Oh, we killed it a long time ago.

BARRY

Dig out the tapes.

MUNDY

You're not serious. If we run
that now, they'll stone us to death!

BARRY

Well, we've got to do something.
Take a look.

BARRY runs through the channels on his TV monitor.
Snatches of commercials on other stations.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Shuttle Shoes--the Halloween Edition.
Monster Slurps at the Weenie Wigwam.
There's even a horror marathon at
the drive-in.

(CONTINUED)

MUNDY

Not here. They have to go to Hardin or Russellville.

BARRY

They get TV here, don't they? The network's running "Day of the Dead," for God's sake. But not us. I'm supposed to give up the ad buys because some poor schmuck got killed here once upon a time?

MUNDY

It wasn't just some poor schmuck, Barry. There were at least ten. These people remember.

BARRY

So Haddonfield's different. So what? Let's make news out of that difference.

MUNDY

I've got to get to make-up....

BARRY

Forget the Morning Edition. Laura can handle it. Get yourself a cameraman, go out and bring me back something I can use.

MUNDY

Like?

BARRY

Drive up to the sanitarium, shoot some stuff about how it couldn't happen now. And the Sheriff--how he's guarding our little settlement. Even Strode Realty--prices on homes are going up again.

MUNDY

Are they?

BARRY

Find out.

MUNDY

I don't think Mr. Strode will talk. His stepdaughter, Laurie, was Michael Myers' other sister.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

BARRY

Then talk to the survivors. That Doyle kid--I hear he saw the whole thing. Write him a note and get him out of school.

CUT TO:

54 INT. MORNING - HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR

54

LINDSEY fumbles with her locker, trying to beat the clock. A note has been stuck in the slot. She starts to unfold it, but the BELL RINGS--she's late.

Alone in the hallway. She feels eyes at her back.

Turns. No one there. Only the polished floor, like a tunnel with a mirage at the end.

Someone standing there? She squints. No.

She slips into class.

55 INT. MORNING - CLASSROOM

55

LINDSEY sitting in class. As the minutes tick by. MRS. OLDFIELD'S voice droning on. LINDSEY takes out the note.

56 CU - THE NOTE

56

"Biology Lab. 1st Lunch."

57 CLASSROOM

57

LINDSEY leans back and zones out as the lecture grinds on. Stares out the window.

58 LINDSEY'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

58

At another building across the grounds.

A movement--someone at the edge of the building?

Now it's gone.

DISOLVE TO:

59 EXT. DAY - FOLLOWING LINDSEY

59

As the BELL SOUNDS and she goes to lunch.

Walking toward the other building. Kids peeling off in all directions. But she knows where she's going.

60 INT. - BIOLOGY LAB

60

LINDSEY enters. She sidles in warily.

Semi-dark. Benches, bunsen burners, flasks.

SOUND of scratching--as of tiny claws.

LINDSEY

Knock-knock?

She moves farther in, hugging the wall.

SOUND of scratching--louder. Now a sudden electric buzzing. The claws scrabble wildly!

LINDSEY flattens against the wall--and sees that it is stacked with cages filled with hundreds of rats. The rats scramble madly over one another. Then the buzzing stops. The rats are quiet again.

LINDSEY starts to leave--when a hand touches her neck.

TOMMY

I was afraid you wouldn't come.

She collapses against him. The gesture seems natural. Then, embarrassed by the contact, they separate.

LINDSEY

Tommy, what is all this?

TOMMY

A stress rig.

LINDSEY

A what?

TOMMY

They get an electric shock-- every two minutes, twenty-four hours a day. Then they get dissected. The thymus, the spleen, the lymph nodes. And of course the stomach.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

LINDSEY

O-of course.

TOMMY

The adrenal cortex is enlarged.
 The lymphatic structures are shrunk.
 And there are ulcers in the stomach
 --always. It's a syndrome.

LINDSEY

Is this why you wanted me to meet
 you? What are you trying to prove?

TOMMY

I didn't set this up. But I thought
 you should see it, so you'd understand.

LINDSEY

I gotta go...

TOMMY

Lindsey, don't you see?

LINDSEY

All I see is a bunch of rats.

TOMMY

It's designed to control you--
 by fear. To make you sick, then
 numb, so you don't feel anything.
 It could work on a whole town.
 It keeps you in your place and
 makes you give up. Then...

He makes a cutting motion across his throat.

61 CU - LINDSEY

61

Tommy's voice fades as she starts to remember something.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 FLASHBACK - MONTAGE

62

Quick cuts from the climax of "HALLOWEEN": TOMMY and
 LINDSEY, eight years old, running to escape the SHAPE.
 Holding hands. Clutching each other. Screaming.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

63 CU - LINDSEY

63

As she snaps out of it. TOMMY's voice again.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Don't you get it?

LINDSEY

I--I don't know...

64 TWO-SHOT

64

TOMMY

The boogeyman is dead! We know that--if only you'll remember.

LINDSEY considers what he is saying but is unable to speak.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Think, Lindsey! It's our parents who're afraid. They want to keep us that way, too. So we won't grow up to be like Michael Myers.

LINDSEY stares at him, wide-eyed. Slowly she takes his hand from her arm and moves it to her cheek, then touches his face. Wonderingly. Rediscovering him, and herself.

TOMMY

I wanted to tell you not to be scared. But they never let us see each other.

LINDSEY

I know...

TOMMY

We only have ourselves. I'm not going to let them make us crazy anymore.

LINDSEY

I'm not afraid to remember. But my mother is. She doesn't want me to.

Suddenly the BUZZER sounds again, rattling the cages.

TOMMY reaches up and rips the electric wire from the cages. the BUZZING stops. The rats, confused, try to make sense of it. Huddling together.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

TOMMY

That's because there's no boogeyman
now to make you behave. He's dead.
That's the secret.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. DAY - THE MALL

65

HUNT's car parked in front of the SHOP AND BAG. A small
crowd gathered around. Grafitti on building:

"Halloween Is Back"

66 INT. - STORE

66

Cardboard boxes and broken bottles scattered around.
HUNT is checking it out with the MANAGER and ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT

I locked up like I always do.
Put the money in the safe.
You told me to do that, Mr.
Severin, and I did it.

MANAGER

I know you did, Hal.

HUNT

Did they hit the safe?

MANAGER

Fortunately, no.

HUNT

Can you give me a list of what's
missing?

MANAGER

As soon as I take inventory.
I'll have to close for half a
day, and that's going to cost me.

ASSISTANT

They took a coupla cases of beef
jerky! Right over here. I had
'em stacked six to a row. And
steaks. There must have been a
lot of 'em--our Doberman ran off.
Old Peppy...

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

The MANAGER makes an elaborate ritual out of picking up a Little Juan frozen burrito wrapper and dangling it distastefully between thumb and forefinger, as if it were a used rubber.

MANAGER

Look at this!

HUNT

What about the storeroom?

The MANAGER looks uneasy. Then he stands aside. Reluctantly.

67 INT. - STOREROOM

67

The STOREROOM is semi-dark, angled with irregular stacks of boxes jutting up at various heights like a jumble of gravestones.

HUNT pokes around perfunctorily, starts to leave.

Then he kicks an empty, torn shipping carton marked ACE MASK & COSTUME CO. He explores further and finds more cartons. Same type.

HUNT

Mr. Severin, what were you doing with Halloween supplies? You know they're against the law in Haddonfield, now don't you? Unless you were planning on violating the ordinance....

MANAGER

A man's got to stay in business. Kids can go across the county line, get whatever they want.

ASSISTANT

I'll straighten up.

MANAGER

Would you not, Harold!

The ASSISTANT shrugs and tries to make himself scarce. He shuffles over to the wall and leans against a line of boxes. Puts his arm out casually and strums his fingers on the top of a dusty carton.

Suddenly the stack of cartons collapses--revealing a dead dog hanging from a rope that runs down from the overhead window. Still dripping blood.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

The dog sways there in a dusty beam of light. The rope creaking. Dripping.

ASSISTANT

Oh, sweet Jesus, will you take
a look at Peppy!

68 EXT. - ANGLE ON FRONT OF STORE

68

HUNT's car parked in front, radio still on:

CB RADIO

Another break-in...Old River
School Road...Save-On Drugs...
a confirmation on the Circle K
...and the mini-mart on Chestnut...

TRACKING across front of store to show more grafitti--
"Long Live Halloween," "Trick or Treat," etc.

CB RADIO (CONT'D)

All units, get bustling. Whoever
they are, let's get 'em. Looks
like it's gonna be a busy one
this year...so Happy Halloween!

69 ANGLE IN STOREROOM

69

As before, except that now Hunt, the Manager and Assistant
have gone. Empty.

Continuing the TRACKING MOVEMENT from the previous shot--

Moving in--past uneven rows of boxes under dusty beams
of light from the small, high windows...

To the hanged dog--and two words smeared on the wall
in blood:

"HE LIVES"

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

70 INT. CAR - DAY - MOVING - COUNTRYSIDE

70

ROBERT MUNDY at the wheel. Next to him is a CAMERAMAN.
Listening to the news:

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

NEWSCASTER

(a la Paul Harvey)

...Marring this season of renewal
and rebirth. On a brighter note,
Jack Frost has promised to hold
the first chill till after Halloween
...so see you at the Horror-thon!
My kids wouldn't miss it...if I let
'em go. Heh heh...

MUNDY tunes to music.

The CAMERAMAN tries to light a cigarette. But the wind
blows the match out. Throws the match out the window.
tries another--no. Throws the second match away. No
more matches--throws the matchbook out the window.
Pushes in the dashboard lighter, pats himself down
while he waits...

MUNDY offers his lighter. Gold, engraved RM.

CAMERAMAN takes it, gets the cigarette going, inhales--
and throws the lighter out the window.

MUNDY does a double-take. Curses. Grabs the cigarette
out of the CAMERAMAN's mouth and throws it after the lighter.

CAMERAMAN looks surprised, as in What did I do? MUNDY
grips the wheel and bears down.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 EXT. DAY - SMITH'S GROVE-WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM

71

CLOSE on a MAN in a white hospital gown. He is bent
over the lawn with a stick in one hand, watching a
small hole in the ground. A movement in the hole--
he swings the stick. Misses. Then another movement
and he swings again. Too late....

WIDER as two other people in white gowns approach to
observe. An OLD MAN with a beard, and a WOMAN. The
FIRST MAN continues to swing, miss.

As MUNDY and his CAMERAMAN come upon the scene, led by
an ATTENDANT.

The CAMERAMAN sights through his videocam.

ATTENDANT

No pictures.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERAMAN

What?

ATTENDANT

State regulations. If you'll follow me. Dr. Stern is waiting.

CAMERAMAN

You mean we came all this way and now I can't shoot any footage?

ATTENDANT

Dr. Stern is the only person with authority. We should move right along.

MUNDY

These people. Are they inmates?

ATTENDANT

Patients.

(to man with stick)

Peter, you'll have to give me that.

Reluctantly PETER gives up the stick.

MUNDY

What are they doing?

ATTENDANT

Recreation.

MUNDY steps over to introduce himself. Holds out his hand. The three patients look up.

MUNDY

Robert Mundy, WWAR News?

They ignore him and turn back to the hole.

ATTENDANT

If you'll follow me. Dr. Stern has a full schedule.

MUNDY and the CAMERAMAN follow the ATTENDANT out of frame.

With the visitors out of range, they return to their game.

PETER looks to the OLD MAN, who signals him to continue. PETER smiles and stands ready.

The OLD MAN stops his arm. Leads him to another hole a few yards away and points commandingly.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

The game resumes....

When a rabbit appears this time, PETER jumps on it--and catches it. He grins and holds the rabbit up by the ears.

The OLD MAN puts a hand on PETER's shoulder and presses him to his knees, clasping his head as if giving a benediction.

The WOMAN jumps up and down and claps her hands.

CUT TO:

73 INT. - DR. STERN'S OFFICE

73

MUNDY is ushered in, CAMERAMAN following. DR. MARION STERN, 40, severe, rises behind her desk.

MUNDY

Dr. Stern?

STERN

Please. Sit down.

MUNDY

We were hoping to tape an interview.

STERN

If time permits.

The CAMERAMAN remains outside as the door is closed.

MUNDY

I'm sorry to come here on such short notice...

STERN

You said on the phone that you're interested in our security procedures.

MUNDY

Among other--

STERN

And that you're from Haddonfield. That means you're going to ask a lot of questions about the Myers case. Yes?

MUNDY

I'm surprised you're finally willing to talk to the press. After all, he did escape from this facility, go on a rampage...

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

STERN

There have been a great many unfortunate rumors. I thought it time to dispel them. If you're interested in the truth.

MUNDY

That's what I'm here for. But why now?

STERN

Dr. Rogers, my predecessor, was forced to resign. It's my job to restore our reputation around here...

She goes to a VCR and inserts a cassette.

STERN (CONT'D)

Michael Myers was Dr. Sam Loomis's patient. I was present the night he escaped. We were transporting him to a sanity hearing before the State. He'd been in Sam's care for fifteen years.

MUNDY

Because he murdered his sister when he was six.

STERN

So they say. He was never properly adjudicated before a court of law.

MUNDY

He was a minor.

STERN

And because he refused to speak. Not one word. The trauma of finding his sister, the accusations...

MUNDY

He did kill ten people the night he broke out. Before he died.

STERN

Along with Dr. Loomis. I don't know which was the greater tragedy.

MUNDY

I don't follow.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

STERN
Perhaps this will help.

She starts the tape.

74 VCR FOOTAGE

74

A clean, sterile room. Bright windows, bars. Seated on a stool is a BOY of nine or ten, back to camera. Staring through the bars at the sun.

DR. STERN's voice speaks from the tape, off-screen.

STERN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Michael? Mike?

The BOY does not move.

STERN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mikey. Is that what they call you?
Talk to me, Mikey. Tell me about
your mother and father...your sister.
Do you remember your sister? What
really happened to her?

The BOY says nothing.

STERN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(sighing)
You may as well turn it off.
He's not going to say anything.
He can't. We have the famous
Dr. Loomis to thank for that....

At the sound of Dr. Loomis's name, the BOY begins to turn from the window.

75 ANGLE ON DR. STERN - THE PRESENT

75

DR. STERN touches the pause button and freezes the tape.

She turns from the screen and speaks directly to MUNDY.

STERN
I tried to break through
whenever I had the chance, but
it was impossible. He had
already been in Sam's care for
three years.

MUNDY
And you never made any progress?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

DR. STERN shakes her head.

STERN

It went on like that--for twelve more years. Michael became Sam's pet obsession. He even convinced himself that Michael was more than a boy, the incarnation of some pagan Druidic cult. The very essence of evil. Instead of the isolated, confused baby that he was.

MUNDY

But he did murder--

STERN

Michael Myers was driven mad, until he did as any child does: what was expected of him. Sam's paranoia infected the entire institution. Soon patients began to join in the delusion, as if Michael were some kind of dark god to be worshipped. Sam never gave up his fixation--until it was too late. For both of them.

MUNDY

And you believe Sam Loomis was wrong.

STERN

Let me ask you something, Mr. Mundy...

DR. STERN touches another button and the face of MICHAEL MYERS zooms in until it fills the screen.

76 CU - MICHAEL MYERS - TAPE FREEZE-FRAME

76

As the BOY turns from the window.

Out of the shadow of his backlighted face shine two utterly expressionless, ice-blue eyes. The eyes are chilling in their clarity and total lack of expression.

STERN (O.S.)

...Is that the face of pure, unadulterated evil?

CUT TO:

77 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE OFFICE

77

As the CAMERAMAN lights a cigarette. He is alone on a bench.

Looks around. The ATTENDANT is gone.

He picks up his camera, aims it, tapes a few feet of the surroundings.

78 VIDEOCAM POV - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

78

The walls, signs, finally focusing down the slickly-polished corridor ahead.

79 ANGLE ON CAMERAMAN

79

He looks around one more time. No one to stop him. He puts his eye to the camera again and walks forward.

80 THROUGH VIEWFINDER

80

Walking down the corridor. Reaching out to try doors. Each one locked. Moving on. At last, near the end, a door marked DAYROOM. This one is unlocked.

He steps in.

A bare, well-lighted room. Barred windows. A stool. The same room where the young Michael Myers was interrogated.

PANNING the surroundings.

SOUND of a foot scraping.

CAMERA whips around to see the three patients--PETER, the OLD MAN and the WOMAN--rushing forward.

CAMERA tilts and drops.

81 ANGLE IN DAYROOM

81

CAMERAMAN falls to the floor with a yell as they swoop down on him.

82 POV CAMERAMAN

82

As hands reach in for him. He yells louder!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Suddenly the door bursts open and TWO ORDERLIES pull the patients off.

83 FOLLOWING - DAYROOM & HALL

83

They wrest the CAMERAMAN away and shove him out into the corridor. ORDERLY #1 covers him against the wall while ORDERLY #2 sees to the patients.

84 ANGLE IN DAYROOM

84

As the door is closed and locked on an empty room.

PANNING - coming to rest on a tall, dark figure in the shadows of one corner.

MOVING IN - to see that it is a dummy, a stuffed effigy dressed in black, suspended from the ceiling like an icon. A white, featureless face. At its feet is the rabbit--which is now dead, a bloody sacrifice.

Pinned to the coat of the dummy is a hand-drawn sign:

"THE LORD OF THE DEAD"

DISSOLVE TO:

85 EXT. DAY - A RESIDENTIAL STREET

85

Near the high school. A long CAR--actually a souped-up, modified old 50's Cadillac hearse--is parked at the curb.

As three boys--late teens, out of high school--unload cartons from the hearse. LONNIE, KEITH and RICHIE.

KEITH and RICHIE move the boxes while LONNIE keeps watch. They are carrying the boxes to LONNIE's garage.

LONNIE

Come on! If my mom gets back and sees you...

RICHIE

Us, you mean.

LONNIE

I didn't want to do this. It was your idea, Keith.

KEITH

A little late for that.

(CONTINUED)

D'ARCY comes sneaking around the car. She puts her hands over LONNIE's eyes.

D'ARCY

Busted!

LONNIE squirms away, sees who it is.

LONNIE

Uh, hi, D'Arcy. We were just--

D'ARCY

I heard all about it. Think you're pretty slick, huh?

She opens one of the cartons, revealing four six-packs.

RICHIE

It's my brother's.

D'ARCY

You don't have a brother, Richie.

RICHIE

My brother's friend. He owns a liquor store.

D'ARCY

You mean the mini-mart? The one that got broken into last night?

LONNIE

That wasn't us, D'Arc.

KEITH

Some of your little high school friends.

D'ARCY

What about the Circle-K? Somebody must be having a real big party.

LONNIE

Listen, it was all over when we got there. Richie made a deal for four cases. Okay?

D'ARCY

The Shop and Bag, too?

RICHIE

We don't know anything about the Shop and Bag.

(CONTINUED)

LONNIE

That's for real, D'Arcy.

D'ARCY

Whatever. Cory and Brooke want to know if you scored any wine.

KEITH

All right, all right. It was supposed to be a surprise. There's a case of California Coolers. We got 'em for you guys. For the drive-in.

D'ARCY

(brightening)

Really? Can I go?

LONNIE

I thought you didn't like horror movies.

D'ARCY

I don't have to watch the movie, do I?

KEITH

Ask her, Lon.

LONNIE blushes. Before he can speak, D'ARCY throws her arms around his neck.

D'ARCY

I'd love to! I'll tell Cory and Brooke. Um, are we supposed to bring anything?

RICHIE

Yeah. How about...pumpkin pie?

KEITH

Wrong kind.

RICHIE and KEITH laugh.

D'ARCY

Don't worry, we'll think of something. It'll be our surprise. Anyway, I gotta get back to school--lunch is over.

RICHIE

(singsong)

Good-bye, D'Arcy...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

LONNIE walks a few steps with her.

LONNIE

Don't pay any attention to them.
I mean--

D'ARCY

Do me a favor, Lonnie?

LONNIE

Sure.

D'ARCY

Stop apologizing so much. You
won't get anywhere that way.

She kisses LONNIE on the cheek.

A little boy--LONNIE's kid brother BILLY --comes out
of the house and stands watching from the porch.

BILLY

Can I help, Lonnie?

LONNIE

Hey, you're supposed to be sick!

BILLY

What are you doing?

LONNIE

Nothing.

BILLY

Is she your new girlfriend?

LONNIE

Billy, get back in the house
or I'll tell Mom.

BILLY

But is she?

LONNIE

Billy, I swear...!

D'ARCY

Don't swear. It isn't nice.

(singsong)

Good-bye, boys...see you tonight
...trick or treat!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

She walks away, leaving RICHIE and KEITH laughing and whistling.

LONNIE looks after her, embarrassed.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. DAY - FOLLOWING D'ARCY - AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

86

Back on campus. Lunch is almost over. She walks up the steps to the administration building.

87 INT. - HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR

87

D'ARCY opens her locker, tears open a Twinkie.

SOUND of voices.

She turns to see MUNDY and the CAMERAMAN in the office.

88 INT. - HIGH SCHOOL OFFICE

88

MUNDY and CAMERAMAN are at the counter, talking to an elderly female VICE-PRINCIPAL.

MUNDY

Are you sure?

VICE-PRINCIPAL

Laurie Strode graduated in '79.
After that...

MUNDY

And you don't have a forwarding
address?

VICE-PRINCIPAL

I don't have that information. Do
you still want to see Tommy Doyle?

MUNDY

(chilly)
If it's not too much trouble.

The VICE-PRINCIPAL hands a hall pass to a teenage
MONITOR, who hurries out.

As MUNDY and the CAMERAMAN wait, D'ARCY enters the office.

(CONTINUED)

D'ARCY

If you want to find Laurie Strode,
why don't you call her folks?

MUNDY

We tried that. Did you know her?

D'ARCY

No. But I know one thing.

MUNDY

What's that?

D'ARCY

I've seen you on TV. Can I
have your autograph?

MUNDY

(brightening)

Why, of course you can.

D'ARCY fumbles for a piece of paper. Finally she
gives up and offers him her arm.

As MUNDY signs her arm, the CAMERAMAN sizes her up.

D'ARCY

Can I ask you a question? Do you
think I could be an anchor woman?

The CAMERAMAN hands her his card.

CAMERAMAN

Call me. I'll get you an interview.

D'ARCY

Thanks!

As she leaves, the CAMERAMAN raises his camera and
leans into the hall, sighting through the viewfinder.

89 THROUGH VIEWFINDER - D'ARCY WALKING AWAY

89

Zooming in on her tight jeans.

MUNDY (O.S.)

You're an animal.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

New talent. She's got a lot
of...potential.

PANNING - to catch a shadowy figure standing at the
end of a row of lockers.

90 ANGLE IN HALL

90

D'ARCY is startled as she passes the figure. It is TOMMY.

D'ARCY

Ooh...You scared me...

TOMMY

I'm sorry. Just standing here...

D'ARCY

Do me a favor? Stand somewhere else.

91 CU - TOMMY

91

TOMMY's face shows hurt--misunderstood again. He stares after her sadly as she walks away.

92 EXT. DAY - TOMMY - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

92

THROUGH THE LENSE--TOMMY.

WIDER - to show that he is outside, in front of the high school. Next to him is MUNDY, holding a microphone. MUNDY straightens his tie.

MUNDY

I'm standing outside Haddonfield High, where several of the victims attended school. With me is Tommy Doyle. Tommy, you were a witness to the sensational events back in '78...

TOMMY

What events?

MUNDY

You actually saw some of the murders, isn't that right?

TOMMY

No.

MUNDY

Of course you were very young then...it must be hard to remember.

TOMMY

No.

MUNDY is squirming. He tries to salvage the interview.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

MUNDY

Tell me, Tommy, do kids still
talk about Michael Myers?

TOMMY

I can't speak for anybody else.

MUNDY

They must feel so much more
secure today, as we all do,
knowing it's in the past.

TOMMY

No.

MUNDY

(frustrated)

Well, does anybody have anything
to say about the Myers case?

TOMMY

Yeah. People like you--adults.
You won't let it be.

MUNDY

Look, did you see anyone die or not?

TOMMY

Yes.

MUNDY

Who did you see?

TOMMY

The boogeyman. I saw Michael Myers
die. You got that out there? The
boogeyman is dead.

TOMMY walks out of frame.

CUT TO:

93 INT. - HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

93

The BELL RINGS--school is out. As a dozen high school
students wander in to decorate the auditorium for the
homecoming dance.

FOLLOWING CORY and BROOKE as they enter, talking.

CORY

So they're picking us up?

(CONTINUED)

BROOKE

Outside the dance.

CORY

Why outside?

BROOKE

Because Keith got kicked out in eleventh grade, and Richie hates everybody's guts at this school. Can you imagine them at a homecoming dance?

CORY

I can't even imagine me at this dance--alone! Why even go? Everybody wants to get out of town tonight. "Escape from Haddonfield"....Where's D'Arcy?

BROOKE

She had to go get something. A surprise for the guys. It's gonna be good.

CORY

Well, I got a surprise for her. How are we supposed to get here? And then--how are we all gonna fit in the car? It might get kinda crowded, if you know what I mean....

BROOKE

Chill out. Here comes Lindsey.

Heads turn as LINDSEY walks in.

The other girls go to work with crepe paper and signs.

LINDSEY is left alone. She picks up a staple gun.

BROOKE

Lindsey, hi. I can do that.

LINDSEY

I don't mind.

BROOKE

No, really. Why don't you start on the tables? The decorations are back there.

LINDSEY looks at her suspiciously. At last she smiles.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

LINDSEY

Okay.

94 FOLLOWING LINDSEY

94

She goes to the stage, pokes around behind the curtains. Dark backstage. Then she backs into something--a tall figure in black! She SCREAMS.

It is a dummy with a crude face. A sign around its neck: "TOMMY." And below that a drawing of a heart with the initials "T.D. + L.W."

The curtain is yanked aside by MRS. OLDFIELD. LINDSEY is crying.

MRS. OLDFIELD

Who did this?

Several GIRLS come over to see what's happened. BROOKE and CORY hide their grins.

MRS. OLDFIELD

Who? Tell me, Lindsey. You must know.

LINDSEY stares at BROOKE and CORY but doesn't say anything.

MRS. OLDFIELD (CONT'D)

All right, have it your way. I want this trash cleared out of here. You have till 4:30 to get your act together, girls. And if you decide to play any more pranks, there isn't going to be a dance. Do I make myself clear?

GIRLS

Yes, ma'am...

MRS. OLDFIELD

Brooke West? You can take this with you. Get it out of my sight.

MRS. OLDFIELD hands BROOKE the dummy to carry.

MRS. OLDFIELD (CONT'D)

Lindsey Wallace?

95 ANGLE IN AUDITORIUM

95

The door closing behind LINDSEY as she leaves.

96 ANGLE ON MRS. OLDFIELD

96

She sighs, shakes her head and gets to work. Lifts a stack of signs in the corner....

97 CU - CORNER

97

Hidden behind the signs, she finds a cardboard witch, skeleton and black cat.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. DAY - PUMPKIN STAND - LATE AFTERNOON

98

Beyond the city limits, where Halloween is in full observance.

A pumpkin stand on a lonely corner at the edge of town--just outside the Haddonfield line.

On the other side of the street a sign: "WELCOME TO HADDONFIELD." On this side: "WELCOME TO HARDIN."

As D'ARCY walks up.

She touches a few of the pumpkins uncertainly, pretending that she knows what she's doing.

A wizened old PROPRIETOR watches her.

PROPRIETOR

Use 'em, don't bruise 'em.
Some of 'em's mighty ripe.

D'ARCY

How much?

PROPRIETOR

Ten cents a pound, cash and carry. That one there? Looks to be about thirteen pounds.

D'ARCY digs in her jeans and counts her money.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

'Course you can get yourself a little baby one...but they're not much fun, are they?

D'ARCY

I--wouldn't know.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

PROPRIETOR

Then you must be from Haddonfield.
Don't know how to have any fun
over there.

99 CLOSER ANGLE - D'ARCY

99

As she smooths her hand over the surfaces of pumpkins.
All are elongated, misshapen. She makes a face back
at each one. They aren't quite right.

D'ARCY

(to herself)

Richie...Keith...and Lonnie.
Unh-uh.

Suddenly a KNIFE swoops down--and stabs the pumpkin
in front of her!

100 WIDER

100

PROPRIETOR

This one'll carve up real nice....

The PROPRIETOR is standing next to her. He buries the
blade to the hilt and starts sawing out eye holes to
demonstrate.

D'ARCY

H-how much if I buy three?

PROPRIETOR

Depends. You could make me a
deal. See anything you like?

He sticks his own face in front of her and grins.
She looks away, repulsed. He turns back to the
pumpkin, cutting a nose and grinning mouth.

D'ARCY

I don't think so. Thanks
anyway.

She starts to leave. But he is in front of her with
his knife blade dripping juice and seeds.

PROPRIETOR

You don't like him? He's my
favorite. I call him Freddy.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

D'ARCY

Uh, you wouldn't know another...?
Forget it.

PROPRIETOR

Where you goin'? I got everything
you want right here. Take a look.

He goes to the side of the stand and gestures at the
lot behind.

101 ANGLE TO INCLUDE LOT

101

Behind the stand a vacant lot with hundreds more
PUMPKINS trucked in for the holiday. Like a Christmas
tree lot that is full once a year and empty the rest
of the time.

Mounds of pumpkins. All sizes and shapes. All very
ripe and deep orange under the setting sun.

D'ARCY walks forward into pumpkin-land, dazzled.

D'ARCY

Wow. Do you mind if I...?

PROPRIETOR

Go ahead. Feel 'em. Rub up
against 'em. Take your time.

She walks away as the PROPRIETOR pulls a half-pint out of
his hip pocket. Unscrews the top. Empty.

PROPRIETOR

I'll be back. Two minutes.

D'ARCY

Whatever.

Behind her, the PROPRIETOR crosses the street to a
liquor store.

102 FOLLOWING D'ARCY -- INTO THE LOT

102

She steps into the lot, still dazed. More pumpkins
than she has ever seen before.

Walking as if on eggs. She finds a nice round one,
bends over to pull it out--and the whole stack
collapses around her.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

She gets up awkwardly...and steps on a ripe one.
Her foot sinks into rotten pulp. She shakes it off.
And steps down on another one.

D'ARCY

Shit!

She hides the broken pumpkins, then carries the one
she chose to the edge of the lot. She goes back,
selects a second, then a third. Stands there satisfied,
her back to the lot.

103 LOW ANGLE - MOVING - PANAGLIDE

103

FAST TRACK at ground level--following a single pumpkin
as it breaks loose from the stacks and rolls faster and
faster toward D'ARCY.

She hears it coming, starts to look down...

104 ANGLE ON D'ARCY

104

Too late. It hits the backs of her legs like a bowling
ball and knocks her off her feet!

She sprawls backward with a splat, smashing pumpkins.

She tries to get up. Slips on wet pulp. Now more
pumpkins rain down on her in a chain reaction. She
is half-buried.

105 D'ARCY'S POV

105

A dark figure towering over her!

106 ANGLE ON D'ARCY

106

She fights her way out from under--as the dark figure
falls on her.

She screams...

But it is a scarecrow in a black coat. Part of the
display. She pushes it away and gets up.

Her hands and arms dripping with chunky slime. Cracked
pumpkins all around.

Standing amid a battlefield of broken shells. She looks
to the street--still no sign of the PROPRIETOR. Her
three pumpkins set apart in front. She's got to get
them out of here before he gets back and sees the damage.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

Now he's coming out of the store. No time. She'll have to get away fast.

She starts across the lot laterally, staying out of sight behind the stand.

A pumpkin rolls down and taps her ankle. She sidesteps it. Then another, another...no time to look back. Keep moving.

Now an avalanche behind her--as the largest mound erupts--and THE SHAPE bursts forth from beneath!

D'ARCY is toppled from behind like a tenpin. Then the pumpkins rain down, burying her completely.

SOUND of her screaming for help--

As her hand digs out--

As the blade of a large butcher knife raises in the air, flashing a reflection of the red sunset.

The knife arcs down. Again and again. Orange pieces go flying.

As the pumpkins nearby are spattered with blood--

As D'ARCY's screams stop.

CUT TO:

107 INT. - HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - EARLY EVENING

107

The banners and decorations are now on the walls. A meeting is in progress. TOWN OFFICIALS sit at a table onstage. The PRESIDENT bangs his gavel.

PRESIDENT

Special joint meeting of the City Council and PTA is in session.

IRATE MAN

I heard somebody's been hurt already. Over on Chestnut.

PRESIDENT bangs gavel again.

PRESIDENT

Now let's not go off the deep end. The Police Department assures me--

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

MRS NOLAN

It's not only the police. It's
the media. WWAR is still running
ads for that awful drive-in.

A DISHEVELED MAN in a shiny suit-- the owner of the
drive-in--steps forward.

DRIVE-IN OWNER

Excuse me. My name's Al Gernsbach.
I own the Lost River Drive-In.

MRS. NOLAN

How do you sleep at night, mister?

DRIVE-IN OWNER

I sleep pretty good. Or I used to.
Lately, with VCR's, cable TV, it's
a struggle to stay open. They're
tearing down drive-ins faster than
they're building them.

MRS. NOLAN

Well they should!

DRIVE-IN OWNER

Let me ask you. How many of you
grew up here?

IRATE MAN

How about you? You're not from
around here?

DRIVE-IN OWNER

No. But where I went to school,
mostly we took our dates to the
movies. And a heck of a lot of
those were at the drive-in. Don't
tell me none of you ever went to
the Lost River.

MRS. WALLACE

They showed good pictures then.
Not sex and violence and craziness.

DRIVE-IN OWNER

Yeah, like Fifty-Foot Women and
Blobs and Dracula rising from the
grave. Those were great art pictures!

IRATE MAN

Movies are different now.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVE-IN OWNER

When was the last time you were in
a movie theater?

IRATE MAN

Well...

DRIVE-IN OWNER

If you people hadn't stopped going,
maybe movies would be the way you
like them today. Listen, I'm losing
my shirt trying to stay in business.
And now you're trying to shut me
down. You think it's going to hurt
your kids? Did it hurt you? Would
you rather they go park somewhere?

MRS. WALLACE

That's not the issue. It's Halloween,
that's what this is about!

PRESIDENT

The point is well-taken. Since 1978
there has been no official observance,
out of respect to the families of
those who lost their lives....

MRS. OLDFIELD

May I say something?

PRESIDENT

The chair recognizes Katherine
Oldfield from the high school
drama department.

MRS. OLDFIELD

You all know me. Most of you,
anyway. This is my home now, but
I'm not a native, and I may see
things in a different perspective.
And I see something that scares me.
I see a warm, caring town that's
worked itself into a frenzy pretending
that the rest of the world doesn't
exist. You've hidden away and
blindfolded yourselves, but your
children know better.

MRS. NOLAN

Better they shouldn't!

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

MRS. OLDFIELD

I know your children. In some ways
I may know them better than you do.
You've saddled them with your own fears.
You've kept the hysteria alive,
and you're passing it on to them.
Some of them weren't even born then.

MRS. WALLACE

Halloween's not a national holiday.
It's a pagan ritual, and our
children have no business--

MRS. OLDFIELD

It's a safety valve. They can be
strong if you let them. Instead
they have an unnatural interest.
Look--they sneaked these into
school today. Is this what you're
afraid of? Evil can't take hold
unless it's given a warm welcome.

She holds up the cardboard witch, skeleton and black cat.

Uproar!

The PRESIDENT bangs his gavel....

108 ANGLE - REAR OF AUDITORIUM - TOMMY

108

TOMMY is standing in the shadows, watching and listening.
His eyes well up with rage and he begins to tremble.

109 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM

109

As TOMMY leaves the auditorium in disgust.

He goes to a pay phone.

110 INT. NIGHT - WALLACE HOUSE

110

The PHONE RINGS as LINDSEY is dressing. She hurries
through the house to answer it.

LINDSEY

I'll get it, Daddy...

We see past her into the living room, where MR. WALLACE
is seated before the television set. He is watching the
movie "Alice, Sweet Alice".

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

LINDSEY

Hello?

(cupping mouthpiece)

Tommy, you shouldn't have called!

My mom will be home any minute...

111 TOMMY

111

TOMMY

No, she won't. They're going
to be here for a long time.

Especially your mom.

LINDSEY (O.S., FILTERED)

Oh God, what's she doing now?

TOMMY

She's flipping out, along with
the rest of the town. Listen,
I'm getting out of here before
it's too late. Meet me...?

112 LINDSEY

112

MR. WALLACE (O.S.)

Is that your mother?

LINDSEY

No, Daddy...

When she puts the phone back to her ear, she has
missed part of what TOMMY is saying.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Tommy, I'm not afraid. I want
to be like everybody else. I'm
going to the dance anyway, no
matter what anybody says, and
then after--Tommy, would you
like to...?

113 TOMMY

113

TOMMY notices something out of the corner of his eye.
A movement in the parking lot. He takes the phone
from his ear to get a better look.

LINDSEY (O.S.)

I was thinking...if you want to
...I'll meet you there and...

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

TOMMY picks up the phone again.

TOMMY

So are you coming or not?

LINDSEY (O.S.)

Yes! That's what I'm trying to tell you. I'll...

Again the movement in the lot. TOMMY is distracted.

TOMMY

I'll call you right back.

He hangs up.

114 LINDSEY

114

LINDSEY

What is it? Are you all right?

SOUND of a dial tone. She hangs up.

WIDER to show MR. WALLACE standing near her, observing.

MR. WALLACE

Your mother didn't want you to go tonight, you know.

LINDSEY turns, surprised.

LINDSEY

I was just--talking to a friend.

MR. WALLACE

It's all right, kiddo. I'm going to stand up to her this time. I was wondering...

LINDSEY

Daddy, could you--would you drive me? I want to go, after all. Please? It's important. I have to--

MR. WALLACE

I was wondering if you'd like to borrow my car. Just for tonight.

He holds out the keys.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

LINDSEY comes to him at last, blushes, takes the keys and hugs him.

As her eyes go back to the phone.

115 EXT. NIGHT - PARKING LOT - FOLLOWING TOMMY

115

As TOMMY leaves the phone and goes to see what is happening in the parking lot.

A tall shape near a van.

TOMMY doesn't flinch. He walks straight for it.

The tall shape slips out of sight.

TOMMY ducks down and peers under a row of cars. There--a pair of legs moving. TOMMY stands...

SOUND of voices, faint laughter.

The tall shape closing in on the van. TWO TEENAGE BOYS are seated in the vehicle, door open, talking.

BOY IN VAN

It'll be radical! We got everything...

SECOND BOY

Blow 'em away...

BOY IN VAN

Real late, that's when we do it....

The tall shape moves closer to the van. As TOMMY comes up behind--and reaches around to pull off the mask!

But it is only another TEENAGE BOY.

BOY

Hey, what the fuck?

The TWO BOYS IN THE VAN jump out. We see masks, spray paint and costumes piled inside.

BOY IN VAN

Whattayou think you're doin'?

SECOND BOY

Keep yer hands off the merchandise!

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

TOMMY

Sorry. I thought...Never mind.
Sorry...

TOMMY starts to leave--as a hand grabs his shoulder.

HUNT

Hold it!

The TWO BOYS jam back into the van, but HUNT holds the door from closing.

They slide across the seat and out the other door, and get away.

HUNT manages to hold onto the BOY with the mask. He turns to TOMMY.

HUNT

Tommy, what are you doing here?

TOMMY says nothing. HUNT cuffs the BOY, then rifles through the contents of the van.

HUNT

You want to tell me about it, boy, before the Chief gets here?

BOY

We wasn't doin' nothin'. This is a free country.

HUNT

(to TOMMY)

What do you have to say? Your mother's not gonna be happy to hear you were mixed up in this. An honor student and all.

TOMMY stares him down.

HUNT (CONT'D)

All right, it's your funeral.

CUT TO:

116 IN THE POLICE CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

116

CLOSE on .44 Magnum. As HUNT checks that it's loaded.

WIDER to show HAMILTON next to him, driving. In the back seat are TOMMY and the BOY.

(CONTINUED)

HAMILTON

Put that thing away.

HUNT

Yes, sir.

The BOY in the back seat leans forward.

BOY

Do you have to tell my dad?
We were only screwin' around.

HAMILTON

That right, Tommy?

BOY

The store was already broke into
when we got there. The stuff
was layin' there.

HAMILTON

You want to talk to us now, Tommy?
Be a shame to run you in, too.

HUNT

You're not like the rest of these
scummy little punks.

TOMMY stares at HUNT in the rearview mirror.

BOY

It's your word against mine, cop.
I didn't even know those dudes.

HUNT

That's enough.

BOY

Whadayou gonna do to me? I'm
a minor. You can't do nothin'.

HUNT

I said shut your hole, boy!

The BOY sits back.

They turn down a dark street.

Three ten-year-old BOYS are playing near the MYERS HOUSE.

HAMILTON gives them a burst of siren and they scatter.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

HUNT

Should we check the Myers house?

HAMILTON

No reason to.

HAMILTON tightens his hands on the steering wheel.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Damn it, where's my back-up?

CUT TO:

117 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE MYERS HOUSE

117

Three ten-year-old BOYS come out of the bushes as the police car passes. KEVIN, PETER, and Lonnie's kid brother, BILLY.

KEVIN

Go on, Billy!

BILLY

I'm goin'. I'm not chicken...

The bushes rustle. KEVIN and PETER start to run, but BILLY stands his ground.

Suddenly a dog--BILLY's German Shepherd--jumps out of the bushes.

BILLY

Hi, boy! You're not scared, are you?

PETER

Are you gonna do it or not?

With his dog, BILLY isn't afraid. He walks to the yard.

PETER

Knock on the door!

BILLY goes to the door, the dog at his side. It's too late to turn back.

He knocks. No answer. He starts to leave--as the dog breaks and runs around the side of the house.

BILLY

Tuffy!

The dog won't come, so BILLY goes after him....

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

SOUND of growling. Then--a struggling inside the house.
The scratching of claws on wooden floor.

BILLY goes to a broken window, leans in on blackness.

As the dog yelps.

BILLY steps back--and the DOG comes leaping out of the window and over his head!

BILLY

Tuffy, wait up, boy! Petey?
Kev? Hey, you guys, where are
you? Chickens...!

118 FOLLOWING BILLY HOME

118

His friends have run off, so he'll have to get home alone. No sweat--he's got Tuffy. The dog keeps growling and snorting, trying to clear its throat.

The streets are spooky. A few kids are sneaking around in costume. Is one of them wearing a faceless mask?

119 INT. NIGHT - BILLY'S HOUSE

119

His MOTHER puts down the phone and runs to him.

MOTHER

Billy, we were so worried!
We came back from the meeting
and you weren't here...

BILLY

I'm okay, Mom. I went over to
Peter's. I had Tuffy with me.

BILLY's FATHER glances up from the TV set.

FATHER

You baby the boy too much.

BILLY

Where's Lon?

MOTHER

Lonnie's out with his friends.
Don't you ever give us a scare
like that again, young man!

BILLY

Sure, Mom. I gotta feed Tuffy...

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

He leads the dog through the kitchen. Halfway across the floor, the dog starts to choke.

BILLY

What's the matter, boy? You got something caught in your throat?
A bone or...?

BILLY forces the dog's mouth open and tries to get at the blockage. The dog gags--and out of his throat drop two chewed-off fingers!

CUT TO:

120 INT. NIGHT - INTERROGATION ROOM

120

At the police station, HUNT confronts the BOY from the parking lot...

HUNT

Where'd you get it?

BOY

I told you, the Circle-K. We didn't hurt nobody...

HUNT suddenly lashes out, grabs the BOY'S arm, drives it up into a chicken-wing...

HUNT

Where'd you get it, boy?

121 INT. HAMILTON'S OFFICE

121

As the SHERIFF hangs up the phone. TOMMY is standing at the window, looking out.

HAMILTON

Your mother's coming right down. Look, boy... I only thought you might want to help us out, that's all. So, come on... What's really going on?

SOUND of the BOY screaming in the next room.

HAMILTON gets up. TOMMY follows.

122 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

122

HAMILTON opens the door...

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

BOY

Get him off me!

HAMILTON goes to pull HUNT off. In the scuffle, the BOY is driven up hard against the wall. The BOY yells louder as his arm is about to break...

TOMMY reacts without thinking. He sees the gun on HUNT's hip and grabs it out of the holster. HUNT releases the boy.

HAMILTON

Whoa! Tommy! Put it down.

TOMMY motions the BOY out the door.

TOMMY

Go.

The BOY checks out the situation, sees the open door, and splits without looking back.

HUNT

You little piss-ant. I oughta teach you a lesson...

TOMMY cocks the .44.

HAMILTON

Give me the gun. You're only making it worse.

TOMMY

No, it's you. You're making it worse. It's because of you that this is happening.

TOMMY backs to the door, holding them at bay. Then he is gone down the hall.

123 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE POLICE STATION

123

As TOMMY, gun in hand, runs away into the night.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

124 INT. NIGHT - STOP 'N START MARKET

124

SHAUN is working the night shift alone.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

Tonight, Halloween, he faces a line of customers who are scary enough without masks: a WINO, a SHOPPING BAG LADY, a HOOKER, a MAN WITH NO EYEBROWS.

WINO

Got any Pine-Sol?

SHAUN

Dollar twenty-nine.

The WINO dumps a bruised pumpkin on the counter, and holds up a Timex watch with price tag still attached.

WINO

Look what I got tonight.
Watch is worth plenty.

SHAUN

I got customers, Herbie.

A sleepy girl--JENNIFER, 20--shows herself at the door to the back room.

JENNIFER

What's takin' so long?

WINO

You know me.

(smacks his lips)

I need my Pine-Sol.

SHAUN

It's a holiday. Knock yourself out.

The WINO takes his bottle and leaves.

JENNIFER sighs. SOUND of a TV in the back room.

JENNIFER

I can't wait all night...

BAG LADY

Garbage bags. Hefty Double-Strength. It's gonna rain tonight. Better save one for yourself.

SHAUN slips her a single bag from under the counter.

SHAUN

Happy Halloween. Next?

HOOKER

Box of Trojans, please.
Lubricated.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

SHAUN
(losing patience)
Will that be extra-sensitive?
What color? We've got Party Red,
Guacamole Green, Golden Avengers
...How about Hi-Tech Black?

He pulls packages off the shelf and throws them at her.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Who's that woman you're talking to?

He takes a Bowie knife from under the counter and waves it.

SHAUN
Out, everybody! I don't need this,
get me? I just...don't...need it!

He waits till they file out. Then he goes to the back room.

125 INT. - BACK ROOM

125

Dark except for the TV: a movie, "Assault on Precinct 13."
JENNIFER is lounging on a cot.

JENNIFER
If you're too busy...

He rushes to the cot and kisses her sloppily.

SOUND of the BELL out front.

126 ANGLE IN STORE

126

As SHAUN comes out of the back room. This time it's
a bunch of LITTLE KIDS in makeshift costumes.

KIDS
Trick or treat!

SHAUN
Where'd you get those costumes?
You're not supposed to dress up
like that around here.

LITTLE GIRL
We made 'em!

LITTLE BOY
We want masks!

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

SHAUN

I don't know nothin' about no masks. Not in Haddonfield.

LITTLE GIRL

Please?

To get rid of them, he pulls some masks from a secret stash and hands them out. The LITTLE KIDS start counting their pennies.

SHAUN

Pay me tomorrow. And don't tell your folks where you got 'em.

They take the masks and scamper out.

127 INT. - BACK ROOM

127

SHAUN comes back in.

SHAUN

Kids don't get to have fun anymore.

JENNIFER

They're not the only ones.
'Course, if you can't wait to see that high school girlfriend of yours...

He goes to her and fumbles her down.

SOUND of the BELL.

JENNIFER

You could close up...

128 ANGLE IN STORE

128

SHAUN trudges back out. Nobody there. He goes to the window and turns the sign around. Then looks in the convex mirror over the door.

A movement.

He scans the aisles. There, behind the L'Eggs Pantyhose rack. He starts over--and a SHAPE steps out. Black clothes. Featureless mask.

The mask lifts. It's a teenage BOY.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

MASK BOY

Got any vodka mixer?

SHAUN

We're closed.

MASK BOY

It says twenty-four hours.

Reluctantly SHAUN points him to the cold case.

MASK BOY

Got any vodka?

SHAUN

Got any ID?

MASK BOY

It's for my dad. He's an alcoholic.

SHAUN

No ID, no booze. Get a job.

129 INT. - BACK ROOM

129

SHAUN comes back to the cot. JENNIFER is buttoning up her blouse and brushing her hair. He takes the brush away from her.

SHAUN

Where do you think you're going?
You want me to spank you with
that thing?

JENNIFER

Oh, Shaunie...!

He gets her down again and they start rutting around.

The BELL rings.

JENNIFER

(sternly)

Shaun...

SHAUN

Damn kids...

He buries himself in her flesh as the TV movie continues with sounds of shotgun fire.

130 CU - JENNIFER

130

As he pounds away.

JENNIFER

Mmm...Shaun...take it easy...Shaun!

WIDER - to see that SHAUN is being thrust back and forth from above--by a three-fingered hand that has him by the hair. The other hand has him by the neck. The hand holding the neck releases, takes the Bowie knife out of SHAUN's back--and cuts JENNIFER's throat off-camera.

CLOSE on her face, eyes wide.

SOUND of the TELEPHONE RINGING out front--

As no one answers.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

131

Sounds and lights from the homecoming dance inside...

At the pay phone, as LIA listens to the ringing on the other end.

No answer. A few more rings and she hangs up.

LIA turns to the parking lot, where many couples are already leaving...and worried parents are arriving in station wagons, looking for their kids.

Now a hearse pulls up--LONNIE, KEITH and RICHIE.

CORY and BROOKE exit the dance. They recognize the hearse.

132 ANGLE ON HEARSE

132

RICHIE and KEITH greet CORY and BROOKE.

LONNIE

Where's D'Arcy?

BROOKE

Who knows? Omigod, is that my mom?

CORY

Come on, let's jam!

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

LONNIE

Wait...

CORY

D'Arcy'll meet us.

LONNIE

Did she tell you that?

CORY

Well, no. I haven't seen her
all night. But she'll be there.

LONNIE

Knew she wouldn't come.
Maybe I shouldn't--

KEITH

Come on, Lon, don't worry
about it.

A TEENAGE GIRL walks by.

KEITH

Hi! My friend here thinks
you're cute...

RICHIE

Need a ride?

CORY hits KEITH on the arm, and BROOKE pulls away
from RICHIE in mock-jealousy.

133 ANGLE ON LIA

133

LIA starts toward the hearse, but too late--RICHIE,
KEITH, CORY, BROOKE and LONNIE are driving away.

LIA turns back to the phone. She slugs in a coin
and dials again as more cars come and go.

LIA

Damn you, Shaun...!

134 INT. NIGHT - IN THE AUDITORIUM

134

The dance in progress.

Attendance is sparse. Uptight teachers stand around
the edges, as a few nerdy couples dance as if underwater
to a plastoid combo.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

LINDSEY is by the punch bowl. Waiting nervously.

MR. CRABBE comes up behind her in his bow-tie and polyester suit.

CRABBE

Care to dance?

LINDSEY turns expectantly. Then she sees who it is.

LINDSEY

Oh hi, Mr. Crabbe. What did you say?

CRABBE

You don't look like you're having much fun. I thought...

LINDSEY

Excuse me. I have to--to go to the bathroom.

She moves away from him.

The main door opens and HAMILTON walks in. He checks out the scene.

MRS. OLDFIELD stands talking to him. Shaking her head. HAMILTON scans the crowd again and leaves.

MRS. OLDFIELD goes over to LINDSEY.

MRS. OLDFIELD

Lindsey, have you seen Tommy tonight?

LINDSEY

No...

MRS. OLDFIELD

Sheriff Hamilton would like to talk to him.

LINDSEY

Is he in trouble?

MRS. OLDFIELD

I don't think so. But if you see him...

LINDSEY heads for the side door.

MRS. OLDFIELD follows and catches up with her.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

MRS. OLDFIELD
Would you mind telling me--
what is going on?

LINDSEY
I--I don't know. I really don't.
I don't know anything anymore.

135 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

135

As LINDSEY slips out the side door and starts around
the building.

The police car is parked in front.

LINDSEY moves on, her eyes darting around the parking lot.

She almost bumps into LIA at the pay phone.

LIA
Great--look at that. Cops!
I'm really havin' a bitchin'
time.

LINDSEY
Yeah...

LIA
Do you have a car?

LINDSEY
Well...

LIA
I need a ride.

LINDSEY
Where's Shaun?

LIA
Shithead? He shined me on
one time too many.

LINDSEY
I'm supposed to meet somebody.

LIA
Where?

LINDSEY
That's just it. I'm not sure.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

LIA

Well, there's only one place
anybody's going tonight. The
only safe place.. And it's not
around here.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. NIGHT - LOST RIVER DRIVE-IN

136

Cars are rolling through the entrance in a steady stream.
One of them is the hearse.

137 IN THE HEARSE

137

RICHIE, BROOKE and LONNIE are squeezed in the front seat.

The line moves up and they pay their money....

RICHIE

Lon, you mind if we don't watch
all the flicks with you?

LONNIE

Look, I'm sorry, okay?
I shouldn't have come.

BROOKE

Don't take it personal.
D'Arcy's like that sometimes.

RICHIE

You and your flaky friends.

CORY sticks her head up in back. KEITH is next to her.

CORY

Who's a flake?

LONNIE

I knew she wouldn't go.

KEITH

D'Arcy? She's a flake!

RICHIE

You're better off. If I was you...

BROOKE

Which you're not.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

RICHIE

...I'd pick me up another little
high school cutie in here.

BROOKE jabs him in the ribs.

138 ANGLE IN DRIVE-IN

138

Hundreds of cars, loaded with teens. The HEARSE cruises
for a space. Parks. Hooks up the speaker box....

At the front of the lot are three screens, angled away
from each other--this is a multiple drive-in. Tonight
you get any or all for one price. At the moment "The
Re-Animator," "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre" and
"Christine" are playing simultaneously.

139 IN THE HEARSE - BACK

139

As "Chainsaw" shows on their screen.

CORY

Is this a good picture?

KEITH

Do you care?

CORY

Who's going to the snack bar?

KEITH

I told you, we got everything.

KEITH grins and uncovers an ice chest, a huge plastic
bag of popcorn, and more. There is plenty of room in
the back of the hearse--no seats. Carpeted interior.
Blankets, pillows.

CORY

What about hot dogs?

KEITH

I got your hot dog.

CORY

That's not very nice.

KEITH

Yeah, it is.

Onscreen, it's the teenagers-in-the-van scene--a hitch-
hiker smears the side with blood and curses them all.

CORY moves over next to KEITH and gets comfortable.

140 IN THE HEARSE - FRONT SEAT

140

BROOKE snuggles up to RICHIE.

LONNIE

I'll get in back.

RICHIE

No. We will. In a minute.

(over his shoulder)

How about a couple of beers?

SOUNDS of a tussle in the back seat. Eventually
KEITH's hand rises to deliver two beers.

CORY

What about Lonnie?

RICHIE

Come on, Lon. Go for it.

LONNIE

No, thank you.

From the back of the hearse, SOUNDS of necking.
RICHIE checks the rearview mirror, then closes the
sliding glass window between front and back.

RICHIE

Do you believe those two?

BROOKE

(whispering)

Can we get in back now?

RICHIE

I want to see this first.

RICHIE watches the movie. LONNIE stares with him.
Onscreen, someone is getting killed. SCREAMING from
the speaker box.

CUT TO:

141 EXT. NIGHT - WOODBINE STREET

141

In front of the Wallace and Doyle houses, two police cars.

HAMILTON stands talking to the WALLACES. A few feet away,
HUNT and the DOYLES.

(CONTINUED)

HAMILTON

At this point we only want to talk to them.

MRS. WALLACE

She's with him, I know it.

HAMILTON

All right. We'll be back. We've got a few more places to check.

MR. WALLACE leads his wife away.

HUNT

Turn on your radio, Ed.

HAMILTON

What is it now?

HAMILTON leans into the squad car and turns up the squawk box.

POLICE RADIO

Repeating...we've got a double homicide at the Stop 'N Start Market...male and female caucasians. All units in the vicinity. And this just in from Hardin. Female, late teens, same m.o....a sharp instrument...possibly a knife. Repeat...

HAMILTON slams his fist on the top of the car.

HUNT

He's back. I can feel it. I don't know how, but Michael Myers is trying to come home one more time.

HAMILTON

That was finished nine years ago.

HUNT

Laurie, the sister he didn't finish off--he's still looking for her. When Tommy and Lindsey got in his way the last time, he almost killed them, too.

HAMILTON

The Strode girl? Nobody knows where she is.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

HUNT

He doesn't either. He won't quit till he finds out. If I could think like him...where would he go? Unless--it's where every kid in three counties is headed tonight...

CUT TO:

142 EXT. NIGHT - SIDESTREET - HADDONFIELD

142

A car approaches a corner cautiously, about to turn onto Woodbine Street....

Ahead, police in front of the Doyle and Wallace houses.

The car backs up quickly and changes direction.

Over this we hear a radio newscast:

ANNOUNCER

...Two teenagers brutally murdered. Their identities are being withheld pending notification of the families.

143 IN THE CAR

143

TOMMY at the wheel.

To avoid being seen by the police, he turns into an alley.

As the newscast continues, louder. TOMMY realizes what he is hearing. He turns up the volume.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...And across the county line, the body of another girl, also stabbed to death. Police refuse to speculate on whether there is any connection between the killings...

TOMMY sits there, listening to the radio as MUSIC resumes.

Suddenly his eyes go wide. He grips the wheel.

144 ANGLE ON CAR

144

As TOMMY turns the car around and accelerates out of the alley.

CUT TO:

145 INT. NIGHT - WWAR-TV - EDITING ROOM

145

MUNDY and his CAMERAMAN are playing back footage, trying to find something usable from today's interviews.

On Monitor One, a NEWSWOMAN is reading the headlines for a news break.

On Monitor Two, fast-forward footage from the high school. When the zoom shot of D'ARCY in the hallway comes up, the CAMERAMAN slows the tape to normal speed.

CAMERAMAN

We could include this part as a public service. For all the lonesome guys out there.

MUNDY punches a button.

CAMERAMAN

Don't erase it!

MUNDY

Quiet.

MUNDY reverses the footage to the start of the shot-- a close-up of D'ARCY's face as she turns and starts to walk away--and freezes it.

On Monitor One, the NEWSWOMAN is reading a late-breaking story--and behind her, chrome-key, is a blow-up of a teenage girl's face. The same girl: D'ARCY.

MUNDY turns up the volume.

NEWSWOMAN

The body was discovered less than an hour ago, just outside the city limits. This brings the death toll to three. Details at eleven...

The NEWSWOMAN is replaced by a network commercial, demonstrating how to make caramel popcorn balls for Halloween.

MUNDY cuts the sound.

CAMERAMAN

Jesus Christ.

MUNDY picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

MUNDY

Put me through to the Haddonfield
Police Department. Now.

SOUND of voices in the hall--as the door is thrown open.

The NEWSWOMAN is trying to restrain TOMMY.

NEWSWOMAN

You can't go in there!

MUNDY

It's all right, Laura.

NEWSWOMAN

If you say so.. A regular funny-
farm around here tonight....

The NEWSWOMAN exits, closing the door.

TOMMY is out of breath and his eyes are stark.

TOMMY

I've got something to tell you.
You have to listen.

MUNDY

Calm down.

TOMMY

I heard the news.

CAMERAMAN

So did we.

MUNDY motions for the CAMERAMAN to lay off.

MUNDY

Say it.

TOMMY

I was wrong, before. We've got
to do something before he kills
any more.

MUNDY

Who?

TOMMY

I thought he was dead. But he's
not. He's alive again. And he's
here. Tonight.

CUT TO:

146 EXT. NIGHT - DRIVE-IN

146

As the last of the parking spaces fill up.

On the screens now: "Psycho," "Psycho II" and "Psycho III."
Shots of Tony Perkins spanning twenty-five years.

The Wallace car pulls in, LINDSEY driving and LIA at her side.

147 IN THE WALLACE CAR

147

They find a space. The car on their left shows the silhouetted heads of a couple making out. On the right, steamed-up windows.

LINDSEY

How can we find anybody in here?

LIA

Don't worry. Wait for me.

148 EXT. NIGHT - FOLLOWING LIA

148

As LIA cuts a path between cars to the snack bar.
A building at the rear of the lot, attached to the restrooms and center projection booth.

LIA spots familiar faces. A teenage boy, STEVE, and a GIRL IN A TANK TOP. STEVE is carrying a tray piled with nachos and Cokes.

STEVE

Lia! Hi, babe...

GIRL IN TANK TOP

Are you with Shaun?

LIA

You've got to be kidding.
That dork? Um, you haven't seen him, have you?

GIRL IN TANK TOP

Not yet.

STEVE

I got some killer buds in my truck. Want to party?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

LIA
Yeah, but I'm supposed to
find somebody first.

GIRL IN TANK TOP
Not Shaun?

LIA
I know this sounds weird and
everything, but--I said I'd do
a favor for a friend. Well,
she's not really a friend...

CUT TO:

149 EXT. NIGHT - WALLACE CAR

149

As LINDSEY sits alone, hearing the sounds of death
and mayhem from hundreds of speakers.

She gets out of the car and looks around nervously.

150 SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

150

Someone watching LINDSEY between the cars. Moving
this way.

CUT TO:

151 FOLLOWING LIA

151

As LIA walks back from the snack bar to the Wallace car.

The lot is quieting down, except for the murders onscreen.
Rows of dark cars with windows rolled up.

LIA
Lindsey? You in there?

She taps on the window. No answer. She peers in.

The car is empty.

LIA
Fuck it.

LIA looks around.

GIANT FACES onscreen, above the cars, colors reflecting
off the hoods.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

LIA tries to spot a car she recognizes. Finally she does.

LIA
Steve! All ri-i-ght...

LIA cuts through the rows toward STEVE'S TRUCK.

When she gets there, she can't see through the windshield.
She tries the door. Locked.

She walks around the truck--and notices the tray of nachos
and Cokes spilled all over the ground.

152 SUBJECTIVE POV - MOVING (PANAGLIDE)

152

Watching LIA from between the cars.

153 ANGLE ON LIA

153

As she looks in the window on the passenger side.

And gasps!

154 LIA'S POV - THROUGH TRUCK WINDOW

154

The GIRL IN THE TANK TOP is inside-dead on the seat!
Her eyes staring blue-white in the darkness...

155 FOLLOWING LIA - MOVING

155

LIA runs back toward the lights of the snack bar...

Before she gets there, a car door opens directly in
her path--and she is grabbed and pulled inside by
powerful arms!

The car door closes, muffling her screams.

A GUY in the next car rolls down his window.

GUY
Hold it down over there!

ONSCREEN, a girl screams as she is murdered.

DISSOLVE TO:

156 EXT. NIGHT - MYERS HOUSE - FLASHBACK

156

Three boys--KEITH, RICHIE and LONNIE as children--
creep up in front of the old Myers house.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

LONNIE
I'm not afraid.

RICHIE
Bullshit.

LONNIE
I'm not!

RICHIE
Then go in.

LONNIE approaches the house, makes it as far as the door.

RICHIE
Chicken!

KEITH
Go on, Lonnie!

SAM LOOMIS stands up behind the hedge.

LOOMIS
Lonnie...get your ass away
from there!

LONNIE races away, terrified.

CUT TO:

157 NIGHT - IN THE HEARSE - THE PRESENT

157

As LONNIE wakes up in the front seat--alone.

RICHIE and BROOKE are gone. Probably in the back with
CORY and KEITH.

What time is it?

ONSCREEN, the Horror-Thon continues. At the moment a
voice from the movie "The Fog" croons out of the speaker:

VOICE
It's all of twelve minutes
, after midnight and this is
Stevie Wayne, your nightlight,
around until about one o'clock...

LONNIE can't see anything--the windshield is steamed up.
He rubs out a spot. But the screen is only a blur--a
real fog has rolled in while he was asleep.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

VOICE

There's a celebration planned
for tonight and if you're so
excited about it you can't sleep,
stay up with me and I'll figure
out some way to keep you occupied....

LONNIE

Yeah, sure...

VOICE

Maybe a hot game of checkers.

LONNIE

No lie.

He tries to see into the back of the hearse. Only
dark shapes covered by blankets.

VOICE

In the meantime why don't you
just sit back and relax with me
while I play this song from the
Coupe de Villes dedicated just
to you.

LONNIE

Excuse me, lady, but I got to
take a leak.

MUSIC of the Coupe de Villes as LONNIE opens the door
and gets out.

The drive-in is eerie in the mist.

Every car frosted over. No heads showing. More than
half the cars have gone home by now--how late is it?

The tinny SOUND of MUSIC from "The Fog" fading in and
out as he weaves between the speaker posts....

It's hard to get his bearings. He can see only the
screen and the long cones of light from the projection
booths. He starts to follow the center light.

158 SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

158

Following LONNIE through the mist. Someone is watching!

159 LONNIE - MOVING

159

LONNIE arrives at the snack bar. No one here now, not even to sell candy--most of the lights are off. He shrugs and goes around to the men's room.

He goes through a long, maze-like tunnel. The men's room is empty--or is it? As he takes a leak, he notices the suggestion of movement in the mirror. Is someone in one of the stalls? He doesn't wait around to find out....

Back outside. LONNIE follows the beam of light back toward the screen and the hearse, feeling his way between cars.

He knocks on the back door of the hearse. No answer. He clears his throat, embarrassed.

LONNIE

Keith? Excuse me...

He opens the back of the hearse.

160 IN THE HEARSE

160

Dark. Mounded shapes under blankets.

LONNIE

You guys asleep? Hey, Richie, that you?

LONNIE pokes one of the mounds. No response. He touches it again, then pulls the blanket aside.

LONNIE

Richie, wow. I was starting to think I was the only one alive in this whole place. Richie...?

He looks closer. And sees RICHIE on top of BROOKE.

But something is wrong with the position.

161 CU - RICHIE AND BROOKE

161

A spiderweb over their faces--dried blood!

They are not asleep. They are dead, their heads bashed in!

162 LONNIE

162

He opens the other blanket.

The same--KEITH and CORY...both dead!

He jumps out of the hearse and pounds on the next car.

LONNIE

Help! Somebody, please!

My friends are...

He opens the car door.

A dead girl--LIA--falls out!

163 LONNIE - MOVING

163

LONNIE runs back to the snack bar. Tries to run.
Bumps into a post, caroms off a fender. Gets up,
keeps going.

Yanking car doors open as he passes. Other teenagers--
all dead!

He sprints the last few yards to the stand.

LONNIE

Anybody! Call the cops!

They're all...dead!

No one answers.

He runs to the back of the building and climbs the
stairs to the projection booth.

164 ANGLE IN PROJECTION BOOTH

164

No one here, either. The projector is automated,
fed by an oversized reel.

LONNIE looks out through the projection window.

165 LONNIE'S POV - THE GROUNDS

165

Acres of cars. Silent. Dead. A graveyard of cars
below the beam, where a million moths flutter in the
light. This projector is aimed at the center screen,
showing "Friday the 13th." The other two screens are
blank, as if the films have run out.

Below, walking this way out of the fog, is a SHAPE.

166 LONNIE

166

LONNIE waves.

LONNIE

Hey, up here! I'm up here!
Get help...wait!

He runs down the stairs and goes to the side of the building.

No one there.

Then--he hears FOOTSTEPS climbing the stairs to the booth.

He runs around in front and stands below the projection window.

LONNIE

Hello! Can you see me? Is
there a phone up there? Call...

No one answers.

He looks around.

ONSCREEN is the fuzzy image of JASON in "Friday the 13th."

Now a shadow falls across Jason as something passes in front of the projector--a SHAPE.

The SHAPE, superimposed over Jason, cocks its head in curiosity. Then the film burns through and the screen goes white.

LONNIE whips around and looks back up at the booth.

The SHAPE is standing in the window, a handful of film in its three-fingered fist. It has ripped the film out of the projector.

As LONNIE watches, the two missing fingers grow back.

167 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

167

As LINDSEY walks forward out of the fog. She sees LONNIE.

LINDSEY

Tommy? Is that you...?

The fog blows, obscuring LONNIE. Then--a dark blur and the SOUND of a THUD--as the SHAPE smashes through the projection window and jumps down to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

Another blur--the flash of a blade--and the SOUND of a knife slashing flesh--as the SHAPE grabs LONNIE.

Horrificed, LINDSEY backs up and runs away in the fog!

CUT TO:

168 EXT. NIGHT - ENTRANCE TO DRIVE-IN

168

As a line of police cars brake in a semi-circle outside.

HAMILTON and HUNT and others. The Warren County back-up has finally arrived.

HAMILTON gets out of his car and goes to meet a spiffy Warren County COP.

COP

You want us to go in?

HAMILTON

You and your men cover the fence east and west. And no guns unless I say so, got that?

MR. & MRS. WALLACE hurry forward.

MRS. WALLACE

Did you see them go in?
Did he have a gun?

HAMILTON

Gary?

HUNT

Yes Sir?

HAMILTON

Come with me.

HAMILTON and HUNT enter the front gate on foot.

MR. WALLACE tries to follow, but is caught in a chokehold by two Warren County COPS.

MRS. WALLACE

Leave him alone! Are you all crazy?

CUT TO:

169 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE BACK WALL OF DRIVE-IN

169

Several TEENAGE BOYS in black, ready to scale the fence from outside. Two of them are the boys Hunt tried to arrest in the auditorium parking lot--the boys from the van.

BOY FROM VAN

Let's go.

Another boy--the second boy from the van--rushes up.

SECOND BOY

There's cops out front!

BOY FROM VAN

Big fucking deal.

SECOND BOY

Maybe we should wait.

BOY FROM VAN

For what--next year? Naw, it'll be great! Ready?

The other boys put on their masks--silver, featureless Capt. Kirk faces--and stand ready.

BOY FROM VAN

Let's do it.

They go up and over the fence--one step ahead of TWO WARREN COUNTY COPS.

CUT TO:

170 EXT. NIGHT - DRIVE-IN GROUNDS

170

LINDSEY running toward the white screen. Breathing hard. She looks back.

171 LINDSEY'S POV

171

The SHAPE pursuing her relentlessly! Nothing can stop it. It follows her down rows of cars. Bumping into speaker posts.

Whap! Whap! Whap! The posts bend as it mows them down. The SHAPE comes on and on.

172 FOLLOWING LINDSEY

172

As she ducks down and crosses between rows.

She reaches the front. Dives into the playground sandbox below the screen.

The SHAPE's footsteps stop.

LINDSEY raises her head. Peeks over the edge of the sandbox. Through the jungle gym and playground equipment. The fog is lifting. She can see under some of the cars.

No legs moving. Nothing.

Now--the SOUND of OTHER FEET RUNNING. To the right. And left. Where?

LINDSEY stands.

There, off to one side--a masked SHAPE.

LINDSEY starts to run.

There, on the other side--a masked SHAPE.

Which way? It can't be everywhere!

173 LINDSEY'S POV

173

As she freezes in her tracks.

PANNING from side to side.

As A DOZEN SHAPES step forward out of the mist to encircle the grounds!

While behind and above them, A DOZEN MARKSMEN--Warren County cops--appear atop the fence, shotguns at the ready.

SOUND of shotguns cocking.

174 HIGH ANGLE - OVERHEAD

174

The geometry of the scene. A Mexican stand-off.

Nobody moves.

175 ANGLE FROM ENTRANCE

175

As HAMILTON and HUNT enter.

HAMILTON
Hold it!

HUNT
We got him!

HAMILTON
Which one?

Behind HAMILTON and HUNT, a man and a woman come running up. The reporter, ROBERT MUNDY, and DR. MARION STERN.

STERN
Wait! Don't shoot!

HAMILTON
Stay back.

STERN
I can help. Let me try.

She steps forward.

STERN
(shouting)
Michael!

176 ANGLE ON GROUNDS

176

As thirteen SHAPES turn their heads at the shout.

HAMILTON
There's no way to tell!

Now one--and only one--of the SHAPES cocks its head to listen to the sound of her voice.

DR. STERN smiles and strides forward confidently to meet that one.

STERN
Michael? It's Dr. Stern.
Remember?

The SHAPE cocks its head further and takes a tentative step toward her.

DR. STERN keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

STERN

Michael, don't be frightened.
I'm here to help you. Come
back with me to Smith's Grove.
It's your home. It's where
you belong. Nobody can hurt
you there. Take my hand.

She is close to him. She holds out her hand.

The SHAPE raises a hand in return--and deals her a
powerful blow, knocking her off her feet.

177 ANOTHER ANGLE

177

As LINDSEY makes a run for it. She tries to make it
to HAMILTON and the entrance.

The SHAPE turns and sees her.

She stops, runs to the side and hides behind the first
row of cars.

HUNT

Fire!

But HAMILTON sees that LINDSEY is too close to the action.

HAMILTON

Not yet!

HUNT

Then I'll waste him myself.

HUNT climbs over the top of a car and jumps down in
front of the SHAPE.

They face each other in the playground area, outlined
by the stark white light of the screen.

HUNT

Eat this, cock sucker.

HUNT pumps a round into the chamber of his shotgun,
aims, and fires point-blank into the SHAPE's chest.

The SHAPE is deflected momentarily. Then he moves
on HUNT.

He takes the shotgun, breaks it in half, and smashes
HUNT's face in.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

Then the SHAPE moves with surprising speed to the front row of cars, reaches down--and picks up LINDSEY.

He considers her abstractly as she kicks and screams, like a boy deciding which leg of an insect to pull off first.

SOUND of a pistol cocking.

HAMILTON

Put your guns down, I said!

178 WIDER

178

It is TOMMY, standing atop a truck, the .44 in his hand.

TOMMY

Not a chance.

The SHAPE looks up. Sees him. Is distracted long enough for LINDSEY to drop out of its arms. Then--the SHAPE starts for TOMMY.

TOMMY pulls the trigger.

The first shot hits the groin.

The SHAPE staggers.

The second shot hits the head and blasts away part of the skull.

The SHAPE reels.

HAMILTON

NOW!

All the Warren County COPS open fire with shotguns.

The SHAPE is nailed in the crossfire. Twitching like a puppet between the cars...

Then--the SHAPE starts to grow! As if feeding off the bullets and becoming stronger with each shot!

The SHAPE swells to eight...ten...twelve feet tall! Raises its fists against the screen--

As one of the shots hits metal, and a car explodes! Then the next car, the next--

Row after row of cars going up like a zigzag pattern of firebombs.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

The drive-in an inferno.

The Warren County COPS are blown off the fence like soldiers in a mine field...

179 ANGLE OUTSIDE - DRIVE-IN ENTRANCE

179

As HAMILTON, MUNDY and others come staggering out, their clothes smoking.

The CAMERAMAN rushes to help MUNDY. But MUNDY pushes him off and stands on his own.

The CAMERAMAN shoulders his camera.

CAMERAMAN

Man, don't that stink, though!
Had a real barbecue tonight.
Here, let me get a shot of you...

MUNDY

Turn it off. Turn it off,
I said!

180 ANGLE - ANOTHER AREA

180

MRS. WALLACE runs forward. Her husband restrains her.

MRS. WALLACE

Lindsey!

MR. WALLACE

Shh, shh...

He holds her tight against him.

MRS. WALLACE

She's got to be all right!

Behind MR. & MRS. WALLACE, the DOYLES are standing and weeping silently.

MRS. DOYLE

We've lost them...

181 POV - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

181

As the CAMERAMAN raises his camera and pans the area. Smoke and flames from the drive-in grounds. Fire trucks arriving...

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

And there, barely visible through the smoke, are TOMMY and LINDSEY climbing a hill next to the drive-in-- leaving it all behind.

MUNDY steps in front of the camera and puts his hand over the lens.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. NIGHT - HILLSIDE

182

As TOMMY helps LINDSEY through the brush and up the hill. Below them, the conflagration.

LINDSEY

Where are we going now?

TOMMY

I don't know. We'll think of something.

She stops to look down. It is as if the entire town of Haddonfield, with all its dreams and nightmares, is going up in flames.

LINDSEY

Can we go home? I want to go home.

TOMMY

It's not there anymore.

LINDSEY

Then...where?

TOMMY

Away from here.

183 LINDSEY'S POV

183

A HIGH ANGLE over the drive-in.

As the smoke clears. The Warren County COPS form a circle and close in on the area in front of the screen, shotguns ready.

As the last of the smoke blows away, we see that the center of the circle is empty. The SHAPE is not there. Only the charred remains of playground equipment...

184 ANGLE ON HILLSIDE - TOMMY & LINDSEY

184

LINDSEY

Will we be safe?

TOMMY looks at her for a long beat. Then he smooths the hair away from her face, takes her chin in his hands, and kisses her.

DISSOLVE TO:

185 EXT. - COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

185

Morning on a rural farm. Roosters crowing. Dogs barking.
MOVING IN on a barn...

186 INT. - BARN

186

In a haystack. TOMMY and LINDSEY asleep next to each other. Their faces are dirty. They are sleeping deeply as the first rays of morning sunlight shine in.

Suddenly LINDSEY sits bolt upright, instantly awake.

187 EXT. - BARNYARD

187

As a dog stops barking, whimpers, puts its tail between its legs and slinks away.

A SHADOW on the ground, cast by the blood-red rising sun.

The SHADOW is huge and terrible--in the SHAPE of a MAN.

The SHADOW falls across the barn door.

188 INT. - BARN

188

As the barn door opens and the SHADOW of the tall SHAPE falls across the interior.

189 ANGLE ON LINDSEY

189

The SHADOW of the SHAPE falling across her in the haystack.
She SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

190 INT. BARN - ANGLE ON LINDSEY AND TOMMY

190

Asleep in the haystack--as she sits bolt upright from a dream, eyes wide.

No shadow. Only the clean warm light washing in.

TOMMY wakes and comforts her. Holding her...

191 EXT. - MORNING - FARM

191

All is peaceful, beautiful.

Music up...as we PAN to take in the countryside--and a field of PUMPKINS ripening in the haze.

And FADE TO BLACK.

END TITLES.