

**HALLOWEEN 7:
Two Faces of Evil**

Written by
Robert Zappia

Based on characters by
John Carpenter
&
Debra Hill

7/11/97

HALLOWEEN: TWO FACES OF EVIL

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SUBURBIA

Nauvoo, Illinois. A quaint town located a hundred miles outside of Chicago.

SUPER the legend: "Nauvoo, Illinois. October 29th, 1998"

A HOUSE

nestled in the middle of a tree-lined street, a luxury auto parked in the driveway.

Someone is watching...

KILLER'S POV

approaching the house...moving behind the foliage as a well dressed middle-aged couple, KEN AND TERI WILEY, emerge from the house and head for their car.

They are followed by DEBRA WILEY, their teenage daughter. A perfect ten any way you slice her...

DEBRA

A slumber party. This is like so unfair. Why do I always get stuck watching that little shit?!

TERI

Debra.

KEN

Because that little shit's your brother.

TERI

Honestly, you two.

DEBRA

So I'm like punished 'cause you guys couldn't keep your hands off each other?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEN

Maybe I'll get lucky tonight and you'll have another brother or sister to look after.

DEBRA

That image is so not appealing.

KEN

We'll be back by midnight.

TERI

Emergency numbers --

DEBRA

-- are on the fridge. Right. So I'll know who to call when I kill the little bastards.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley disappear inside the car. Debra watches from the porch as they pull away from the house.

DEBRA (cont'd)

Why can't they be like my friends' parents? Divorced.

A RUSTLE in the bushes draws Debra's attention...she looks in the killer's direction, but sees nothing. She reenters the house, closes the door behind her.

The KILLER moves to the porch, peers through a living room window...inside, Debra heads up the stairs, a cordless phone in her grasp.

DEBRA (cont'd)

(calling off)

I'm using the phone. Touch it and lose a finger.

Debra disappears upstairs. The KILLER moves around the side of the house...stops at a den window...inside, LEE WILEY, 10, and his friends, BILLY, MATT, and TIMMY, stand in the middle of the room.

LEE

How about hide-and-seek?

BILLY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATT
(to Lee)
You're it.

LEE
Why me?

MATT
'Cause it's your house.

TIMMY
Yeah, Lee. You're it.

LEE
O-kay.

BILLY
Count to ten.

Lee covers his eyes with his hands...starts to count, slowly.

LEE
One...two...three...

The boys scatter throughout the dimly lit house...looking for their hiding places.

The KILLER moves to the back of the house, finds the kitchen door. He peers through the screen door as Timmy runs into the kitchen, unaware of the danger lurking outside.

LEE (cont'd) (OS) (cont'd)
...four...five...six...

Timmy scrambles for shelter...climbs into the pantry, closes the cupboard behind him.

The KILLER opens the screen door...enters the kitchen...finds the butcher block on the counter...he pulls the chef's knife from its resting place...approaches the pantry.

INT. DEN

Lee stands there, hands planted firmly over his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE
seven...eight...nine...ten.
(opening his eyes)
Ready or not, here I come.

Lee starts his hunt...he looks behind the couch, nothing.
He moves into the hallway, approaches the foyer closet. He
opens it...nothing.

He HEARS a rustling coming from the kitchen. Lee smiles and
crosses to --

INT. KITCHEN

Lee enters cautiously, eyes the room. A RUSTLE comes from
the pantry beside him. He moves slowly toward it...reaches
for the cupboard...swings it open...revealing

TIMMY

crouched safely inside, eating a Twinkie.

INT. HALLWAY - UPSTAIRS

Debra comes out of her bedroom, portable phone nuzzled
between her ear and shoulder. She closes her bedroom door
and proceeds down the hall...

DEBRA
(into phone)
'Cause I just know. Jill told Pam
who told me that Jimmy told Steve
he has the hots for you... Who?...
Trish Baker? She is so white
trash.

Debra enters --

INT. BATHROOM

She shuts the door behind her. She is too busy talking on
the phone to notice the shadow of a FIGURE looming behind
the shower curtain right beside her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBRA
 (into phone)
 Did you see what she was wearin'
 today? Yeah. Both cheeks hanging
 right out. Don't worry. With an
 ass like that, only guy she'll
 attract is a cannibal who isn't
 worried about a high-fat diet.

As Debra pulls down her pants to use the john, the FIGURE
 jumps out from behind the shower curtain!

Debra SCREAMS...drops the phone to the ground...it's only
 Billy, who scrambles out the door, very embarrassed.

DEBRA (cont'd)
 (calling off)
 Damn it, you little pervert! You
 scared the shit out of me!

Debbie picks the phone up off the floor --

DEBRA (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Chelsie...you still there...hello?
 Chelsie?

At that moment, all the lights in the house go out.

INT. HALLWAY - UPSTAIRS

Debra exits the bathroom, leans over the banister.

DEBRA
 Lee! Stop screwing around! Turn
 the lights back on now!

Debra is distracted by a CREAKING SOUND coming from the
 direction of her bedroom. She moves down the hall, the fact
 that her bedroom door is now open has not gone unnoticed.

DEBRA (cont'd)
 If one of you creeps are in
 there... I swear...

Debra crosses into --

INT. DEBRA'S BEDROOM

She checks the room for intruders...

DEBRA

Come out, come out, wherever you
are.

There's a loud THUMP from inside her closet. Debra smiles, enjoying her own game of hide-and-seek. She quietly approaches the closet...rests her hand on the knob...turns it slowly...then swings it open wildly.

DEBRA (cont'd)

BOO!

Matt, crouched in front of a wall of clothes,
SCREAMS...darts from the bedroom.

DEBRA (cont'd)

(softly)

Fuckin' kids.

As Debra shuts the closet door, the KILLER leaps from behind the wall of clothes...grabs Debra by the throat.

All we can see are the hands of the KILLER as he strangles the life from her. He begins to lift Debra from the ground...she struggles to stand on her tippy-toes.

Debra claws at her attacker, gouging his left arm. The KILLER releases her. She stumbles backwards, trying to elude him...

The KILLER pursues her, wielding the chef's knife...slicing wildly at her as she backs away...she backs herself right against a wall...a dead end.

The KILLER slices her chest...blood soaks her blouse...Debra SCREAMS in pain...in terror.

INT. FOYER

Lee stands at the bottom of the stairs, looking toward his sister's room. His friends join him, one by one...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE
(calling off)
Sis?

Nothing.

TIMMY
What was that noise?

MATT
A scream, doofus.

Lee climbs halfway up the stairs...his friends remain behind.

LEE
Debbie? You okay?

Still nothing.

BILLY
Maybe she's dead.

MATT/TIMMY
Ooooooo. Dead.

LEE
Shut up.

Lee makes his way up the stairs and into --

INT. BEDROOM

Lee scans the room for any sign of his sister...he comes up empty. As he heads for the door, he is stopped by a faint voice --

DEBRA (OS)
(a gurgled whisper)
Leeeee...

Lee spins around, surveys the room.

LEE
Sis?

DEBRA (OS)
Leeeee...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

Sis? Where are you?!

DEBRA (OS)

Heeelp meeeee...

Lee pinpoints the location of the voice...it's coming from the closet. He rushes over to it and opens the door to find...

DEBRA'S MUTILATED BODY

It falls right on top of him...her throat slit, gushing blood.

EXT. WILEY HOUSE

Lee's screams echo through the neighborhood...rousing dogs to bark as lights begin to illuminate the windows of neighboring homes.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

FADE IN:

EXT. WILEY HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

EMERGENCY VEHICLES litter the landscape, lights FLASHING. INVESTIGATORS dust doors and windows for fingerprints. OFFICERS wrap yellow crime scene tape around the perimeter, keeping curious NEIGHBORS at bay...

Lee's friends make their way home, escorted by concerned parents.

PARAMEDICS wheel out the dead body of Debra Wiley, a blood-soaked sheet covering her remains. They wheel her right past --

LEE

in shock, sitting on the front porch, shivering...his hair matted with dried blood. An OFFICER wraps him in a blanket, consoles him.

RICHARD KINKADE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

a middle-aged police detective, emerges from the house, carrying the bloody knife in a clear evidence bag...a lit cigarette dangles loosely from his lips.

He is followed by JANET BLAKE, early thirties, attractive in a school teacher kind-of-way...Kinkade's newest recruit.

KINKADE

Babysitter...murder weapon...knife wounds...few days from Halloween. Same M.O. as Michael Meyers.

JANET

The Haddonfield murders.

KINKADE

Looks like he's moved on to more fertile territory.

JANET

Isn't Meyers at Middle Rock state pen?

KINKADE

Three years and ticking. SWAT team finally captured the bastard over there at Smith's Grove.

JANET

You think he escaped?

Kinkade shrugs his shoulders, takes a drag off his cigarette.

KINKADE

Wouldn't be the first time.

JANET

No man has escaped from Middle Rock.

KINKADE

We're not talking about a man.

JANET

Now you're sounding like that crazy old doctor. What's his name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KINKADE

Loomis.

JANET

Right. Loomis. They ever find him?

Kinkade shakes his head, puffs on his cigarette...

KINKADE

What about the boy?

JANET

He's pretty shaken.

KINKADE

I meant does he have an alibi?

JANET

Alibi? You think that little kid did it?

KINKADE

Mikey Meyers was only seven when he started slicin' and dicin'.

Janet flips through a notepad...

JANET

The boy's clear, Kinkade. His friends say he was with them when they heard the screams.

Kinkade takes a hit off the cigarette, blows the smoke in Janet's direction...she waves it away from her face.

JANET (cont'd)

Hasn't anyone ever told you second-hand smoke kills?

KINKADE

Yeah, but they're all dead.

Kinkade climbs inside a dark sedan...

JANET

Where you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KINKADE

To pay Michael Meyers a visit.

Kinkade pulls away from the house, headed for --

EXT. MIDDLE ROCK PENITENTARY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Home to some of Illinois' most violent criminals...no one enters or leaves this place without permission.

INT. SECURITY STATION

Looks more like NORAD than a prison...a flurry of flashing lights and dials. An ARMED GUARD stands in front of a bank of monitors.

ON Kinkade emptying his pockets into a safety deposit box...keys...wallet...a couple packs of cigarettes.

The WARDEN stands beside him...

WARDEN

Sorry for the inconvenience,
Detective. It's procedure.

GUARD

Place your thumb on the pad, sir.

Kinkade hesitates...he's beginning to feel more like an inmate than a visitor.

WARDEN

It's for your own protection.

KINKADE

Alright, but you ask me for a sperm
sample, I'm outta here.

Kinkade presses his thumb against a square rubber pad embedded in the desk.

ON a monitor Kinkade's thumbprint is displayed...seconds later his picture and vital information are displayed along with it.

KINKADE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You guys don't fuck around.

INT. CORRIDOR

The Warden escorts Kinkade down a long corridor, flanked on either side by reinforced steel doors...

WARDEN

We have video surveillance on him twenty-four-seven. These steel doors are magnetically sealed and require two pass keys to open. The walls, floors and ceilings are three foot thick concrete. I can assure you Michael Meyers is a permanent guest.

KINKADE

And if you're wrong...

WARDEN

There's a satellite tracking device strapped to the ankle of every inmate. Should Meyers escape, we'd be able to pinpoint his exact location within three feet anywhere in the United States.

KINKADE

Strapped to his ankle.

WARDEN

He'd have to chew through his leg to get it off.

Kinkade raises an eyebrow...this is Michael Meyers they're dealing with. The Warden stops in front of a steel door at the end of the corridor.

WARDEN (cont'd)

Well, here we are.

Kinkade looks through a patch of bullet-proof glass embedded in the door.

ANGLE THROUGH THE GLASS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A shaft of light falls on MICHAEL...sitting stiffly in the middle of the windowless cell...a STRAIGHT JACKET hugging his upper torso...his face hidden behind a LEATHER MUZZLE strapped around his head, which is bowed in silent meditation...waiting.

WARDEN (cont'd)
Sits there all day. All night.
Like some goddamn zombie.

KINKADE
How does he eat?

WARDEN
He doesn't. Drinks his meals
through a straw. Learned that one
the hard way. Bit a guard's
fingers clean off.

ON Kinkade, who backs away from the glass.

WARDEN (cont'd)
Seeing him in here put your mind at
ease, detective?

KINKADE
Afraid not. Means I've got a
killer on the loose as savage as
that caged beast in there.

INT. MICHAEL'S CELL

MICHAEL'S POV THROUGH THE GLASS.

A clear view of the talking heads of Kinkade and the Warden,
standing outside his cell.

Michael's HEAVY BREATHING punctuates the muffled voices
outside...

WARDEN
We talking a copycat murderer?

KINKADE
More than that. Someone's picking
up where Michael left off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kinkade and the Warden head down the corridor, pass from Michael's view...his breathing becoming more labored with each passing second.

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - DAY

CLOSE ON A PLAQUE

"HILLCREST GIRLS' ACADEMY. ESTABLISHED 1874"

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL an all-girls boarding school...set behind massive wrought-iron gates on acreage in a secluded part of Illinois.

The academy's gothic architecture and rich history can be seen throughout the entire campus, consisting of a cluster of buildings: the school, the dorms, a gymnasium with indoor swimming pool, and a bell tower. Beautiful, yet haunting...

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY

SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

The hallway is flooded with female students, books in tow...

ON JOANNE WITTINGTON

a young seventeen, friendly eyes and a face to match. A girl of simple beauty. Walking beside her is...

LINDA KANG, same age, unconcerned, full of spunk.

LINDA

You aced it, didn't you?

JOANNE

I did alright.

Linda grabs Joanne's test, peeking out from her biology book...

LINDA

Fuckin' A.

JOANNE

He gave me a "Fuckin' A?" Wow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Linda punches Joanne playfully in the arm...

LINDA

Shut up. You make me sick.

JOANNE

I study my notes, that's all.

LINDA

Who takes notes?! I'm too busy staring at Mr. Dhane's tight little ass to pay any attention to that crap he's writing on the board.

JOANNE

There's your problem.

ON a clique of GIRLS gathered in front of a wall of lockers, snickering.

They clear as Joanne and Linda approach, revealing...

A TRAINING BRA

hanging from Joanne's locker with a handwritten sign that reads "UNDER CONSTRUCTION."

ON Joanne. Immobile, completely humiliated. Linda grabs the training bra off Joanne's locker, waves it at the offenders...

LINDA

(calling after them)

She'd rather have no tits than those pogo sticks you use for legs!

Joanne is mortified by all the attention she's getting...she grabs the bra from Linda...puts it in her locker.

JOANNE

Forget about it. Really.

LINDA

Amy Hooper. What a major bitch. You know, she waxes her stomach.

SHERRY HACKNEY approaches. Eye-catching good looks, a real stunner...a bit short on the gray matter...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERRY

Hey, Eddie's working late at the store tonight... alone. Some of the guys from Woodberry are dropping by.

LINDA

We're there.

JOANNE

Wait, we're not supposed to --

LINDA

(interrupting)

Forget about what you're not supposed to do. You're supposed to have a date for the dance on Saturday night and you don't.

They close their lockers, head down the hall...

JOANNE

I don't know. We might get caught.

SHERRY

Exactly. The element of danger makes the sex so exhilarating.

LINDA

Here here.

SHERRY

And Frank Roth's gonna be there.

This bit of info catches Joanne's attention...she tries to hide her interest --

JOANNE

So?

SHERRY

So, I hear he likes virgins.

JOANNE

Ha-ha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINDA

Hey, we'll get to pick out our costumes before they bus the whole school down there tomorrow. Come on. It'll be a blast...

JOANNE

Oh...alright. But I'm not going just because Frank Roth's going to be there.

Linda and Sherry exchange a knowing look. The girls exit the school, headed for their dorms.

INT. MIDDLE ROCK PENITENTIARY - CORRIDOR

A GUARD makes his nightly rounds, clipboard in hand...peers inside Michael's cell...

ANGLE THROUGH THE PLEXI-GLASS WINDOW.

The chair Michael was in earlier sits empty, illuminated by a shaft of light.

ON the GUARD who strains to locate Michael in the dimly lit cell.

The CAMERA SEARCHES the darkened room, finds...

MICHAEL MEYERS

stretched out on the cement floor, completely motionless.

ON the GUARD who backs quickly away from the cell --

GUARD

Oh, shit.

INT. CORRIDOR

CAMERA TRACKS a half-dozen armed GUARDS as they move swiftly down the hallway...they are preceded by DR. JOHN ASHFORD, Middle Rock's resident physician.

CLOSE ON TWO COLOR-CODED PASS KEYS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are inserted into their corresponding slots beside Michael's cell...an L.E.D. LIGHT FLASHES red, then a steady green.

CLUNK!

The locking bolts release their grip, the steel door cracks open...a loud HISS, as air escapes from the concrete tomb...

The GUARDS disappear inside the cell, weapons drawn.

ON Dr. Ashford standing outside the cell. Eyes wide in anticipation, unblinking. He swallows hard, then proceeds inside...

INT. MICHAEL'S CELL

Michael lies on the ground, stone-still. Three GUARDS flank each side, weapons pointed at the lifeless creature.

ON Dr. Ashford. He approaches Michael slowly, kneels down beside him...he reaches for Michael's neck, hands trembling...presses two fingers on Michael's jugular --

DR. ASHFORD

No pulse.

(to a guard)

You. Help me get this straight jacket off.

The Guard looks at him like he's nuts.

DR. ASHFORD (cont'd)

Now.

The Guard reluctantly kneels down beside Michael...they proceed to unstrap him.

ON Michael's face, hidden behind the leather muzzle...eyes closed, lifeless.

The Guard rips off the straight-jacket, snaps back into position, gun at the ready.

Dr. Ashford takes Michael's arm in his hand, places a thumb over his wrist...nothing. He kneels down closer to Michael's face, removes the leather muzzle. He winces at the sight...closes his eyes, leans in even closer --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIGHT ON Dr. Ashford's ear, now inches above Michael's mouth.

CLANK!

The large steel door slams shut...Dr. Ashford jumps out of his skin.

DR. ASHFORD (cont'd)

Christ!

GUARD

Just the door, sir.

DR. ASHFORD

No shit. We better call the coroner. The son-of-a-bitch is finally dead.

ON Michael's corpse, shrouded in darkness.

EXT. MIDDLE ROCK PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

A young county worker, CHUCK DUFFY, wheels a gurney out of the prison...Michael Meyers' cadaver hidden inside a body bag.

Chuck is trailed by a GUARD who helps him slide Michael's corpse into the back of the hearse...

GUARD

Sure am glad to see that bastard go. Guy gave me the whim-whams.

CHUCK

Who is it?

GUARD

Michael Meyers.

CHUCK

You shittin' me! The serial killer?!

GUARD

That's the guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK
You sure he's dead?

GUARD
Sure as hell wouldn't be standing
here talkin' to you if he were
alive.

Chuck closes the back door of the hearse, locks it.

GUARD (cont'd)
I'd keep one eye on him though...
see ya.

The Guard heads back toward the safety of the prison.

ON Chuck. As he contemplates getting into that hearse.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The hearse barrels down the road...headlights illuminating
the winding road. Chuck can't get to the morgue fast
enough...

INT. HEARSE

ON Chuck behind the wheel, tapping it nervously. He angles
the rearview mirror so he can see the body bag lying behind
him.

ANGLE ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR.

The body bag in its reflection, immobile.

Chuck trades glances between the road and the rearview
mirror...he turns on the radio...sings to "MR. SANDMAN."
His shaky voice belies his outward sense of calm.

EXT. CRESTVIEW MORGUE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A one-stop morgue on the outskirts of Nauvoo. The hearse
pulls into the driveway.

INT. HOLDING ROOM

Chuck and his co-worker, TOM ABRAHMS, wheel the body bag into a dimly lit room. A massive steel door leading into the refrigeration room is in front of them --

CHUCK

I can't wait to get him out of here.

TOM

Are you kiddin'? You know what people will pay to get a look at this schmuck? Ten bucks a head. Easy.

CHUCK

Not me.

TOM

Can buy that new carburetor I've had my eye on.

Tom begins to unzip the body bag...

CHUCK

Hey, what are you doing, man?

TOM

Sampling the goods.

Tom continues to unzip the bag.

ON Chuck. Closes one eye, forces himself to look at the exposed face of Michael Meyers with the other. He winces...

CHUCK

Goddamn...

TOM

Sure is one ugly s.o.b. Hell, if I had a face like that, I'd wear a mask, too.

CHUCK

Alright, that's enough. Zip it back up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom starts to zip it up, the zipper catches...Tom struggles to free it.

CHUCK (cont'd)
 Jesus, Tom, hurry up! He's givin'
 me the willies.

TOM
 I'm tryin'...zipper's stuck.

Tom struggles with the zipper for a beat...just as he manages to zip it up...

MICHAEL

snaps into the sitting position!

Chuck jumps out of his skin...SCREAMS...falls backward onto another gurney.

ON Tom. Completely unaffected, shakes his head disapprovingly at Chuck's reaction...he calmly pushes Michael back down onto the gurney.

TOM (cont'd)
 Repeat after me, Chuck. As rigor
 mortis sets in --

CHUCK
 I know, I know...it's not uncommon
 for the muscles to contract wildly.

TOM
 Give the boy a gold star.

CHUCK
 I'll never get used to that shit.

TOM
 Put him in the fridge till the
 coroner gets here. I'm gonna make
 some calls. Holler if you need me.

CHUCK
 Don't worry, I will.

Tom exits the room...Chuck leans over the body bag --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK (cont'd)

Don't move.

Chuck wheels him toward the steel door, leading into --

INT. REFRIGERATION ROOM

Chuck opens the massive refrigerator door...wheels the body bag to the middle of the room, amongst a few other cadavers...various embalming tools lay on a table nearby.

Chuck quickly makes his way to the door...happy to put some distance between himself and Michael's corpse.

INT. HOLDING ROOM

Chuck closes the refrigerator door...leans against it for a beat, relieved...heads out of the holding room.

CLUNK!

Chuck stops, turns...the refrigerator door is now open...he moves back to the door...closes it...heads back out.

CLUNK!

Chuck stops, spins around...the door is open again! He crosses to the door, looks inside --

ANGLE THROUGH DOORWAY

The body bag lies empty on the gurney...Michael Meyers' corpse nowhere in sight.

ON Chuck. Brow furrowed, confused. He moves into the refrigeration room, toward the gurney --

CHUCK

What the hell...

MICHAEL MEYERS

emerges from the shadows, wielding a SKULL SAW...

WHIZZZZZ!

Chuck hears the violent sound...spins around just in time to see the whirling blade headed right for his skull!

INT. OFFICE

Tom sits with his feet up on the desk, phone pressed firmly to his ear.

TOM
(into phone)
It's the guy. I swear it. Come
see for yourself. Fifteen bucks.

CHUCK (OS)
Aaaaagggggghhhh!

Chuck's SCREAMS echo through the empty halls...Tom sits up in his chair, takes notice...

TOM
(into phone)
I gotta go. Chuck's freakin' out
again.

INT. REFRIGERATION ROOM

No sign of Michael...no sign of Chuck...just a couple of stiffs.

TOM (OS)
Chuck? You in there? You're
letting out all the cold air...

Tom enters the room.

TOM (cont'd)
Where'd you go, you fuckin'
chicken?

Tom moves toward the center of the room, right next to the gurney where Michael lay...stops...listens...

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

Tom looks down at his feet...something is dripping on his shoe...something red...he follows it up to the body bag...he grabs the zipper...unzips it to reveal...

CHUCK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

stuffed inside, skull split right down the middle...the body bag filled with blood!

ON Tom. Horrified, unbelieving. Before he can SCREAM --

MICHAEL

attacks...stabs a "draining rod" into Tom's jugular, lifting him high into the air with it...his blood siphoned quickly from his body.

CLOSE ON A DRAIN

embedded in the tile floor, Tom's blood flowing into it.

INT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE PALE WHITE HALLOWEEN MASK

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a mannequin sporting the mask and dark overalls made infamous by Michael Meyers...its arm posed high in the air, wielding a butcher knife.

Gathered around the mannequin is the "gang." Linda is in the arms of her boyfriend, JEFF DELACRUZ...Woodberry Academy's all-star jock.

SHARON JOHNSON, a waif type, looks through a rack of costumes...shares hits off a joint with her boyfriend CHAD BAILEY, Woodberry's resident womanizer.

FRANK ROTH, a tall and spindly teen, sits on the counter Joanne is leaning against...she checks her watch, visibly uncomfortable with herself and her surroundings...

EDDIE stands proudly by his display, nursing a beer, his arm draped around Sherry...

EDDIE

(re: the display)

Pretty wicked, huh?

LINDA

I think it's twisted.

EDDIE

Surely, you jest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

You're glorifying the big creep.

FRANK

Besides, it's historically inaccurate.

EDDIE

What the fuck are you talking about?

FRANK

Michael Meyers never used a butcher knife. It was a chef's knife.

JOANNE

I think he's right.

JEFF

She speaks!

EDDIE

Who are you, the serial killer police? What difference does it make?

FRANK

It's not historically accurate, that's all.

SHERRY

He could be holding a toothpick, it still gives me the creeps.

CHAD

Don't worry...I hear he only kills virgins.

FRANK

Another historical inaccuracy.

EDDIE/CHAD/SHERRY

Shut up.

Sharon pulls a French Maid costume from the rack...shows it to Chad...

SHARON

What about this one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAD

Ooooh. Sexy. I like it.

Chad pulls Sharon in close, kisses her passionately.

EDDIE

(to Joanne)

Hey, you pick out your costume,
yet?

SHERRY

Nah. She doesn't even have a date.

LINDA

So what, she can still go. Hey,
how 'bout the Bride of
Frankenstein?

JEFF

How 'bout the Virgin Mary?

Jeff laughs at his own joke.

JEFF (cont'd)

Get it? The Virgin Mary.

CHAD

(to Joanne)

I can change that in one incredible
night.

Sharon punches Chad in the arm.

CHAD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Ouch.

EDDIE

More like one incredible minute.

FRANK

Real mature, man.

JOANNE

We better get back. Mr. Elliot's
gonna be making his rounds.

Linda looks at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LINDA
Oh, shit. She's right. It's
eleven-thirty.

The gang heads for the front door...

SHERRY
You guys go on. Eddie's gonna take
me back after he closes up.

Bells hanging from the door JINGLE as they exit, leaving
Eddie and Jennifer behind.

EXT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE

Joanne and company parade down the street, headed for their
respective schools.

ON THE HEARSE

parked ominously across the street, unnoticed by the
departing teens.

INT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE

ON A "CLOSED" SIGN

Being hung on the front door.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Eddie, who grabs Sherry by the
waist, pulls her in...kisses her passionately.

EDDIE
Let's go in back and check out the
"inventory."

SHERRY
Mmmmm. Sounds good.

Eddie and Sherry head to the --

INT. BACK ROOM

Eddie and Sherry get hot and heavy amongst a room full of
cardboard boxes, halloween costumes, and masks...

As Eddie prepares to do the one-handed bra release...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JINGLE-JINGLE.

The bells hung on the front door chime.

EDDIE

Damnit. Can't people read? Don't
get dressed. I'll be right back.

Eddie exits, leaving behind a half-naked Sherry.

Sherry sits there for a long beat, waiting for Eddie to
return...he doesn't.

As Sherry sifts through a box of scary masks, she hears...

A SCUFFLE

outside the door...she throws on her blouse, peeks outside.

SHERRY

Eddie?

A RUSTLING SOUND.

SHERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Damnit, Eddie! Stop fooling
around.

Still nothing...Sherry cautiously moves into the store,
looking for her missing partner...she passes the Michael
Meyers mannequin -- doesn't notice his arm is no longer
perched high in the air, instead it is at his side.

SHERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

If you think you're getting any
after this, you're dead wrong.

She stumbles, looks down to reveal...

EDDIE

sprawled on the floor, the butcher knife buried in the
middle of his forehead...eyes wide in terror!

Sherry SCREAMS...can barely stand...she stumbles to the
front door...it's locked!

The Michael Meyers mannequin behind her comes to life,
begins to move toward her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IT'S THE SHAPE!

He heads straight for Sherry as she beats on the glass door, SCREAMING for help...she turns to see...

THE SHAPE

right behind her...she SCREAMS. The SHAPE attacks, grabs Sherry by the throat...lifts her high into the air, her back against the glass door...she struggles to free herself...

ON Sherry's feet...dangling a foot off the ground...then...

Her body goes completely limp...lifeless. The SHAPE maintains his grip, looks at her breathless body quizzically.

INT. KINKADE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Kinkade sits behind his desk, papers and file folders scattered everywhere...a cigarette perched between his lips...the phone pressed to his ear.

Janet enters, pad in hand...removes a stack of files from a chair and sits...

KINKADE

(into phone)

Listen, asshole, don't talk to me like I'm some kind of nut. I'm telling you it's starting all over again. He's out there, damnit!

Kinkade slams down the phone.

JANET

Who's out there?

KINKADE

Michael Meyers.

JANET

Yeah, right...in a coffin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINKADE

Don't bet on it. Two morgue attendants are missing from Crestview and so is a hearse...with no trace of Meyers' body.

JANET

What, you think Meyers was resurrected?

Kinkade glares at her, knows how laughable it sounds...Janet sees an opening...

JANET (cont'd)

With all due respect, Kinkade, I think it's more likely these kids went to show Meyers' body off to their friends, than it is to believe he actually rose from the dead.

KINKADE

And with all due respect, Blake, you don't know shit. You haven't seen what I've seen...the carnage this thing has inflicted. He's defied death before and maybe now he's finally conquered it. And if he has, God help us all.

Janet knows when to leave it alone...she does just that.

JANET

I have an update on the Wiley case.

KINKADE

Whatcha got?

JANET

No prints at the scene or on the knife...

KINKADE

Shit.

JANET

But the coroner found blood and skin tissue under the victim's fingernails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KINKADE

That means squat till we find ourselves a suspect.

JANET

The brother had a birthday party last week...says his parents hired a local magician to entertain.

KINKADE

Okay...so?

JANET

The kid said this magician was really good, but gave the sister the creeps...says he was eyeballing her the whole time.

KINKADE

Well, it ain't much. But at least it places him at the crime scene. Get his name. Run it through the computer.

Janet smiles...pulls a computer printout from her tablet...tosses it on Kinkade's desk.

JANET

Been there, done that.

Kinkade scoops up the printout, studies it...

A MUG SHOT

clipped to the front...dark eyes and complexion to match, a menacing sneer.

JANET (cont'd)

Name's Cain Gabriel. Thirty-four. Convicted of a handful of misdemeanors and --

KINKADE

(reading)

Rape.

JANET

Eight years ago in Seattle. No warrants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KINKADE

Got an address?

JANET

Lives in the Cedar Creek apartments
down there on Orange.

ON Kinkade. Determined to catch a killer.

EXT. CEDAR CREEK APARTMENTS - ESTABLISHING

One of the first tenements built in Nauvoo, located in an
older section of town.

INT. STAIRWELL

Kinkade climbs a flight of stairs escorted by the apartment
manager, VIOLET JOHNSON, a spunky seventy-year-old, carrying
a ring of keys at her side...the wooden floorboards creek
beneath their feet.

VIOLET

He's a good man, that Mr. Gabriel.
He ain't in any trouble now is he?

KINKADE

No, ma'am. Just need to ask him a
few questions. Do you know when
he's expected back?

VIOLET

Should be any time now. He's at
that children's hospital every
Wednesday morning like clockwork.
You'd think he was Santa Clause the
way those young ones carry on.

Kinkade and Violet reach the top of the stairs, head down
the hallway --

VIOLET (cont'd)

You got yourself any children, Mr.
Kinkade?

KINKADE

No, ma'am. I don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET

That's a shame. Mr. Gabriel's a big hit at birthday parties...does all kinds of magic...kids eat him up like pudding. Damndest thing, too...he can pull a quarter right out of your ear like it's been there since you was a baby.

Violet stops in front of a door, points to the "2E" stenciled on it --

VIOLET (cont'd)

Painted that myself.

KINKADE

Very nice.

Violet unlocks the door, Kinkade enters, cautiously.

INT. CAIN'S APARTMENT

Dark and foreboding...blackout curtains cover the windows...in desparate need of a maid...water drips a steady beat in the kitchen sink.

Kinkade produces a flashlight, ignites the sultry chamber.

ANGLE ON THE ROOM

The beam of light illuminates...

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

from the "Haddonfield Leader" wallpaper the walls, tales of the Michael Meyers slayings splattered across the headlines.

The beam continues to scan the surroundings, finds...

CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

of Meyers' slain victims...bloody, graphic images assault the eye.

ON Violet. Eyes full of fear, she gasps softly.

VIOLET

My Lord...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON Kinkade. Face hardened, eyes determined.

KINKADE

Ms. Johnson, why don't you go back
to your apartment. I'll lock up
when I'm done.

VIOLET

Alright. I know when to mind my
own business.

Violet's gone.

Kinkade moves through the darkened apartment, approaches an
old wooden desk...various magic paraphernalia sit on the
desktop -- a deck of cards, coins, cups and balls and...

A JACK-IN-THE-BOX

Its metal sides sport a Halloween motif...orange pumpkins
and black cats still visible through years of rust...a
wooden handle protrudes from the side.

Kinkade picks it up...cranks the handle slowly...the musical
tunes plays...but no "Jack" pops out of the box. Kinkade
sets it back down...

Kinkade starts back toward the door...

CLANG! A NOISE FROM BEHIND HIM.

In a flash Kinkade pulls his revolver, spins around, his gun
pointed at...

THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX

The lid flipped open, revealing...

A PALE WHITE HALLOWEEN MASK

bobbing on the metal spring inside...it's the mask of
Michael Meyers!

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

CLOSE ON A HAND

places three red balls under three silver cups...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAIN (OS)

This is a really tough trick, so
I'm going to need all your help.

ON A GROUP OF CHILDREN

all patients at the hospital, eyes fixated on...

CAIN GABRIEL.

CAIN (cont'd)

Now say the magic word with me...

CHILDREN

(in unison)

ABRACADABRA!

CAIN

That was very good...now, on the
count of three, lift your cups.
One... two... three!

The children lift their cups...each of the three red balls
now replaced by a little baby CHICK. The children AD-LIB
their amazement.

ON Kinkade. Watching from the door as Cain entertains the
children.

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Cain exits the hospital, toting an old breifcase...Kinkade
approaches him.

KINKADE

Excuse me. Cain Gabriel?

Cain turns, flashes a friendly smile.

CAIN

Yes.

Kinkade flashes his badge.

KINKADE

Detective Richard Kinkade. I'd
like to ask you a few questions
about --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cain takes off running, dashes toward the parking lot...

KINKADE (cont'd)

Shit!

Kinkade darts after him...

EXT. PARKING LOT

Cain darts across the parking lot, weaving in and out of parked cars. Kinkade follows close behind, catches up with him...tackles him to the ground.

The briefcase bounces across the parking lot, spews magic paraphernalia across the asphalt...

Kinkade slaps a pair of handcuffs around Cain's wrists.

KINKADE

Goin' somewhere, asshole?

ON Cain. Sweat on an expressionless face, completely unaffected.

EXT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE

An OFFICER strings yellow crime scene tape across the front of the drugstore.

A young deputy, BRUCE CLARK, ducks under the yellow tape, approaches...

MR. ELLIOT

Headmaster of Hillcrest Academy...mid-forties, thinning hair, more salt than pepper...leaning against a squad car.

MR. ELLIOT

Bruce...what's going on? Got the girls here picking out costumes today.

DEPUTY CLARK

Better take 'em to Wigglie's downtown. We got a dead body in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. ELLIOT

Jesus.

DEPUTY CLARK

It's Sherry Hackney.

MR. ELLIOT

Sherry? Dead?

DEPUTY CLARK

Strangled.

MR. ELLIOT

My God...when she turned up missing this morning, I just thought she was playing hookey again. I have a call in to her parents...

DEPUTY CLARK

They've already been notified.

MR. ELLIOT

You know who did this?

DEPUTY CLARK

Well, Eddie Catero didn't show up for work this morning...parents say he never came home last night.

MR. ELLIOT

Think Eddie had something to do with it?

DEPUTY CLARK

Doesn't look good.

Deputy Clark turns in the direction of...

A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS

parked across the street, filled to capacity with uniformed students.

DEPUTY CLARK (cont'd)

Whatcha gonna tell the girls?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. ELLIOT

Nothing till you catch the cretin
that did this...no point in setting
the girls on edge right before the
dance.

DEPUTY CLARK

Just keep 'em locked behind those
gates of yours...got ourselves a
cold-blooded killer on the loose.

ON Joanne. Watching from outside the school bus, her face
laced with concern.

Linda leans against the side of the bus next to her...Sharon
stands nearby smacking on a wad of bubble gum.

LINDA

Look, they're staring right at us.

SHARON

You think Mr. Elliot knows we snuck
out last night?

JOANNE

Is that all you can think about?
Sherry never came back last night.
Maybe she's in trouble.

LINDA

Better her than moi.

JOANNE

You're unbelievable.

LINDA

I have Yale to think about. She's
going to the Barbizon School of
Beauty.

Joanne strains to see any sign of Sherry...

JOANNE

Where is she?

SHARON

(pointing)
Maybe she's in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sharon directs their attention to...

THE HEARSE

parked a hundred feet down the street.

JOANNE

Don't even joke about that.

SHARON

Sorry, mother.

LINDA

Let's check it out...

Linda grabs Joanne by the arm...drags her down the street to the hearse...Sharon follows close behind.

ON the hearse. Its tinted windows further obscured by faded white curtains.

Linda peers through the rear window, her hands cupped around her eyes, pressed against the glass...

LINDA (cont'd)

Can't see anything through those damn curtains...

JOANNE

Fine. Can we go now? This whole thing really freaks me out.

SHARON

Why? It's just like a station wagon...only the passengers are dead.

JOANNE

That's sick.

Linda's still trying to see inside...

LINDA

I wonder if there's actually a dead body inside.

SHARON

Dare you to open it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

 JOANNE
Are you crazy?

 LINDA
She isn't, but I am.

Linda reaches for the handle on the rear door...places her hand on it...begins to turn it, slowly...then --

MR. ELLIOT

grabs her shoulder...startles them all.

 MR. ELLIOT
Back in the bus, ladies.

 JOANNE
What happened at the drugstore, Mr. Elliot?

 MR. ELLIOT
Just a burglary.

 JOANNE
They put crime scene tape up for a burglary?

There's an awkward moment of silence, then --

 MR. ELLIOT
It's a real mess in there...the thugs ransacked the place.

 JOANNE
What about Sherry?

Linda elbows Joanne in the ribs.

 MR. ELLIOT
She's with her parents...let's move it, huh? We gotta get down to Wigglie's before they close.

Mr. Elliot starts back for the bus, followed by Sharon and Linda.

ON Joanne. She stays behind, looking at the crime scene down the street, doesn't buy Mr. Elliot's story...she hears a SCUFFLE behind, turns back toward the hearse, catches...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

A SHADOW

moves behind the curtains...Joanne moves in closer, tries to get a look inside...

A PAIR OF HANDS

grab her, pull her behind the hearse! It's...

CHAD BAILEY.

Before Joanne can speak, he plants a passionate kiss on her...

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE HEARSE

through the sheer curtains...Joanne struggles to free herself from Chad's embrace...we HEAR the HEAVY BREATHING of the SHAPE, as Chad continues to kiss Joanne fervently.

ON Joanne. Who finally manages to break free from Chad...she gives him a hard shove, wipes her mouth with her sleeve, and heads back for the bus.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE HEARSE

Chad laughs, calls after Joanne...

CHAD

You know you want me, baby! One incredible night!

Chad moves away from the hearse, out of frame...the SHAPE watches as the bus drives by, headed back toward the Academy.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - RECEIVING AREA

CLOSE ON AN INK PAD

A thumb roles across it...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Cain as he's booked and fingerprinted.

ON Kinkade. Standing next to Janet...one eye on her, the other on Cain. They stand just out of earshot of their catch of the day...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINKADE

Don't go to sleep until you have
that search warrant.

JANET

Search warrant?

KINKADE

Cain's apartment.

JANET

You searched his apartment without
a warrant?

KINKADE

And I need a blood sample.

JANET

You need a warrant for that, too,
Kinkade. And you're looking at
days for that one.

KINKADE

I don't have days.

JANET

You don't have a choice.

KINKADE

Bullshit, I don't.

Kinkade watches as Cain is escorted in their direction by a
DEPUTY...as Cain approaches, Kinkade juts out his leg,
"accidentally" tripping the cuffed prisoner.

ON Cain. As he topples...his hands cuffed behind his back,
unable to break the fall...he hits his face on a wooden
bench, cracks his nose...blood gushes from his nostrils.

KINKADE (cont'd)

Whoops.

Kinkade helps Cain to his feet...plucks a handkerchief from
Janet's jacket pocket...pinches Cain's nose shut with it.

KINKADE (cont'd)

Sorry, pal. Didn't see you comin'.

Cain smirks at Kinkade, bemused...blood stains his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAIN
Accidents happen.

KINKADE
(to the deputy)
Hand me a plastic bag, would ya'?

The Deputy grabs a plastic baggy from the counter, hands it to Kinkade...he places the bloodied hankerchief in the bag, seals it...hands it to Janet.

KINKADE (cont'd)
Send this to the lab...see if you
can't get a DNA match with the
blood they found under the girl's
fingernails. Any questions?

ON Janet's incredulous look.

INT. HOLDING ROOM

Cain sits behind a small table in the windowless room, dried blood plugs his nostrils...hands still cuffed behind him...his calm demeanor in stark contrast to the brutal crime he's accused of.

Kinkade enters, sits in front of the table...

CAIN
You collared the wrong guy,
detective.

KINKADE
Why'd you run?

CAIN
Times are tough. Can't afford to
pay up on those parking violations
just now.

KINKADE
Save your breath, I've seen your
rap sheet.

CAIN
That was a long, long time ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINKADE

Why don't you make this easy for us
both and confess?

CAIN

To a crime I didn't commit?

KINKADE

How do you explain those scratches
on your arm?

CAIN

My cat...she's a feisty little one.

KINKADE

Cut the bullshit, you sick fuck.

CAIN

Such language from a man of the
law.

KINKADE

I know you sliced up that girl.

CAIN

What, you one of those psychic
detectives?

KINKADE

I saw your humble abode, remember?
Complete with shrine to Michael
Meyers.

CAIN

Can't a man have a hobby?

KINKADE

We match your blood with the blood
under that girl's fingernails and
your hobby's going to be making
license plates.

CAIN

You know, you can't keep me here.

KINKADE

I've done a pretty good job so far.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAIN

If I really wanted to escape, I
could.

KINKADE

I think you give yourself too much
credit.

CAIN

I don't think you give me enough.

Cain produces the handcuffs that only seconds ago bound his
wrists...he sets them on the table in front of Kinkade.

ON Kinkade. Trying his damndest to hide his surprise...he
pulls out a cigarette, perches it between his lips...he pats
down his jacket, looking for a light.

Cain reaches behind Kinkade's ear, seems to pull a lit match
right out of it...Cain lights Kinkade's cigarette, blows the
match out.

KINKADE

Your little tricks might impress
the kids, but they don't impress
me.

CAIN

It's still early.

Kinkade takes a couple hits of the cigarette...gets up,
starts to leave --

CAIN (cont'd)

He's loose, isn't he?

Kinkade stops, turns back toward Cain...

KINKADE

Who?

CAIN

Michael.

KINKADE

His body's missing...yes.

CAIN

He's not dead, detective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KINKADE

What, you one of those psychic magicians?

CAIN

Evil never dies. It just finds a new host.

KINKADE

Very nice. You find that in some satanic fortune cookie?

CAIN

I can help you.

KINKADE

And how's that, Kreskin?

CAIN

I know how Michael thinks...I can help you track him down. Halloween is tomorrow...time is not your friend.

KINKADE

And you are. Why would you help me catch your idol?

CAIN

A chance to feed my obsession...to meet Michael Meyers. Face-to-face. Eye-to-eye.

Cain closes his eyes, relishes the very thought of it.

KINKADE

And how do you explain Meyers' uncanny ability to rise from the dead?

CAIN

That's easy. He wasn't dead in the first place.

KINKADE

Doctor at Middle Rock says differently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CAIN

Michael must have learned to do what many Hindus can do. Through deep meditation he was able to take control of his bodily functions to the point that involuntary functions like his heartbeat and breathing were shifted into the domain of his conscious mind. He learned to slow down these bodily functions to the point where he was perceived dead, when actually he was still quite alive.

KINKADE

You expect me to believe people can actually do that?

CAIN

Houdini was one of them. How do you think he was able to survive under water for such long periods of time?

THE CELLPHONE RINGS.

Startles Kinkade...he pulls it from his breast pocket...

KINKADE

(into phone)

Kinkade.

JANET

(through phone)

Ready for this one?

KINKADE

Hit me.

JANET

The guard at Middle Rock forgot to take the ankle tracking device off Michael Meyers before he was transported to the morgue.

KINKADE

They have a signal on him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JANET
Sure do...and it's moving.

INT. CLASSROOM - HILLCREST ACADEMY

History class in progress...a stodgy old lady, MISS LANE, stands behind a podium, lecturing to her class.

ON Joanne. Seated by the window, her eyes fixed on the unoccupied chair beside her.

She looks out the window, preoccupied.

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW

of the Hillcrest campus, encircled by forest...in the distance, a FIGURE...it's

THE SHAPE

standing on the border of the campus, completely still...staring in Joanne's direction.

MISS LANE (OS)
Miss Wittington!

ON Joanne. Startled, turns toward her teacher...

JOANNE
Yes, ma'am.

MISS LANE
Tell the class when the first session of congress convened?

JOANNE
Oh, uh...

THE BELL RINGS.

The class leaps out their seats, heads for the door...

Joanne turns her attention back to the window, searches the grounds for the strange FIGURE she saw seconds ago...it's GONE.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS

A group of STUDENTS decorate the grounds for the impending Halloween dance.

Joanne, Linda and Sharon walk across campus, books in hand...headed for their dorms.

As Linda and Sharon gab, Joanne scans the campus for the strange FIGURE she saw earlier...

SHARON

Chad's going as a condom.

LINDA

I thought you were allergic to latex.

SHARON

I'll pop a Benadryl. I just hope they let him in dressed like that.

LINDA

Oh, they're so stupid...we'll just tell them he's going as a sausage casing.

Sharon eyes Joanne, whose thoughts are obviously elsewhere...

SHARON

Why's she so quiet?

LINDA

Hellooooo. She still doesn't have a date for the dance. She doesn't even have a brother she can ask.

JOANNE

You know, I'm not going to die if I don't go to this stupid dance.

LINDA

I would.

SHARON

Me, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Should've asked Frank Roth the other night, when you had the chance.

Joanne stops suddenly, staring at...

THE IRON GATES

to the academy, locked tight. The SHAPE stands in the street, lurking behind them...glaring right at her.

Joanne grabs Linda by the arm, practically pulls it off...

LINDA (cont'd)

Hey!

JOANNE

Look. Over there.

Linda follows Joanne's gaze...

ANGLE ON THE GATES

A bus passes in front them...when it clears the SHAPE has disappeared without a trace.

LINDA

What?

JOANNE

Did you see that?

LINDA

Yeah. We call it a bus.

JOANNE

No, no. There was a guy. He was wearing a mask, like --

SHARON

Hey, maybe you can ask him to the dance.

LINDA

Yeah, he can come as the invisible man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Linda and Sharon continue toward the dorms, their laughter trailing.

ON Joanne as she tries to make sense of it all.

INT. MIDDLE ROCK PENITENTIARY - SECURITY BUILDING

CLOSE ON A LARGE MONITOR

A digitized map of the state of Illinois...a small red BLIP throbs on the display.

The Warden, Kinkade, Janet and a handful of armed GUARDS stand behind a lone TECHNICIAN...all eyes glued to the screen...

TECHNICIAN

We have a real strong signal on him, sir.

KINKADE

Where is he?

TECHNICIAN

The woods...about fifteen miles outside of Nauvoo.

WARDEN

Download the coordinates into the handheld scanners. Let's go catch this bastard.

ON Kinkade. Skeptical, it all seems too easy...

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - ESTABLISHING

Night. Wind assaults the trees. Lights illuminate a dozen dorm windows.

ON THE BELL TOWER.

WALLY, a rather portly man in his early sixties, and the school custodian, climbs the four flights of stairs to the massive bell partially enclosed at its top...he tugs on the rope dangling from the bell...

THE BELL RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Its sound resonating across the campus.

ON THE DORMS.

The windows, once lit, are now extinguished, leaving the dorms shrouded in total darkness...lights out.

INT. DORM - JOANNE'S ROOM

The sound of the ringing bell echoes softly through the room...

Joanne lies in her bed, unable to sleep, eyes to the ceiling...her pajama clad body partially covered by a sheet.

Linda lies in the bed next to her, turned on her side...sound asleep.

ON "LURCH," THE SCHOOL DOG

lying beside Joanne's bed, asleep.

Joanne watches the moonlight cast the shadow of dancing leaves on the ceiling above her...

Then, the shadow of something altogether unnatural appears above her...

THE SHADOW OF A MAN

hair tattered and tousled by the wind.

ON Joanne lying frozen in fear, eyes unblinking.

THE SILHOUETTE

grows larger, nearly engulfs the entire ceiling...then suddenly disappears from view...the dancing leaves return.

Joanne turns toward the window, sees nothing. She turns to Linda...

JOANNE

Linda, you awake?

She's out cold. Joanne sits up in bed, her eyes glued to the window...she slowly gets out of bed, moves toward it...leans against the windowpane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW

of the campus, bathed in moonlight...wind howls through the trees...leaves scurry across the grounds.

Joanne strains to find the cause of the ghostly apparition that towered above her...she moves in closer, her face to the glass, eyes searching...

BANG! BANG!

A hand raps on her window. Joanne jumps out of her skin.

ON Frank Roth standing outside her window. He motions her to open it.

Joanne looks back at Linda, still fast asleep...she opens the window, sticks her head out.

JOANNE (cont'd)
(whispering)
What are you doing here?!

FRANK
(whispering)
I came to see you.

JOANNE
Oh.
(a beat)
Why?

FRANK
Can I come in?

JOANNE
Are you crazy?! You'll get caught.

FRANK
Then you come out here.

JOANNE
Then I'll get caught.

FRANK
Well, I'm not leaving till I talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Linda shifts in her bed...Joanne freezes...Linda settles on her back, still sound asleep...Joanne breathes a soft sigh of relief...

JOANNE

Alright. I'll come out. Just be quiet.

Joanne closes the window...a smiling Frank motions her to the front of the dorm, then disappears from view.

Joanne pulls on a pair of sweats...steps into a pair of slippers...passes a mirror on her way to the door.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

Joanne's reflection staring back at her...she makes a last ditch attempt to fix her hair.

EXT. FOREST

Woodland stretched out for miles...trees jut into the night sky, reach for the full moon overhead.

BEAMS OF LIGHT

in the distance, slice through the forest...the sound of barking dogs approaching.

ON Kinkade moving swiftly through the thicket, flashlight in hand...he is flanked by --

GUARDS

pulled through the woodland by a pack of bloodhounds.

The WARDEN heads the pack, eyes glued to the handheld scanner in his grasp...barking directions to the hunters.

ON THE SCANNER.

A miniature version of the monitor from Middle Rock...a red blip throbs on the digitized map of the area.

WARDEN

Keep movin'. We're right on top of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The pursuers pick up the pace...there's a rustling in the bushes ahead.

WARDEN (cont'd)
We got 'em boys. Spread out!

The ARMED GUARDS draw their weapons, encircle the vicinity...the dogs go wild, tug on their restraints.

Kinkade moves beside the Warden...all lights illuminating the rustling shrubbery.

A PACK OF WOLVES

emerge from behind the thicket, dragging the carcass of a mutilated body. On closer inspection we realize it's the body of...

EDDIE CATERO

The satellite tracking device strung around his neck.

ON Kinkade. His worst fears come true: Michael Meyers is ALIVE.

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY

Joanne and Fred meander through the wooded acreage along the outskirts of the campus...the school buildings completely obfuscated by the surrounding foliage.

FRANK
Windy night.

JOANNE
Yeah.

FRANK
You look cold.

JOANNE
A little.

FRANK
Here, take my jacket.

Frank takes off his letterman jacket, drapes it over her shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOANNE

Thanks.

FRANK

Sure.

A moment of awkward silence, then...

FRANK (cont'd)

So, do you have a costume for the
dance tomorrow night?

Before Joanne can answer, she trips on a branch...drops out
of frame.

Frank helps her up... sits her on an overturned tree
trunk...sits down beside her.

JOANNE

Oh, god...I'm so sorry. I got mud
all over your jacket.

FRANK

Don't worry about it. My father
paid for it.

Joanne continues to brush the dirt from Frank's jacket...

THE SHAPE

appears behind them in the distance, standing beside a
tree...watching...waiting. It seems as though with each cut
the SHAPE moves closer...

FRANK (cont'd)

So, do you?

JOANNE

Do I...?

FRANK

Have a costume.

JOANNE

Uh-huh.

FRANK

You have a date?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOANNE

Damn it, I knew I forgot something.

Frank smiles. The SHAPE disappears from view, into the thicket.

JOANNE (cont'd)

What about you?

FRANK

Oh, yeah. I've had mine for a long time.

JOANNE

Oh. Who is she?

FRANK

No, I meant my costume. I thought maybe you and I could go to the dance together.

JOANNE

I'd like that. I'd like that a lot.

Joanne and Frank gaze into each other's eyes, move in closer...they kiss, then...

A PAIR OF HANDS

grabs them by the back of their necks, pulls them to their feet! Shit! Joanne SCREAMS...the CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL...

MR. ELLIOT

with a firm grip on them both, a disapproving look painted across his face.

FRANK

Aw, man.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS

Mr. Elliot moves across the campus, back to the school...Joanne and Frank in tow...completely unaware of...

THE SHAPE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

watching from the thicket, the moonlight reflected off his pale white mask.

INT. KINKADE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sparsely decorated. Scattered Chinese food containers litter the counters.

On a glass dining room table, a half dozen cardboard boxes, "DR. LOOMIS" in black sharpie scrawled across their sides.

The CAMERA PANS across the table where...

KINKADE

sits, eyes glazed over...shuffling through a stack of photographs.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Of a young Michael Meyers playing with a fire truck in the den...running through sprinklers in the backyard...riding horses at the county fair...no signs of the evil lurking inside.

Kinkade sets the photographs aside, digs through a file box...pulls out a film canister marked "MEYERS HOME MOVIES."

ON A PROJECTOR.

Kinkade threads the Super 8 film through it, turns it on...images of a young Michael Meyers are projected on a bare wall in the darkened room.

Kinkade settles into the recliner, fights to stay awake...

THE SHAPE APPEARS IN FRONT OF THE WALL.

The home movies projected on his pale mask. He moves slowly toward the sleeping Kinkade, a knife in his grip.

The SHAPE raises the knife to Kinkade's throat, slices it from ear to ear. Kinkade grabs his throat, blood gushes through his fingers. Then...

KINKADE WAKES UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gasps for air...he feels for his throat...no blood, all is well.

The Super 8 film slaps against the projector, the reel now over...

Kinkade catches his breath...surveys the room...he is alone. It was just a dream.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - HOLDING ROOM - MORNING

Kinkade sits in front of the small table, a file folder in front of him. A deputy escorts Cain into the room, three pairs of handcuffs around his wrists...he sits across from Kinkade. Kinkade glares at him...

CAIN

He's still alive, isn't he?

KINKADE

It appears that way.

CAIN

Would you like some wine to go with your crow?

Cain cackles. Kinkade glares at him.

CAIN (cont'd)

Lost our sense of humor, have we?

KINKADE

Only reason I'm sitting here talking to you is --

CAIN

You need my help. I understand.

KINKADE

If we prosecute, don't expect any kind of plea bargain in exchange for your services.

CAIN

I wouldn't dream of it. Consider this my contribution to society.

Kinkade opens the file folder in front of him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KINKADE

Laurie Strode...Michael's sister --

CAIN

I know who she is, detective.

KINKADE

Then you know her daughter had a baby a few years back.

CAIN

Right...adopted by a family out of state. The records were sealed.

KINKADE

Anyway...I have a detective at the adoption agency trying to find out where the child is before Meyers does.

Cain snickers, shakes his head.

KINKADE (cont'd)

Care to let me in on the joke?

CAIN

Still following the Pied Piper, I see.

KINKADE

Pied Piper?

CAIN

Dr. Loomis. You two are barking up the same tree.

KINKADE

And what tree is that?

CAIN

(as Dr. Loomis)

"Michael Meyers is evil on two legs. He will not rest until the last of his bloodline is severed..."

Cain laughs at the absurdity of it all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KINKADE

You disagree with the good doctor?

CAIN

I have my own theories, yes.

KINKADE

Loomis makes a lot of sense to me.

Cain picks up a BLACK PEN off the table, holds it in front of Kinkade.

Cain waves his hand in front of the black pen...it instantly turns red.

He waves his hand in front of it again, returning the pen to its original black color...

CAIN

Remember, detective, things aren't always as they appear...

Kinkade grabs the pen out of Cain's hand...

KINKADE

Enough with the hocus-pocus bullshit. What's your theory?

CAIN

You see, Michael is sexually obsessive-compulsive. He becomes sexually obsessed with his victims.

KINKADE

With his own sister?

CAIN

I never said it was a healthy obsession.

KINKADE

Most guys would just buy the girl candy.

CAIN

That's exactly right, detective. But Michael doesn't know how to act out these crushes. He stalks them...he hunts them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CAIN (cont'd)

It's all part of the
courtship...part of the dance.
It's only after he's had adequate
foreplay, when his frustrations are
at their height, that he kills the
object of his desire.

Kinkade contemplates this...

CAIN (cont'd)

Of course, there's always the most
popular theory.

KINKADE

What's that?

CAIN

He is the boogeyman.

INT. DORM ROOM - MORNING

Joanne lies on her bed, a white clay mask covers her
face...a clear gel over closed eyelids.

Linda sits on the edge of her bed, painting her toe nails,
hair wrapped-up in a towel swami-style...

LINDA

You finally get a guy alone in the
woods and you don't even get to
third base?

JOANNE

I barely got up to bat.

LINDA

Well, at least for like two seconds
you had a date to the dance.

Joanne grabs a pillow, hurls it in Linda's direction...

JOANNE

Don't rub it in.

LINDA

(sing-song)
Tonight could have been "the
night."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE SHAPE

backs out of FRAME.

LINDA (OS)

Who are you talking to?

Joanne opens her eyes, sits up in bed...looks over at...

LINDA

standing in the doorway, a bottle of nail polish remover in her hand.

JOANNE

Weren't you standing there the whole time?

LINDA

I just got here, goofball. You talking to your invisible man again?

JOANNE

No...I just...I thought I heard someone come in before...

Linda shrugs her shoulders, looks around the room.

LINDA

No one here but me.

She sits back down on the bed...continues to manicure her nails.

ON Joanne deep in thought, confused.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

A group of a dozen girls take laps in the indoor swimming pool beneath the retracted gymnasium floor. The gym is decorated for the Halloween dance that night...

Their coach, MRS. ROCKWELL, supervises from poolside, whistle dangling around her neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON Joanne, Linda, and Sharon as they complete their final lap. They congregate in the shallow end, their goggles perched on the heads...

JOANNE

I feel like everyone's staring at me.

SHARON

News travels fast. It's all over school about you getting busted in the woods by Mister E.

JOANNE

Don't suppose you had anything to do with that, blabber mouth.

SHARON

No way...but I mean I like told a few friends.

LINDA

And they like told two friends...

SHARON/LINDA

And like so on...and so on...and so on.

Linda and Sharon share a laugh, Joanne splashes them both...

JOANNE

Glad you two find the downfall of my social life so amusing.

Mrs. Rockwell blows her WHISTLE...the girls in the pool wait for her instruction.

MRS. ROCKWELL

Alright, I know you girls have the big Halloween dance tonight, so I'm letting you go five minutes early today.

LINDA

(under her breath)
How very generous of her.

Joanne, Linda, and Sharon start to climb out of the pool...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. ROCKWELL

Sharon, since you took it upon yourself to arrive five minutes late today, you can stay the extra five minutes.

SHARON

But Mrs. Rockwell...

MRS. ROCKWELL

Use the time to practice your dive. You looked real sloppy out there today.

LINDA

Ooooh, busted.

JOANNE

Big time. And news travels fast. Wouldn't be surprised if the whole school knows about this one by tonight.

Sharon flips them the finger...

SHARON

Smile at the birdie, ladies.

Joanne and Linda exit they gymnasium, giggling at their stranded friend.

ON Sharon as she climbs out of the pool...walks to the diving board on the other end of the deserted gym...places the goggles over her eyes...

She dives into the water...swims underwater toward the shallow end...she heads toward the surface...

SHARON'S POV

The SHAPE is standing poolside...his image warped by the rolling water, bobbing and swaying with the current.

Sharon breaks through the surface of the water, catches her breath...throws off her goggles, scans the gym...

ANGLE ON THE GYMNASIUM

Empty. Not a soul in sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sharon shrugs it off, climbs back out of the pool...heads for the diving board...

She dives into the water...as she emerges in the shallow end the lights in the gym extinguish...leaving her in darkness.

SHARON (cont'd)
(calling out)
Hey! There's someone in here!

No response. Sharon moves toward the stairs...

SHARON (cont'd)
Hell-o! I'm in here!

She grabs the railing, starts to pull herself out of the pool when suddenly...

THE SHAPE GRABS HER BY THE NECK.

Pushes her back into the pool...holds her head under the water...her arms flail wildly as she struggles for breath...

Sharon's body goes limp...the SHAPE releases her...her lifeless body floats face down in the water.

WIDE OF THE GYMNASIUM.

The SHAPE has disappeared from view.

The gym floor begins to close over the pool, covering the floating corpse inside of it.

INT. KINKADE'S OFFICE

Kinkade sits behind his desk. Janet enters, stands in the doorway...she doesn't look happy.

KINKADE
What is it?

JANET
He made bail.

KINKADE
What?! Bail was set at fifty thousand dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET

We have the bond. It's legit.

KINKADE

Christ, did you talk to the judge?

JANET

I damn near slept with his honor to get bail set at fifty.

Kinkade stands, paces the room...

KINKADE

Damnit, Blake. We get those lab results back tonight. We can't just let him go.

JANET

You don't have a choice.

Kinkade glares at her, eyes on fire.

JANET (cont'd)

What are you going to do this time, huh? Break his legs so he can't walk out of here?

KINKADE

If that's what it takes. We're talking about a cold-blooded murderer.

JANET

Until those lab test prove otherwise, we're talking about an innocent man.

KINKADE

You didn't see this guy's apartment.

JANET

What are you gonna charge him with, felony hero worship?

Kinkade knows she has a point, which enrages him more...he kicks his chair clear across the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KINKADE

Goddamnit!

JANET

Look, Kinkade, if those tests results come back a match, we'll have an arrest warrant so fast it will make Cain's head spin. But right now he's an innocent man being held without just cause. And if we keep him here against his will, then we're handing that son-of-a-bitch the technicality he needs to get this case thrown right out of court.

KINKADE

There's gotta be a way to keep that bastard in our sites.

A DEPUTY knocks on the door, pokes his head in...

KINKADE (cont'd)

Better be good news, deputy.

DEPUTY

Yes, sir. They found the hearse.

ON Kinkade. Just the news he'd been waiting for.

INT. HOLDING ROOM

Cain sits behind the table, uncuffed and back in civilian clothing. Kinkade enters....

CAIN

Come to say "goodbye?" How sweet.

KINKADE

How 'bout we go for a ride?

ON Cain. Intrigued by the proposition, a grin flashes across his face.

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT

October 31st. Halloween.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Costumed students from nearby Woodberry Academy mill about the campus, make their way toward the gymnasium.

ON A BAND OF MISFITS.

Freshmen from Woodberry armed with cartons of eggs and rolls of toilet paper, emerge stealthy from the wooded acreage...they attack the Hillcrest Administrative Building.

ON WALLY.

The school custodian heads for the bell tower...spots the young punks across campus defacing what he works so hard to preserve.

He takes off in their direction...

WALLY
(calling off)
Hey, you kids! Knock that off!
Get over here!

The boys see Wally headed in their direction...they scramble, head back for the woods...a few of them throw eggs in Wally's direction.

Wally makes it about halfway across campus before his old ticker kicks in...he has to stop...catches his breath.

WALLY (cont'd)
Damn kids.

Wally turns around, heads back to the bell tower.

One by one the freshman disappear into the thicket...one of the boys runs smack into...

THE SHAPE.

The boy stares up at him, startled...he darts after his friends...the SHAPE approaches Hillcrest.

INT. DORM - JOANNE'S ROOM

Joanne sits on the windowpane, her forehead pressed against the glass. Lurch lies across her bed.

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A view of the entire campus. Couples make their way across the grounds, move inside the gymnasium.

Joanne lets out a sigh, wishes that were her and Frank...she continues to stare longingly out the window...

THROUGH THE GLASS.

ON Wally as he moves to the bell tower, disappears inside. He is followed by...

THE SHAPE.

ON Joanne. She sits up, takes notice...watches as the SHAPE moves inside the bell tower, then suddenly...

A PAIR OF HANDS

grabs Joanne by the shoulders...spins her around, revealing...

LINDA

in full "Bride of Frankenstein" costume.

LINDA
BLAAAAAGGGHHHHH!

JOANNE
Shit! You scared the hell out of me!

LINDA
Cool. You think I'll win scariest costume?

JOANNE
Linda, you are without a doubt the scariest person on campus.

LINDA
Thanks. I think.

JOANNE
Shouldn't Jeff be here?

LINDA
Count Dracula is waiting for me. In the cafeteria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOANNE

But the dance is in the gymnasium.

LINDA

Very insightful.

THE BELL RINGS.

Echoes across the campus.

LINDA (cont'd)

Let the party begin!

JOANNE

Have enough fun for the both of us.

LINDA

Oh, don't be such a victim.

Linda leans over Lurch, snuggles her face against the dog's.

LINDA (cont'd)

Lurch will keep you company. Just pretend he's Frank...with less body hair.

JOANNE

Linda.

The dog licks Linda's face.

LINDA

And much better breath.

JOANNE

Goodbye.

Linda produces a couple of shot bottles from her purse, tosses them on the bed.

LINDA

Here. Drink a couple of these. It'll putcha in a much better mood. Ta-ta.

Linda exits. The bell continues to ring. Joanne sits on the bed, pats Lurch on the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOANNE

Guess it's just you and me, kid.

The bell stops ringing abruptly. Joanne turns her attention back to the window...

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW.

At the top of the bell tower...the SHAPE stands beside the massive bell...staring in Joanne's direction, looking right through her.

Joanne gasps softly. She looks down below and sees...

LINDA

leave the dormitory, headed for the cafeteria. Joanne looks back up to the bell tower...the SHAPE has vanished!

Joanne moves sits back on her bed, uses Lurch as a pillow...

JOANNE (cont'd)

Just some prankster in a Halloween costume, that's all.

Joanne picks up one of the shot bottles, twists off the lid.

JOANNE (cont'd)

Let the party begin.

Joanne takes a swig from the bottle. She shudders, her sour expression says it all...

INT. CAFETERIA

Dark and abandoned. THE CAMERA PANS across a bevy of empty tables and chairs to reveal...

LINDA AND JEFF

liplocked, hands all over each other. Linda sits on the edge of a table, Jeff stands between her legs.

THE SHAPE

watches from the kitchen, illuminated only by the light from a nearby soda machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeff pushes Linda down onto the table...he drapes his cape over her...starts to unbutton her blouse...

LINDA

Wait.

JEFF

What is it?

LINDA

I have to pee.

JEFF

Can't you hold it?

LINDA

Can't you?

Linda pushes Jeff off her, heads for the restroom. She passes the kitchen area...the SHAPE is nowhere in sight.

JEFF

(calling after her)

Alright, but hurry up.

(as Dracula)

I want to suck your blood...and a few other things.

LINDA

Just be sure to take your teeth out first...

Linda moves into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Linda crosses to a stall, tugs on the door...it's locked. She knocks on the door.

LINDA

Somebody in there?

No answer. She pulls at it again...still doesn't budge.

LINDA (cont'd)

Hellooooo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kneels down on the ground, peers under the door. Nothing. She stands back up...shrugs it off...moves to the next stall and goes inside, closing the door behind her.

TIGHT ON THE DOOR.

As Linda takes care of "business."

LINDA (OS) (cont'd)
 (singing)
 IF YOU THINK I'M SEXY.
 AND YOU WANT MY BODY.
 COME ON, BABY. LET ME KNOW.

The toilet flushes. Linda emerges from the stall, crosses to the mirror...checks her make-up.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR.

Linda admires her reflection...not noticing the stall door which was previously locked is now opened.

She smiles at herself, licks her teeth, then exits to the cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA

Linda emerges from the bathroom...she heads toward the center of the room...

ANGLE ON THE CAFETERIA.

Empty. No sign of Jeff anywhere.

LINDA
 (calling off)
 Jeff?

CLANG! A NOISE FROM THE KITCHEN.

LINDA (cont'd)
 Jeff, is that you?

Linda moves into the kitchen area where she sees...

JEFF

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

his back to her...his Count Dracula cape wrapped around him, the stiff collar rising high above his head.

LINDA (cont'd)
There you are.

She crosses to him, wraps her arms around his waist.

LINDA (cont'd)
You hungry or something?

He turns around to reveal...

THE SHAPE!

The cape draped over his shoulders. Linda SCREAMS. The SHAPE grabs her by the throat, lifts her into the air...

Her head hits the pot rack hanging above her...pots and pans drop to the tile floor below...

Linda flails her arms and legs, desperately trying to free herself from the SHAPE'S grasp...

She kicks the refrigerator door beside her...it swings open to reveal...

JEFF'S BODY STUFFED INSIDE.

His costume shredded, soaked with blood. The corpse falls onto the floor.

ON Linda as she takes her last breath...the SHAPE hangs her on the pot rack...steps back...admires his handiwork.

EXT. BRIDGESTONE LAGOON - NIGHT

The marshlands on the outskirts of town. THE CAMERA TRACKS a STATE TROOPER as he strings the all-too-familiar yellow crime scene tape from tree to tree, he passes...

THE HEARSE.

Its nose submerged in the murky lagoon.

ON Kinkade standing at the rear of the mobile coffin, the rear door swung wide open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deputy Clark stands next to him, latex gloves over his hands. Cain lingers in the background...

DEPUTY CLARK

Follow me, detective. I'll show you what we found back there.

Deputy Clark leads Kinkade over to...

TWO BODY BAGS

lying on the ground. Cain moves in behind Kinkade, watches inquisitively. Deputy Clark unzips the first bag, reveals...

THE CORPSE OF TOM ABRAHMS.

Eyes open, frozen in terror. Kinkade winces at the sight.

DEPUTY CLARK (cont'd)

This fellow works at the morgue.

CAIN

Don't you mean "worked," Deputy?

The Deputy shoots Cain a curious look...

DEPUTY CLARK

Anyway, from what we can tell, Meyers drained the blood from this one's jugular with a draining rod.

The Deputy unzips the second bag, reveals...

THE BLOODY CADAVER OF CHUCK DUFFY.

Kinkade nearly gags, covers his mouth with a handkerchief. Cain seems to be enjoying the show...

DEPUTY CLARK (cont'd)

Another missing morgue attendant. Sawed this guy's skull in half with a skull saw.

CAIN

How resourceful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEPUTY CLARK
(re: Cain)
Who is this joker?

KINKADE
He's an expert of sorts.

The Deputy glares at Cain, doesn't like him at all.

CLOSE ON A MAP

of the county, sprawled across the hood of Kinkade's sedan.

Kinkade stands next to Deputy Clark, who holds a red sharpie in his hand. Cain watches over their shoulders...

DEPUTY CLARK
This is the location of Freeman's
drugstore...where we found Sherry
Hackney's body.

The deputy makes a red "X" on the map...

DEPUTY CLARK (cont'd)
Here's where you found Eddie
Catero's remains.

The deputy marks another "X"...

DEPUTY CLARK (cont'd)
And here we are.

The deputy marks their location with an "X"...he connects the three "X's," it makes a perfect triangle.

DEPUTY CLARK (cont'd)
He's staying in the general
vicinity.

KINKADE
That still leaves us with a couple
hundred square miles to comb.

DEPUTY CLARK
I'll get on the radio, see if I can
get the Groton PD to help us.

The Deputy moves to his patrol car. Cain stands over Kinkade's shoulder...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CAIN

Mmmmm...interesting. He's marking his territory. Time is tick-tocking away and Michael Meyers is right under your nose.

KINKADE

What are you talking about? Meyers can be two hundred miles in any direction.

CAIN

But he's not.

KINKADE

Alright, enlighten me. Where is he?

CAIN

Somewhere there is a bevy of young, potential victims...somewhere Michael's sister once attended school...somewhere in the middle of that triangle.

Kinkade looks down at the map, a look of realization comes across his face.

KINKADE

Hillcrest.

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY

VARIOUS SHOTS of the empty campus, the students now congregated inside the gymnasium.

The pulsating beat of faint dance MUSIC drifts across the grounds.

INT. DORM - JOANNE'S ROOM

CLOSE ON A HALF EMPTY SHOT BOTTLE

on the bedside table, next to two other shot bottles...untouched. CAMERA PANS to the bed where...

JOANNE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

lies, fully clothed...facing the ceiling. Eyes wide open, thinking of the night that could have been...

ON Lurch, lying on the floor beside the bed...he sits up, his eyes focused on...

THE CLOSET

Its door slightly ajar...the light on inside. Something inside catches Lurch's attention...he GROWLS.

Joanne reaches over the side of the bed, pats the dog on his head...

JOANNE

Whatcha growling at, huh?

Lurch continues to snarl at the closet. Joanne sits up in the bed...

ANGLE ON THE CLOSET.

Light seeps out from the cracks in the open door, illuminating the sleeves of several hanging blouses.

JOANNE (cont'd)

Lurch, there's nothing in there but clothes.

Joanne gets up...moves to the closet...she reaches inside...

CLOSE ON HER HAND

inside the closet...feeling the wall, she gropes for the lightswitch...she finds it, flicks off the light.

ON Joanne. She closes the door, tight...heads back toward the bed...she stops in her tracks...

JOANNE (cont'd)

Well, I'm up...might as well pee.

Joanne heads down the hall, Lurch follows her out.

INT. GYMNASIUM

Decked out in Halloween decor. Jam packed with costumed couples dancing across the floor. Mr. Elliot and other CHAPERONES line the walls.

ON Chad, dressed as a condom. He moves across the dance floor, looking for his date.

He taps a dancing school mate, ROB WILLIAMS, on the shoulder...

CHAD
(above the music)
Hey...have you seen Sharon?

ROB
No. Haven't seen her all night.

CHAD
You sure?

ROB
Yeah.

Chad looks concerned, moves off into the crowd...

ROB (cont'd)
(calling off)
Mr. Elliot's gonna kill you when he sees that costume!

EXT. GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

The misfits who tee-pee'd the school have returned, this time with black duffel bags in tow.

ON THE REAR DOUBLE DOOR

of the gymnasium...one of the FRESHMEN pulls some chain from his duffel bag...wraps it around the door handles...he produces a pad lock, hooks it through the loops of the chain...snaps it shut, locked tight.

ON THE GYMNAISUM ENTRANCE.

Chad exits the gym, heads for the dorms. He passes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER FRESHMAN

who sneaks into the gymnasium, while a fellow SCHOOLMATE hides behind some bushes...on the lookout for Wally.

INT. DORM - JOANNE'S ROOM

Joanne returns from the bathroom, passes...

THE CLOSET DOOR.

It's ajar once again.

Joanne climbs into bed, turns on her side...she reaches over the side of bed...pets the dog.

JOANNE

Guess Romeo isn't going to show up tonight.

At that very moment, Joanne sees...

LURCH!

The dog enters the room, sits in the doorway...growls in her direction.

ON Joanne. Shit! She instantly stops petting whatever is under her bed.

CLOSE ON HER EYES

full of confusion, flushed with fear.

Terrified, she slowly leans over the edge of the bed...comes eye-to-eye with --

THE SHAPE!

Beneath her bed, staring right at her...she was petting the hair on his mask all along.

Joanne SCREAMS. The SHAPE grabs her arm, drags her off the bed onto the floor. Joanne struggles with him, as he tries to climb on top of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SHAPE maintains a strong grip on her ankle with one hand, swings a knife fiercely at her with the other. He makes contact, slices open her left thigh...

Joanne SCREAMS in agony, kicks her legs wildly...she manages to strike a hard blow to his head. She breaks free of his grip, takes off limping down the hall...her hand pressed against the gaping wound carved in her thigh.

ANGLE ON THE HALL.

Seems to stretch for miles. Joanne limps down the corridor, dragging her leg behind her...she looks behind her...no sign of the SHAPE...yet.

She ducks into one of the rooms, hides behind the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE SHAPE

emerges from her room...heads down the hall.

ON Joanne trying desperately not to breathe, she watches as...

THE SHADOW OF THE SHAPE

passes by...she lets out a silent sigh of relief, when suddenly...

THE SHAPE

steps back into the doorway, looks into the room. Joanne freezes, looks at the wall beside her, she sees...

HER OWN SHADOW

projected on the wall, it betrays her.

JOANNE (cont'd)

Oh, God...

The SHAPE reaches through the crack in hinged side of the door...grabs Joanne by the hair, reels her in.

Joanne grabs the door...pulls it towards her, smashing the SHAPE'S arm between the door and the jam. He releases her...

She flies out of the room, down the hall...stumbles down a flight of stairs...runs right into the arms of --

CHAD BAILEY.

She practically knocks him over. Joanne SCREAMS.

CHAD

Hey, what's goin' on?!

JOANNE

Thank God, it's you!

CHAD

I knew you'd come around.

JOANNE

Run! We've got to get out of here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Joanne tries to break free of Chad's grip, he holds firm...

CHAD

Whoa, what's the matter?!

JOANNE

Goddamnit, Chad! It's Michael Meyers.

CHAD

Michael Meyers? Where?

JOANNE

There!

ON THE STAIRS.

The SHAPE begins to descend upon them, knife in his grip.

CHAD

Oh, come on. That guy? He's too puny. That's probably Eddie.

JOANNE

Would Eddie do this?!

Joanne shows Chad her thigh, ligaments exposed.

CHAD

Jesus!

(then, realizing)

Ohhhhh, I get it. You're not fooling Chad Bailey. Not tonight.

The SHAPE approaches...

JOANNE

What the hell are you talking about? You've got to get out of here!

CHAD

"Let's scare Chad, it'll be fun. We'll use Sharon as bait. Get him to come looking for her." You almost had me. Really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The SHAPE reaches the bottom of the stairs. Joanne isn't sticking around for this shit...she breaks free from Chad's grasp, limps toward the dormitory entrance.

Chad crosses to the SHAPE, stands in front of him -- a ludicrous sight...

CHAD (cont'd)
Nice try, Eddie. Next time you
might want to spring for some
shoulder pads.

Joanne reaches the dormitory entrance, turns back to see...

THE SHAPE

grabs Chad's condom "hat," pulls it down over his head... holds it there. Eddie struggles for breath...the thin clear latex pulsates in and out with each dying gasp...

JOANNE
Chad!

Chad's body goes limp...dead weight. The Shape drops him to the ground, calmly turns his attention back to Joanne...

JOANNE (cont'd)
Goddamn you!

Joanne dashes out of the dormitory.

INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

The party is in full swing. Students and teachers alike crowd the gym floor, dancing to the music blaring from the loudspeakers above.

CLOSE ON A SIGN

"CAUTION: BE SURE TO CLEAR GYM AND/OR POOL
BEFORE OPERATING FLOOR"

Hung above a large red button. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the freshman, who snuck in earlier, poised beneath it...

He punches the button, then pops it off and puts it in his pocket...he darts for the front entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG!

The gymnasium floor begins to move beneath the students feet, splits right down the middle...retracts into the walls...

The students part like the Red Sea, hooting and hollering as the pool beneath them is revealed.

EXT. GYMNASIUM

The freshman flies out of the gym, slams the doors shut behind him...his schoolmate chains the doors, locks them with a padlock. They dart for the woods, passing...

JOANNE

stumbles toward them, her pants bloodied. She SCREAMS, tries to get their attention...they disappear into the thicket.

She moves to the rear of the gymnasium, bangs on the chained door...SCREAMS for help, looks over her shoulder to see...

THE SHAPE

headed straight for her. She hobbles to the front entrance, bangs on the door...

JOANNE

Let me in! Oh, God, help me!
Somebody...goddamnit!

The SHAPE closes in.

INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

Joanne's screams are lost amongst the gleeful SQUEALS of the party goers. The floor continues to glide open beneath their feet, revealing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHARON

floating, face down in the pool.

The mood suddenly changes...the SCREAMS of excitement quickly turn into SHRIEKS of horror. Bedlam ensues...

Frightened students scramble toward the entrance, knocking party goers into the pool...trampling over others.

AT THE ENTRANCE.

Students stack up against the doors, pounding furiously...trying to get out.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

Joanne on the other side of door, pounding against it with bloody palms...trying to get in.

The SHAPE is now only a few feet away. Joanne tugs feverishly at the chains, they hold tight. She bolts for the bell tower...

INT. BELL TOWER

Joanne bursts through the door...she stops at the bottom of the staircase, looks up to see...

FOUR FLIGHTS OF STAIRS

spiraling high above her. She hobbles up the stairway, grunting in agony...

As she makes her ascent, she looks down to see...

A SHADOW

three flights down, begins its climb up the stairs. Joanne picks up the pace...

EXT. BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Joanne emerges at the top of the bell tower...runs over to the rope dangling from the massive bell...pulls with all her might, causes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BELL

to swing...BUT there is no sound!

Joanne frantically pulls the rope again, SCREAMING madly...trying desperately to get someone's attention...

Still no sound! Joanne moves to the gargantuan bell, looks inside and sees...

WALLY'S BODY

stuffed up inside of it, preventing the clapper from striking the bell.

Joanne reaches in, grabs Wally's shirt...tugs with all her might...expels the cadaver with a final heave-ho.

ON Wally's corpse as it falls four stories down, lands at the foot of the staircase.

Joanne stumbles back...wraps the rope around her wrists, tugs with all her weight...

RING-RING-RING! THE BELL RESONATES ACROSS CAMPUS.

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY

ON a sedan as it pulls through the gates of Hillcrest... Kinkade behind the wheel, Cain sitting shotgun. They are followed in by...

A DOZEN PATROL CARS

lights flashing -- all line up in front of the school.

ON Kinkade. Jumps out of the sedan, looks in the direction of the sounding bell to see...

JOANNE

at the top of the bell tower...ringing the bell, SCREAMING bloody murder.

KINKADE

He's here. Meyers is here.

Kinkade sprints toward the bell tower...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON Cain. Gets out of the sedan, looks toward the bell tower...eyes aglow with excitement.

CAIN
(in an enamored whisper)
Michael.

EXT. BELL TOWER

Joanne continues to pull at the rope, her wrists bleeding as the cord digs into her skin. Joanne watches in horror as...

A SHADOW

approaches the top of the stairway...a FIGURE emerges, it's...

FRANK ROTH.

JOANNE
FRANK!

Joanne releases the rope, moves to him...he reaches out to her, collapses in her arms...a bloody knife juts out of his back.

JOANNE (cont'd)
No! Oh, God, no...

Standing behind him is...

THE SHAPE

Joanne SCREAMS...the SHAPE moves toward her...she pulls the knife out of Frank's back...holds it out in front of her, hands trembling...

The SHAPE attacks, lunges for Joanne's throat...she stabs him in the shoulder...releases the knife, it juts out of his shoulder...

The SHAPE stops...pulls the knife out of his shoulder...tosses it over the wall.

He grabs Joanne, both hands wrapped tightly around her neck...moves her toward the wall of the bell tower, leans her over the edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joanne pounds against the SHAPE'S chest...gasps for air...her eyes roll back in her head as she loses consciousness, then suddenly...

BANG! A BULLET BURROWS INTO THE SHAPE'S SHOULDER.

Spins him around, comes face-to-face with...

KINKADE

at the top of the stairs, gun drawn. The SHAPE moves toward him.

BANG! BANG! BANG! KINKADE EMPTIES THE CARTRIDGE.

Riddles the SHAPE with bullets, thrusts him backward...

The SHAPE tumbles over the wall...plunges four stories down, lands on his back.

Joanne crouches down in the corner, sobs.

KINKADE

It's over, honey. It's all over.

Kinkade moves to the wall, looks over the ledge...

THE SHAPE IS GONE!

Kinkade moves quickly, helps Joanne to her feet...

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY

Kinkade hands Joanne over to the PARAMEDICS, who tend to her leg. Deputy Clark approaches Kinkade...

KINKADE

I emptied my gun right into the bastard.

DEPUTY CLARK

We have our men searching the perimeter.

KINKADE

He fell four stories and just walked away...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Janet approaches Kinkade, cellular phone in hand...

JANET

I just got off the phone with the
lab.

KINKADE

Got the DNA results?

JANET

They're positive. Cain's a match.
Judge issued an arrest warrant.

KINKADE

Son-of-a-bitch. I knew it. Spread
out...Cain's around here somewhere.

OFFICER #1 (OS)

OVER HERE! WE GOT HIM OVER HERE!

Kinkade and Deputy Clark run across the campus to...

A DOZEN OFFICERS

behind their patrol cars, shotguns at the ready, aimed at...

THE SHAPE

emerges from the woodland, lumbers across the grounds...
headed straight for the patrol cars.

KINKADE

Fire, goddamnit! FIRE!

The OFFICERS open fire, strike the SHAPE with bullets...

ON the SHAPE. His body pumped full of lead, his jumpsuit
shredded...his knees buckle...he collapses to the ground,
face up.

The officers cease fire. Kinkade pulls out his gun, snaps
in a new cartridge...

KINKADE (cont'd)

Cover me.

DEPUTY CLARK

Where you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KINKADE

To make sure he's dead.

The deputy watches as Kinkade moves across the field, kneels down next to...

THE SHAPE

The corpse seeps blood, lies motionless.

Kinkade reaches for the mask, pulls it off to reveal...

CAIN GABRIEL BEHIND THE MASK.

KINKADE (cont'd)

Goddamnit, it's not him!

(calling off)

IT'S NOT HIM!

CAIN GRABS KINKADE BY THE SHIRT.

Shit! Pulls him down to his face...whispers into his ear...

CAIN

Impressed yet, Kinkade?

(gasps for air)

I made Michael Meyers... disappear.

Cain chuckles, gurgles blood...releases Kinkade and breathes his last breath.

CUT TO BLACK.