

HALLOWEEN
RETURNS

by
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Based on characters created by
John Carpenter & Debra Hill

4-13-15

The Weinstein Company
Trancas International Films

FADE IN:

Black screen. SUPERIMPOSE:

HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS
HALLOWEEN NIGHT

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

1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

KAREN (CONT'D)
Help me!

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

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

In the distance, SIRENS are heard.

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

The POV moves toward the side of the house. The dog continues to bark, but the cord holds tight.

The porch light goes on. The back door opens. A MAN comes out and yells at his dog

MAN
Ralph! Shut up!

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

At the side window, the POV stops. Looks inside to see a recliner in front of a TV.

A NEWS BULLETIN is in mid-report:

ANNOUNCER

(from TV)

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

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

KAREN

Someone! Help me!

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

A group of CHILDREN trick or treating, walk jauntily away down a sidewalk. They're GIGGLING.

Then the POV watches a figure come out of the shadows. It is a POLICE OFFICER. Frantic.

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

POLICE OFFICER

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

(points)

Get these kids off the street!

The patrol car ROARS away down the street, rounding a corner. The SIREN fades to a distant WAIL.

The POV pulls back from the bushes. Back to the dark spot between the two houses.

For a moment into black.

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

BETH HUNT

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

The nearby TV drones.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(from TV)

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

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

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

BETH (V.O.)

Karen?

KAREN (V.O.)

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

BETH (V.O.)

Karen, calm down! Who's out there?

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

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

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

I'm calling the police.

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

A SCREAM emits from inside the house.

KAREN

IT'S HIM!!!

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

The butcher knife PLUNGES INTO HER STOMACH, causing to her gasp and fall. Karen screams, rushing up the stairs to the second floor.

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(from TV)

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

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

The young boy stands there. Still in his Halloween costume. Scared stiff.

The POV turns and moves further down the hallway to the back bedroom. The door leading the patio is open. Curtains flutter in the wind.

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

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

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

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

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

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Do not move!

A flashlight hits us. A POLICE OFFICER with weapon raised coming toward us.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Right there!

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

DEPUTY HUNT

The fuck you doing in my house?!

YOUNG BOY (O.S.)

Dad!

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

DEPUTY HUNT

Noah, where's your mom and your little brother?

(yelling)

Beth?! Liam?!

Deputy Hunt BOLTS toward the house. SIRENS rise all around. Karen MOANS on the ground. Barely alive.

The POV looks to the ground, seeing the butcher knife. Not far away. But the two police officers are ALL OVER US.

ROGERS (O.S.)
Michael, stop! They will kill you!

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)
There is nowhere left to go. Everyone is dead. You've killed everyone.

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)
Please stop. There's nothing left.
(inching closer)
It's over. Let me help you.

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

Drop to our knees.

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

On a black screen. SUPERIMPOSE in dark orange letters:

HALLOWEEN
RETURNS

Then we slowly:

FADE INTO:

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

In the middle of the screen. A Jack-o-lantern.

Two candles on either side cast the orange glow on the carved, grinning face.

SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLES.

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

The pumpkins are surrounded by BLACK.

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

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

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

SUPERIMPOSE FINAL CREDIT.

2 **A MONTAGE OF VIDEO CLIPS AND NEWSPAPER HEADLINES BEGINS:**

2

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

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

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

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

HUNT (V.O.)

The victims will always be remembered... including my wife. He will answer for her.

KAREN (V.O.)

He took everything from me... everything...

MALE BYSTANDER #1 (V.O.)

We're a small community, no one is untouched by this.

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

FEMALE POLITICIAN (V.O.)

These murders were not the work of an insane person, they were carefully thought out and meticulously executed.

ROGERS (V.O.)

He *fixates* on these young women, targeting his victims, one after another.

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

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

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

It is my professional opinion that
Michael Myers is mentally fit to
stand trial for murder.

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

FEMALE POLITICIAN (V.O.)

Make no doubt about it, the State
will be seeking the death penalty.

MALE BYSTANDER #1 (V.O.)

I hope the sonuvabitch burns in hell!

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

FEMALE POLITICIAN (V.O.)

What happened can never be undone...
but today's judgment will be the
first step in the healing process.

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

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

Almost ten years to the exact day of
the Halloween killings, the Halloween
Killer will be put to death.

Black screen. SUPERIMPOSE:

WARREN COUNTY CORRECTIONAL CENTER
OCTOBER 30

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

A cold-looking building surrounded by fences and barbwire.

ROGERS (V.O.)

I don't believe in Capital punishment.
Never have.

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

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

ROGERS

People are reactive. Emotional.
Easily affected by circumstance or
environment.

(MORE)

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 So, I've never believed that no one
 is unreachable... beyond
 rehabilitation...*incapable* of change.
 (beat)
 Except you.

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

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

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 I wonder if there is anything left
 inside you... or if there was ever a
 soul at all.

Rogers stares into Michael, voice dropping.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 Michael, what you did... was... not
human. You destroyed lives.
 Families. You don't belong here...
 amongst the living.
 (finding words)
 So, that's why I testified. That's
 why I put you here.

Rogers tilts his head, but gets nothing back.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 And your death will bring closure...
 and a hopefully, just a bit of peace.

Rogers stands, taking a step but then stopping.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 Goodbye, Michael.

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

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

5

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

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

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

ROGERS
(re: report)
Diane, what's this?

SECRETARY
The list for the execution.

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

The secretary files papers, never looking up as she moves.

SECRETARY
Well, the Medical Examiner will be here within the hour.

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

ROGERS
Wait... what time is it?

SECRETARY
Half past three. Why?

ROGERS
Damn it!

Rogers grabs his coat, bolting for the door.

6 **EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

6

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

7 **EXT. ROGERS HOUSE - DAY**

7

The SUV pulls into the driveway of a modest two-story house sitting in the middle of a quiet neighborhood.

It's surrounded by other similar looking homes, all adorned with HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS and CARVED PUMPKINS.

8 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - DAY**

8

Rogers pushes through the door, looking around. He enters the living room, moving on to the kitchen.

ROGERS
Sofia? Hello? Sweetie?

But no one is there.

EMMA (O.S.)
 She's gone, and you missed the
 interview.

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

ROGERS
 I'm sorry, I just got tied up.

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

Emma doesn't even look at him, cleaning the glasses.

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

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

ROGERS
 I get it, babe...

Rogers leans against the counter, putting up his hand.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, okay?

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

ROGERS
 I'm here.

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

Emma takes a step back, turning away.

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

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)
I'm just... I'm trying to hold this
all together.

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

She leans against the wall opposite him.

EMMA
So am I.

They stare to each other a beat. Middle ground.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Sofia is half you, and half me. She
has your compassion, my temper, and
both our stubbornness.

Emma puts her arms around Rogers, hugging him tightly and
whispering in his ear.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You know how to keep me close, so do
the same for her.

Emma kisses his cheek and turns, moving to the stairs. Rogers
holds a beat, looking to the photos on the wall.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh, and make sure to get some candy,
it's Halloween tomorrow.

Emma gives him a smile as she looks back, rising the stairs.
Rogers nods to himself, perhaps feeling a bit less stressed.

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

9

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

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

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

BRIE (O.S.)
Sofia, he's looking over here again.

Sofia turns, seeing two pretty teenage girls **BRIE** and **ASHLEY**
(18) nearby holding up a cell phone, ready to take a selfie.

SOFIA
No, he's not.

ASHLEY

Yes, he is. He's *totally* into you.

Sofia sort of scoffs nervously as Brie and Ashley both vamp for the photo--CLICK! They take a look, Brie not liking what she sees.

BRIE

Why'd you stick your tongue out?

ASHLEY

I always stick my tongue out.

BRIE

No, you don't, I do. You do that duck face thing.

ASHLEY

Only sluts do the duck face.

BRIE

(as if obvious)

Yeah... you're a slut.

Ashley swats Brie as Brie and Sofia laugh.

ASHLEY

I'm not a slut... I just do what I want, when I want.

BRIE

Only a slut would say that.

Ashley tries to swat Brie again, but Brie dramatically blocks it, giving a karate chop to the neck.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Tomahawk slut chop!

Ashley screams, playfully fighting back with Brie.

Sofia laughs, looking over to...

THE MIDDLE OF THE PUMPKIN PATCH

A cute guy **NOAH** (18) stands by a wheelbarrow glancing in the direction of the girls. He's flanked by a bigger guy, **BEAR** (18), with scraggy beard, itching it when--

SLAP! A hand from their third friend, **FOG** (18), a good looking guy with a twinkle of mischief in his eye, hits Bear's hand and causes him to yelp.

BEAR

Hey!

FOG

How many times have it told you, do not touch the beard?

BEAR

But it's itchy as all hell.

FOG

It's a gift from God... and you do not mess with a gift from God.

(dead serious)

Our entire existence is riding on the preservation of that beautiful beard. Do. Not. Touch.

BEAR

Why don't you just grow one?

FOG

I can't. You are the chosen one.

Fog nods and points his finger when--

LIAM (O.S.)

Bear! Fog! I found it! It's perfect!

Bear and Fog look over, seeing Noah's little brother, **LIAM** (10), standing next to a MASSIVE PUMPKIN.

Bear moves to help him.

BEAR

What'd you need such a big pumpkin for?

LIAM

The bigger the pumpkin, the more guts it has inside.

Bear kind of sighs, leaning down and grunting as he picks up the pumpkin. They make their way back to the wheelbarrow.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hey, Bear... do you believe in monsters?

BEAR

'Course not.

LIAM

Yeah, well, see that abandoned farmhouse over there?

Liam points into the distance at an AGE-OLD TWO-STORY FARMHOUSE with exposed wood and missing windows.

It's eerie looking, like it hasn't been touched in decades.

LIAM (CONT'D)

That's the old Bowles family home,
and you know what happened there?

Bear sets down the pumpkin in the wheelbarrow. Squints at
the house. Liam gleams from ear-to-ear.

BEAR

No, what happened?

Liam is about to respond when--

NOAH

Quiet, Liam. No one wants to hear
that old urban legend.

Liam kind of sighs, Noah scowling to his brother and looking
back into the distance to--

THE GIRLS

The girls giggle post-fight, moving through the pumpkin patch.
Looking back to the guys.

ASHLEY

Sofia, he's seriously into you...
which is why he asked us to bring
you out here.

SOFIA

Wait... you two set me up?

Brie and Ashley laugh to each other.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I can't believe you two!

BRIE

Come on, he's cute, live a little.

Sofia looks back to Noah, suddenly self-conscious.

SOFIA

My dad would kill me if he thought I
was hanging around with Noah Hunt.

ASHLEY

Since when do you care what your dad
thinks?

Sofia sort of sighs, looking...

BACK TO THE GUYS

Noah looks across the pumpkin patch, squinting from the sun.
Fog moves up next to him, looking as well.

FOG

We've been waiting for her half the day, go talk to her. Now.

Noah looks to Fog and then nods, moving into the distance.

FOG (CONT'D)

Oh, and say something good about me to her friend Ashley, she's totally hot...

(shrugging)

...in a slutty kinda way.

With Noah gone, Liam moves up to Bear again. Points.

LIAM

So, Bear.... in that farmhouse... twenty-five years ago...

(pointing to farmhouse)

...Charley Bowles finished up his dinner with his family, excused himself from the table, went to the barn and got a hacksaw. Then, he came back into the house, kissed his wife and kids goodbye, and then--

FOG

Spare the details, little man, you're gonna give me nightmares.

Fog shakes his head, but Bear is hooked, staring to the farmhouse in the distance.

BEAR

So... Charley Bowles killed his family?

(off Liam's nod)

What kind of person would do that?

Liam moves close, lowering his voice.

LIAM

A monster... just like the ones that come out on Halloween.

Bear is spooked, a chill running down his spine.

BACK WITH THE GIRLS

Noah crosses the pumpkin patch. Brie and Ashley see him coming, giggling to themselves.

BRIE

Here he comes...

They hustle away, leaving Sofia there.

SOFIA
(pleading)
You guys!

But it's too late. Noah approaches, keeping his head down.

NOAH
Hey, Sofia.

SOFIA
Hey.

He's nervous, shifting as he talks.

NOAH
I wanted to ask you something... you
know, in private.

SOFIA
Well, there's no place more private
than here.

Sofia nervously laughs.

NOAH
Right... anyway, are you going
tonight? To the execution?

SOFIA
No, of course not.

She shakes her head, a little taken back.

NOAH
I want to go.

SOFIA
Okay... but what does that have to
do with me?

NOAH
You can get me in.

SOFIA
How can I get you in?

NOAH
Your dad works at the penitentiary,
he has access to the entire place.

SOFIA
He does... but I don't.

NOAH
Yeah, but you've been there before,
right? He has keys, right?

SOFIA
Well... yeah, but--

NOAH
Then take his keys and get me in there.

Sofia struggles to find the words.

SOFIA
I'm not going to steal my dad's keys.

NOAH
Why not?

SOFIA
Because it's not right.

Noah hesitates a second, suddenly kind of pissed.

NOAH
My mom is dead, is that right? A dozen people were murdered in Haddonfield because your dad didn't do his job, is that right?

SOFIA
Noah...

NOAH
I'm asking you for a simple favor.

SOFIA
No, you're not, you're asking me to steal.

NOAH
And you don't think you owe me that?

SOFIA
No, I don't.

Sofia abrupt response causes him to stop.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Look... I'm sorry about what happened, but this isn't cool.

Noah sighs, shaking his head.

NOAH
I know... I didn't mean to put you on the spot, but I know you can find a way to get your dad's keys and get me in there tonight.

SOFIA
I can't, I'm sorry.

Noah stares to her. Pissed. But Sofia isn't backing down. He sighs to himself, biting his lip as he turns.

NOAH

Forget it.

Sofia watches him a second, obviously upset.

BRIE (O.S.)

Geez, what was that about?

Sofia turns to see Brie and Ashley hesitantly approaching.

SOFIA

Nothing.

Sofia turns, moving into the distance.

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

10

Sofia stands by a beat-up compact, about to get in. She looks to the other side of the parking lot where Noah jumps into his pickup truck along with Bear, Fog and Liam.

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

Sofia watches the truck distance when her phone CHIMES. She gives it a look and quickly answers.

SOFIA

(into phone)

Your timing is perfect, dad.

11 **EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATE DAY**

11

Rogers stands in front of a Halloween costume shop named SILVER SHAMROCK NOVELTIES with his cell to his ear. The store is in the small town square along with other stores.

ROGERS

(into phone)

Sweetie, I'm sorry. I blew it. Today has just been--

INTERCUT

SOFIA

It doesn't matter, it's fine.

ROGERS

You're not mad?

SOFIA

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

Rogers breathes easy, leaning against the wall.

ROGERS

Yeah, well, I'm still sorry. It's just... today has been a long time coming.

SOFIA

I know. Don't beat yourself up. You get a pass.

ROGERS

Thank you.
(easing)
Hey, maybe we go out to dinner tonight? Like we used to, just the two of us?

Rogers finally smiles himself. He paces before the store, but someone is watching him.

FROM ACROSS THE STREET inside a smoky dive bar, someone watches. Clocking his every move.

SOFIA

Yeah. That'd be nice.

ROGERS

See you at home, sweetie. Love you.

SOFIA

Love you too.

Sofia ends the call, letting out a deep breath, smiling ever so slightly. Behind her, Brie and Ashley approach.

12 **EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATE DAY**

12

Rogers clicks off his phone, stuffing it into his pocket. He looks to the window of the store, seeing a row of masks and costumes when--

HUNT (O.S.)

Hey, Rogers!

Rogers turns and--

A well built man with reddened face, **GARY HUNT** (40s), is crossing the street toward him, his blood up.

HUNT (CONT'D)

You got real nerve showing your face in this town today! I warned you!

Hunt looks like he's going to tear him apart when a GROUP OF MEN get in his way, holding him back.

GROUP OF MEN

Gary! Take it easy! Relax!

HUNT
Real fuckin' nerve!

Rogers backs away, hitting the glass window behind him.

One of the men, **DEPUTY BAXTER** (30s), wears a deputy uniform, grabbing Hunt hard and ushering him back to the dive bar.

DEPUTY BAXTER
Not today, Gary.

A kindly looking old man, **HARRY GRIMBRIDGE**, emerges from the store, helping Rogers.

HARRY
You okay, Paul?

ROGERS
Yeah, Harry... I think so.

Rogers looks away, staring to the distancing Hunt. He still fumes, his face red with anger.

AROUND THE CORNER

Deputy Baxter points for Hunt to keep going, waving back the group of men who pulled him off of Rogers.

DEPUTY BAXTER
You're not doing this in front of
the entire town.

HUNT
I wasn't gonna hit him, Baxter.
He's not worth it.

Hunt turns, kicking at the ground and coming to a rusted out truck parked on the curb.

He hops in, still muttering to himself as he leans over to the glove compartment, pulling out a flask. He takes a sip, reaching to start the engine when--

Deputy Baxter's hand stops him.

DEPUTY BAXTER
Can't let you drive like this, Gary.

Hunt stares to him. Grits teeth as he starts the engine.

HUNT
What're you gonna do? Arrest me?

Deputy Baxter steps back, holding up his hands. It was only a bluff. As the truck tears away, Deputy Baxter sighs.

13 **EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER**

13

Rogers rights himself as Deputy Baxter approaches, nodding to a YOUNG DEPUTY and Harry.

DEPUTY BAXTER

What the hell are you doing with that mask in your window, Grimbridge?

Deputy Baxter nods to one of the masks... revealing one as a recreation of THE MASK. Harry sort of shrugs.

HARRY

Don't get on *me*. Take it up with Cochran, and his golden rule.

DEPUTY BAXTER

What's that?

HARRY

"Sell what the kids want." And today, that's what they want.

(with a shrug)

Happy Halloween.

Harry turns and re-enters his store. Deputy Baxter turns his attention to Rogers, lowering his voice.

DEPUTY BAXTER

Hey, sorry about that, Paul. You know how he gets.

Rogers sighs. Tosses the napkin into a trash bin.

ROGERS

I don't blame him. Tonight's going to bring back hell for some people, Sheriff Hunt is no exception.

Rogers turns, making his way to the novelty store. Deputy Baxter watches.

14 **INT. HUNT HOUSE - LATE DAY**

14

Noah's truck is parked in the driveway of a small, rundown house next to an abandoned lot. Noah helps Liam carry the pumpkin to the front porch.

He sets it down, wiping his brow as he thinks a second.

NOAH

Take the pumpkin inside and get dinner started, I'll be back in a bit.

Noah moves back to his truck.

LIAM

Where you going?

Noah doesn't reply, jumping into the driver's side door.

15 **EXT. ROGERS' SUV - LATE DAY**

15

Rogers holds several bags of candy, making his way across the street to his SUV when his phone rings. He tries to juggle the candy and his car keys while pulling out his phone.

ROGERS
 (into phone)
 Hey, Diane... no, I didn't see it
 yet... hold on...

At the SUV, Rogers sets the candy on the roof, allowing him to open the door. As he reads an email, he tosses the candy into the SUV bag by bag.

Until he sees something that makes his brow furrow--

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 What...?

Rogers puts the phone back to his ear.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 What is this? Some of the drugs on
 this list don't even make sense... I
 know, but who sent this to you?
 (listening)
 Shit... are they there yet? No, no,
 I don't want to talk to them...

Rogers checks his watch, gritting his teeth.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 No, tell them not to do anything
 until I get there... yeah, I'm coming
 right now... twenty minutes tops.

Rogers jumps into the driver's seat and fires up the engine. He pulls away as the last remaining bag of candy slides off the roof, hitting the ground with a THUD.

16 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EVENING**

16

Sofia and Brie jump out of the beat-up compact, Ashley honking as she pulls away. Brie makes her way to a nice house in the middle of the block.

BRIE
 Call you later, Sofia.

SOFIA
 Okay. Bye.

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

Noah's pickup truck slides to a stop. Sofia sees him, stopping as well.

NOAH

Look... I want to apologize, I didn't mean to come on so strong earlier.

Sofia holds a second, but then nods.

SOFIA

It's okay, I understand.

NOAH

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

SOFIA

(after a beat)

No.

NOAH

He was... evil. Something I'll never forget. Which is why I have to see his execution, Sofia. I really do.

Sofia hesitates to reply.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I know it's not your fault what happened, but it was your dad's.

(off her look)

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

Sofia averts his gaze.

17 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME**

17

Emma stands by the living room window, seeing Sofia on the curb talking to someone in the pickup truck.

She inches closer, but she can't quite see Noah.

18 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SAME TIME**

18

Sofia looks to Noah again.

NOAH

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

Noah's words trail out, shaking his head.

NOAH (CONT'D)

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

Noah stares into Sofia, and he's finally made an impression. She sees his pain. Vulnerability. Perhaps coming around a bit.

NOAH (CONT'D)

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

(off her look)

Please help me, Sofia. I don't want
to see my mom die anymore.

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

SOFIA

I don't know, Noah.

NOAH

Just think about it, okay?

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

Sofia stands a second and then turns to her house.

19 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - EVENING**

19

Sofia enters, setting down her school bag. She moves to the kitchen when her mother emerges from the darkness of the living room.

EMMA

Who was that boy?

Sofia gets a slight jump.

SOFIA

Geez, mom... you scared me.

Sofia keeps moving to the kitchen, her mother following.

EMMA

Who was he?

SOFIA

Oh, he's no one.

Sofia keeps going, looking out the back window to the yard.

EMMA

I've never seen that truck before.

SOFIA

Yeah, well...

Sofia sort of shrugs, looping around to the living room.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Lots of trucks in this town, mom.

She pushes through a closed door, revealing her father's home office. It's a cluttered mess of PSYCHE FILES and NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS about Michael Myers and the murders.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Where's dad?

Emma sort of sighs, leaning on her hip.

EMMA

I don't know... he was here earlier.

(off her hurt look)

Was he was supposed to meet you?

Sofia's brow tightens, but she holds off the urge to be upset, acting like she doesn't care.

Her mother can instantly see right through it.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, hon.

Emma tries to move forward to console her daughter, but Sofia is already moving to her bedroom upstairs.

SOFIA

It doesn't matter, we both know where he is.

Sofia turns, moving to her room.

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

20

Sofia closes her door. More angry with herself for getting her hopes up than with her dad for not being there.

A minute passes and her eyes shift to her wall. Tacked up is an OLD PHOTO of her and her dad.

SOFIA

Fuck it.

Sofia grits her teeth and turns, quickly exiting.

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

21

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

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

Rogers holds some files and follows around the older, no nonsense female **MEDICAL EXAMINER** (50s).

ROGERS
Midazolam? Hydromorphone? Who
authorized these drugs?

The calm, sturdy-looking **WARDEN HELMS** (50s) tries to run interference.

WARDEN
Paul, please.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
They've been successfully used
numerous times in Oklahoma, Texas,
and Florida.

ROGERS
Okay, but can I ask why aren't you
using sodium thiopental as a sedative?

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

MEDICAL TECH
(with a huff)
You can thank your local activists
for that one.

ROGERS
But Midazolam is mainly used in
sedating animals.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
And just as effective on humans.

As the group moves, Rogers' Secretary tries to intervene.

SECRETARY
Excuse me, Doctor Rogers?

ROGERS
Not now, Diane.

Rogers shoos her off, staying on the Medical Examiner.

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

MEDICAL EXAMINER

We're doing what needs to be done to bring on cardiac arrest

ROGERS

I don't doubt that.

The Secretary leans in again.

SECRETARY

Doctor Rogers?

ROGERS

Diane, I said, not now, please.

Rogers steps toward the Medical Examiner, who doesn't budge.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

We're handling it. Between the Midazolam, vecuronium bromide, and potassium chloride, it'll be quicker than a guillotine.

ROGERS

That's not my only concern.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Doctor Rogers, this is the most sophisticated manner of termination in the entire country. State of the art death.

ROGERS

I'm not allowing a method I don't fully understand...

The Medical Examiner turns to snide on a dime.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Allowing? This is our show now. You're an observer here, that is all. So, out of professional courtesy, I'm going to make this real easy for you to understand.

The Medical Examiner raises THREE FINGERS and counts them down in conjunction with his explanation.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)

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

The Medical Examiner abruptly turns. Rogers tries to follow again, but Warden Helms stops him.

WARDEN

Please, let them do their job.

At this point, Rogers' Secretary has had enough.

SECRETARY

Paul!

ROGERS

What is it?!

Rogers turns, his face going red.

SECRETARY

Your daughter's in your office.

The Secretary turns just as furious, stomping away. Rogers looks to the Warden. Wants to continue following the Medical Examiner, but moves from the chamber.

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

23

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

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

Her eyes turn to the doorway of the holding cells.

Through a portal window, the long, dark hallway is seen. Sofia inches closer, looking into the darkness when--

ROGERS (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

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

SOFIA

What are you doing here?

ROGERS

I know, I'm sorry, small crisis -
but this isn't a safe place for you
right now--

SOFIA

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

RING-RING-RING! Rogers' office phone rings. He looks at it like he's going to answer.

Sofia tilts her head. Daring him. He answers but hangs it up immediately.

ROGERS
I know, but I put in a call to the dean of admissions and your interviewer and--

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

ROGERS
What do you mean?

SOFIA
The interview was just a formality. I'm in.
(slight smile/shrug)
That's what I was going to tell you at dinner.

Rogers stammers before a smile comes to his face.

ROGERS
Sweetie, that's great!

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

ROGERS
Okay... why are you here?

SOFIA
I want to watch tonight.

ROGERS
Watch what?

SOFIA
The execution.

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

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

SOFIA
I'm eighteen.

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

Rogers voices rises, obviously angry.

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

ROGERS

Sofia--

SOFIA

Do you even know what my Princeton essay was about?

Rogers stammers... he doesn't.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

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

Rogers is stunned, now on his heels.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

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

ROGERS

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

The two stare. At an obvious cross roads.

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

SOFIA

Just answer it already.

Rogers slowly grabs it, listening.

ROGERS

(into phone)

This is Doctor Rogers.

Rogers looks to Sofia as he listens. Her face sours.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

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

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

SOFIA

Thanks for being so understanding, dad.

ROGERS

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

(MORE)

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 (turning)
 Diane?

No response.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 Diane?!

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 DIANE?!

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

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

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

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

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

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

24

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

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

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

WITH SOFIA

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

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

WITH SOFIA

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

ROGERS
 What the hell are you doing?!

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

SOFIA

Jesus, dad!

ROGERS

You can't be in here!

SOFIA

Dad...!

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

CAMERA moves further down the aisle, coming to the cell. Within, Michael stands at the bars. Face hidden.

Michael places a hand on the bars. Gripping it tightly.

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

25

It's raining now. Even more reporters and people standing before the front gates. Near the service entrance, Rogers opens the car door, using his jacket to shield his daughter.

ROGERS

Sofia, you're my daughter, and I love you... I will no matter what, but I won't expose you to him or what's happening in here.

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

SOFIA

(with a sigh)

You already have, dad. Long ago.

Sofia closes the door. Pulls away. Rogers watches her a beat and then runs back to the front gates.

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

26

Hunt slouches in a recliner staring at a FRAMED PHOTO. It's an old photo of him with his wife, son, and baby boy. A steaming cup of coffee sits next to him.

NOAH

Come on, dad, you have to eat something.

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

At the kitchen table, Liam eats his dinner along with Bear. Bear's portion is HUGE. The entire house is cluttered. On the table, Liam looks at the DAILY NEWSPAPER.

BEAR

Awesome grub, dude.

Bear burps as Noah returns to the kitchen, making himself a plate of food.

He sits with Liam and Bear, looking to his dad.

LIAM

(hushed)

Noah, what'd he look like?

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

Noah takes away the newspaper, flipping it over and adding it to the stack of old newspapers on the floor.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Like a monster?

NOAH

Stop.

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

HUNT

Bear, don't you have a home?

Bear keeps on eating, Hunt never looking over as he starts to violently cough, hacking away to clear his throat.

BEAR

I do, Mr. Hunt...

(burps)

...but your food is better.

Bear rises, moving to the refrigerator. Noah looks to Liam, leaning in and lowering his voice.

NOAH

Regardless of what he looked like...
tonight at midnight, he's getting
what he deserves.

The two brothers exchange a glance. A beat passes as Bear returns to the table with hot sauce, dousing his food.

LIAM

Why aren't you going?

Noah pauses, glancing to where their father just left when--

His phone CHIMES. He looks to the screen, recognizing the number. He glances to his brother.

NOAH

Who says I'm not?

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

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

27 **INT. CAR - NIGHT** 27

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

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

Sofia holds the key card in her hand.

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

The WITNESSES start to enter the viewing area. The mood is quiet. Somber. Some nods of recognition.

One woman stands out. It's KAREN from the opening. She walks with a limp and cane, her DAD helping her move.

DAD
 Are you sure you want to see this?

KAREN
 I'm damn sure.

29 **EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - NIGHT** 29

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

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

LIGHTNING flashes, following closely by ROLLING THUNDER.

30 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - OFFICE - NIGHT** 30

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

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

WARDEN HELMS (O.S.)

It's time.

Rogers turns to see Warden Helms standing in his doorway flanked by FOUR GUARDS.

ROGERS

So it is.

Rogers steps to the door, reaching for his pocket for his key card, but it's not there. He taps his pockets, trying to find it when--

WARDEN HELMS

I got it.

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

WARDEN HELMS (CONT'D)

This will all be over soon.

Rogers nods to Warden Helms.

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

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

Thunder rolls far in the distance, a flash of lightning causing the shadows to streak past his face.

The two guards motion down the hallway as the other two guards follow. Chains clang against the cement floor.

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

31

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

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

NOAH

How'd you get out?

SOFIA

I told my mom I was sleeping at Brie's.

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

32

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

FEMALE REPORTER

(from TV)

...it was nearly ten years ago tonight when Michael Myers, the Halloween

(MORE)

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)
 Killer, took the lives of a dozen
 people in the small town of
 Haddonfield...

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

33

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

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

ROGERS
 Didn't expect to see her here.

WARDEN HELMS
 It'll be cathartic to see him die.
 For everyone here.
 (giving him a look)
 Including you.

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

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

AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Sofia and Noah slide into the standing room only. They're cloaked in darkness, barely able to see.

They wisely stay back, out of view of their fathers.

SOFIA
 You okay?

Noah nods. But his pulse rises. His eyes focused.

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

34

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

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

ON TV SCREEN: Photos of the deceased are shown, including a photo of Liam's mother when--

Bear sits down, changing the TV channel to a raunchy cartoon on Adult Swim.

BEAR
That stuff will rot your brain.

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

35

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

WARDEN HELMS
A lot of people out there tonight.

GUARD
Amazing they're sticking around in this rain.

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

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

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

36

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

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

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

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

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

THE VIEWING ROOM

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

WARDEN HELMS
Do you have anything to say?

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

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

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

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

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

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

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

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

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

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

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

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

Rogers looks on. Inching a bit closer.

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

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

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

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

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

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

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

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

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

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

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

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

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

His entire body starts to CLENCH.

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

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

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

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

Michael jerks up, the restraints CLANGING.

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

NOAH

This is too much, get me out of here.

Sofia looks to Noah, his breathing panicked.

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

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

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

People in the room SCREAM, turning away.

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

SOFIA

Noah, relax... breathe...

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM

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

ROGERS

WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON! DO SOMETHING!

The two techs stare like deer caught in headlights.

WARDEN HELMS

Raise the goddamn curtain!

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

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

NOAH

Get me outta here... get me outta here....

Sofia tries to help Noah out, but it's chaotic with all the panicking people.

WARDEN HELMS

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

IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

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

BLOOD SPURTS out at the point of the injection.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Shit! The line's bad!

She quickly pulls the needle, blood seeping out.

Michael JERKS UP. AGAIN and AGAIN. His arms BULGE with INCREDIBLE INTENSITY.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)
Let's go manual! Four doses of potassium chloride!

The Medical Examiner turns, holding out her hand.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)
MOVE!

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

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

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

ROGERS
Hey! Unlock the doors!

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

IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

The Medical Examiner struggles to insert the needle.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Keep his arm still!

MEDICAL TECH
I can't!

FROM MICHAEL'S POV

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

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Almost got it!

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

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

IN THE VIEWING ROOM

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

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

Rogers moves to the window, trying to looking in.

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

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

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

Rogers inches closer and closer to the glass. Looking with wide eyes when--

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

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

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

ROGERS

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

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

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Sofia...?

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

Sofia pulls Noah with all her might.

SOFIA

Come on, come on!

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

ANOTHER SCREAM from the execution chamber.

ROGERS

Damn it!

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

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

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

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

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

37

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

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

SOFIA

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

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

38

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

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

WARDEN HELM (O.S.)

STOP HIM!!!

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

ROGERS

Dave!

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

WARDEN HELM

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

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

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

ROGERS

Jesus...

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

39

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

GUARD #1

How many civilians are in there?!

GUARD #2

At least thirty!

GUARD #1

Get them the hell out of there before this becomes a full blown riot!

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

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

40

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

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

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

A stream of gunshots from a far when--

KAREN (O.S.)

NO!!!

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

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

ROGERS

Karen! Get out of there!

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

Her body contorts as she RISES OFF THE GROUND.

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Michael... no...

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

Rogers holds the gun, about to fire when Michael backs around the corner.

The hall is dark and filled with smoke. He gags, covering his face, staring at the twitching body of the poor girl. Rogers can barely breath when--

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

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

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

41

Lightning flashes. People are led out the front gate.

GUARD #1
Let's go! Let's go!

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

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
Move it!

IN THE PARKING LOT

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

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

Noah is overcome with emotion, nearly crying, Sofia leaning in and putting an arm around him.

SOFIA
It's okay, I understand...

He exhales, trying to control himself.

42 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

42

Rogers carefully moves down a hallway, seeing specs of blood on the floor. The alarms ring. Smoke is thick.

He follows blood to a door that reads, "LOCKER ROOM."

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

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

But the two guards are already out of earshot.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Damn it...

Rogers gains his nerve, pushing through the door to--

43 **INT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

43

--the locker room. With only half power, it's dark. Only a lone emergency light offers a glimpse of the interior.

The alarm is quieter in here.

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

Specs of blood lead him into a row of lockers. They're large, floor-to-ceiling lockers. The blood leads to the middle.

Rogers stops short. Holds up the handgun.

With his other hand, he reaches forward. It trembles. He unhitches the lock and opens it when--

A NAKED BODY DROPS OUT, covered with blood, landing on Rogers and causing him to slip and fall.

Blood SPEWS from the naked body's cut throat, Rogers kicking backwards to get away. He scrambles to his feet, expecting Michael to attack...

But it never comes.

Rogers backs away, wiping the blood from his face. He turns when he sees something--

Michael's prison-issue clothes are stuffed in the locker.

Rogers moves forward, looking more closely and seeing a wall with utility jump suits hanging.

He stares when a HAND GRABS HIS SHOULDER.

HUNT (O.S.)

Where the hell is he?!

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

HUNT (CONT'D)

Stay outta my way!

Hunt snatches the gun out of Rogers' hand, moving further down the hallway to a door that reads, "UTILITY ROOM."

He pushes through the door when--

KA-BLOOM!!! A fiery EXPLOSION from within the room blows Hunt end over end back twenty feet, SLAMMING into the wall.

FROM ROGERS' POV

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

Rogers stumbles to his feet, seeing Hunt writhing on the floor. The smoke gets thicker. *They have to move.*

Rogers runs to Hunt, trying to pull him out of the room. Hunt is woozy and confused, fighting him.

HUNT (CONT'D)

What are you doing... stop him...
what are you doing...?!

ROGERS

Getting you out of here!

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

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

44

--out into the large yard. Rain falls in buckets. Lightning pulsates in the black sky.

Behind them, a wall of the utility room has COLLAPSED IN ON ITSELF, fire and smoke bellowing out.

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

ROGERS

Over here! Hey!

The medical staff comes running, allowing Rogers to step away. He continues coughing, his eyes seeing the front gates in the distance.

He looks back to the burning room. Back to the gate.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

No...

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

45

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

GUARD #1

Doctor Rogers, are you okay?

ROGERS

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

GUARD #1

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

ROGERS
You're sure of that?!

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

GUARD #1
Nothing got out that isn't supposed to get out.

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

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

Rogers stares to the BURNING UTILITY ROOM.

He drops to his knees, woozy. His blood-covered hand falling from his scalp. Behind him, the utility room burns.

FADE OUT:

Black screen. SUPERIMPOSE:

RUSSELLVILLE
OCTOBER 31

A spooky RING TONE plays and--

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

46

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

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

SOFIA
My god...

She scrolls through the story, seeing the line, "...Michael Myers, the Halloween Killer, presumed dead in the massive explosion..."

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

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

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

SOFIA
Crazy.

BRIE
Was Noah cool?

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

BRIE
 What do you mean?

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

BRIE
 Good or bad.

SOFIA
 (after a beat)
 Good, I think.

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

SOFIA (CONT'D)
 Shoot, I left my license in Noah's
 truck.

BRIE
 I know that trick.
 (winking)
 Sounds like a second date to me.

Brie giggles, causing Sofia to smile. Sofia hits her with
 her pillow.

47 **EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY**

47

Lights, Jack-o-lanterns, and Halloween decorations cover the
 downtown square. They're ready for the festivities.

Noah's truck sits in an alleyway next to some businesses.
 Bear stands against the truck. Noah and Fog before him.

NOAH
 How're you feeling, Bear?

BEAR
 Good.

FOG
 What?

BEAR
 Really good.

SLAP! Fog SMACKS him across the face. Not hard. But
 actually kinda hard.

FOG

We need you great, Bear. Focused.
Ready. Laser focused.
(with emphasis)
Beamed in to right now.

BEAR

Got it, got it... I'm great.

FOG

Bear, I can't stress the importance
of this moment. Everything you are,
everything you've done, everything
you will be, leads to this moment.
(growing)
Right now is the difference between
Bear the fat, bearded ape... and
Bear the Golden God.
(pointing finger)
So what's it going to be?

BEAR

Golden God...
(gaining nerve)
How does my beard look?

FOG

Awesome. Now go get what's ours.

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

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

NOAH

I don't think it's going to work.

FOG

It *has* to work.

On the street, a BLACK VAN with painted pumpkin on the side
passes the two boys.

48 **EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY**

48

The black van drives to the alleyway behind the businesses.

POV FROM DOWN THE STREET

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

HARRY, the friendly old store owner from earlier, exits the
van and grabs some supplies. He enters through the back
door of one of the businesses, leaving the rear door open.

INT. SILVER SHAMROCK NOVELTIES - DAY

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

COMMERCIAL (V.O.)
 (sing-song)
*Happy, happy Halloween. Halloween.
 Halloween. Happy, happy Halloween.*

Harry grumbles and changes the channel to LOCAL NEWS.

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

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

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE FRONT WINDOW

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

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

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

HARRY
 Happy Halloween -- *hello?*

But no one is on the street.

Harry shrugs and reenters the store, locking the door again. He moves down one of the aisles when--

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

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

IN THE STORE FRONT

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

BACK WITH HARRY

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

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

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

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

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

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

50 **INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

50

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

BURLY CLERK

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

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

BURLY CLERK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need to see your ID.

BEAR

But... I have a full beard... and only grown men have full beards.

CLERK

I gotta card everyone, it's the law.

BEAR

But I'm obviously over 21.

CLERK

Don't matter, bub.

51 **EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

51

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

SOFIA (O.S.)

Hey, what're you guys doing?

They both flinch, looking over to see Sofia.

FOG

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

Fog grabs her, pulling her into the alley.

SOFIA

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

NOAH

Just watch... and be quiet.

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

NOAH (CONT'D)

You alright?

SOFIA

Yeah. You?

Noah nods, squeezing her hand as if to say thanks.

52

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

52

Bear pats down his pockets, nervously laughing.

BEAR

What do you know, must've left my ID at home.

CLERK

No sale then, bub.

The clerk takes a seat again on his stool, holding up his newspaper.

Bear sighs, lowering his head as he turns. He takes a few steps and then stops. Turns back. The clerk's newspaper lowers. And he's not thrilled.

BEAR

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

But this could be my thing, my defining trait; I could be the guy who looked so old in high school he could buy at 18 without an ID.

The clerk stares to him. Indignant.

BEAR (CONT'D)

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

53 **EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

53

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

FOG

Dude...

Bear looks to him, sighing as if amazed.

BEAR

It worked...

FOG

What'd you say to the guy?

BEAR

The truth.

Fog scoffs, grabbing Bear with both arms and holding him in
a close embrace.

FOG

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

BEAR

I know.

Sofia is with Noah, looking on with a "what the fuck" look
on her face.

SOFIA

All this excitement... over beer?

NOAH

It's hard to explain, but this has
been a three month undertaking.

SOFIA

(still not sure)

Okay.

NOAH

It's for tonight, it being Halloween
and all.

SOFIA

Right, of course.

A moment passes between the two. Fog and Bear start loading
the beer into the back of the truck.

FOG

Let's move!

Noah starts to follow, but looks back to Sofia.

NOAH

I can give you a life home, if you want.

SOFIA

Sure.

Sofia smiles, hopping into the passenger seat of the truck.

54

EXT. CORRECTIONAL CENTER - YARD - DAY

54

Police and fire personnel fill the yard cleaning up the mess from the night before. Several bodies are on stretchers underneath white sheets.

Rogers follows Warden Helms, who has his chest wounds covered and wrapped in gauze.

ROGERS

It doesn't track, Dave, don't you get it?

WARDEN HELMS

How doesn't it track?

ROGERS

A man is set to be executed, escapes his restraints... and then he blows himself up five minutes later?

(off his look)

How does that make any sense?

WARDEN HELMS

He's been on death row for a decade, that does things to the mind. And besides, that's what happened, I was there.

ROGERS

How can you be so sure?

WARDEN HELMS

Because no inmates exited the building, and I have more than two dozen cameras to prove it.

ROGERS

(shaking head)

I saw the chaos here last night... someone could've slipped through.

Warden Helms stops, motioning.

WARDEN HELMS

Not Michael Myers.

(MORE)

WARDEN HELMS (CONT'D)

He's underneath that smoldering rubble right over there. Dead as a door nail. That fire was burning so hot last night, teeth would melt. It took engines from three different counties just to put the damn thing out, and it's still smoking.

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

ROGERS

Dave--

WARDEN HELMS

We lost friends last night, Paul. A lot of them. Ones with families.
(pointing to his wound)
He's dead. Even Sheriff Hunt said as much. So before you start getting everyone all worked up, think about them.

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

ROGERS

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

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

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

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

55

On the sidewalk, Liam walks alone. He comes to Silver Shamrock Novelties and yanks on the door...

But it's locked. He looks to the "closed sign" and sighs to himself. Liam tries to look in through the front glass.

POV FROM INSIDE THE STORE

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

LIAM

Come on, Grimbridge, where are you?

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

POV FROM INSIDE THE STORE

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

Michael steps closer to the glass. Heavy breathing is heard through the mask.

OUTSIDE

Liam moves to the curb when--

FOG (O.S.)
Little man, you need a ride?

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

LIAM
I guess... old man Grimbridge is
nowhere to be found.

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

POV FROM INSIDE THE STORE

Michael focuses on Sofia. Breathing heavily.

IN THE TRUCK

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

NOAH (O.S.)
We have to stash the beer.

Sofia turns to Noah, seeing him holding his phone.

SOFIA
What?

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

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

SOFIA
Yeah, sure.

Liam hops in the back as they pull away.

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

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

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

HUNT
 Nope.

ROGERS
 Then why are you here?

Hunt looks to him, raising his sunglasses.

HUNT
 Why are *you*?

ROGERS
 I need to know he's dead.

HUNT
 Likewise.
 (eyeing him)
 I wanna see his remains dragged outta
 here in a bag.

ROGERS
 Yeah, well... you're not going to.
 (off his look)
 Not standing here anyway.

Hunt stares to Rogers, he has his attention now.

HUNT
 'Scuse me?

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

Rogers moves around to the passenger side. Hunt looks to
 him like, "What the fuck?" But he doesn't have a choice,
 sliding into the driver's seat.

57 **INT. NOAH'S TRUCK - DAY**

57

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

NOAH
 You know, I'm supposed to ask you to
 tell Ashley something good about
 Fog.

SOFIA
 Why?

NOAH
 I don't know, guess he digs her.

Noah shrugs and smiles. Sofia smiles as well.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What are you and your friends doing later tonight?

SOFIA

I don't know.

NOAH

Well, if you're up for it, we should all hang out. We do this thing out at the Bowles family farm. It's fun.

SOFIA

Yeah, sounds cool.

Noah gives her a look again.

NOAH

Great.

58 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

58

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

ANGLE FROM THE HALLOWEEN VAN

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

TRACKING SHOT BEHIND MICHAEL

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

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

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

Liam sits, looking up.

OFF TO HIS SIDE

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

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

ANGLE ON WINDOW

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

59 INT. HUNT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

59

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

NOAH

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

Bear and Fog disappear, Noah is left with Sofia.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Want something to drink?

SOFIA

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

NOAH

I meant water or something.

SOFIA

Oh, right... of course. Sure.

Sofia sort of nervously laughs. Noah smiles and moves to grab some water from the faucet.

Sofia looks around... clearly a home occupied by three males.

NOAH

That was pretty crazy last night,
wasn't it?

SOFIA

Yeah, it was. People died.

NOAH

I know... crazy.

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

NOAH (CONT'D)

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

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

SOFIA

Of course.

NOAH

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

SOFIA

What'd you expect?

NOAH

I don't know... I thought I wouldn't be as affected as I was, but seeing him there...

(thinking a beat)

It just brought everything back. It was too much.

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

SOFIA

Well... how do you feel now?

NOAH

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

ANGLE ON WINDOW

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

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

ON THE PORCH

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

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia stands with Noah, drinking the water.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I was still pretty shaken up this morning reading the news, but it helps having friends around.

(huffs)

God knows my dad doesn't care.

SOFIA

I know what you mean.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

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

ON THE PORCH

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

Liam looks up. *That was odd.*

Liam jams the knife into the pumpkin, stepping off the porch.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia finishes her water, handing it back to Noah.

NOAH

Do you?

Sofia nods, suddenly a little self-conscious.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What would your dad say now if he
knew you were here with me?

SOFIA

What would your dad say?

NOAH

He'd probably lose his shit.

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

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

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

NOAH (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just...

SOFIA

It's okay.

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

MICHAEL STANDING THERE. Staring back.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Whoa...

Sofia flinches, stepping back.

NOAH

What?

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

SOFIA

There's someone out there.

Noah turns to look, but Michael is gone.

NOAH

Where?

SOFIA

In the yard, by the laundry.

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

IN THE BACKYARD

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

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

He can't see much. But before him, something moves. A shape. As if evading him.

Noah raises the bat. Gets closer and closer. He lunges forward to attack when--

LIAM

AHHH!!!

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

NOAH

Liam... what the hell are you doing?

LIAM

I thought I saw something back here.

BACK WITH SOFIA

She tiptoes forward, seeing Liam. Behind her in the bushes, Michael stands. Watching.

As she moves to Liam and Noah, Michael steps away.

NOAH

You didn't see anything.

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

SOFIA

It wasn't your brother I saw.

NOAH

Who was it?

SOFIA

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

NOAH

Wasn't the shop closed?

SOFIA
Someone was inside.

NOAH
Who?

SOFIA
I don't know.

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

But no one is around.

BACK WITH LIAM

Liam makes his way to the front porch, but he stops near the stump. He looks at it. Touches the spot where the ax is usually stuck.

On the ground, the cut dog cord lies. Liam picks it up, looking at it. Weird.

He looks around. Whistles. But no dog.

IN THE BACKYARD

FOG (O.S.)
Let's go!

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

FOG (CONT'D)
The sins of the night are rapidly
approaching!

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

NOAH
You trying to spook me?

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

BACK WITH LIAM

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

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

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

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

The dog leaps on him, licking his face.

LIAM
There you are!

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

LIAM (CONT'D)
Geez, what got into you?

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

60 **EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY** 60

Hunt's patrol car drives down a single-lane highway away from the correctional center.

61 **INT. HUNT'S CAR - DAY** 61

Hunt drives with Rogers sitting shotgun.

ROGERS
That drug cocktail they gave him...
(shaking head)
I think it spiked his adrenaline through the roof, allowing him to break the restraints, but it didn't kill him, and it sure didn't make him suicidal.
(looking over)
You saw him. Did he look ready to die?

Hunt grits his teeth, shaking his head. Unable to believe what Rogers is telling him.

HUNT
I'll follow you down this road... but if they pull him out of that rubble back there in a day or two, what will you say then?

ROGERS
Slow down.

HUNT
What?

Rogers, seeing something, points to the side of the road.

ROGERS
Slow down.

62 **EXT. REST AREA - MOMENTS LATER** 62

The rest area is deserted. The wind is strong, howling across the flat land. A HIGHWAY PATROL car sits at the curb.

Rogers and Hunt exit their vehicle. They both share a glance. See? Hunt grabs the radio from inside the cruiser.

HUNT
(into radio)
Dispatch, this is Sheriff Hunt, you
got HP stationed on Stacy Lane?

DISPATCH (V.O.)
(from radio)
No, Sheriff. But we had one vehicle
not check in last night.

HUNT
(into radio)
I think we found it. 1167 Stacy
Lane. Sweep it.

Hunt holsters the radio. They both look around. Nothing.

HUNT (CONT'D)
Fuckin' shit...

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

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

Hunt reaches for the radio once more.

63 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK**

63

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

NOAH
So maybe I'll see you later?

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

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

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

SOFIA'S POV - TRICK-OR-TREATERS

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

ANGLE ON SOFIA

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

ANGLE FROM THE VAN

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

TRACKING SHOT BEHIND MICHAEL

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

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

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

After a moment, she turns, but Michael moves behind a tree to hide from sight.

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

ANGLE ON WINDOW

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

64

INT. ROGERS HOUSE - DUSK

64

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

EMMA

Sofia, where have you been?

SOFIA

Brie's.

EMMA

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

SOFIA

Yeah, I had to help Ashley with something.

Sofia moves, her mother following.

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

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

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Emma follows around Sofia, trying to keep up.

EMMA

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

SOFIA

I'm not lying, mom.

EMMA

Yes, you are. Your father told me where he saw you last night with that Hunt boy. And now I see you again, with him dropping you off.

Sofia stammers to reply. Caught red-handed.

DING-DONG! The front doorbell RINGS.

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

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

INSIDE THE HOUSE

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

SOFIA

Mom, you don't get it...

EMMA

Yes, I do. And I'm not mad. I trust you. But do not lie to me.

(off her look)

We don't lie to each other. Because God knows I've done my share of stupid things when I was young.

SOFIA

Stupid things?

EMMA

You know what I mean, just be honest. You can trust me.

DING-DONG! The doorbell rings again. Sofia looks, motioning to the door.

SOFIA

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

EMMA

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

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

SOFIA
Okay... I'll tell you everything,
but let me change clothes first.

EMMA
Alright.

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

DING-DONG! Doorbell.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I hear you already.

Emma grabs a nearby BOWL OF CANDY and moves to the door, opening it to--

TRICK-OR-TREATERS
Trick or treat!

A half dozen kids in costumes hold out their bags.

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

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

TRICK-OR-TREATERS
Thank you!

EMMA
You're welcome.

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

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

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

65

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

SOFIA
(to herself)
Sorry, mom, but I am *not* talking
about this now.

Sofia grabs her cell, calling Brie.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

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

BRIE (V.O.)

(from phone)

What do you have in mind?

SOFIA

Noah and his friends want to hang out with us.

BRIE (V.O.)

(from phone)

Third date! And you know what happens then!

Sofia laughs to herself.

66 **EXT. REST STOP - NIGHT**

66

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

HUNT

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

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

HUNT (CONT'D)

I wanna know, how did he do it?

(off Rogers' look)

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

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

Rogers lets out a deep breath, averts his gaze.

ROGERS

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

(beat)

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

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

HUNT

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

(MORE)

HUNT (CONT'D)
 (off his look)
 You need to understand these people.
 I don't.

Hunt raises his hand, his anger rising.

HUNT (CONT'D)
 You see them after the system
 processes them. Judges them. And
 hands them over to you in zip-jackets
 and shackles.
 (beat)
 But, I see them everywhere. I see
 them on the outside. The ones that
 get away with it.

Hunt shakes his finger in Rogers' face.

HUNT (CONT'D)
 You look for a cure. But to me, the
 only cure is a bullet.

ROGERS
 With all due respect, Gary--

HUNT
With all due respect? As deputy, I
 had a town to protect. But as a
 father, a husband, I had *one house*.
 (beat)
 All I had to do was to keep that
 house safe, but all that was gone
 the night you "*blinked*."
 (anger bubbling)
 With all due respect, doc, *fuck you*.

ROGERS
 Fuck you, too.

Hunt stammers a second, not expecting this reply. Rogers
 raises his finger as well, giving it right back.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 Yes, Gary. Fuck you, too.

Hunt sizzles, about to reply when--

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 Shoot first, think later? That's
 your plan? Well, watch the news,
 Sheriff, that credo is broken. I
 know exactly what you lost, and I
 feel it every day. Every second.
 There isn't a moment that goes by I
 don't feel what happened.
 (MORE)

ROGERS (CONT'D)

(inching closer)

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

Hunt freezes.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

That is what I'm trying to do. And that's why I've spent sixteen hours out of every day for the past ten years with that monster in that cage. I've put my life on hold. My family on hold. All because I'm trying to understand and stop it from ever happening again.

(off his look)

We both want the same thing, Sheriff, but save your guilt trip bullshit for someone else. Because I'm doing something. I'm sacrificing. I'm trying to solve the problem for good.

Rogers finishes talking as his chest heaves.

He stares into Hunt, suddenly not sure if Hunt might shoot him or knock out his teeth.

But Hunt does neither. He simply sighs, shaking his head.

HUNT

Hell.

Hunt drops his head, looking out the front glass.

ROGERS

Look... I know it might not mean anything to you, but I am sorry.

(shaking head)

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

Hunt stops. Gives him a look and then takes a breath.

HUNT

I know... sometimes bad things just happen.

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

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

Hunt notices something. Leaning in.

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

ROGERS
What name?

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

HUNT
Yours.

67 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

67

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

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

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

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

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

Michael holds the butcher knife. Not moving.

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

68 **EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

68

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

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

69

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

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

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

INTERCUT

EMMA

Why?

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

ROGERS

Emma, do what I'm telling you!

EMMA

You're starting to scare me, Paul.

ROGERS

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

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

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)

(from phone)

Emma?! Do you hear me?! Hello?!

EMMA

He's already here...

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

ROGERS (V.O.)

(from phone)

What?! Hello?!

Emma runs for it, Michael right behind her.

70

INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT

70

Rogers screams into the phone.

ROGERS

Emma!!

Hunt can hear Emma's screams through Rogers phone.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

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

Hunt FLOORS the car... as--

ROGERS (CONT'D)

Oh god, please no...

Rogers lowers the phone as another SHRIEK comes through.

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

71

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

The butcher knife slips from Michael's hand.

Emma kicks away from Michael. Fighting mad. Trying to get to the backdoor when--

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

DING-DONG! The front doorbell rings.

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

72

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

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

73

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

EMMA

HELP ME...!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Michael steps forward, finding his butcher knife and picking it up.

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

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

74

A few of the kids step away, sick of waiting. But one of the kids steps to the side window, trying to look inside.

He almost has a view when--

WHACK! Michael's hand SLAPS THE GLASS, causing the kid to flinch and stumble back. Michael stares out from the window, causing the kid to scramble to his feet and run.

75 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT**

75

Michael turns and makes his way up the stairs to Sofia's door. He turns the handle, but it's locked. He leans into the door. Pushing harder and harder and then--

BREAKS through the door.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Michael holds the butcher knife high, but no one is in the room. It's totally empty... the window left open.

76 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT**

76

Sofia moves between two houses, exiting to the back side of the block where the beat-up compact waits with Brie and Ashley inside.

ASHLEY

Fog really said something about me?

Sofia gets into the car, being handed a lit joint right away.

SOFIA

He sure did.

Sofia inhales deeply, choking a bit.

ASHLEY

He's cute... I guess.

BRIE

I don't know, this plan at the farm sounds kinda sketchy.

ASHLEY

It might be fun.

POV FROM DOWN THE STREET

Michael moves along the same line Sofia just came. CAMERA follows him as he moves toward the car.

Unlike before, though, he starts to move at a fast clip.

INSIDE THE CAR

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

BRIE
 Okay... but I've been running the numbers, and where do I fit in?

SOFIA
 What do you mean?

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

Sofia and Ashley look to each other, laughing.

POV FROM DOWN THE STREET

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

INSIDE THE CAR

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

BRIE (CONT'D)
 What?

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

BRIE (CONT'D)
 Oh no... do not tell me I'm left with Bear.

They laugh again.

BRIE (CONT'D)
 Oh, come on, no.
 (sighs)
 He's constantly sweating and looks like a silverback gorilla.

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

77 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

77

Rogers pushes through the front door of the house.

ROGERS
 Emma?! Emma?!

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

HUNT
 Oh, Jesus...

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

ROGERS

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

Emma quivers, blood covering her body. Rogers holds her, not knowing what to do.

HUNT

Keep talking to her!

Hunt steps away, barking into his radio:

HUNT (CONT'D)

(into radio)

It's Hunt, where's my goddamn medical assistance?! Where is everyone? All cars mobilize here now!

As Hunt distances, Rogers holds his wife tight.

ROGERS

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

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)

What is it? What?

EMMA

(a whisper)

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

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

ROGERS

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

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

ROGERS (CONT'D)

No... no...

HUNT (O.S.)

The paramedics are a minute out!

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

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

He cries. Hunt is frozen. Just staring.

78 **EXT. HUNT HOUSE - NIGHT**

78

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

FOG (V.O.)

Little man, that's the grossest Jack-o-lantern I've ever seen.

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

79

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

LIAM

Thanks!

Liam smiles from ear-to-ear, motioning to the TV.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You think that's gross, check this out.

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

BEAR

Whoa...

(leaning in)

...how'd they do that?

LIAM

I know, right? Looks real.

NOAH

They're here.

Noah leans into Liam, holding up a finger.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Not a word to dad and you can stay up watching whatever you want until I get home. Deal?

LIAM

Deal.

Noah turns, motioning to Fog and Bear.

FOG

Later, little man.

LIAM

Later.

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

LIAM (CONT'D)
 (calling after them)
 Watch out for the monsters out there!

The door slams as Bear yells back:

BEAR
 There's no such thing!

Liam stuffs popcorn in his mouth, laughing to himself as MacReady (Kurt Russell) burns the monster.

LIAM
 Yeah right... no such thing.

80 **EXT. HUNT HOUSE - NIGHT**

80

POV THROUGH VAN'S FRONT WINDSHIELD

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

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

BRIE
 You guys suck so bad.

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

The girls laugh again as both cars pull away.

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

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

81 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT**

81

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

BOY #1
 You totally nailed it!

BOY #2
 Suck it, Grimbridge!

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

BOY #1
What the hell's he waiting for?

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

BOY #1 (CONT'D)
I don't think that's old man
Grimbridge...

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

BOY #2
Who is that...?

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

GRIMBRIDGE'S SEVERED HEAD.

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

Michael looks forward again. The van pulls away.

82 **INT. ROGERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

82

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

Rogers is at a distance from the body, unable to look.

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

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

HUNT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

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

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

HUNT
I got every uniform looking for her.

Rogers' head rises, his eyes meeting Hunt's.

ROGERS

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

HUNT

Noah? What was he doing there?

ROGERS

I don't know, but they were together.

Hunt's expression changes, his blood starting to boil.

83 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

83

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

FOG

Happy Halloween! Now let's get
wasted!

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

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

BRIE

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

Noah walks up next to Sofia, laughing.

NOAH

I think this is going to work out.

IN THE DISTANCE

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

POV FROM INSIDE THE VAN

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

84 **EXT. ROGERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

84

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

HUNT

Noah's not answering his phone.

ROGERS

Neither is Sofia.

Hunt glares into Rogers, his mind swirling.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

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

Hunt grits his teeth, looking into the distance.

HUNT

I have an idea of who'll know where they might be.

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

85

A wireless speaker spews pop music. Candles have been set up to provide light. The girls dance, drinking booze straight from the bottle.

Fog eagerly watches, smiling to Bear when--

FOG

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

ASHLEY

I do!

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

BEAR

Cool, I'll go--

But before Bear can even finish his sentence, Fog jumps in his face, finger up.

FOG

Not a move, Bear.

BEAR

But--

Fog grabs his shoulders, speaking privately.

FOG

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

Alone.

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

Bear backs up, looking to Brie. She sighs.

BRIE
 Alright. Fine.

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

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

She holds out a pair of small scissors and tweezers.

BEAR
 Not the beard...

BRIE
 Yes. The beard. Trust me.

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

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

86

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

MACREADY
 (from TV)
*Why don't we just wait here for a
 little while... see what happens.*

Liam stuffs popcorn into his mouth when--

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

HUNT
 Where'd your brother go?

Liam nervously looks between his dad and Rogers.

LIAM
 Uh oh...

HUNT
 What do you mean "uh oh"?

LIAM
 I'm not supposed to tell you.

HUNT
 Do I look like I'm playing with you,
 boy?

Liam hesitates, looking to Rogers. Rogers eyes are red.

ROGERS
 He's not.

87 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

87

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

Ashley runs from the house with Fog right behind her.

FOG

Don't make me chase you!

ASHLEY

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

FOG

Whatever I want?

Ashley stops at the entrance to the corn maze. Looks back with a sexy gaze.

ASHLEY

Whatever you want.

She slides off her shirt, tossing it to him and vanishing into the maze. Fog smiles.

FOG

(to self)

Hell fuckin' yeah.

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

INSIDE THE MAZE

Fog moves with a drunken smile on his face.

FOG (CONT'D)

Where you at, babe?

He stops when he sees something hanging on a corn stalk. It's a sock. Placed for him to see her direction.

Fog grabs it. Smiles. Moves with renewed vigor.

INSIDE THE MAZE

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

ASHLEY

Come and get it!

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

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

88

Brie stands before Bear, tilting her head. Nods.

BRIE

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

Noah and Sofia step forward, looking as well.

SOFIA

Bear, you're so... handsome.

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

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

NOAH

You went from hobo to mountain man
just like that.

A big smile crosses Bear's face.

BEAR

Awesome.

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

89

Fog steps through the corn stalks, giggling to himself when
he sees the CIRCUIT BREAKER. He gets an idea.

FOG

Come out, come out wherever you are.

CLOSE ON

Fog's hand grabs the main power switch, pushing it up and--
ZZZZZT!!!

The circuits spark, sending power to all the Halloween
decorations. The dark night is now FILLED WITH LIGHTS and
all the HALLOWEEN SOUNDS.

90 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - CORN MAZE - NIGHT**

90

Ashley, pants unbuttoned, stops, seeing the light.

ASHLEY

Hey, that's cheating!

Michael stands right behind her, but she's looking the wrong
way. He steps back between corn stalks right as Ashley turns
and-- he's gone.

ELSEWHERE IN THE MAZE

Fog looks over when he hears her.

FOG

I'll take any advantage I can get!

He keeps moving, quickly rounding a corner and--

RUNS RIGHT INTO A GLOWING SCARECROW!

The freaky doll cackles, signifying that he's hit a dead end. Fog laughs off the brief scare.

FOG (CONT'D)

Nice one.

He turns to go back the way he just came and--

MICHAEL IS STANDING BEHIND HIM! Fog gasps, about to scream when Michael SHOVES THE KNIFE UP THROUGH HIS CHIN.

Michael holds up with the knife, lifting Fog up to his eye line. Michael stares into him, Michael's rage-filled eyes seen in close up.

Fog twitches and then goes limp, his life slipping away.

Michael tilts his head and then lowers the knife, allowing Fog to fall to the ground with a wet thud.

ELSEWHERE IN THE MAZE

Ashley has made the middle of the maze. It's lit up with spooky lights and ghosts.

ASHLEY

Fog? You lost?

She giggles to herself, placing herself sexily on a hay stack.

91 INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT

91

The lights flash as the car tears down the highway. Rogers stares out the front. Tense as well.

Hunt holds his radio to his mouth.

HUNT

(into radio)

All cars! Code 33 for 11543 Highway 2, 459 in progress! I repeat, Code 33 for 11543 Highway 2, 459 in progress! Suspect is a white male, approximately thirty years of age, six feet tall, two hundred pounds and should be considered armed and dangerous! Shoot to kill!

92 EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - CORN MAZE - NIGHT

92

Ashley playfully poses on the hay stack when a spotlight hits her. Someone is holding it, coming toward her.

ASHLEY

Looking for a show?

Ashley giggles, getting up on her knees, beginning to do a strip tease. The spotlight comes closer.

Because of its brightness, it's impossible to see who's holding it. Ashley slides off her pants, tossing them.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Come closer, I'm just about ready.

The spotlight gets closer. Moving around behind her. Michael reaches out a hand. Ashley lets him touch her body, lowering her bra strap.

She holds his hand, bringing a finger to her mouth. She licks it, looking up with a sexy smile.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

You like that--

She sees the mask, recoiling back. He's covered in blood. Dirt. He drops the spotlight.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Hey... what's with the mask?! That's not cool, Fog. We told you... to...

Michael breathes heavily behind the mask.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?! Where's Fog?!

Holds up the butcher knife and tilts his head. Ashley turns and RUNS. SCREAMING:

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

FOG!? WHERE ARE YOU?!

Michael gives chase. He doesn't run. But he moves at a good clip. He holds out the butcher knife. Taking turn after turn.

WITH ASHLEY

She runs aimlessly through the corn maze. Completely having lost her way.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

SOFIA!!! BRIE!!! ANYONE!!!

Ashley stumbles, looking back over her shoulder. SCREAMS again. Takes a corner and sees--

FOG. On the ground. Wrapped in lights. Blood pouring from his face.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

AHHH!!!

Ashley begins to cry, backing away and running back through the corn maze. She comes to a DEAD END, but tries to stop crying. She holds her breath, trying to be quiet.

She listens. Michael is no longer behind her. She backs up. Looking left and right. Trying to be dead quiet when--

MICHAEL LUNGES OUT OF THE CORN STALKS BEHIND HER and yanks her back into the darkness screaming.

93

INT. FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

93

Noah and Sofia look through the slots on the window, seeing all the lights and the decorations moving.

NOAH

What the hell are they doing?
Someone's going to see us.

SOFIA

I'll go turn them off.

NOAH

I can do it.

SOFIA

No, we girls have to talk.

Sofia smiles and winks, grabbing a bottle. She grabs Brie's hand as they got giggle and head for the door.

Bear glows, moving close to Noah.

BEAR

I think Brie might actually like me.

NOAH

Just don't play too hard to get.

94

INT. HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT

94

Hunt sets down his radio and pulls a handgun from the front console, holding it out for Rogers.

HUNT

Know how to handle a firearm?

ROGERS

Not well.

HUNT

Simplest gun there is. Safety on.
Safety off.

(shows with one hand)

Center up. Point and pull.

Rogers takes it, looking to Hunt.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Nine shots. Don't stop pulling the trigger until you're out or he's dead.

95 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT**

95

Sofia and Brie move away from the house. The muted screams from Ashley can be heard in the distance.

BRIE

Wow, what's Fog doing to Ashley?

They both laugh.

SOFIA

You're next, big Bear hunter.

BRIE

He's actually kinda sweet.

Brie moves away from Sofia, seeing the lit up pumpkinhead monster in the distance.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I have to selfie that.

SOFIA

Brie, come on.

But Brie is already gone, moving into the distance.

BRIE

It'll just be a second for a moment that will last a lifetime!

Sofia sighs, shaking her head and swinging the bottle.

SOFIA

You're so lame!

96 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - CORN MAZE - NIGHT**

96

Brie runs up to the pumpkinhead monster. From where she is in the corn maze, no one can see her.

PUMPKINHEAD ANIMATRONIC

(cackling)

Happy Halloween, kids!!!

Brie laughs to herself, maybe a little spooked.

BRIE

Creepy.

She lines up her shot. Her in the foreground, the pumpkinhead monster in the background. Makes a duck-face smile and--

FLASH! The camera flashes, casting light into the darkness and highlighting Michael.

But Brie is oblivious. She takes another photo--FLASH! Michael has moved closer. Another photo. And another. With each photo, Michael gets closer and closer.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Let's see.

Brie stops taking photos, looking at the result. Behind her, Michael stands. He takes a few steps, making a NOISE and causing Brie to look up.

But Michael is already gone.

Brie looks back to her phone. Scrolls through the photos. Finds the best one and looks closely to it when she notices the mask of Michael in the photo.

BRIE (CONT'D)

What the hell...

Brie jerks up her head right as--

MICHAEL THRUSTS FORWARD with a HANDHELD PITCHFOORK, the three blades STABBING BRIE THROUGH THE PHONE AND INTO HER TORSO.

Brie gasps, falling back, the handheld pitchfork still stuck in her torso, her arm immobile, clutching her pierced phone.

BRIE (CONT'D)

AHHH!!!

Brie scrambles to her feet, running.

97 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT**

97

Sofia turns, having heard something. Se looks into the distance, but doesn't see anything.

SOFIA

Brie? You okay?

No response. Sofia sighs and moves toward the corn maze.

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

98

Hunt stands on the accelerator. The lights flash.

HUNT

They're alive. Keep telling yourself that. They're alive. Don't break.

Hunt and Rogers exchange a look. Stare out the front.

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

99

Noah goes to the window, peeking out into the distance. He can see the lights, but nothing else.

BEAR (O.S.)

Hey, can I DJ something else? This music is kinda chick-shit.

Noah turns, seeing Bear sitting on the stairs.

NOAH

That's the point, don't touch it.

Noah moves for the door, grabbing a wood board.

BEAR

Where you going?

NOAH

They're taking too long.

Noah exits the door, leaving Bear alone. Bear pulls out a headset, using his phone to listen to his own music.

He stands, beginning to randomly walk around the house.

POV FROM OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Michael stands in the distance. He watches Noah move in the direction of the corn maze.

Michael turns back to the house, moving to Bear.

100 **EXT. FARMER JOHN'S HAUNTED PUMPKIN PATCH - CORN MAZE - NIGHT**

100

Sofia pushes through a corn stalk, looking around.

SOFIA

Brie? Where are you?

She takes a few more steps when her eyes drop, seeing something on the ground. She leans down, seeing the specs of blood when--

The lights all CUT OUT. She's surrounded by darkness. Sofia shifts, suddenly very spooked.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Brie? This isn't funny.

Sofia moves forward, barely able to see, pushing through the corn stalks and seeing--

ASHLEY STRUNG UP LIKE A SCARECROW. She's covered in blood, STRAW sticking out of her EYES and MOUTHS.

Sofia gasps, stumbling back and seeing FOG'S BODY ON THE GROUND, SURROUNDED BY BLOOD.

Sofia SCREAMS and turns, grabbing her phone and running.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Oh my god... BRIE!? NOAH!?

She pushes through the corn stalks, dialing.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
(from phone)
911, what's your emergency?

Sofia is panicked, running back to the house.

SOFIA
(into phone)
I need help out at Farmer John's
Pumpkin Patch, my friends are hurt!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Ma'am, stay calm. What is your name?

SOFIA
Sofia Rogers... send police now...

Sofia runs to the house as her voice trails out. Inside the house, she can see Michael on the first floor. He holds the butcher knife, moving around.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Oh my god...

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
How many people are injured, ma'am?

On the second floor, Sofia can see Bear. He bobs his head to the music, his earphones in.

SOFIA
Bear! Bear!

Michael begins to move to the stairs, but hearing Sofia's scream, he looks over.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Ma'am? Are you still there? Are
you in a safe place?

Sofia ducks, moving around to the side of the house. Michael doesn't see her, continuing up to the second floor.

SOFIA
(hushed)
No! Send the police! Fucking now!

Sofia ends the call, quickly dialing another number. She holds the phone to her head when--

BEAR (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 Sofia? Why are you calling me?

101 **INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

101

Bear stops, looking up from his phone.

SOFIA (V.O.)
 (into phone)
 Bear, you need to get out of the house!

BEAR
 What? Why?

INTERCUT

SOFIA
 Ashley and Fog are dead! The killer is in the house! Move! Now!

BEAR
 You messing with me?

SOFIA
 No! Fucking move!

BEAR
 Okay... move where?

Sofia picks up a rock from the ground.

SOFIA
 He's behind you, move further into the room!

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear, now a bit spooked, looks over his shoulder as he moves deeper into the bedroom.

Behind him, Michael rises to the top of the stairs when--

WHACK! A rock slams into the side of the house. Michael stops a beat, looking... allowing Bear to get further away.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia moves down the side of the house, keeping her voice down, looking to the house.

BEAR (V.O.)
 What was that?!

SOFIA
 Get to the stairs, but do not go through the hallway.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear moves, holding his phone. He moves into the bathroom, which is connected to a room at the front of the house.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia keeps moving when her CALL WAITING rings -- it's NOAH CALLING. But Sofia can't answer, pressing ignore.

As Sofia looks down, Michael looks out through the window, seeing her. When Sofia looks back up, he's no longer there.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear moves to the front room, about to make his way to the hallway and the stairs when--

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

Wait, I don't see him anymore.

Bear sees a glimpse of the mask in the hallway. Hidden in the shadow. Like Michael is waiting for him.

Bear stops, backing up.

BEAR

I do... he's hiding.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia stops, her CALL WAITING rings -- it's NOAH AGAIN. But Sofia has to ignore it again, looking back to the house.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear moves. Barely breathing. Trying to make as little sound as possible with each step.

BEAR (CONT'D)

I think I can sneak back around him and get to the stairs.

He stops in the back bedroom again. Takes a breath. The stairs are just around the corner.

Bear moves, tiptoeing to the stairs. He looks over, seeing the mask within the shadow... but the mask is on a broomstick.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

Behind him, MICHAEL STEPS FORWARD, Bear turning right as-- SLASH!!! The butcher knife hits his hand, CUTTING OFF THREE FINGERS, causing him to drop the phone.

Bear SCREAMS, blood spewing from the finger stumps.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia moves forward, hearing Bear screaming.

SOFIA

BEAR?!

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bear stumbles back when Michael SLASHES again, slicing across Bear's eyes, blinding him. Bear screams. Michael lifts a boot and SLAMS IT INTO BEARS'S CHEST--

Bear stumbles back, tumbling down the stairs and hitting the bottom with a SICKENING CRACK. He's dead.

At the top of the stairs, Michael puts the mask back on.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

Sofia frantically moves around the house, trying to see Bear.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Bear?!

She comes around to the front right as Michael steps out from the side. He's holding the bloody butcher knife.

She screams, backing away when--

WHACK! A wooden board SLAMS into the back of Michael's head, causing him to drop to a knee.

Noah is revealed, holding the wooden board. He tosses his car keys to Sofia, yelling:

NOAH

Get to the truck! Go get some help!

SOFIA

He'll kill you!

NOAH

GO!!!

Sofia grabs the keys, turning and running to the barn. Noah stays with Michael, turning right as Michael rises.

Noah swings the wooden board again, but Michael blocks it with his forearm, swinging the knife and cutting Noah's torso.

Noah stumbles back, Michael slicing him again across the back, causing Noah to drop the wooden board and fall.

Noah writhes in pain, blood seeping out. Michael turns, seeing Sofia running in the distance. He follows.

102 **EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

102

Sofia comes to the side door of the barn. She fiddles with the rusty door latch, yanking it when--

SOMEONE GRABS HER. Sofia spins, screaming and seeing BRIE. Still alive. Blood pouring from her wound.

SOFIA
Jesus, Brie...!

BRIE
They're dead... they're all dead...

SOFIA
Come on, quick!

Sofia helps Brie into the barn, pulling closed the door.

103 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

103

Sofia and Brie gets inside the truck. Brie cries, weak from the blood loss. Sofia jams the keys into the ignition. The truck roars to life. Lights on. Radio on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(from radio)
Hope all you ghosts and goblins are
having a scary Halloween out there.

CRASH!!! The side window is SHATTERED by Michael's fist. Brie screams. Sofia tries to put the truck into gear, but Michael's hand turns the keys, killing the engine.

But the radio and lights are still on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from radio)
We're going to keep the hits coming,
boils and ghouls.

Brie jumps out of the passenger side door as Michael opens the driver's side door, SLICING with the butcher knife.

Sofia kicks out, hitting him in the face, causing him to stop his attack a second. Sofia slides out of the passenger side, grabbing a rusty screwdriver from the WORK BENCH.

She turns, standing before Brie with just the truck separating them from Michael.

In the mayhem, the radio speakers have been affected.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This golden oldie goes out to you
ladies looking for Mr. Right.

"Mister Sandman" by The Chordettes starts to play, but the sound is warbled, making the song sound even more creepy.

Brie runs for it, getting to the side door and allowing it to slam closed behind her. Sofia follows coming to the door but it's now locked from the outside.

SOFIA

Brie?! Open the door!

OUTSIDE THE BARN

Brie cries, trying to unlock the door with her lone hand, but the latch is stuck tight.

BRIE

I can't! It's stuck!

INSIDE THE BARN

Sofia frantically tries to push the door when Michael LUNGES AT HER FROM BEHIND, the butcher knife hitting the door with such force Michael's ARM PLUNGES THROUGH.

Brie is nearly hit, backing away and screaming.

Sofia jabs Michael in the chest with the screwdriver. He flinches, pushing her away with his free hand.

Sofia falls to the ground, but she's up fast, moving to the work bench to try to find any weapons. But Michael is right on her, standing on the opposite side of the work bench.

Michael thrusts into it, FLIPPING THE BENCH. It falls into Sofia, making her fall again. Michael steps over the work bench, advancing on her when she--

Slides underneath the truck.

Sofia sees the butcher knife on the floor just beyond the truck. She reaches for it when--

Michael STEPS on her hand. Sofia gasps, pulling her hand free. Michael grabs the butcher knife, kneeling down and swinging it at Sofia.

But she's able to scoot away. Michael walks around the truck. Sofia stays in the middle underneath, just out of reach.

From the radio, "Mister Sandman" continues to play when--

Michael slams the butcher knife into one of the tires. The truck starts to DROP. He punctures another tire.

The truck DROPS MORE.

Sofia had a few inches... but now she's ABOUT TO BE CRUSHED. She panics, trying to move.

But Michael punctures the last two tires.

The truck gets LOWER and LOWER. About to crush Sofia when she sees a thick wrench on the floor.

Sofia quickly grabs it, placed it vertically to MEET THE DROPPING TRUCK. It's WOBBLY. BARELY HOLDING the truck.

Sofia takes a breath when--

The truck engine then STARTS.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Michael tosses a brick onto the gas pedal, causing the engine to ROAR. He then jams the truck into gear, the wheels spinning and--

UNDERNEATH THE TRUCK

The wrench starts to slip from the acceleration. Sofia has to move fast, rolling out from under the truck right as the truck TAKES OFF.

The truck races across the barn toward the side door and--
CRASH!!! BREAKS THROUGH THE WALL.

Dust and debris fills the barn, Sofia bolting through the destroyed wall with Michael still behind her.

She exits the barn when--

NOAH (O.S.)

Sofia, run!

Sofia turns, seeing Noah limping toward her, blood covering his body. He lurches forward like he's going to take on Michael, but Sofia grabs him.

SOFIA

I'm not leaving you to die!

Sofia grabs him, pulling him with her.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

I called the police, help is coming!

Sofia helps him toward the house. Behind them, Michael steps out of the barn. He holds the butcher knife. Moving.

FAR IN THE DISTANCE

Michael can see a pair of headlights coming his way.

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

104

The car approaches the farmhouse. Michael can be seen following Noah and Sofia into the house.

ROGERS

There they are! LOOK OUT!

Rogers points, Brie JUMPING INTO THEIR PATH, screaming. The car slides to a stop, just missing her.

105 **INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT** 105

Sofia and Noah enter the second floor bedroom, pushing the old furniture up against the door.

SOFIA

We just have to keep him back!

106 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT** 106

Hunt and Rogers lead the hysterical Brie into the back seat of the car.

HUNT

Lock the doors, help is on the way.

BRIE

Don't leave me! Please!

HUNT

He's not coming out of that house alive, darling. I promise you.

Hunt closes the door, holding up his shotgun and hustling toward the house, Rogers following him.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Watch my back.

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

Hunt enters with shotgun leading the way. He sees Bear's dead body. Keeps moving until--

He sees Michael outside of the kitchen and--BLAM!!! A shell takes out part of the wall -- just missing Michael.

HUNT (CONT'D)

Get Noah and Sofia outta here, I got this sonuvabitch!

Hunt motions up the stairs, Rogers moving. Hunt moves deeper into the house.

107 **INT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT** 107

Sofia braces the door for Michael when--

ROGERS (O.S.)

(banging on door)

Sofia?! It's your father!

SOFIA

Dad?!

Sofia pulls back the furniture, allowing the door to crack open and reveal Rogers' face.

ROGERS

Thank god you two are safe!

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

108

Hunt takes a corner and--BLAM!!! Lets off another shot just missing Michael again. Hunt moves with speed.

He wipes around the shotgun. Looking into every corner. He approaches the bathroom and -- sees Michael at the far wall.

HUNT

Die, you sonuvabitch!

BLAM!!! The shotgun spews out the shell and--CRASH!!! The image of Michael SHATTERS, revealed as his reflection in the mirror.

Michael lunges out from the side, SLASHING Hunt across the forearm, causing him to drop the shotgun. Michael SHOVES him, pushing him back into the main room.

109 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT**

109

Rogers and Sofia help up Noah.

NOAH

What are you doing with my dad's gun?!

ROGERS

He gave it to me.

NOAH

My dad's here?!

ROGERS

He's covering downstairs. Come on, we have to move.

Noah pushes way from the two, moving the furniture.

NOAH

No, I have to help my dad!

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

110

In Hunt's fall, he knocked over the candle. The dry wood quickly ignites, the flames crawling the walls.

Hunt is up fast. Pulls a switchblade from his boot. The two men square off. Each holding their blade.

They each strike, using their free hands as defense. But Michael is just too strong. Too unrelenting.

Hunt strikes, but Michael grabs his arm, bending it at the elbow, BREAKING it--SNAP!!!

Michael grabs Hunt by the collar, slamming him up against the wall. He holds the butcher knife to his chest, but Hunt has his good hand up. He grips the blade.

Blood seeps out of Hunt's hand. His face is red. Michael PUSHES, but Hunt is holding strong.

It's a losing battle, though. Michael THRUSTS HARDER, the blade sliding through Hunt's hand and into his chest.

Hunt moans. Looking up at Michael. Eye to eye.

HUNT

I'll be waiting for you, bastard...
in Hell... I'll be waiting....

Michael pushes harder, the blade PIERCING HUNT'S HEART. His eyes widen. Mouth going wide. The air sucked from his lungs.

111 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT**

111

Noah opens the door, moving, but Rogers grabs Sofia.

ROGERS

No, I won't lose you too.

SOFIA

What do you mean?

Sofia stares to him. Confused.

ROGERS

Your mother... he killed her...
Michael killed her...

Sofia backs away, putting her hands to her face. Grief rushes through her body. But the sadness quickly turns to anger.

SOFIA

I'm not waiting to be killed!

Sofia grabs the gun out of her father's hand, running.

ROGERS

Sofia!

Rogers begins to follow, looking out the windows as sirens rise in the distance. HELP IS ON THE WAY.

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

112

Michael pushes the blade into Hunt's chest, looking to his dead eyes. He takes a step back, looking to Hunt's body pinned to the wall. His head tilts and--

NOAH (O.S.)

YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!!

Michael turns right as Noah BARRELS INTO HIM, sending them both crashing into the doorway behind them--CRASH!!!

The door flies in off its hinges as they TUMBLE DOWN THE STAIRS to the basement below.

113 **INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

113

Dust fills the dank space. Noah tries to rise, but his leg is broken at the shin, a bone sticking out. He groans, looking over as Michael stands.

Michael picks him up, about to slam him into the wall when-- BLAM-BLAM!!! Gunshots just miss him.

Michael turns, seeing Sofia at the bottom of the stairs, about to pull the trigger again when--

Michael THRUSTING Noah through the air into Sofia--WHACK!

Sofia FALLS BACK, dropping the gun. Michael is right on her, kicking away the gun and grabbing her by the throat.

NOAH

No...

Noah writhes on the ground, in pain, but still fighting. Michael stomps on his broken leg, causing him to wail.

SOFIA

No... no...

Michael spins Sofia around by the throat, raising her off the ground. She struggles, his hands crushing her neck.

Sofia kicks her legs. Claws at his hands. And then grabs for his mask, almost pulling it off when--

Michael drops her, taking a step back, adjusting his mask--

ROGERS (O.S.)

MICHAEL!!!

Michael turns, seeing Rogers at the bottom of the stairs.

ROGERS (CONT'D)

I'm the one you want.

(breaking)

You killed my wife. You want to kill my daughter. But I'm the one who locked you in that cage all those years. I'm the one who filled you with drugs. I'm the one who condemned you to death.

(beat)

Me. It was my decision. I'm the one you want. I'm the one who tried to kill you! Me! I'm the one you want! Kill me, Michael!

(MORE)

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 (growing)
 KILL ME!

Michael stares to him. His chest heaves. Rogers takes a step forward. Smoke begins to fill the air.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
 FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED! COME ON,
 MICHAEL! KILL ME!
 (growing)
 KILL ME! KILL ME!!! KILL ME!!!

Michael picks up a shard of jagged glass and CHARGES ROGERS.

Rogers quickly backs away, climbing the stairs. But Michael is fast. ALMOST RUNNING AT THIS POINT.

ON THE STAIRS LEADING UP

Michael bounds forward, taking two steps at a time, swinging the glass -- SLICING ROGERS ACROSS THE BACK OF THE LEG.

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

114

Rogers screams in pain, losing his footing and falling to the ground. He tries to flip over, but Michael stands over him. He grips the glass shard. About to kill Rogers.

ROGERS
 Yes, Michael... yes....

Rogers backs up along the floor. Michael moves closer. The room is ablaze by this point. SMOKE filling the air.

115 **INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

115

Sofia grabs a some debris from the floor, breaking out a wooden slot covering the basement window.

Outside, she can see the POLICE LIGHTS.

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

116

Rogers continues to back up along the floor. Michael gets closer and closer until Rogers laughs to himself.

ROGERS
 They've got you, Michael... they've got you surrounded. You're *caught*.

Michael holds a second, his eyes rising. Through the slots, dozens of headlights can be seen. Red and blue lights.

117 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

117

The police cars pull up in the front of the farmhouse. Smokes spews out from the upper floors. OFFICERS exit their cars.

Sofia helps Noah from the basement window. They limp across the grass, several officers helping them.

SOFIA
My dad's in there! He's still in there! Help him! Please!

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

118

Rogers continues to laugh to himself.

ROGERS
You'll never get my Sofia, Michael. You'll never kill again.

Michael grabs Rogers by the neck, slamming him into the wall, and uses the glass shard to cut his chest. Back and forth. Rogers HOWLS IN PAIN.

ROGERS (CONT'D)
When you walk out that door, they will kill you! It's over!

Michael grabs Roger's tongue. Pulls it out, further and further from his mouth. Brings the glass shard to it and--

119 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

119

Noah is on the ground. Gasping in pain. Surrounded by officers. Sofia kneels with him when--

DEPUTY BAXTER (O.S.)
Show your hands!

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Drop the weapon! Drop the weapon!

Sofia's head whips up, seeing Michael rushing from the farmhouse. He has his arms up, glass shard in his grip when--

POP-POP-POP!!! Several gunshots slam into Michael, putting him down in a heap.

But as Sofia inches forward, something isn't right. Michael is wearing the mask... but he's NOT WEARING THE JUMP SUIT.

SOFIA
That's not him... that's not him...

Sofia runs over as officers surrounded the downed man, Deputy Baxter rips free the mask and reveals... ROGERS.

Rogers gasps for air, the bullets lodged in his chest. He's not holding the glass shard, it's jammed through his hand.

Blood covers his face, his tongue split down down the middle.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
That's my dad! It's not him!

Sofia rushes to her father, past an officer trying to stop her, but she screams, pointing.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
He's still inside! He's in the house!

Several officers rush for the house. Sofia collapses to her father, grabbing his head.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Dad! Dad!

Rogers struggles to speak. Clutching his daughter tightly.

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

120

Flames and smoke now engulf the interior. A few officers stay low, entering with weapons aimed.

DEPUTY BAXTER
There's no one alive in here!

OFFICER #1
What the hell is that?!

On the wall, written in blood reads, "THIS TOWN WILL NEVER BE SAFE AGAIN." The blood sizzles on the wall.

DEPUTY BAXTER
This place is coming down! Move!

A flaming beam crashes down behind them. They retreat.

121 **EXT. FARMHOUSE - FIELD - NIGHT**

121

The farmhouse burns, embers filling the night sky like fireflies. Rogers, on his back, pulls Sofia close.

SOFIA
I'm here, dad... I'm safe...

Rogers shakes his head, trying to speak, but it's hard.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
I'm okay... I'm okay...

Rogers shakes his head more, pulling her closer.

ROGERS
(a strained whisper)
He doesn't just want to kill me and you... he wants to kill everyone.

Sofia retracts a bit. Rogers gasps as PARAMEDICS tend to his wounds. She steps back. Looks to Noah and Brie being treated.

Her eyes then shift to the house, the flames licking the dark night sky. She starts to spin, noticing all the darkness around her.

Sofia backs up even more, looking around and seeing--

A shape. In the trees. Face obscured by shadow. She stares. The shape staring back. Motionless.

DEPUTY BAXTER (O.S.)

Who could do all this...?

Sofia turns to Deputy Baxter leaning over her father. Deputy Baxter takes off his hat, horrified by the bloody massacre.

ROGERS

Pure evil.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

She looks back to the trees with a growing fear. But the shape is no longer there.

SOFIA'S POV

The pumpkin patch, the corn maze, the field, the burning farmhouse, all are empty, quiet, dark. There is only the SOUND of the wind swelling in the trees.

The shape is back.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END

POST END TITLES TAG

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rogers. Broken. Hooked up to IVs. Lies in a hospital bed. Rogers speaks softly, with wide-eyed terror to a man whose back is to camera.

ROGERS

I tried to understand him... I wanted to help him, but when I saw what was inside of him, God help me, I tried to kill him.

(breaking)

I tried to kill him, Dr. Loomis. *I tried.*

The man touches Roger's trembling wrist.

DR. LOOMIS

Him?

Camera slowly rises, revealing the man's attire.

DR. LOOMIS (CONT'D)

You speak of Michael Myers as if he were just a man.

The man wears a black turtleneck and beige trench coat. A revolver peaks from his shoulder harness.

DR. LOOMIS (CONT'D)

He's not a man, Dr. Rogers. He never was.

Reveal... **DOCTOR SAM LOOMIS** (40s). He is Gary Oldman with the eyes of a chopping block.

DR. LOOMIS (CONT'D)

He's simply... and purely...

(beat)

Evil.