

HALLOWEEN 6

by

Daniel Farrands

NIGHTFALL PRODUCTIONS
3000 West Olympic Boulevard
Room 1426
Santa Monica, CA 90025
(310) 264-4121

FIRST DRAFT
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DARKNESS fills the SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE:

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DEAD SILENCE for what seems like an eternity, followed by a startling, bone-chilling SCREAM as we

FADE IN:

INT. DUNGEON - TUNNELS - NIGHT (DISTORTED)

The agonizing SCREAMS continue as we MOVE rapidly through a labyrinth of winding underground tunnels. Glowing torches light the way. Blurry, indistinct silhouettes of grim FIGURES wearing black-cowled robes flash along the dank, craggy walls.

We are looking from the P.O.V. of a SCREAMING young woman being pushed forward on a gurney. Blasting around dark corners, plunging deeper into this hellish maze.

A door is SLAMMED. Wooden. Heavy. The SCREAMS muffled inside.

Spurs CLANK on a pair of silver-tipped cowboy boots as a MYSTERIOUS STRANGER steps into VIEW. Long black duster. Wide-brimmed fedora. Lit cigarette dangling between gloved fingers.

INT. BIRTHING CHAMBER - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A rat scampers from a hole, foraging in the muck of a rotted pumpkin. Pain-filled SCREAMS reverberate off the grimy walls.

The robed figures strap the raven-haired girl to a crude metal rack. A white sheet, saturated with blood, covers the parted legs of JAMIE LLOYD, now 16, cheeks flushed with perspiration.

JAMIE

Oh, God, it's coming! It's coming!

MARY, a young midwife, rushes in with a bowl of hot water. Jamie lurches, knocking the bowl out of the girl's hands; it SHATTERS on the floor.

JAMIE

(continuing)

Mary, mother of God, please make it stop!

Mary's face is frozen in horror. Jamie's SCREAMS build to an unnerving crescendo. The pain too much for her to bear.

FLASH CUT TO:

Lurid SHOCK CUTS from the previous "Halloween" entries -- a surrealistic blend of IMAGES and VOICES -- as Jamie relives her terrifying childhood ordeal:

LOOMIS (V.O.)

... Ten years ago he tried to kill Laurie Strode ...

- A) LAURIE STRODE (Jamie Lee Curtis) twists and squirms as she is strangled mercilessly in the hands of the murderous SHAPE.

LOOMIS (V.O.)

... Now he wants her daughter.

- B) Trapped in her bedroom, 10-YEAR-OLD JAMIE (Danielle Harris) struggles to open the door. She flings it open. The Shape is standing there, knife poised to kill!

LOOMIS (V.O.)

Michael Myers is here to kill that little girl and anyone else who gets in his way!

- C) RACHEL (Ellie Cornell) dies in anguish as the Shape plunges a pair of scissors through her chest. TINA (Wendy Kaplan) dives right into the path of the Shape's knife. "Jamie, run!!!"
- D) Jamie sinks to her knees beside the fallen Shape, taking its hand in her own. CLOSE ON Shape's hand. Fingers flexing to life. A grotesque BRAND on its wrist -- an inverted isosceles triangle that will come to be known as the mark of THORN.
- E) BLINDING EXPLOSION rips through cinderblock. A jail cell blown to oblivion. FIRESTORM rages. The MYSTERIOUS STRANGER appears, opening fire with a SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

Pitiful wails of death. OFFICERS writhing in pools of blood. In the aftermath of this carnage stands YOUNG JAMIE.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER - NIGHT (SAME)

Jamie struggles against her bonds. Pushing. SCREAMING. Lapsing in and out of consciousness during the excruciating pangs of labor. A chorus of low, moaning VOICES. CHANTING.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (NEW FOOTAGE)

RESUME Jamie, filled with trepidation as she staggers through the smoke-filled cell into a darkened, drizzly alleyway.

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

Beyond the clearing wisps of smoke, THREE FIGURES wearing black ski masks usher THE SHAPE -- arms and legs shackled in heavy chains -- into the back of a white van.

BACK TO SCENE

Mutely terrified, Jamie backs away -- into the arms of another figure, obscured by a smokescreen: the Mysterious Stranger!

Jamie's scream is cut off as the Stranger descends upon her like the Angel of Death.

A cigarette arcs through the darkness like a tiny flare. Crushed under the boot of the Stranger.

A moment later, Jamie is shoved into the front seat of the van. Doors SLAM. Tires SCREECH over wet pavement.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The van peels out of the alley and disappears into the gloom. Hold on the police station for a beat. Suddenly --

THE ENTIRE PRECINCT EXPLODES IN A HUGE CONFLAGRATION!

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER - NIGHT

A SLAP and the first cry of the newborn BABY. Jamie sobs uncontrollably, the straps preventing her from reaching him.

JAMIE

Please ... give him to me ...

The infant is wrapped in black swaddling. The wooden door CREAKS open. Jamie's eyes fill with horror as the shadow of the Stranger fills the room. Standing at the threshold. Waiting to receive the child.

JAMIE

(continuing)

No, please ... my baby!

The dark sentinels march out in somber procession, ignoring her desperate pleas. Their torches lighting the way.

JAMIE

(continuing)

Damn you!! Damn you all to hell!!!

Jamie's heartrending SHRIEKS are cut off by the cold sound of the SLAMMING DOOR.

FADE TO BLACK.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

A diaphanous column rises, a ghostly, slow-motion cylinder of flame that BURNS through the SCREEN to form the MAIN TITLE:

HALLOWEEN 6

The OPENING CREDITS are BRANDED against the BLACK SCREEN by an invisible, kinetic force, interspersed with a SERIES OF CUTS:

Jamie's baby is lain upon a primitive altar. Ringed by eleven stones engraved with cryptic markings.

Hooded, faceless figures. Torches held aloft. Disembodied VOICES. Whispering. Invoking a dark spell.

MARY, the young midwife, peers around a corner. Watching. Spying. Eyes glazed with horror.

The newborn SCREAMS. The flattened blade of a dagger smears a triangular symbol in blood over the baby's torso.

We MOVE IN on this symbol, capturing it in FREEZE FRAME. It burns off into fiery cinders, disintegrating into DARKNESS.

Silence. Then a startling CLAP OF THUNDER as we

SHOCK CUT TO:

A SIGN POST

Standing askew in a matted patch of lawn. WIND and RAIN. INTENSE FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates:

"For Sale By Strode Realty - SOLD"

A trail of drowning toys -- baseball mit, Power Rangers, a deck of Pogs -- lead us up to a weather-beaten porch. Leftover gallons of Sears Best. Brushes soaking in turpentine. A dozen or so 2 x 2s lined up to replace a row of broken railing slats.

MOVE UP the tall, brooding edifice. **The address reads 45 Lampkin Lane.** Fresh coat of white paint over old clapboard. New shutters on the narrow windows.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

Despite its recent face-lift, it looks just as foreboding as it did in "Halloween I."

CRANE UP toward a darkened bedroom window. A jack-o'-lantern grins behind filmy curtains. Another insidious CRASH OF THUNDER as we PUSH through the curtains.

SUPERIMPOSE FINAL CREDIT.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

6-year-old DANNY STRODE tosses and turns in the throes of a nightmare. Another ear-splitting THUNDER CRASH causes him to suddenly bolt upright -- sweating, shaking, petrified.

DANNY'S P.O.V.

The THUNDER seems to ROAR from the ferocious jaws of T-REX -- a 24" scale model posing on a shelf among an army of Jurassic monsters. Seemingly brought to life by the ELECTRICAL STORM.

FOLLOW DANNY

as he leaps out of bed and pads across polished wooden floors into a dark hallway. LIGHTNING FLASHES. With the next THUNDER CRASH comes a startling, barely intelligible VOICE.

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

Danny . . .

Danny slowly turns. Freezes.

DANNY'S P.O.V.

An ominous shadow at the end of the hall, illuminated by LIGHTNING. Long duster and brimmed hat. The Stranger! In his outstretched hand, a gleaming knife!

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

Kill for him!

BACK TO SCENE

Danny screams! THUNDER CRASHES HELLISHLY. Lights flash on. Doors fly open. Suddenly Danny is swept up in the protective arms of his mother, KARA, 22.

KARA

Danny!

The little boy holds onto her for dear life. Crying hysterically. Eyes clenched tightly.

KARA

(continuing)

Shhh. Mommy's here. What is it?

DANNY

The voice man! He's here!

Kara looks in the direction he's pointing. In the light there's just an antique coat rack -- "dressed" in a hat, rain jacket and old umbrella.

KARA

Danny, no one's there.

Danny dares to look -- but now he only cries harder.

Kara carries Danny back toward his room, averting the steely-eyed gaze of her father, JOHN STRODE, staunch, late 40s, wearing boxer shorts and a well-worn undershirt.

JOHN

Some of us have to get some sleep around here. What's with that kid?

Kara ignores him as she her mother, DEBRA, careworn face with sad, compassionate eyes, tries to lend a hand.

DEBRA

Let me take him for you, Kara.

KARA

It's all right, Mom. Go on back to bed.

Debra sighs resignedly as TIM, 18, gangly and streetwise, wearing torn red sweat pants and an "Ice-T" t-shirt, casually replaces his Walkman headphones and returns to his room.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

Danny watches as Kara perfunctorily opens the closet and switches on the light. Satisfying him that it's empty, she breaks into her usual routine.

KARA

Stay away monsters, stay away ghouls.
Keep away from Danny. You jerks know the rules.

(crossing to Danny's bed)

Better?

Danny giggles as his pretty young mother tucks him in.

DANNY

Mommy, when can we go home?

Kara sighs. They've been through this one before.

KARA

Home is here in Grandma and Grandpa's new house. At least while I'm in college. You remember our deal.

DANNY

The kids at school said this is a haunted house -- that a bad man used to live here.

KARA

They did, did they? Since when did we start listening to the kids at school?

DANNY

But I've seen him!

KARA

I think you've been watching too much TV.

DANNY

He says things. Bad things.

KARA

Like what?

Danny doesn't respond, afraid to tell her. Kara has an idea.

KARA

(continuing)

If you mean the things Grandpa says sometimes, ignore him. Once he gets to know you he'll come around ... Let the bad things you hear slide right off your back.

Kara tousles his blond hair and kisses his forehead. Then she goes to the closet, just about to turn out the light --

DANNY

(sitting up; panicked)

No, Mom -- keep it on!

KARA

Okay ... But just for tonight.

Kara adjusts the closet door, causing one of Danny's school drawings to fly off the wall. She picks it up on her way out.

KARA

(continuing)

Good-night, Danny.

Kara softly closes the door. Danny lies awake, blankets drawn up to his chin, eyes wide. Still very much afraid.

INT. KARA'S ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Kara yawns, removes her glasses and rubs her eyes, setting Danny's drawing on a pile of open books. Cliffs Notes and Diet Coke cans. Telltale signs of a late-night cram session.

Adjusting the dial on her FM/alarm clock, Kara begins to move about the little room, slipping out of her clothes as the subtly-seductive voice of a WOMAN comes over the radio:

WOMAN (V.O.)

I know this sounds crazy, Harry, but I love him. I write to him every day. Last week I told him I want to have his child --

The woman is cut off by the nasally, steel-trap voice of HARRY SIMMS, talk radio's most popular man of controversy:

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Let me get this straight, Debi. Now you're saying that not only does this guy get you sexually aroused, but now you want to bear his offspring?!

Wearing only her bra and panties, Kara moves to a full-length mirror and lets down her long, flaxen hair. Beneath her studious exterior, she is quite attractive: delicate features with an enviable, naturally-toned figure.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Deep down, he's just like you and me. He just needs someone to understand him. Someone to love him.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

You're talking about one of this nation's most notorious serial killers like he belongs in some kind of Est seminar! What planet have you been on, Debi? Michael Myers has been dead for six years!

A CLICK as the woman is abruptly DISCONNECTED.

Kara suddenly whirls around, startled by a FLASH of something -- a face -- in the mirror. Drawn to the window, she rubs off rainy mist and peers outside.

KARA'S P.O.V.

of the large Victorian frame house directly across the street. Another FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals the shadow of a man standing in the uppermost window -- looking right at her!

ANGLE ON KARA

Frightened, she backs away, eyes locking on Danny's drawing. A scribbling in red Crayon: The triangular symbol of Thorn!

EXT. MYERS HOUSE / BLANKENSHIP HOUSE

Kara draws the priscilla curtains over the window as we PULL BACK through the pouring RAIN ... toward the house across the street. An ornate sign on the front door reads:

"Blankenship House - Rooms Available."

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A macabre display of old newspaper headlines, arranged helter-skelter on a wall: "HALLOWEEN KILLER ESCAPES FROM ASYLUM."
 "HORROR IN HADDONFIELD: MICHAEL MYERS CLAIMS 16 LIVES."
 "REIGN OF TERROR ENDS AS MYERS PERISHES IN VIGILANTE EXPLOSION."

Harry Simms BOOMS over a state-of-the-art HiFi system. A cassette tape RECORDS the continuing broadcast.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Now we've got someone who claims he's actually seen Michael Myers. Does this whacko caller have a name?

Staring out the window at the Myers house, TOMMY DOYLE, a strapping 25-year-old with reddish-brown hair and intense eyes, cradles a cordless phone.

TOMMY

My name's Tommy. I was only eight-years-old when I saw him. But I was lucky. I survived.

Tommy paces nervously around his sparsely-furnished attic apartment. Classic horror movie one-sheets and mint first edition comic books share wall space with a chilling array of guns, knives and survivalist weapons.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Sounds like you're a candidate for electroshock therapy, Tommy. Don't tell me after all this time you still believe Myers is alive?!

Tommy pauses, mesmerized by one of the newspaper clippings.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Michael's work isn't finished in Haddonfield. Now it's just a matter of time before he comes home to kill again. But this time I'll be ready.

MOVE IN TIGHT on the headline, frail and yellowed from age: "November 1, 1978. TOMMY DOYLE SURVIVES BABYSITTER BLOODBATH." Directly beneath this: "November 3, 1989. JAMIE LLOYD FEARED DEAD IN POLICE STATION MASSACRE."

CLOSE ON a photograph of young Jamie and

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DUNGEON - CHAMBER - NIGHT

Jamie remains strapped to the table, wrapped in the bloody sheet. An urgently whispering VOICE pierces the darkness:

MARY (O.S.)

Jamie? Jamie?!

Jamie awakens to see the midwife releasing her straps. Frantic.

MARY

Come with me if you want to save your baby.

Jamie can't believe her eyes when Mary opens a threadbare knapsack -- revealing the baby inside!

A soul-shuddering RUMBLE echoes throughout the cavern. Jamie leaps up, eyes wide with fear, sensing the evil presence.

JAMIE

Oh, God ... He's coming!

MARY

We've got to move. Now!

Pulsing with adrenaline, Jamie harnesses the knapsack over her shoulders and follows Mary out into the tunnels.

TUNNEL GATE

Chains GRIND over rusted pulleys. A massive iron gate rises, revealing a pair of filthy work boots. Legs planted in bold stance as a tall, ominous shape begins to emerge.

ANOTHER TUNNEL

The terrified midwife leads Jamie with her baby on a breathless flight through the winding network of tunnels. Haunted by the horrific, echoing SOUNDS of the rising gate.

STALKING P.O.V. - THROUGH TUNNELS

Gliding forward into the hollow catacombs. Slow but determined. Sensing the way.

ANOTHER PART OF THE TUNNELS

Reaching a corner, Mary stops and sends Jamie off in the opposite direction.

MARY

Go! It's that way!

JAMIE

No --

MARY

Save your baby -- go now!

Jamie runs, disappearing down the dark tunnel. Mary quickly removes her shoes and tears off, now SILENT.

STALKING P.O.V.

surges around a corner. FINDS Mary. MOVES IN on her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary turns in small circles. Fear mounting as she falters into darkness. Heavy, labored BREATHING fills the tunnel.

A mask -- the pale, neutral features of a man weirdly distorted by the rubber -- materializes out of the void right behind her. THE SHAPE!

Mary turns, about to scream when the Shape lunges out, lifts her up by the nape of the neck and SLAMS her forehead into a large metal SPIKE jutting from the cavern wall!

Leaving her impaled like a fish on a hook, the Shape resumes its relentless pursuit. Eerie under the lighted torches.

END OF TUNNEL

Jamie runs frantically. Methodical, heavy FOOTSTEPS behind her. She chances a look behind. The Shape is coming!

Jamie vaults up a dark stairwell. A trap door above. It won't budge. Jamie frantically POUNDS against the hatch. The Shape mounts the stairs. Her strength fueled by sheer desperation, Jamie forces the door open and tumbles onto muddy ground.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jamie drags herself out of the hole and half-runs, half-stumbles with her baby through an ugly, charred forest. Sharp branches whip at her face. RAIN falls. LIGHTNING streaks across the sky.

As if hell-spawned, the Shape emerges from the underground chamber and trudges forward, bold and unstoppable.

Jamie tumbles into a gully, nearly dropping the knapsack. She picks herself up, hands groping at rain-soaked earth. The Shape is right behind her! She bounds forward. Races toward a clearing. Lights up ahead. A road!

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT (SAME)

A slap-happy, overweight MOTORIST sips coffee from a 7-11 cup, straining to see the road through the falling rain and his fogged-up glasses. Harry Simms keeps him mindlessly occupied.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Next up is Dwayne. What's on your feeble excuse for a mind, "Dwayne?"

The Motorist lets out a hardy GUFFAW, spilling his coffee.

MOTORIST

Shit!

Fingers burning, he searches the glove compartment for a napkin.

DWAYNE (V.O.)

I'd just like to say that I listen to your show every night, Harry. I think you're the best. I can't tell you how excited we are that you'll be paying a visit to our little town tomorrow night.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Do you have a point to make here, Dwayne, or should I just keep practicing my wrist exercises?

DWAYNE (V.O.)

(chortles)

Harry, you're too much. I'd just like to say that I understand how things have changed in the 90's. Gays in the military, cut off your husband's do-jigger, become a national hero. But I just can't see any sense in bringing Halloween back to Haddonfield.

The Motorist looks up. Eyes go wide with panic. Startled GASP.

P.O.V. THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Jamie stands in the middle of the road, SCREAMING bloody-murder!

EXT. WOODED ROAD / INT. PICKUP TRUCK (SAME)

Tires SCREECH. The pickup stops on a dime. The Motorist just sits there, mouth agape as the shrieking girl throws open the door and clambers into the passenger seat.

JAMIE

Drive! Goddamn it, drive!

Through his side-view mirror, the unsuspecting Motorist sees the outline of a quickly-approaching man. Unrolling his window, he rubbernecks a look outside.

MOTORIST

Hey, what do you think you're --

CRUNCHING BONE and TEARING FLESH as the Shape's hands shoot through the window, twisting the man's head off his shoulders!

Jamie SCREAMS! Reacting quickly, she lunges for the steering wheel. Slams her foot down hard on the gas.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The pickup bullets forward, fishtailing up the road, never slowing down as the driver's door flies open, dumping the motorist's headless bulk into a muddy ditch.

INT. PICKUP (SAME)

Jamie checks to see that her baby is safe as she drives, letting out a PRIMAL SCREAM. A hysterical release of fear and rage, drowned out by the squabble of VOICES over the radio:

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

You people really get me. What are they putting in the water in that town?

MALE CALLER #2 (V.O.)

They never did identify Michael Myers' body after that explosion, did they?

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

A body pulled out of a fire like that doesn't exactly come out looking like filet mignon. More like ground round.

CUT TO:

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

LIGHTNING FLASHES and RAIN pelts the windows of a bucolic cabin. This is a man's retreat and has been for years. Dark wood, worn leather, a few tastefully chosen antiques. Floor-to-ceiling shelves containing a myriad of books and an impressive display of awards and degrees, all bearing the name: **SAMUEL J. LOOMIS, Ph.D.**

After a STATION IDENTIFICATION, "The Harry Simms Show" resumes, tinny-voiced CALLERS blaring over a handsomely-restored 1928 Bremer-Tully.

MALE CALLER #3 (V.O.)

All these fanatics aside, Harry, I'd personally like to thank whoever did the masked one in. Saved us tax-payers a lot of money in the long run.

FEMALE CALLER #3 (V.O.)

That sucker's been dead for six years. It's about time they had a Halloween revival in this town. Now my kids can stop driving me crazy!

MOVE IN behind a bald, sharp-featured man, hunched over a cane as he reminisces over a collection of framed photographs -- memories of his wife and children.

MALE CALLER #4 (V.O.)

What happened to that psychiatrist of his? Loomis, I think was his name. Didn't he have a stroke or something? Is the old quack dead?

Turning at the mention of his name is DR. LOOMIS himself, wearing spectacles, a comfortable sweater and his trademark goatee. For the first time ever we actually see Loomis smile. The burn scars on his face have all but faded away. Last traces of the horrid past.

LOOMIS

Not dead. Just very much retired.

Loomis hobbles to the desk and finishes cutting out a newspaper article. As he arranges the strips of paper in a leather-bound scrapbook, a sudden KNOCK at the door gives him a start.

EXT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

A DARK FIGURE, clad in hat and trench coat, stands beneath the glowing porch light, silhouetted in the pouring RAIN.

Loomis opens the door, eyes straining in the semi-darkness, trying to identify his unexpected visitor.

LOOMIS

(sudden recognition)

What the devil?! Come in -- come in!

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Shuffling inside, dripping with rain, DR. TERENCE WYNN, a well-dressed gentleman in his 50s, removes his hat and coat, quickly making himself at home by the crackling fire.

WYNN

Christ, what a night! Not even so much as a sign for five miles on that road!

LOOMIS

That's the whole idea of living in the country. I thrive on the seclusion.

Wynn heads for the kitchen, rummaging through cabinets and drawers as Loomis dutifully wipes up his muddy trail.

WYNN (O.S.)

Don't tell me that the reviled Rasputin of Smith's Grove has become complacent in his golden years. I don't buy it for a single second, Dr. Loomis.

Loomis immediately senses that Wynn has an angle.

LOOMIS

And in all of these years, I've never known you to make house calls, Dr. Wynn. Especially at this hour ...

Wynn returns with a bottle of Irish whiskey and two shot glasses. Thrusts one in Loomis's hand and begins to pour.

WYNN

Unlike you, Sam, I learned many years ago not to second-guess the motives of my fellow man. What makes one man great drives another to insanity. Remember what Freud said: 'Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.' Or in this case, a drink is just a drink.

LOOMIS

I hope you didn't come all the way out here in this storm just to quote Freud.

WYNN

As always, your keen powers of perception astound me. And you're right. I've come to celebrate.

(raising his glass)

After thirty-two years as Psychiatric Administrator, guess who has been named Smith's Grove's new Chief of Staff.

LOOMIS

But surely Rogers isn't --

WYNN

Retiring.

Loomis is aptly stunned and delighted by the news.

LOOMIS
 Congratulations! I can think of no one
 better suited for the position.

The two old sparring partners drink to the occasion. But
 Wynn's angle soon comes to the helm.

WYNN
 Of course, I need a new Administrator.
 Someone who can bring new life -- and some
 old blood, if you'll pardon the
 expression -- back to our program ...

Loomis prepares for the bomb.

WYNN
 (continuing)
 We need you, Dr. Loomis.

LOOMIS
 You should know that it's not wise to play
 Halloween pranks on me.

WYNN
 You're the only man for the job, Sam.
 Things haven't been the same since you
 left. I'm recruiting the best psychiatric
 team in the country. Old colleagues.
 This is your chance to finally do what you
 felt you couldn't do all those years.
 Make a difference.

Loomis scratches his head as he settles down into his
 comfortable easy chair, faintly amused at the irony of all this.

LOOMIS
 Six years ago they practically had to hold
 a gun to my head to get me to retire. Now
 things have changed. I've changed. The
 ghosts have been buried. Why on earth
 would I ever want to dig them up again?

Loomis finally looks over at Wynn, surprised to find him
 standing at the desk, looking through his scrap book.

WYNN
 Seems to me there's at least one ghost
 still lurking in your closet.

We follow Wynn's gaze down toward the open page. A blazing
 tabloid headline: "**MICHAEL MYERS - DEAD OR ALIVE?**"

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jamie's getaway truck ROARS around a bend, tearing down a deserted stretch of highway. The STORM rages.

INT. PICKUP (CONTINUOUS)

Jamie strains to see as she drives through sheets of RAIN. Bone weary, fighting panic, holding one hand steady against the wheel, the other on the CRYING infant.

JAMIE

God ... Help us, please ...

Seeing something up ahead, Jamie's face fills with expectancy.

JAMIE'S P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A lighted sign appears out of the darkness. Glowing salvation. Familiar red-white-and-blue logo. "GREYHOUND."

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

The pickup drives into the glow of orange vapor lights. SKIDS to a stop in a deserted parking lot. Jamie staggers out, cradling the knapsack as she runs toward a ramshackle old depot.

INT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Jamie blasts through double glass doors. But the bus station is devoid of life. Empty benches. Blank ARRIVAL/DEPARTURE signboard. The low hum of vending machines.

Jamie moves toward the ticket counter. A handwritten sign left by the attendant: "BACK IN 20."

Shivering, holding her baby, Jamie enters an old-fashioned phone booth. Picks up the receiver and immediately dials 911.

VOICE (V.O.)

You have reached Haddonfield Emergency Services. Due to severe weather conditions, all circuits are momentarily busy. Please do not hang up. If this is not an emergency, please dial directly ...

Jamie slams the phone down in terrified frustration. Suddenly she becomes aware of the radio program. Piped in over ancient loudspeakers:

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

For anyone who gives a flying circus, this is Harry Simms -- the light in your night, the love of your loins -- and I want to hear from more of you bogeyman believers out there. So give me your best shot at 1-800-878-7274. That's 1-800-URTRASH!

The STATION IDENTIFICATION cuts in. Jamie picks up the receiver and frantically dials the number.

CUT TO:

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

Wynn doesn't give up the sales pitch even as Loomis leads him to the door. The radio program still squawking in the b.g.

LOOMIS

Please try to understand, Terence ...

WYNN

But with Rogers and his house of hacks gone, you'd make the rules. You'd be my right-hand man ...

Wynn continues to talk, his voice trailing off into nothingness as Loomis's attention is diverted to the VOICES on the radio.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

So they're trying to kill you and your baby. Don't tell me. Your name also happens to be Rosemary.

JAMIE (V.O.)

(intense whisper)

No, please listen! They're coming ... Coming for me and my baby.

Loomis looks possessed. Wynn moves up behind him like a ghost.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Come on, sweetheart -- what is this? Who's coming?

JAMIE (V.O.)

*It's ... Michael ...
(releasing)
... Michael Myers!*

Loomis staggers. All of the fear and all of the torment of a lifetime of nightmares coming back to haunt him.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S LOFT - NIGHT (SAME)

PRESS IN TIGHT ON TOMMY in bed. Listening through headphones. Sitting upright. Thunderstruck.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Somebody help me! Dr. Loomis, are you out there? Can you hear me?

CUT TO:

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

Wynn watches with rapt attention as Loomis unlocks his safe and withdraws a metal case. He pops it open, revealing his trusted .22 and a box of cartridges.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT (SAME)

Jamie quickly hangs up the receiver. A bus has arrived. The ATTENDANT returns to his post. PASSENGERS file inside.

Jamie grows increasingly uneasy as more people come through. A strung-out ROCKER. A pair of stern-faced NUNS. A PRETTY TEENAGER greeted in the loving arms of her BOYFRIEND.

Just as Jamie is about to step out of the phone booth, a TALL MAN, back turned, wearing a hat and black trench coat, moves to stand outside the phone booth! Jamie freezes.

Securing the baby in the knapsack, she throws open the door. Suddenly the Tall Man steps in her path!

TALL MAN
 Are you all right, young lady?

Shaking uncontrollably, Jamie shrinks away. Backing down a narrow hall through the door marked "LADIES ROOM."

INT. LADIES ROOM

Water runs into a grimy basin. Jamie opens the knapsack and lifts the sleeping newborn. Unable to contain her tears, she washes him. Takes a roll of paper towels and tries to rub the triangular blood mark off his chest.

Suddenly the lights go out. Jamie gasps. Clutching her baby, she turns off the faucet and melts into darkness.

The door CREAKS open. Heavy BREATHING. FOOTSTEPS echo inside. The briefest glimpse of the Shape passing in front of the cracked mirror. Moving toward the stalls.

JAMIE

has locked herself inside one of the stalls. Heart pounding. The FOOTSTEPS grow louder. Jamie's eyes dart frantically.

STALKING P.O.V.

MOVING methodically down the row, pushing each door open, revealing that they are all empty. A CRASH from the last stall. P.O.V. moves toward it. RUSTLING and MOVEMENT inside.

A HAND pushes on the door. An open window above the toilet.
Jamie is gone!

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jamie tumbles off a stack of crates piled beneath the window and dashes around the side of the depot.

Suddenly the bus ROARS by, sending up a muddy wave as it pulls out, disappearing down the highway.

Jamie moves swiftly across the parking lot, clutching the knapsack. She throws open the door of the pickup and jumps into the driver's seat.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Slapping down the locks, Jamie thrusts the key into the ignition. The engine REVS to life. She guns it, peeling out of the parking lot. Back toward the highway.

As she drives on, suppressing her tears, she steals glances at the knapsack, bunched up on the passenger's seat. Then she turns and looks forward with concentrated attention.

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

A sign looms ahead: **"Haddonfield Memorial Hospital - 10 Mi."**

BACK TO SCENE

Jamie sighs with relief, steadying the wheel just as --

HIGHBEAMS flash on right behind her, a juggernaut roaring out of blackness! Jamie's eyes flood with terror.

JAMIE'S P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The grill of a familiar white van shoots forward, SLAMMING violently against the pickup's rear bumper.

JAMIE

is jolted forward in her seat. Holding the wheel with a white-knuckle grip as she's repeatedly hit from behind.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The unseen madman noses forward, veering sharply over the double yellow line, scraping sides with the truck.

Headlights sear a path through the night, locked in neck-and-neck profile. SPARKS flashing at 70-miles-per-hour.

The van forces Jamie onto the shoulder. It leaves the road doing 70, tearing branches from trees. Jamie SCREAMING.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - THE CHASE

A quick-cut MONTAGE, events ticking out in fractions of a second like a nightmare:

The pickup springboards over a gulch and slams down hard, tires spinning in waves of mud, careening through a vast field. A pumpkin patch.

The van reappears in a glare of headlights. Its engine screaming with fire-breathing rage.

The pickup puts on a furious burst of speed. Eating up pumpkins and spitting out chunks of splattering seeds and pulp.

The van bears down hard, slingshotting across the field, whizzing past the pickup, cutting right in front of it.

INT. PICKUP

Something heavy is thrown from the back of the van right through the windshield!

Glass EXPLODES! Jamie SCREAMS, hands going up instinctively to protect her face. Swerving wildly out of control.

She looks to see a sprawling, mutilated corpse on top of her. Wide, cold, lifeless eyes -- Mary!

JAMIE

No!!!

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH (CONTINUOUS)

The pickup rockets at breakneck speed toward the edge of the field. Suddenly --

JAMIE'S P.O.V.

The Shape stands in the field, tall and unmoving, white mask glowing hideously in the rush of oncoming headlights.

BACK TO SCENE

The truck plows into the Shape, dragging it under, SLAMMING headlong into the trunk of a huge oak tree.

Everything is abruptly and shockingly silent. Like a phantom in the night, the van is gone. The Shape nowhere to be seen.

Steam billows from the pickup, engine TICKING, a heap of shattered glass and mangled steel. Pinned against the base of the tree is a shape in human form -- a scarecrow!

MOVE IN on Jamie, face-down against the steering wheel. Coughing on the noxious fumes, she stirs back to life. Slowly, painfully, she shoulders the door. Falls onto the ground.

A SPARK ignites. BLINDING FLASH as the gas tank EXPLODES, setting the truck ablaze. Jamie turns, her face a frozen rictus of horror. Debris rains down on her.

Suddenly a grim shadow rises behind her. The Shape emerges, wielding an enormous butcher knife!

Jamie rolls onto her back, SCREAMING.

JAMIE

No -- NO!!!

Suddenly the knife plunges down and lands with a terrible THUD.

INT. PICKUP

The knapsack catches fire ... but inside there is no baby. Only the roll of paper towels from the bus depot.

THE SCARECROW

burns, mocking Jamie with its grinning, hand-painted face.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

THE SHAPE

looks at us, white mask scintillating against blinding rays of SUNLIGHT. Rivulets of blood drip off a large carving knife.

PULLING BACK, we see it is a life-sized, knife-wielding effigy of Michael Myers, sitting astride the "For Sale by Strode Realty" sign. Stage blood spells out the words: "He's coming!"

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

John Strode looks up with disgust as he inspects the grim monument that's been left on his front lawn during the night. Puffing on a cigarette, wearing slippers and a flimsy bath robe, John raises a large axe.

A group of neighborhood KIDS -- some dressed in Halloween costumes -- stand a safe distance away. Gathered on the sidewalk. Gawking, whispering, tittering.

John angrily swings the axe into the signpost. The kids jump with a collective start.

JOHN
 Enough is enough ...
 (one CHOP)
 ... of this ...
 (two CHOPS)
 ... Michael Myers ...
 (timber)
 ... Shit!

Suddenly the sign crashes down -- and "Michael Myers" with it. The kids huddle. John turns on them, brandishing the axe.

JOHN
 (continuing)
 You stinkin' kids got three seconds to get
 the hell off my property! One, two --

That's all it takes. The kids scatter, tripping over one another as they tear off down the block.

Satisfied with himself, John stubs out his cigarette and hauls the sign and its now-headless rider to the trash. Then he turns and trudges up the porch steps, dropping the axe as he disappears inside the house, uttering oaths under his breath.

BOOM UP over the surrounding neighborhood. A row of simple, well-kept homes. SUPERIMPOSE:

"Haddonfield, Illinois. Halloween."

Last night's storm has given way to an incredibly bright and picturesque morning. CHILDREN pour out of their homes, bursting with excitement, dressed in colorful costumes.

Even the Myers House, with its new shutters, trimmed hedges and fresh coat of paint, somehow manages to look inviting.

A white van slowly rolls up the street. A WKNB logo, streamers and a large orange banner lamely announcing: **"RE-ELECT MAYOR DENNINGS."** A now-familiar voice booms over loudspeaker:

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

This is Hard Harry Simms harping on ya all the way from the Big Apple. Tonight's the night and the place to be is the First Annual HalloweenFest. So come out of your broom closets, 'Fielders, and bogey the night away with me. And remember to cast your vote for Clifford Dennings -- the mayor who lives by his word.

MALE CALLER #4 (V.O.)

Harry, I just won first prize for ugliest costume! Guess who I'm dressed as.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Your mother?

MALE CALLER #4 (V.O.)

No, man -- You!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. SANITARIUM - MORNING

A car bearing an official state emblem stops at a kiosk outside an imposing curtain of security gates. A large sign reads: **"SMITH'S GROVE - WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM."**

A hand reaches out and waves a plastic key card in front of an infrared scanner. Surveillance cameras perched on the walls.

As the gate yawns open and the car drives through, we SEE the asylum in the distance -- the entire perimeter bounded by woods and high-voltage fences.

INT. WYNN'S CAR (CONTINUOUS)

Wynn drives. Loomis in the passenger seat, fueling his own anxieties.

LOOMIS

It was her voice. It was Jamie. Calling for me.

WYNN

You don't know that for sure. It could have been anyone. A practical joke. Kids.

LOOMIS

It was Jamie Lloyd. She came back, as I knew she would one day. And whatever has brought her back has brought Michael back as well.

WYNN

After six years? Sam, she died with him in that explosion after the --

LOOMIS

That's what someone wants us to believe, but I tell you Michael is alive. I feel the beating of his evil heart, just as I did all those years as I watched him. Sitting behind these very same walls. Staring. Growing stronger. Waiting for us to let down our defenses so he can strike when we're vulnerable. Unwary.

(off Wynn's silence)

As my colleague, as my friend, please. I can't go through this again. Not alone. I need your help to stop him.

Wynn stares. Loomis's words fall on him like a death sentence.

INT. SANITARIUM - RECEPTION AREA / WYNN'S OFFICE (SAME)

Gold insignia on mahogany doors reads: "**TERENCE WYNN - CHIEF OF STAFF.**"

Wynn leads Loomis through a plush reception area. DAWN, an attractive secretary, follows them into Wynn's office, eager to get her boss' attention. Her face riddled with concern.

WYNN

Dawn, I'd like you to meet Dr. Loomis, the man I've been telling you about. I need you to pull an old patient file --

DAWN

Dr. Wynn, there's something you should see.

Dawn directs their attention to a tabletop monitor. A newscast in progress.

INSERT - TV

A live report from the scene of last night's carnage. FIREMEN clamoring, bearing down on an angry fire.

NEWSCASTER

... in this field just outside of Haddonfield where the bodies of two unidentified young women were discovered moments ago. Already we have heard unconfirmed reports that one of the victims may in fact be Jamie Lloyd, the young girl who disappeared without a trace following the 1989 killing spree of notorious mass murderer Michael Myers ...

BACK TO SCENE

Loomis and Wynn share a dark exchange.

INT. SANITARIUM - CORRIDOR (SAME)

Wynn leads Loomis down a sterile white corridor, using his key card to BUZZ them through a series of metal security cages.

A retinue of DOCTORS and NURSES fall in behind them, passing Wynn his briefcase, file folders, medical supplies, etc.

WYNN

I want everything -- files, tests, records of every treatment ever administered to Michael Myers. Notify Haddonfield's sheriff; tell him we're on our way. We go to code red lockdown for twenty-four hours.

(beat)

We're bringing him back.

LOOMIS

(loading his .22)

Or what's left of him.

Wynn and Loomis cut down a sub-passageway and out a fire exit.

EXT. SANITARIUM - LANDING FIELD (CONTINUOUS)

Loomis and Wynn dash across a windswept field where a Smith's Grove medical transport helicopter awaits them. The deafening WHINE of spinning rotors as a TECHNICIAN refuels.

The doctors step up inside. The doors close and the helicopter lifts off, rising high above the cluster of white coats below.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

A blender whips up a revolting concoction of chocolate Yoo-Hoo, banana yogurt and chewy Gummi-worms as Tim, wearing red Levi's baggies and a "Harry Kicks Ass" T-shirt, jabbars on the phone.

TIM

(animated hands)

Bro', I knew Harry when we lived in the city. I can't believe he's comin' here of all places. Get with me tonight and I'll hook you up. Peace.

Navigating around Tim as he guzzles his shake, Debra sets out the breakfast dishes. Kara is trying to study.

DEBRA

You'll never pass your exam on an empty stomach, Kara.

Debra snatches the book out of her hands.

DEBRA

(continuing; reads)

Cognitive Therapy and Emotional Disorders?

What are they teaching you in college these days? The art of going crazy?

Tim lets out a loud BELCH as he finishes his breakfast.

KARA

(indignant)

It's called psychology, Mom. Living in this madhouse is what's driving me crazy.

John, dressed in what might be a respectable business suit if it fit him better, scowls as he pours himself a cup of coffee.

JOHN

Who the hell told you to come live here in the first place?

Kara collects her books, trying to avoid a confrontation.

KARA

I'd better get Danny to school.

JOHN

She don't show her face for five years, then expects us to roll out the red carpet. You think going to college is gonna make up for all your mistakes, girl?

DEBRA

John, please don't --

TIM

Yo', why don't you just lay off her, Dad?

Danny runs in, showing off in his dinosaur costume. Kara immediately seizes his hand and ushers him toward the back door.

DEBRA

Kara, wait. John. Can't we all just sit down? Try to be a family for once?

KARA

I'm sorry, Mom.

Debra stops Kara on her way out the door, reaches into her purse and hands her a couple of dollars.

JOHN

That's it, Debra, keep slipping her the cash. While you're at it, why don't you just give her all our goddamn money?!

John explodes, dumping the entire contents of her purse onto the floor. Debra recoils. Kara steps in. Danny is terrified.

KARA

Stay away from her, you bastard.

JOHN

(toward Danny)

I only know of one bastard in this house.

Kara flies at him with Medea-like rage. John instantly grabs her by the neck and shoves her violently against the counter.

TIM

Dad! Let her go!

DEBRA

John! Stop it! Stop it!

Danny looks outside. Frozen in horror. A VOICE whispers.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Kill him, Danny ... Kill him ...

Danny moves across the kitchen. Mesmerized. Through the screen door, the Shape can be seen standing in the back yard.

Kara's eyes bulge as John squeezes her throat. Choking her.

JOHN

You ever raise your hand to me again, I'll kill you, you understand?

John looks down to see the tip of a butcher knife pointed at his groin. Danny is holding it -- his eyes dark, emotionless. Ever so slowly, John releases Kara. Debra and Tim watch in horrified astonishment.

Suddenly there's a KNOCK at the back door. Kara dives toward Danny and seizes the knife. It clatters to the floor as she picks him up, grabs her book bag and hurtles outside.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - BACK YARD / DRIVEWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kara barrels across the back yard, Danny in tow. Sissy, 19, black, vivacious and sexy, follows them through rows of clotheslines.

SISSY

What's up, girl? I just came by to see if you guys needed a ride to --

Sissy is taken aback by the bruise on Kara's neck. Danny tenses, seeing a dark shadow glide behind a billowing sheet.

SISSY

(continuing)

He do that to you?

KARA

Another episode of 'Daddy Knows Best' at the Strode house.

SISSY

I ain't even gonna ask what happened this time.

Suddenly Tim jumps out from behind a clothesline, locking his arms around Sissy, attacking her with kisses.

SISSY

(continuing)

Hold on, hot lips. Your Daddy might see.

TIM

Fuck it. The old man's psycho anyway. Soon as the semester's over, I'm takin' you back to New York to live with me and my homeboys.

(teasing Kara)

Big sister can stay here in Liddsville with Archie and Edith.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN (SAME)

Debra is on the floor, stifling her tears, putting things back in her purse. John stares coldly out the window.

JOHN

I want her out of here tonight.

Debra rises, facing him scornfully.

DEBRA

I thought inheriting your father's house, the business, moving out here might change things. But you're still the same, John.

(with finality)

Our daughter has come home, and I'll be damned if I let you turn her away again.

Debra storms off. John bores holes into her with his eyes.

EXT. STREET - MYERS HOUSE / BLANKENSHIP HOUSE (SAME)

Leading the Strode clan toward her car, Sissy waves at MRS. BLANKENSHIP, at least 80, owner of the student boarding house across the street.

SISSY
See you tonight, Mrs. Blankenship!

The old woman just stares forward. A garden hose in hand as she waters a row of dead flowers.

SISSY
(continuing; deadpan)
The best part of living in that house is she wouldn't hear a bomb go off.

Tim lifts Danny into the back seat of Sissy's convertible Cabriolet. Sissy and Kara in front.

TIM
Hey, what happened to women in back?

SISSY
You best be gettin' with the 90's, honey.

As Sissy drives off, Kara shields her eyes, distracted, looking up at the old Victorian house.

KARA'S P.O.V.

Through shafts of glaring sun can be seen the hazy outline of a man staring down through the upstairs window.

INT. SISSY'S CAR (CONTINUOUS)

KARA
Sissy, who's that guy living across the hall from you?

SISSY
Why? You interested?

KARA
No! I keep seeing him staring out his window. Watching me. He's creepy.

SISSY
That's Tommy. He's a strange bird all right. Supposedly some weird shit happened to him when he was a kid. Messed up his head. He's harmless, though. Just stays up in that room of his. I think he's just lonely. Or horny.

Tim leans forward, nudging Kara's neck a la "Dracula."

TIM

Or maybe he wants to suck your blood!

KARA

Tim, do you always act like such an asshole?

TIM

Only when you're around to dump on ...
Hey, chill, sis. I'm just dawgin' ya.

SISSY

You gotta lighten up, girl. No sense in taking all this Halloween stuff so seriously.

Sissy turns up the radio. Kara checks on Danny in the back seat. He's smiling now, singing along with Tim to the "Monster Mash." Sissy's rocking out, really hamming it up. Kara looks at them a beat. In spite of herself, she has to grin.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tommy paces in his cramped apartment. Dark circles under his eyes. A remote control in hand as he reviews his recording of last night's Harry Simms broadcast:

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

So they're trying to kill you and your baby. Don't tell me. Your name also happens to be Rosemary.

JAMIE (V.O.)

*No, please listen! They're coming ...
Coming for me and my baby.*

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

*Come on, sweetheart -- what is this?
Who's coming?*

JAMIE (V.O.)

It's ... Michael ... Michael Myers!

Frustrated, Tommy plays it again. Adjusts the speed on the V.S.O. Trying to make out something in the b.g. Jamie's voice comes through. Slow. Eerie.

JAMIE (V.O.)

(continuing; slowed)

It's ... Michael ... Michael Myers!

Another VOICE, distant and distorted, filters up behind hers.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Bus 611 from Russellville now arriving.

Tommy wastes no time. Stops the tape, throws on his worn leather bomber jacket and bolts straight out the door.

MOVE IN on a pair of old newspaper clippings left on the floor. Headlines read: "**November 5, 1989. JAMIE LLOYD STILL MISSING.**" "**November 19, 1989. MYERS' NIECE PRESUMED DEAD.**"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORD EXPLORER / EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MORNING

Tommy drives like a bat out of hell, wearing a very intense expression of determination. The Greyhound sign looms ahead.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

The Explorer pulls up to the depot. Tommy makes a beeline for the entrance, cowboy boots splashing through rain puddles.

INT. BUS DEPOT (CONTINUOUS)

Tommy wends his way through a small crowd up to the ticket booth. A cross-eyed ATTENDANT greets him.

ATTENDANT

Can I help you, sir?

TOMMY

Can you tell me if a bus arrived from Russellville last night?

The Attendant checks her roster.

ATTENDANT

Sure did. About seven hours ago. You lookin' for someone --

TOMMY

(walking away)

Thank you.

The Attendant eyes Tommy suspiciously as he enters the phone booth in the corner. Inside, he picks up the receiver and pretends to dial a number. Makes a cursory inspection.

TOMMY'S P.O.V. - PHONE BOOTH

On the floor, tiny droplets of what appear to be blood form a dotted trail out the door.

TOMMY

follows the crimson path around the corner, down a dim hallway, stopping at the door marked "Ladies Room." Checking first to make sure the coast is clear, he steps furtively inside.

INT. LADIES' ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Tommy walks past the sink. Water drips into the filthy basin. He touches something inside, rubs it on his fingers -- blood.

Tommy whirls, startled by a sudden NOISE. Muffled, indistinct. Like CRYING. Tommy gathers his courage as he slowly moves past the long row of empty stalls. The CRIES grow louder as he reaches the final stall. Jamie's escape route -- the window -- still wide open.

A hole in the wall behind the toilet. Tommy reaches in, his hands locking onto something. Shock and amazement overcome him when he lifts out a baby -- Jamie's baby.

TOMMY

Jesus ...

The helpless newborn kicks and CRIES, the triangular symbol of Thorn still caked in blood over his tiny torso.

SUBJECTIVE P.O.V.

Slowly someone pushes on the door, watching from the hallway as Tommy removes his jacket and bundles the baby inside.

TOMMY

Okay, little guy. You're okay.

BACK TO SCENE

A CREAK. Tommy looks up. The door slowly closes.

DEPOT HALLWAY

Tommy peers into shadowy stillness. No one is there. Hiding the baby, cradling his jacket, he hurries through the crowd and slinks out the door marked ENTRANCE.

SHOCK CUT TO:

HELICOPTER P.O.V.

The SOUND of THWACKING BLADES as we FLY past a winding rural highway over a dense grove of oak trees -- massive, ancient guardians of the sprawling pumpkin patch that lies beyond.

As we circle the field, red-and-blue gum machines -- police cars, fire engines and ambulances -- can be seen through gauzy veils of rising BLACK SMOKE, dissipating with the strong WIND.

Charred in the ground, three intersecting lines stretch a hundred feet across the plain to form a vivid geoglyphic. The symbol of Thorn.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)

(filtered)

Chopper One to Smith's Grove. We've got a visual. Approximately ten miles due east of Haddonfield.

INT. HELICOPTER (CONTINUOUS)

Loomis surveys the crash site with morbid fascination. Wynn, wearing headphones, shouts to be heard over the din.

WYNN

(pointing)

You see that?

LOOMIS

It's a sign. He's come home.

EXT. PUMPKIN PATCH - MORNING (CONTINUOUS)

The helicopter lands, windmilling gusts of ashen earth. Loomis and Wynn jump out, ducking past the spinning blades.

We FOLLOW them through EMERGENCY CREWS, REPORTERS and CURIOSITY-SEEKERS toward the center of attention as a charred body is lifted from the eviscerated, flame-blackened pickup truck.

A few feet away, a team of PARAMEDICS work frantically around another body, hidden among a cluster of pumpkins.

Loomis surges forward, at once halted by an armed DEPUTY.

DEPUTY

Sir, you're gonna have to step back.

LOOMIS

Please. I need to see the sheriff.

WYNN

Official business.

Wynn flashes his badge. The Deputy gives them a vexed glance.

DEPUTY

Wait here.

Loomis's eyes flicker with nervous anticipation. The Deputy whispers something to SHERIFF HOLDT, a brooding giant of a man who dons a Stetson, holstered .44 Special and steel-toed boots that give new meaning to the term "bad ass."

Even Loomis steps back as the sheriff lumbers toward them.

LOOMIS
(extends his hand)
You must be Sheriff Holdt.

Holdt responds by stubbing out his Marlboro at Loomis's foot.

HOLDT
As a matter of fact, I am. And I take it you're the infamous Dr. Loomis.

LOOMIS
I'd like to introduce you to Terence Wynn, the Chief of Staff at --

HOLDT
Smith's Grove. They told me you'd be coming. Now I suggest that you fly right on back to your crackpot asylum. You people got no business in my town.

LOOMIS
Michael Myers is my business.

Holdt towers above him.

HOLDT
I want you to listen and listen good, Loomis. Things have been quiet for six years and that's the way they're gonna stay. The last thing we need around here is you spouting off your ghost stories.

As usual, Loomis isn't easily intimidated.

LOOMIS
I suppose it was a ghost that did all this. A ghost that called the radio station last night. Maybe it's a ghost lying over there right now.

Holdt fumes, ready to boil over when --

NEWSCASTER
Look! She's alive!

Holdt and his Deputy wade through the crush of news cameras. Loomis cuts past them toward the stretcher, running alongside as the girl is whisked away toward an ambulance.

A large knife extrudes from her stomach, packed under layers of sterile gauze. Skin pasty-white, lips blue from shock. Jamie.

LOOMIS

Dear God ... Jamie!

CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD JUNIOR COLLEGE - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Sissy's car pulls into the crowded parking lot of a picturesque, impeccably landscaped campus, speckled with colorful leaves. A buzz of excitement fills the autumn air.

Tim hops out of the back seat, walking hip to hip with Sissy, excited to see a large crowd -- some camped out in sleeping bags, holding "**We Love to Hate Harry**" signs. Groupies awaiting the arrival of their favorite celebrity.

TIM

Yo, check it out. They've been lining up all night just to see Harry. We better bust this party early if we wanna get with him. You comin' tonight, Kara?

Kara is nervously rifling through her book bag.

SISSY

Honey, you got enough books in there to fill the Smithsonian. What's up with that?

KARA

I can't find my term paper.

TIM

So copy someone else's. I do it all the time. Works primo.

In her haste, Kara drops a large sheet of paper out of her bag. Sissy picks it up for her, startled by what she sees.

SISSY

Your little boy's got himself quite an imagination.

Kara frowns, taking a look for herself.

THEIR P.O.V. - THE DRAWING

Crayola stick figures of Grandma, Grandpa, Uncle Tim and Mommy. Knives piercing them. Blood dripping. Mouths screaming. A black shadow figure bearing the word "**THORN**."

BACK TO SCENE

The horrifying images send chills up Kara's spine.

KARA

He's been having nightmares.

SISSY

Must be some nightmares.

TIM

Face it, Kare, your kid's looney-tunes.
You oughtta check him in somewhere before
he checks out. Permanent.

(to Sissy)

Come on. Let's get our tickets.

Sissy looks back worriedly as Tim drags her away. Kara remains morbidly transfixed on the drawing. On the flip side of the paper, she recognizes the drawing she found last night. Danny's scribbling of the odd triangular symbol.

KARA

Thorn ...

Lost in grim reverie, Kara walks on, oblivious to the activity teeming around her ...

Preparations for tonight's gala already underway. VOULUNTEERS hang a banner from the eaves of the library: "**WELCOME TO THE FIRST ANNUAL HALLOWEENFEST.**" Set-up CREWS nailing together booths, hanging decorations. A half-assembled Ferris wheel, a merry-go-round and an ominous-looking House of Horrors.

Rounding the corner onto the quiet path behind the library, Kara suddenly finds herself alone. The WIND whips at her hair. She looks back, as if sensing a presence.

KARA'S P.O.V.

No one is there. Just the rustling of leaves on the ground.

ANGLE ON KARA

walking off in the distance when the Shape steps shockingly into FRAME, watching her disappear around the corner.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. HADDONFIELD MEMORIAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Doors BLAST open. The stretcher holding Jamie is pushed through, Loomis right beside her. Wynn follows, trying to stop him. A SHOCK-TRAUMA unit swarms in. No time to lose.

PARAMEDIC

Penetrating abdominal trauma. Massive blood loss. We've given her two units of O-negative stat and dextran. BP sixty. Pulse one-twenty ... Somehow she pulled through out there all night!

DR. BONHAM, the ER resident, peels off the sheet, exposing a dark sea of blood around the enormous knife still jutting from Jamie's stomach. Bonham stares, incredulous.

DR. BONHAM

How can this girl still be alive?! Type and cross match for another six units! Get a CT scan and move her into surgery.
(re Loomis and Wynn)
And get them out of here!

ORDERLIES move in. Loomis won't let go of Jamie's hand.

WYNN

Sam, don't -- let them take care of her.

LOOMIS

I'm here now, Jamie. You're going to live. You have to.

CUT TO:

EMERGENCY ENTRANCE / ADMITTANCE DESK

Pneumatic doors fly open. Tommy bursts through, holding the baby in his jacket. PATIENTS and COPS everywhere. He hones in on the NURSE behind the admittance desk.

TOMMY

I need to see a doctor.

NURSE

What seems to be the problem?

TOMMY

I-it's a baby -- my baby. There's been -- been an accident.

NURSE

What kind of an accident?

TOMMY

(explodes)

Just get me a doctor right now!

ADJACENT HALLWAY

Wynn and Loomis skirt past a line of SECURITY OFFICERS, attempting to keep a gaggle of REPORTERS at bay.

WYNN

There's nothing more you can do for her.

The shrill sound of Wynn's beeper. He clicks it.

WYNN

(continuing; to Loomis)

I'll be right back.

Wynn disappears around the corner. Loomis wanders off alone.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Dr. Loomis!

Loomis reacts, taken aback by the frantic young man bounding toward him down the hall.

LOOMIS

Yes?

TOMMY

Dr. Loomis, thank God you're here. You heard her, didn't you? It was Jamie.

LOOMIS

I'm sorry, but do I know you --

TOMMY

I'm Tommy. Tommy Doyle. Laurie Strode -- Jamie's mother -- she was baby-sitting for me that night --

Loomis suddenly recognizes him. It's been a very long time.

LOOMIS

Yes ... Tommy.. What are you doing here?

TOMMY

Please -- just tell me the truth. Did Michael Myers kill Jamie?

Loomis pulls Tommy into a quiet alcove.

LOOMIS

What do you know about Michael?

TOMMY

I know he's alive. People in this town -- they want us to believe he's dead. But I know. I've always known.

LOOMIS

Right now one girl is dead and Jamie Lloyd is in there fighting for her life. She is the last of his blood line. If she dies --

TOMMY

(gravely)

No, Dr. Loomis. She's not the last.

Tommy hesitates. Loomis's eyes are drawn enigmatically to the infant in Tommy's arms.

TOMMY

(continuing; realization
hitting)

Oh, God -- his cousins. The Strodes.
They're living in the Myers house!

Loomis's face fills with horror. Tommy sees the Admittance Nurse, flanked by a pair of security guards, walking his way.

TOMMY

(continuing)

I gotta go.

Tommy bolts toward the exit. Loomis tries to stop him.

LOOMIS

Tommy, wait!

But he is gone. A hand taps Loomis's shoulder; he reels. Wynn.

WYNN

There you are. Who was that boy?

LOOMIS

An old friend.

Darkness fills Loomis's countenance as we

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - DAY

We peer OVER THE SHOULDER of the Shape, standing across the street. Watching Debra, in jeans and a rumpled sweatshirt, collecting left-over painting supplies from the front porch.

Debra starts to open the CREAKY screen door when she notices the axe John had used earlier. Clumsily she picks it up and slides it through the top of the crate she is holding.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER / LIVING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Laden with her heavy load, Debra nudges the door shut with her foot. Behind her we can SEE the living room -- a few moving boxes and furniture waiting to be arranged. Debra opens another door, carrying the crate down into the cellar.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY

Debra, silhouetted at the top of the stairs, hits a light switch; a naked bulb springs to life. Slowly she descends the rickety staircase.

The basement, pitch dark save for a spear of sunlight shooting through an elevated window, is overrun with cobwebs, rusted tools and broken bicycle parts. A clunker of a washing machine RATTLES in the corner.

Debra makes space for the crate in a storage cabinet. Suddenly the washing machine stops. Nonplussed, she moves toward it. Lifts the lid. The bed sheets inside are sopping wet.

She goes to the electrical fuse box, flicks a switch back and forth a few times -- but the washing machine doesn't respond.

DEBRA

Great.

Frustrated, Debra looks down to see a large puddle of water forming on the floor.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER (SAME)

Debra hauls a laundry basket upstairs, filled with wet sheets. She jumps, startled. The front door is standing wide open.

Just as she goes to shut it, a man steps out from the living room. She gasps, dropping the basket. It's Dr. Loomis.

LOOMIS

I'm very sorry, Mrs. Strode.

Debra shudders at the sight of the beguiling, wide-eyed man.

LOOMIS

(continuing)

I'd been knocking. The door was open. Is everything all right in here?

DEBRA

(defensively)

Who are you?

LOOMIS

I've come to help your family.

Debra steps aside as Loomis walks in right past her. He holds a voluminous file bearing the name "MICHAEL AUDREY MYERS."

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The SOUND of JANGLING KEYS. A door UNLOCKING. Tommy scrambles in, the baby in one arm, a bag of groceries under the other.

With a single swipe, he clears away the junk on his futon, then carefully lays down the CRYING infant. He digs through the bag: Baby Wipes. Diapers. Formula. Bottles.

TOMMY

Shhh. Okay, okay, Kyle. You like that name? Yeah, I think it suits you.

Quickly he scans the directions on the formula. Pours the liquid into a bottle, nukes it in the microwave, then returns to the business at hand.

Tommy grimaces at the mess inside his leather bomber. The baby CRIES harder.

TOMMY

(continuing)

This is worse for me than it is for you.

Armed with a Baby Wipe and a diaper, Tommy goes to work.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (SAME)

Mrs. Blankenship traverses the hall outside Tommy's apartment. The baby's CRIES; Tommy's GROSSED-OUT GROANS can clearly be heard. But the old woman keeps walking, oblivious to it all.

TOMMY'S APARTMENT (SAME)

Tommy's finishes securing the diaper. The baby in his arms, he tests the formula's temperature and feeds him. The infant sucks voraciously. The crying stops. Tommy rocks him gently.

TOMMY

It's okay, big guy. I'm gonna take care of you.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM (SAME)

Loomis, setting out the case file on Michael Myers -- gruesome photographs of the murder scenes -- has Debra's undivided attention.

LOOMIS

Michael Myers was just six-years-old when he stabbed his sister to death in 1963. Here in this house. For the next fifteen years, I became obsessed with finding out what was living inside of him. What drove him to such unspeakable madness. He was my life's work and my ultimate failure. I knew what he was but I never knew why.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM (SAME)

Kara sits in the front row of a classroom as a PROFESSOR drones on. He looks at Kara, something frightening in his gaze. Watching as her pen glides dreamily over her notebook.

LOOMIS (V.O.)

There's a force living inside of him. Driving him. And I fear it that somehow it has been unleashed again.

KARA'S P.O.V. - NOTEBOOK

Page filled with scribbled little triangles. The mark of Thorn.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

A group of KIDS engaged in a game of Pogs -- two opponents facing off, slamming down the colored discs. Lunch money on the ground. High stakes indeed.

IAN, a lunkish 5th grader, is clearly the man to be reckoned with.

IAN

Who's my next victim?

The other kids make way as Danny takes the empty spot on the tetherball court, sitting face-to-face with the implacable Ian.

Danny says nothing as he places his bet and slams the stack of Pogs. Ian glowers. Easy money. The showdown begins.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - HALLWAY / KARA'S ROOM

Loomis vividly reenacts the nightmare as Debra shows him upstairs.

LOOMIS

He crept up these stairs and made his way into this room. His sister's room. Right here. Where it all began.

DEBRA

(near tears)

What makes you think he'll come here again?

LOOMIS

This house is sacred. It's the source of his memories -- his rage. Mrs. Strode, I beg you. Don't let your family suffer the same fate as Laurie and her daughter.

DEBRA

Jamie? But I thought she was --

LOOMIS

Found this morning. In a field outside of Haddonfield. Stabbed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Bonham and his team surround Jamie, anesthetized on the operating table, her condition weak but stable.

Blood flows from the gaping wound in her abdomen. Slowly, painstakingly, the knife is extracted.

A NURSE takes a sample of a thick, viscous fluid from beneath Jamie's gown and holds it up to the light for the doctor.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY (SAME)

Danny wins another round. His till growing. More kids gather to watch. Ian is losing his cool, determined to save face.

IAN

Double or nothing.

Danny pushes over the stack, nothing incisive in his manner. Ian retorts, angrily slamming his Pogs.

IAN

(continuing)

Look how he sits there. Little freak. Just like the bogeyman who used to live in his house. Are you the bogeyman, Danny?

Ian trumps Danny's hand and smiles haughtily. The low, whispering VOICE which only Danny can hear RUMBLES in his mind.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Kill him, Danny ... Kill him now ...

Danny stares blankly across the playground.

DANNY'S P.O.V.

The white van is parked across the street. A tall figure in black stands beside it, watching Danny. The Stranger!

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY

Kara sits glued behind a computer monitor, the glow of the screen reflected in her reading glasses.

LOOMIS (V.O.)

This force which drives him, which keeps him alive, comes from a source more deadly than we can possibly imagine. It is the root of all fear. All that is evil.

KARA'S P.O.V. - COMPUTER SCREEN

A litany of topics scroll up the screen. Kara punches in one of them. Card catalog entry reads: "**Thorn: The Devil's Rune.**"

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND (SAME)

Spellbound, Danny slams down his final Pog. Methodically, he dumps his winnings in his Halloween bag and begins to walk away.

Ian sees red. Written across Danny's last Pog: "**DIE, FAT ASS.**"

IAN

You crazy little freak!!!

Ian goes berserk, leaping out at Danny like an enraged lion. The kids cheer him on as a full-fledged playground brawl ensues.

Danny breaks away. Runs. With an amazing burst of strength, he swings a tetherball. The ball CRACKS Ian right between his eyes, laying the bully out on his ass.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE (SAME)

Debra leads Loomis to the front door, her face clouded with worry.

DEBRA
What should I do?

LOOMIS
Lock the doors and call your husband. Get your family as far away from Haddonfield as possible.

DEBRA
God ... This can't be true.

LOOMIS
Mrs. Strode, Michael Myers is here to kill his family. And he won't stop until you are all destroyed. I only thank God that I found you before he did.

Loomis grips her hand reassuringly, then heads out the door. Debra turns the deadbolt, securing it with the chain lock. She collapses against the wall, tears of horror in her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND / GATE (SAME)

A TEACHER blows a WHISTLE, wading through the screaming, cheering kids as Danny pummels Ian brutally with his fist.

While the teacher helps Ian out of the fray, eyes warbling, nose and mouth bleeding, Danny takes off running toward the gate.

Suddenly he barrels into the outstretched hands of a towering shape. Danny looks up in shock at a stone-faced man -- Tommy!

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY

MOVING with Kara through long rows of books -- a veritable labyrinth of knowledge. She comes down a deserted aisle, searching. Her eyes spotting what she is looking for.

She pulls out an old, dusty tome and begins flipping through its pages.

As she reads we SEE the cover: "Runes and Ancient Black Magic."

CUT TO:

EXT. STRODE REALTY - DAY

ESTABLISHING. A modest, one-story building located in the older business section of town. Cheap Halloween decorations hang in the windows. An "OPEN" sign on the front door.

MOANS of ecstasy resound along the street, attracting the attention of the mid-day passersby.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

*I'm coming. Yes. I'm coming. Get ready.
I'm coming. Oh, yes! Yesss!!!*

The WKNB station van rolls by; another Harry Simms plug. Some people laugh. Others wince in disgust.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

(continuing)

*Made ya look!!! I'm coming, all right.
And you better be there. Haddonfield's
Halloween Fest '95. Let's do it together.*

INT. STRODE REALTY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A sparsely-furnished office screaming for renovation. John rattles a jammed file cabinet, then kicks it in a fit of angry frustration before answering the incessantly RINGING phone.

JOHN

(barking)

Strode Realty.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN

Debra on the other end. The TV on in the b.g. Another news report about the discovery of Jamie.

DEBRA

John, it's me. Something terrible has happened.

INTERCUT their conversation.

JOHN

What is it this time?

DEBRA

A man came by the house. A psychiatrist by the name of Loomis.

John stiffens, slowly sits down behind his desk.

DEBRA
 (continuing)
 He told me about all the terrible things
 that happened here. In our house.

JOHN
 What the fuck are you doing letting
 strangers inside without --

DEBRA
 (releasing)
 John, they found Jamie Lloyd this morning!
 Someone tried to kill her!

JOHN
 What in God's name are you talking about,
 woman? When are you gonna stop listening
 to those damned talk shows?

Bells JINGLE as someone enters the outer office. John looks,
 can't see anyone.

DEBRA
 I'm getting the children out of here. At
 least until we know what we're dealing
 with. John, I want you to come with us.

JOHN
 (whispers)
Debra, you're fuckin' insane. I gotta go.

DEBRA
 You knew, didn't you, John? You knew.

A CLICK as the line suddenly goes DEAD.

INT. STRODE REALTY (SAME)

John walks through to the outer office. A tall man wearing a
 white suit and matching fedora stands behind him. John whirls
 around, nearly knocking the lit cigarette out of the man's hand.

DENNINGS
 Pardon me. I didn't mean to startle you.

CLIFFORD DENNINGS, a lean, wiry man prematurely gray with
 bright blue eyes and all the charm of a true Southern gentleman.

JOHN
 Seems to be the order of the day.
 (eager)
 Welcome to Strode Realty. Come on in and
 have yourself a seat. You want a cup of
 coffee or something, Mr. --

DENNINGS

Dennings. Cliff Dennings.

Dennings takes the chair in front of John's desk, reaches into his black Armani carry-all and pops another Camel out of a gold-plated cigarette case. Ready to get down to business.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS (SAME)

CAMERA FOLLOWS Debra in frantic flight from bedroom to bedroom, throwing opening closets and drawers, filling a suitcase with a night's worth of clothes for her family. She accidentally knocks a family portrait off her bureau. Glass SHATTERS.

CUT TO:

INT. STRODE REALTY - DAY

Dennings pores over John's book of properties.

JOHN

If it's an old house you want, I got a beauty of a Colonial down on Orange Grove. A real steal.

Dennings points out a photograph marked "SOLD."

DENNINGS

Actually, I'd be far more interested in acquiring this property.

John smirks, shaking his head. It's the Myers house.

JOHN

Sorry, but that baby's sold. Or I should say inherited.

DENNINGS

You don't say.. Who's the lucky owner?

JOHN

(beaming)

Yours truly. I inherited it from my father, Chester Strode, last year.

DENNINGS

I knew your father quite well. In all his years in the real estate business, he couldn't even give it away, what with its rather -- dark history.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER (SAME)

Debra drags the suitcase downstairs. Suddenly she lets out a startled gasp. The crate she had previously stored in the cellar is now sitting in the hallway ...

The axe that had been sticking out of it earlier is now missing!

CUT TO:

INT. STRODE REALTY (SAME)

John circles Dennings, agitated, shark-like.

JOHN

Why you so interested in my property?

DENNINGS

Let's just say I have a penchant for haunted houses. And I'd be willing to pay quite handsomely for it.

John laughs at this. Scratches his head incredulously.

JOHN

Another one, huh? You know, you people in this town got some kind of disease.

(angrily)

I'm gonna give it to you straight -- My house ain't for sale.

DENNINGS

Come on, Strode. What are you doing here? Don't you know what people in this town think that house is? I'd have razed the place years ago myself if it weren't for your damned father. Now Halloween is back. People don't want to be reminded of what Myers did here. Do yourself and your family a favor. Sell the house. Get out of Haddonfield.

JOHN

Get out of here before I call the cops.

DENNINGS

(lightly)

Feel free, but I don't think that would do you much good.

(smiles)

I guess you haven't seen the billboards. I'm Clifford Dennings -- the mayor of Haddonfield.

John's eyes shoot daggers as Dennings saunters out of his office. Fading sunlight glimmers off his white suit.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER / LIVING ROOM (SAME)

The telephone RINGS. Eyes riveted to the crate, Debra backs away down the hall. Into the living room. Picks up the phone.

DEBRA

Hello?

A startling, intensely whispering VOICE:

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

We want the child ...

Debra slams down the phone, paralyzed with horror.

MUFFLED, HEAVY BREATHING fills the room.

DEBRA

Oh, God ...

Debra races into the foyer and struggles with the door. In her panic, she can't release the chain lock.

She turns to see the Shape right behind her. Just as the axe swings down, Debra tumbles over the suitcase and makes a break down the hall. Through the kitchen. Flings open the back door.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Debra half-runs, half-stumbles through the endless rows of clotheslines. White sheets twist around her like ghosts in the blustering WIND. She tosses them aside, one after the other, trying to reach the wooden fence at the edge of the yard.

Whipping aside the last sheet, Debra finds herself staring into the Shape's death mask. Her eyes bug. Too late to scream. The axe swings like at her like a massive sledge hammer. Blood paints the sheets red as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD TOWN HALL - DAY

Red lights FLASH atop a police car as a pair of OFFICERS attempt to quell a boisterous MOB on the steps of Town Hall. WWAR NEWS VANS and REPORTERS on the scene.

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Beleaguered COUNCIL MEMBERS seated behind a long table.
Outraged CITIZENS bristling. PRESS clamoring for a story.

Sheriff Holdt and his Deputy serve as ward heelers to Mayor Dennings as he tries to address the barrage of questions.

MAN #1

We're letting our kids out on the streets tonight! How do we know that maniac's not gonna be out there again?!

WOMAN #1

Give it to us straight! Was it or was it not Jamie Lloyd they found today?

DENNINGS

I've heard no confirmation of that.

This incites another furious UPROAR.

DENNINGS

(continuing)

People, please. We're forgetting what tonight is all about. A return to the innocence of Halloween. Costumes and jack-o'-lanterns. Trick-or-treat and candy ...

MAN #2

... Psychotic mass murderers!

An eruption of JEERS and LAUGHTER. Dennings breezes past the remark with true political aplomb.

DENNINGS

(evagelical)

I promised to bring Halloween back to Haddonfield and by God that's what I've done. Our businesses are booming. Our children are smiling. Even Harry Simms is coming from New York to help us celebrate. As a mayor who lives by his word, I assure you, you have nothing to fear.

WOMAN #2

That's what they said six years ago! What if something does go wrong? What then?

Now the crowd really becomes ugly. The CHAIRMAN bangs his gavel to call order. Suddenly the double doors at the back of the meeting hall BURST open.

Silence falls as Loomis, Wynn and an entourage of SMITH'S GROVE STAFF cross the threshold.

Dull stares of amazement as Loomis walks up the long aisle, his cane TAPPING across the floor.

Dennings whispers conspiratorially to Holdt, but soon realizes he has no choice but to give up the podium. Loomis steps forth.

LOOMIS

In the interest of public safety, the good mayor has asked that I, along with Dr. Terence Wynn and his staff from Smith's Grove, be on hand for tonight's festival.

Ready to blow a gasket, Sheriff Holdt is motioned back in line by Dennings, who sees for himself a window of opportunity.

DENNINGS

Why, of course. I knew you people would have misgivings. So in an effort to provide the best security, I could think of no one better qualified to keep an eye on things for us. Thank you, Dr. Loomis.

Acknowledging the mayor and the council, Loomis steps down from the rostrum, sidestepping the stone-faced sheriff.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN HALL (SAME)

Wending their way through a slew of hounding REPORTERS, Loomis and Wynn are waylaid by a giant wall of a man -- Sheriff Holdt.

HOLDT

I'm warning you -- stay out of my way, Loomis. You may have had free reign when Ben Meeker was sheriff, God rest his soul, but I'm in charge now. And I'm not about to stand by and watch you turn this night into some kind of sadistic witch hunt.

Loomis meets Holdt's fiery gaze. Wynn prompts him to move along. The sheriff stares brazenly after them, dropping another cigarette. Crushing it under his boot.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DUSK

Laden with her book bag, Kara exits the library and heads across the campus green. All around her, the sights and sounds of the impending carnival come to life.

Rides assembled. Turnstiles installed. Paper witches hang on broomsticks. Goblins lurk behind gravestones.

Student volunteers scurry in every which direction, donning their costumes, making last-minute preparations.

A ducking for apples booth. Homebaked goodies set out on picnic tables. Long rows of pumpkins lined up for a jack-o'-lantern carving contest.

The centerpiece of all this is a huge, magnificently decorated HALLOWEEN TREE. Workers streaming up ladders, stringing lights, filling up colorful bunting with mounds of candy.

As Kara walks along, her hair being tossed about in the brisk WIND, she becomes aware of the magical, almost out of time quality that seems to hang in the air.

EXT. STREET (SAME)

Kara walks past the crowd of "Harry-ites" gathered outside the campus gates, now extending half-way around the block.

The WKNB van rolls by, exhorting the crowd with the voice of the man they've all come to see:

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

It's almost that time, all you kiddies and women with big -- hey, what rhymes with kiddies? So let's count it down as we get down to the witching hour. HalloweenFest '95! He's coming ...

Kara walks on, smiling to herself as the crowd bursts into gales of wild, exuberant CHEERS.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAMPKIN LANE / MYERS HOUSE - DUSK

The setting sun glows behind the trees, casting long shadows as Kara rounds the corner onto her street.

KIDS pouring out of their homes, some accompanied by their PARENTS, others joining groups of friends.

Kara ambles up the walk of the Myers house, shoes clapping up the porch steps as she digs the keys out of her overstuffed bag.

Unbolting the door, she finds that it secured with the chain-lock. Kara pushes on it, calling inside.

KARA

Mom, I'm home ... Hello?

No response. Puzzled, she steps off the porch and makes her way around the side of the house, CAMERA FOLLOWING as she peers into the windows along the way.

BACK YARD (CONTINUOUS)

Kara walks along the billowing clotheslines, passing the blank spot where the blood-stained sheets were -- and are no longer.

She reaches the back door. Standing ajar.

KARA

Mom?

Casting one last glance around the yard, she steps inside.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN (SAME)

Everything in its proper place. Kara drops her heavy bag on the kitchen table and proceeds down the hall.

LIVING ROOM / FOYER - DUSK INTO NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The room quickly falling into darkness. The eeriness almost palpable. Kara advances into the living room, eyes roaming.

KARA

Mom? ... Danny?

Nothing. Kara moves into the foyer. Her mother's suitcase still sitting there. Beyond, the cellar door stands wide open. Kara moves toward it, peering into blackness.

A sudden CRASH from upstairs. Kara jerks the door closed and looks up the deeply-shadowed staircase.

KARA

(continuing)

Mom? Are you there?

A muffled ROAR. Kara mounts the staircase.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kara reaches the second floor landing and moves slowly toward the door at the end of the hall. Danny's room. An orange glow flickers around the edges of the closed door.

KARA'S P.O.V.

Her hand grabs the doorknob, turns it. The door swings open.

DANNY'S BEDROOM

Someone sitting on the edge of Danny's twin bed. A man. Back turned. Dinosaurs ROAR on Sega Genesis. Danny squatting on the floor, engrossed in his game.

Kara stares at the intruder in horrified disbelief.

KARA
Who the hell are you?

The man watching over Danny turns toward Kara. It's Tommy.

TOMMY
I-I'm your neighbor from across the
street. My name's Tommy. Tommy Doyle.

Panicked, Kara makes a wall of herself between Tommy and Danny.
The little boy isn't the least bit fazed.

KARA
What are you doing with my son? Where's
my mother?

Tommy backs off a tick, calmly trying to explain.

TOMMY
She wasn't here when I brought Danny
home from --

KARA
(fortissimo)
Danny, go downstairs -- Now!

Danny finally looks up, exasperated.

DANNY
Tommy's my new friend. We've been playing
'til you got home from school. He knows
all about dinosaurs.

One look at Danny's black eye and Kara goes ballistic.

KARA
My, God! What have you done to him?

TOMMY
I didn't -- He got in a fight and I --

KARA
You stay away from him!

Kara starts to drag Danny away by the arm. He resists angrily.

DANNY
It wasn't Tommy! It was the voice man.

Kara sees Tommy hunkering down in the corner, lifting something
out of a crate -- a makeshift crib. He turns, his expression
very grave. Holding the baby.

TOMMY

I need you to listen very carefully to everything I'm about to tell you.

Kara's face is a melange of wonder and fear as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREETS - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

The dark blanket of night envelops the little town. CARNIVAL LIGHTS twinkle in the distance, bright and beckoning.

Families -- men, women and children alike -- turn out from their homes wearing COSTUMES, joining a growing procession along the peaceful streets of Haddonfield.

A group of PROTESTORS carry PICKET SIGNS in front of Town Hall. Rallying against the celebration.

Haddonfield's finest out in full force, squad cars sweeping alongside a black STRETCH LIMO as it makes its way toward the college campus. Tinted windows make it impossible to see inside. The WKNB van trails close behind, loudspeakers spouting the VOICE OF HARRY. The crowd goes insane.

INT. SISSY'S CAR (SAME)

Tim and Sissy, stand-outs as Frankenstein and his Bride, are stuck in a traffic jam. Tim rises in his seat, a full 7 feet tall in platform boots, waving exuberantly at the passing limo.

TIM

Yo, Harry! It's your home-boy!

SISSY

Sit your butt down, Frankie, before I bat you out of here with my big ol' hair!

Tim is jolted as Sissy pulls out into the intersection. Both look skyward as a helicopter ZOOMS overhead.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Wynn and Loomis conduct a surveillance by air, looking through binoculars, sights trained on the cavalcade.

VOICES squawking. Garbled POLICE CHATTER over the radio.

WYNN

(filtered into headset)

They're moving eastbound down Old Reservoir Road past the elementary school. ETA three minutes.

LOOMIS
(filtered)
Any word on the location of the Strodes?

HOLDT (V.O.)
Negatory, Doc Holiday. No one's home.
Checked it out myself.

LOOMIS
I want around-the-clock surveillance on
that house.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR (SAME)

The Deputy drives. Holdt rolls his eyes in exasperation.

HOLDT
(into mic)
You two just keep entertaining yourselves
up there in that cuckoo's nest. We've got
this show under control.

INT. HELICOPTER (SAME)

Loomis checks his .22. for good measure, securing it in the
pocket of his trench coat.

WYNN
Sam, I just got word from the hospital.
Jamie made it out of surgery. She's alive!

LOOMIS
Get us there. Now!

Wynn communicates instructions to his pilot.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT / CARNIVAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The helicopter veers off sharply and flies away. Below, amid
great fanfare, the limo rolls through the campus gates. A huge
banner flies on high: "**HADDONFIELD HALLOWEENFEST '95.**"

As the limo crawls into the parking lot, a stampede of
overzealous FANS surge past a line of restraining COPS. KIDS
waving signs and T-shirts. Throwing themselves at the windows.
Frenzied CLAMORING. Hysterical SCREAMING. Harry-mania unbound.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sissy urges her car into a tight parking space. Tim leaps out,
takes his "bride" by the hand and lumbers toward the crowd.

SISSY

Hey, what about Kara and Danny? Aren't we supposed to meet 'em in line?

TIM

We'll hook up with them later. Let's get with Harry!

The couple flies toward the turnstiles, tickets flailing, joining in with the crazed mob.

CAMERA PICKS UP Mayor Dennings as he walks arm-in-arm with his WIFE through the gate. A skittish PAGE runs down a checklist.

PAGE

... Seven-thirty is the costume pageant
 ... Photos of you and Mrs. Dennings
 carving jack-o'-lanterns at eight ...
 Speeches by the Womens Auxilary, Junior
 Achievement and Chamber of Commerce at
 eight-thirty ... Then the lighting of the
 tree with Harry at nine ...

Waving, shaking hands amid enthusiastic CHEERS of support, Dennings and his wife move into the carnival proper, with all its noise and colorful movement.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The limo pulls to a stop. Drove of fans descend. The cops fight a losing battle. Hands and faces splayed against the tinted windows. Rocking the limo. A frenzied CHANT for Harry.

The WKNB van parks parallel to the steps of the library, adorned with HAREM GIRLS and a golden throne. The side door of the van opens. A red carpet is rolled out.

Unseen by the crowd, a tall, imposing figure emerges from the van and walks up the steps. Spurs clanking on black boots. "Jesse James" style duster. Hat cocked slightly.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Hellllo, Haddonfield!!!

The crowd turns in a mass of confusion. Standing above them, waving from a microphone, is HARRY. Dark sunglasses. Gaunt, glacial features and an outrageous mane of black hair.

A HUGE OUTBURST as Harry throws open his duster -- flashing them -- revealing that he has nothing on except his boots and a pair of orange boxer shorts that say "HAPPY HALLOWEEN."

CUT TO:

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Carrying the CRYING baby, Tommy leads Kara and Danny into the lobby of the vintage boarding house. Polished wood. Framed oil paintings. Wall-to-wall Tiffany lamps.

Mrs. Blankenship sits behind the front desk, oblivious to the GRINDING and SCREAMING on television as "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" reaches its horrific climax on the annual Horrorthon.

TOMMY

Quiet around here tonight, huh, Mrs. B.?

As usual, the senile old woman doesn't reply.

KARA

(indignantly; to Tommy)

Do you mind telling me what this is all about? Tim and Sissy are waiting for us.

Tommy ushers Kara and Danny toward the stairs. Mrs. Blankenship stares at the boy -- the kind of stare that would send most kids running for their moms. Danny is undaunted.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT (CONTINUOUS)

The door opens. Kara is repulsed by the sight of Tommy's musty, unkempt apartment.

DANNY

Mom, I want to go to the carnival ...

KARA

(to Tommy)

You can't expect us to stay here --

Tommy adjusts the blinds on the window looking out on the Myers house.

TOMMY

I want you to watch your house. You can see everything from this window.

Kara glares, reminded of last night.

KARA

Do you know how insane this is? Who am I supposed to be looking for?

TOMMY

Him.

Tommy flashes a newspaper article in front of her. One we've seen earlier: "**MICHAEL MYERS - DEAD OR ALIVE?**" Kara examines the grim headlines plastered on the walls, her eyes drawn to one in particular: "**TOMMY DOYLE SURVIVES BABYSITTER BLOODBATH.**"

The baby's SCREAMS are verging on overload. Tommy dashes to the recessed kitchen area and heats up another bottle.

As Kara reads, Danny tugs at his mother's blouse.

DANNY

Come on, Mom. We're gonna miss all the fun stuff!

KARA

(snapping)

Danny, you're just going to have to wait!

Danny plods off. Kara brings Tommy a nipple for the bottle. Their eyes lock for a beat. He takes it.

TOMMY

Shhh. It's okay, Kyle. Just give me one more --

(the microwave BEEPS)

-- second. There you go, big guy.

Kara looks on as Tommy attempts to feed the baby. Despite his clumsiness, she's undeniably moved.

Behind them, Danny's imagination kicks into high gear as he drives a Power Ranger over an invisible race track. On the floor. Across the windowsill. Glancing across the street.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - THE MYERS HOUSE

Standing on the front lawn is the outline of the Stranger, silhouetted under a moonlit tree. Looking right at Danny.

BACK TO SCENE

As Danny backs away, he bumps into Tommy's collection of weapons. Eyes riveted to a bowie knife. The VOICE whispers.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Take it, Danny . . . Take it . . .

Danny reaches for the knife. Takes it. Tommy and Kara are too concerned with the baby to notice.

TOMMY

God, what's wrong with him?

KARA

Here. Let me try.

Tommy gingerly hands the baby over to her. Instantaneously, Kyle's CRIES subside.

KARA

(continuing; fawning)

There. All it takes is a mother's touch.

For one fleeting moment, Tommy and Kara find themselves smiling at one another ... oblivious to Danny as he pockets the knife and glides silently out the door.

Tommy's expression darkens once again. A man possessed.

TOMMY

Kyle's mother might be dead for all I know. Now I'm afraid he could be next.

KARA

Why would anyone want to kill an innocent baby?

TOMMY

Not just Kyle. All of you. His entire family.

(reaching toward Kyle)

Here. Look at this.

Tommy opens the baby's quilt, revealing the blood mark smeared over his torso. Kara's face registers terrified recognition.

TOMMY

(continuing)

It was there when I found him this morning. It looks like some kind of letter or number or --

KARA

It's a rune ... Thorn.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie lies comatose, ensconced in the dim GLOW of monitors. Sustained by I.V.s and a breathing apparatus.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO across the room. Stopping at her bedside. A dark shadow descends on her. Loomis.

LOOMIS

Where have you been, Jamie? Why six years? Why now?

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT (SAME)

CLOSE ON a chapter heading: "**Thorn - The Devil's Rune.**"
Beneath it, a bold depiction of the familiar Thorn triangle.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Kara rocking the baby, feeding him with the bottle. Tommy pores over the old library book.

KARA

Runes were a kind of early alphabet that originated in Northern Europe thousands of years ago. They were symbols -- carved out of stone or pieces of wood -- and each rune had a different meaning. They're still used in pagan rituals to portend future events and invoke magic.

TOMMY

Black magic . . .

KARA

Of all the runes, Thorn had the most negative influence. It was the symbol for Demon. Like the six-six-six in the Bible.

TOMMY

(reads)

'In ancient times, the demon Thorn was believed to cause sickness, famine, and even deliver human sacrifices.'

(beat)

'When applied directly to another person, Thorn was used to call upon them confusion and destruction -- to literally visit them with the Devil.'

Tommy and Kara look ruefully at the baby, asleep in her arms.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY (SAME)

Loomis and Wynn confer with Jamie's doctor.

DR. BONHAM

She's very strong. The fact that she survived at all is nothing short of a miracle. But there is something more ...

WYNN

What is it?

DR. BONHAM

Jamie's uterus was hemorrhaging.
 (displays a small vial)
 We found this. It's placental fluid.

LOOMIS

God in heaven. Don't tell me she was --

DR. BONHAM

I estimate she gave birth no more than a few hours before the attack.

WYNN

-- Then where's her baby?

Loomis regards him with a look of abject fear.

LOOMIS

I think I may already know ...

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT (SAME)

Tommy moves frantically around the apartment, piecing together the puzzle, collecting his jacket, his keys -- a gun.

TOMMY

Then whoever's behind this Thorn has been controlling Michael Myers all along. Devil worshippers. A blood cult.
 (beat)

Someone made him into what he is.

KARA

What is he?!

TOMMY

The devil.

An ominous CLICK as Tommy loads a cartridge into the gun. He bolts toward the door. It is standing wide open. Kara freezes, noticing for the first time that Danny is missing.

KARA

Oh, God . . . Where's Danny?

Kara flies down the hall with the baby. Tommy moves out right behind her, slamming the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Loomis looks on anxiously as Wynn rifles through the pages of a phone book, rips out the page they are looking for.

WYNN

Here it is. Tommy Doyle. 46 Lampkin Lane.

LOOMIS

That's right across the street from the Myers house.

(authoritatively)

Get back to the carnival. Tell Holdt. I'll get the baby and meet you at my cabin.

And they are away.

CUT TO:

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Kara and Tommy barrel downstairs, searching frantically. Mrs. Blankenship stares at the television screen. The infamous "They're all going to laugh at you" scene from "Carrie."

KARA

Danny?! Danny!

TOMMY

Mrs. Blankenship, have you seen the little boy who came in with me and --

Tommy is surprised to hear the old woman respond.

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

The voice. The voice called him. Just like the other boy who used to live in that house. I told him not listen --

KARA

(feral)

Where is my son?!

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

The lights. The voice called him to the lights.

TOMMY

The carnival -- come on!

The old woman's eyes glitter madly as Tommy and Kara dash out the front door.

EXT. HOUSES / STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Trees MOAN in the WIND. Leaves BLOW across the dark lane. Tommy and Kara fly down the path of the Blankenship house.

As they run across the street toward Tommy's Explorer, the SHAPE suddenly RISES INTO FRAME. Observing from the shadows as they peel off down the block. Taillights disappearing.

A moment later, another car drives up, swerving erratically as it pulls into the driveway and parks in the garage.

The Shape watches.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The car sits in silence. Suddenly the driver's side door opens, emblazoned with the "Strode Realty" emblem.

John spills out, collar unbuttoned, tie dangling. Picking himself up, he staggers out of the garage. Laughing. Singing.

JOHN

... Pretty woman, walking down the street
... Pretty woman, the kind I'd like to meet

EXT. MYERS HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

FOLLOW John's circuitous route across the front lawn, stumbling over one of Danny's toys on his way up the porch steps.

JOHN

Damn kid ... This is my house ...

John fumbles with his key, estimates the location of the lock. He turns the knob -- but the door's jammed. Chain-locked.

JOHN

(continuing)

What the fuck ...

(yelling inside)

... Debra, open this goddamn door before
I break it down! You got to three ...

(no response)

... One ... Two ...

(still no response)

... Two and a half ...

John slams his weight against the door. It doesn't budge.

Grumbling indiscernibly, John totters off the porch, trying to hold himself steady. Skirting along the side of the house.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)

John sways in through the back door and flicks a light switch. Strains for lucidity. No one in the kitchen.

JOHN

Debra -- I'm home!

No answer. John shrugs and moves to the stove. Opens the lid on a pasta cooker. Nothing inside.

JOHN

(continuing; mutters)

Work all day and not even any supper ...

Frustrated, John opens the freezer and removes a frozen dinner. Tears open the box and pops it in the microwave. Then he flounders down the dark hallway, knocking picture frames awry.

LIVING ROOM / FOYER

Darkness, save for a glowing jack-o'-lantern. John stands there, listing. Bewildered.

Then he switches on a lamp, kicks off his shoes and crashes onto his lumpy old recliner.

JOHN

All right ... You can all come out now ...

Still no reply. John sneers, flicks on the television with the remote control and settles back into his chair.

INSERT - TELEVISION

A scene from another horror movie. A boy shreds his pumpkin mask as a mass of beetles and snakes pour out of his skull.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN

What is this shit?

Disgusted, he switches channels to the local NEWS. A shrill BEEP from the kitchen startles him. The microwave.

KITCHEN

John waddles to a drawer and removes a set of utensils. Then he reaches for the microwave, opens it. But his dinner is gone.

Spinning around, he sees the piping hot entree already sitting out on the kitchen table. John double-takes, mentally retracing his steps.

JOHN
Guess I already . . .

FOLLOW JOHN

as he picks up his tray and plods back down the hall. Suddenly he trips over something -- the suitcase Debra had packed earlier, sitting smack-dead in the center of the hall.

JOHN
So this is the game you wanna play. Fine.
Go ahead. Keep it up all night ...

LIVING ROOM

John settles back into his chair and begins to eat ravenously. SCREAMS from the television. He reacts.

INSERT - TELEVISION

Someone has switched it back to the horror movie. A COMPUTER-GENERATED PUMPKIN causes more masked heads to EXPLODE.

BACK TO SCENE

John shakes the remote. Out of the corner of his eye, he catches a shadowy figure darting by in the darkened foyer.

JOHN
Is that you, you little brat? Danny?!

John rises, about to go for him when suddenly the power cuts out -- and the entire house is plunged into blackness.

JOHN
(continuing)
When I get my hands on you, kid, you're gonna wish you were never born!

John pulls a rechargeable flashlight from the wall and goes to the cellar door. It stands open. An invitation to enter.

JOHN
(continuing)
Oh, I'm scared. I'm really scared.

With that, John steps down into the basement.

INT. CELLAR (CONTINUOUS)

John tentatively descends the stairs. Barefoot. The flashlight beam preceding his every step. A RUMBLING below.

The cellar is lit only by a shaft of moonlight cutting through the single dusty window.

John probes around, shining the flashlight over cobwebs, boxes -- the puddle of water at his feet. Now flooding the entire floor.

John SLOSHES through the water toward the washing machine -- which is running at full tack.

JOHN

What the hell --

He opens the washer lid and lifts out a water-logged sheet. It drips red onto the white appliance -- blood.

Terrified, John backs away. Loses his footing and slips in the water -- landing right at the Shape's feet. John SCREAMS as the Shape grabs him by the neck, lifts him off the floor with one hand, then carries him across the basement and SLAMS him against the open fuse box.

The Shape's free hand lifts an enormous butcher knife. A loud WHAP as it's driven to the hilt into John's chest, through the fuse box. Sparks rain from the wall. Electricity zaps through John's writhing body.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights flash on and off. Then the entire house is plunged into total darkness.

INT. BASEMENT (SAME)

John's toes curl. The skin around where the knife penetrates FRIES. The Shape steps back, head tilted, BREATHING steadily, curiously observing John's hanging, lifeless body.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S EXPLORER - NIGHT

Kara sits in the passenger seat with the baby, looking small and afraid. Tommy drives through town, the eyes of a madman.

Through the cab window behind them we SEE a pair of headlights, following closely. Tommy keeps checking the rearview mirror, but he's not going to say anything just yet.

KARA

God, what if we can't find him?

TOMMY

Don't worry. He'll be safe in the crowd.

The headlights move closer. We SEE that it is a white van.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT - VARIOUS ANGLES

Danny buys a ticket with his Pog money, hands it to an ATTENDANT and passes through the turnstiles amid a steady stream of arriving Halloween night REVELLERS.

Loud MUSIC, the aroma of caramel corn and pumpkin pie fills the air as Danny walks steadily through the glittering sea of lights. Rides all around him. Booths selling food and crafts.

Carloads of SCREAMING teenagers flash by on the "Spider" ... Small children wearing costumes ride the merry-go-round as their parents beam with pride ... Trendy co-eds tossing rings, shooting pumpkin-faced balloons with water pistols ...

Mayor Dennings and his wife take part in the jack-o'-lantern carving contest as a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a photo for the morning edition. Dennings abruptly rises and excuses himself.

Tim and Sissy with a group of FRIENDS in line to meet Harry. Autographing copies of his book, "To Hell in a Handbasket."

Danny glides through the crowd, haunted by the irascible VOICE.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Find them, Danny ... Kill them.

Danny grips the knife, concealed beneath his Halloween bag, walking right past Sissy and Tim.

INT. TOMMY'S EXPLORER - NIGHT

Slow-moving traffic approaching the festival. The van's headlights creep up in the rear window. Tommy's sweating it.

TOMMY

I think we've got some company. That van's been following us since we left.

Kara looks over her shoulder, tenses.

KARA

Who the hell is it?

TOMMY

I don't know, but we're not sticking around long enough to find out. Hold on.

Suddenly Tommy throws it into third and peels out of traffic.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

The Explorer swerves fast across the lane, dodging oncoming cars. The van slingshots out right behind him.

INT. EXPLORER - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Tommy races toward the campus gates. Kara throws a worried look back at their relentless pursuer.

KARA
He's still behind us!

INT. VAN - P.O.V. THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Black-gloved HANDS grip the steering wheel. The Explorer bottoms out as it careens over the sidewalk, zooming past a group of startled PARKING ATTENDANTS into the lot.

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Explorer rockets to a stop. Tommy and Kara leap out -- Tommy holding the baby -- and race toward the entrance.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The van stops. The Stranger steps out, spurs CLANKING.

EXT. TICKET BOOTH

KARA
Hurry, Tommy. He's coming!

Tommy grabs the tickets he's just paid for, and they run for the turnstiles.

EXT. AUTOGRAPH BOOTH

Tim relishes his big moment with Harry. Showing off in front of Sissy and his group of friends.

TIM
Yo, Harry, remember me? I worked with you on your first show in the Big-A!

HARRY SIMMS
(considers it)
Weren't you the kid who blew up my console with the firecrackers in the trash?

Sissy and friends wince with embarrassment.

TIM
(stunned he remembers)
Uh -- Yeah. That was me.

HARRY SIMMS
Far out, kid. What've you been up to? Moved on to bigger things? Dogs? Buildings? Parents?

TIM

Shit, I wish. Folks moved us out here to the boonies, but I'm headin' back to the city as soon as I finish the college rap.

HARRY SIMMS

Gimme a call when you get into town. I might need someone to blow up my producer.

The group laughs, impressed. Tim helps Harry along as he autographs his book. Sissy rolls her eyes.

TIM

To Tim-dog Strode. S-t-r-o-d-e. My best friend in the entire world ...

ANGLE ON DANNY

Gliding past a large tent where kids are gathering. A sign reads: COSTUME PAGEANT.

Ian, Danny's schoolyard nemesis, his lip swollen, his face covered with nasty bruises, turns yellow at the sight of Danny and runs inside.

Danny is stopped from going after him by the omnipresent VOICE:

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Come to me, Danny . . .

THE STRANGER

walks steadily through the carnival's flags and bright lights.

TOMMY AND KARA

lock hands, wading through the crowd toward the center of the carnival -- the unlit Halloween tree.

KARA

Let's separate. Find Tim and Sissy. I'll meet you back here in thirty minutes.

TOMMY

(hands her a key)

If you find Danny, go back to my apartment, lock the door and wait for me.

(beat)

And Kara, whatever you do -- don't go back to your house.

Kara nods her understanding. Tommy cradles the baby as he disappears into the crowd. Kara heads off in the opposite direction, her face etched with fear.

CUT TO:

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - TOMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loomis enters, surveying the apartment. The newspaper articles. The baby supplies. Mrs. Blankenship stands fearfully in the hall with her master key.

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

I tell you he is gone.

LOOMIS

Do you have any idea where he was going?

Loomis looks out the window at the darkened Myers house.

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

They followed the voice. The voice that called the little boy to the lights.

Loomis spies a book, lying face open on the table. Takes it.

LOOMIS

Voice? What voice?

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

The voice that spoke to the little boy.
The voice that told Michael Myers to kill his family.

Loomis stares at her, numbed. Then at the book in his hands. Recognizing the symbol. **"Thorn: The Devil's Rune."**

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT - ANGLE ON DANNY

Danny walks along, searching, hunting. Hiding the knife. He reacts to a SCREAM. Two teenage BOYS -- we recognize them as Tim's friends -- pulling a frightened GIRL onto another ride.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

I'm close now, Danny ... Very close.

Danny heads off in another direction just as the Stranger appears, lit cigarette in hand.

ANGLE ON KARA

Pushing through a dense crowd. Suddenly she walks right past the Stranger. More people pass. Kara glances over her shoulder. There was something very sinister about that man.

But the Stranger is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Loomis hobbles down the stairs, the old spinster close at his heels. Releasing her dark secret.

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

I was baby-sitting for him that night. Little Mikey Myers from across the street. That's when the voice came. Told him what to do. Same as his great-grandfather.

LOOMIS

His what?!

MRS. BLANKENSHIP

Eighteen-ninety-five. A hundred years ago to this night. All Hallows Eve. Murdered his family in that very same house. Then the townspeople burned him alive. Our mother told us as children ... 'Never go near the Myers house.' We never did.

LOOMIS

Listen to me, Mrs. Blankenship. Call the sheriff. Tell him to get over here. Tell him Michael Myers is alive.

Loomis checks his weapon and flies out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

More innocuous SCREAMS draw Danny's attention to the Ferris wheel. Standing in line, kissing, are Sissy and Tim.

WHISPERING VOICE

Kill them, Danny . . . Kill them!

Tim and Sissy inch forward. Cars stopping one by one. People getting off. Others getting on. Danny moves toward them.

Kara parts her way through the crowd. Toward the Ferris wheel.

Danny walks up right behind the couple. Knife poised behind his plastic bag. At that moment, Tim and Sissy are let through.

The gate closes in front of Danny as Tim and Sissy are lifted away. Laughing with delight. Oblivious to the lurking danger.

Kara spots her little boy staring up at the Ferris wheel.

KARA

Danny!

Danny reacts, sees Kara blasting through the crowd.

KARA
(continuing)
Danny! Danny, wait!

FERRIS WHEEL CAR

Sissy and Tim ride high atop the Ferris wheel. Their faces aglow in a dizzying whirlwind of LIGHTS. DARK CLOUDS gather in the sky, covering the moon and stars.

As they come around for another pass, Sissy sees something.

SISSY
(nudges Tim)
Isn't that your sister down there?

SISSY'S P.O.V. - KARA AND DANNY

RISING above the crowd. Danny runs away. Kara chases him.

TIM (O.S.)
Kara! Come fly with us!!!

ANGLE ON KARA

Hearing Tim's voice carried on the wind, she looks back at the Ferris wheel. Danny escaping. She goes for her son.

FOLLOW DANNY

He blasts through crowds. Dives under apple-ducking vats. Races across the Goblin Graveyard. Past the Halloween tree. Toward a splendidly forbidding castle -- the "House of Horrors."

CLOSER ANGLE - HOUSE OF HORRORS (CONTINUOUS)

Harry Simms and his Harem are led past hordes of FANS. A GRIM REAPER awaits them at the tunnel doors. RECORDED WIND, blood-chilling SCREAMS. A sign reads: "ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!"

Harry tips his hat playfully for the crowd.

HARRY SIMMS
Think I'll make it out in one piece?

Suddenly Danny scrambles in right past him. Harry double-takes, then accepts the challenge and "enters at his own risk."

KARA

pushes her way ahead through the line. Shoving angry people out of the way.

KARA

Excuse me -- please -- I've lost my son!

Without preamble, she vaults up to the platform and races inside the haunted house.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Sitting on a bench, changing the baby's diaper. Getting the hang of it. Suddenly the Stranger glides right past him.

Tommy looks, eyes going wide with terror when he sees --

TOMMY'S P.O.V. - STRANGER'S WRIST

Branded with the mark of Thorn.

TOMMY

rises. With the baby in one arm, he removes his gun. Follows the Stranger through the crowd like a vengeful wraith.

People see the gun in his hand and back away, SCREAMING. Tommy surges past them, intent on his purpose. The Stranger walks faster. Gaining ground. Approaching the House of Horrors.

WORKERS hauling wheelbarrows loaded with jack-o'-lanterns inadvertently cross Tommy's path. He stumbles, gripping the baby. Pumpkins spilling out onto the ground all around him.

Tommy picks himself up. The Stranger is getting away! Suddenly he raises the gun and begins FIRING shots into the air. People SCREAM, scattering like insects, ducking for cover.

TOMMY

Stop that man! Stop him!!!

Tommy runs through the horrified crowd, closing in fast. The Stranger keeps moving, never once looking back.

Suddenly SIRENS. Squad cars converge. Cops surround him. Weapons trained.

COP

Throw down the gun! Now!!!

Tommy drops the gun. Puts up one arm in surrender. The baby in the other. The cops swarm in, taking him.

INT. HOUSE OF HORRORS - MOVING P.O.V.

A ghostly WIND HOWLS over hidden speakers. LIGHTS flash inside skeletons' eyesockets. SCREECHING GHOSTS pop out of MAUSOLEUMS. The LIVING DEAD rise from their coffins.

ANGLE ON KARA

Working her way down a blind passageway. Occasionally other PEOPLE flash by, laughing, moving through the maze.

ANGLE ON DANNY

HANDS lurch at him from hidden chambers. GHOULS appear in every corner. Danny moves through all this, unafraid.

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

I can see you, Danny ... We're very close.

THE STRANGER

flows like the night through the labyrinthine tunnels.

ANGLE ON HARRY

Laughing, carrying on in his own risible style as he's confronted by a myriad of MONSTERS and a host of undead THINGS.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT (SAME)

Sissy and Tim hurry off the ride, following the crowd toward the center of activity -- marked by the hovering helicopter's blinding SEARCH LIGHT. A light RAIN is beginning to fall.

TIM

Who's gettin' busted?

Sissy pulls Tim to a stop, sidling up to him suggestively.

SISSY

It's just another gang-bust. We've seen Harry, and it's starting to rain again. What do you say we cut out of here?

TIM

(child-like)

But they're gonna light the tree in a few minutes --

Sissy pulls him very close.

SISSY

How 'bout we light our own tree at home?

She brushes up against his crotch and saunters away. Tim looks back for a second, then follows after her like a hungry puppy.

EXT. HOUSE OF HORRORS (CONTINUOUS)

The helicopter circles as Tommy is frisked spread-eagle against a squad car. The baby held by a FEMALE OFFICER.

TOMMY

You gotta believe me! He's in there!

Tommy is shoved into the back of the car just as Loomis appears.

LOOMIS

Wait!

(flashes his badge)

This boy is being placed under my custody.

Tommy looks out, stunned.

COP

Who gave you authority to --

LOOMIS

The mayor!

(pulling Tommy out)

Now uncuff him. This is life or death.

The cops exchange doubtful glances, but none are ready to go up against Loomis. They uncuff Tommy and shove him out of the car.

LOOMIS

(continuing; quietly)

Now take that baby and come with me.

Tommy complies. Retrieves the baby and follows Loomis through the gaping crowd.

TOMMY

Dr. Loomis, there's something you should know --

LOOMIS

I know enough already. Now let's get this baby someplace safe.

They move swiftly toward the carnival gates.

INT. HOUSE OF HORRORS - NIGHT

Kara is confronted by dozens of reflections of herself in the HALL OF MIRRORS. Suddenly Danny's reflection flits across the mirrors. Kara turns in dizzying circles, trying to find him.

KARA

Danny?!

ANOTHER HALLWAY

Harry makes his way through alone. Somehow he's lost his way, but he's having fun with it. Making faces, scowling at his reflection. "Transforming" himself from fat to skinny.

HARRY SIMMS

Before -- after. Before -- after.

STALKING P.O.V.

MOVING in behind a long-haired figure in the darkness.

ANGLE ON KARA

Walking as if in SLOW MOTION through a hall of STROBE LIGHTS.

ANGLE ON DANNY

Haunted by a weird kaleidoscope of shadows.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Let him show you how it's done ...

Danny SCREAMS as he is suddenly scooped up and carried away by an unseen shape. His knife falls to the floor.

ANGLE ON HARRY

Playing shadow-tag against the pulsating lights. Behind him, the face of a man materializes out of the flickering void. As it gets closer, we realize that it is a mask. The Shape's mask.

Harry turns, sensing a presence. Danny's knife shoots out of the darkness, jabbing him right between the legs.

EXT. HOUSE OF HORRORS (SAME)

Danny kicks and screams hysterically until he realizes that the person holding him is his mother.

KARA

It's all right, baby. I've got you.

Kara whisks him away. Danny looks back fearfully.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - HOUSE OF HORRORS

The Stranger is standing there. A brief glimpse of his face in profile as he walks away, disappearing into the crowd.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF HORRORS (SAME)

The knife is lifted straight up, splitting Harry's torso in two, his eyes bugging with shock as he slumps to the floor in a huge pool of blood. The Shape drags him away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Tommy's Explorer shoots down a lonely road. Headlights cut through DRIZZLE. Distant THUNDER bodes an ominous warning.

INT. TOMMY'S EXPLORER - NIGHT

Loomis holds the baby in his lap. Tommy drives angrily.

TOMMY

We've gotta go back! Danny and Kara are still there!

LOOMIS

My colleague will find them. The safety of this child is my first concern.

Tommy spies Loomis looking at Kara's book of runes.

TOMMY

It's some kind of cult. Worshippers of a demon called Thorn. I think they were the ones who kidnapped Jamie. And now I think they want to control Jamie's baby -- just like they've been controlling Michael.

The horrible truth begins to dawn on Loomis as we

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

MOVE IN on Jamie. EKG registers rapid heartbeat. MOVE IN TIGHT on her eyes, darting beneath closed lids.

INT. CORRIDOR - DISTORTED VISION (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Blood-chilling SCREAMS as we MOVE rapidly through a BLINDING TUNNEL OF LIGHT. Blurred, indistinct images. FIGURES wearing long white coats flash along sterile walls.

As we BLAST around corners, we realize we are seeing from the P.O.V. of a girl being pushed forward on a gurney. It is Jamie.

Her arm injected with a sedative. Eyes lolling. Succumbing.

JAMIE'S P.O.V. - MOVING (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Even more DISTORTED now, images swirling at random. Cold, staring FACES. Flashing lights on a wall panel: "3-2-1-B" -- an elevator. Going down. Down. Beneath the basement level.

The doors open. The gurney SLAMS out into DARKNESS. VOICES ECHO. Lighted torches flicker on craggy walls.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Please -- don't let him do this to me.

VOICE (O.S.)

We're not going to hurt you, Jamie. He chose you. Now it's time.

SHAPE'S P.O.V.

Pacing back and forth behind iron bars, agitated, disturbed. SEEING Jamie strapped to a table. Surrounded by robed figures. CHANTING. Weakly, Jamie reaches out toward the cell.

JAMIE

Please, Michael . . . Help me.

Suddenly a long SHADOW fills the room. The P.O.V. becomes more restless as the Stranger glides toward Jamie and disrobes. The figures close the circle. Jamie SCREAMS in terror.

The Shape's hands SLAM violently against the iron bars, a horrific SHUDDER of metal as we

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (SAME)

THUNDER CRASHES. Jamie's eyes flash open. The Stranger is standing right beside her bed -- flicking open a switchblade!

WHISPERING VOICE (O.S.)

Time to come home now, Jamie . . .

The Stranger's gloved hand covers Jamie's mouth as it opens to form a soundless scream. The switchblade cuts three small incisions into her wrist. Blood flows from the mark of Thorn!

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

A large crowd has gathered for the lighting of the Halloween tree. People putting up umbrellas. A STORM fast approaching.

Hundreds of anxious kids stand beneath the oak tree with open bags and pillow cases, waiting for the candy to fall.

The mayor, along with Sheriff Holdt and members of the Town Council, stand impatiently on a side platform. Checking their watches. A growing murmur of concern: "Where's Harry?"

On the outskirts of the crowd, Kara paces nervously. Keeping Danny close beside her.

KARA

Tommy, where the hell are you?

Spotting a pay phone, she digs a quarter out of her pocket and dials a number.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME)

Dark and foreboding. Sissy's car parked in front. The SOUND of the RINGING PHONE inside.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER (CONTINUOUS)

Sounds of PASSION as we FOLLOW a trail of hastily-discarded costume pieces across the darkened foyer. Tim and Sissy are on the stairs, half-naked, kissing fervently. The PHONE RINGS.

SISSY

(gasping for air)

Aren't you -- gonna answer that?

TIM

(hot and heavy)

Answer what?

The phone suddenly stops RINGING. Tim buries his face in Sissy's chest. She's feeling apprehensive.

SISSY

What if your parents come home?

TIM

Then they can watch.

Laughing, they head up the stairs, fondling each other. Slowly we PULL BACK to the foyer. THUNDER and LIGHTNING CLASH, revealing the Shape, knife held at the ready. Watching.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

THUNDER and LIGHTNING as Kara moves away from the pay phone and ushers Danny through the milling crowd.

ANGLE ON PLATFORM

Mayor Dennings has finally lost his patience, and the impending STORM isn't doing much to calm anyone's nerves. Harry's people are at a loss to explain the star's whereabouts.

DENNING

Then we'll just have to go on without him!

Dennings steps up to the mic, his voice BOOMING over the crowd.

DENNINGS

(continuing)

Thank you all for your patience. I see we're about to get a little wet here, but before we go on let me just say that this has truly been a great turnout, and our community should be proud. Now let's light this tree so we can look forward to an even brighter Halloween next year!

"Oohs" and "ahhs" from the crowd as the tree suddenly comes to life with thousands of orange lights, followed by ubiquitous APPLAUSE. Dennings couldn't be more pleased with himself.

From the boughs of the tree, ropes are pulled. Bunting tears open, dropping hails of CANDY on the SHRIEKING kids.

ANGLE ON KARA AND DANNY

Some distance away. Looking back at the party, Kara's eyes are drawn to something. Grotesque and misshapen. In the tree. ♣

KARA

Oh my God --

Shuttling Danny forward, she tears toward the stage.

ANGLE ON TREE

Kids of all ages scurry around the stage, laughing and screaming as a rainbow of candy RAINS down upon them. Diving for it. Fighting over it. Scooping it up in big handfuls.

Suddenly, a BALLERINA looks down at her white pillow case in horrified astonishment. Her hands painted red as she reaches inside the pillow case. All of her candy is covered with blood!

The other kids back away in revulsion -- the entire stage begins to drip with blood!

The adults don't seem to notice what is happening, more concerned with the sudden burst of POURING RAIN.

Kara pushes her way through the crowd, SCREAMING.

KARA

Get them out of there! Get out!!!

Dennings points Sheriff Holdt in Kara's direction as she leaps up onto the stage, pushing kids out of the way.

Parents' faces register shock when they see their children running toward them, SCREAMING hysterically, soaked with blood.

Just then, a BOLT OF LIGHTNING ignites the tree. SPARKS flash. Tiny pumpkin lights EXPLODE in a startling chain reaction.

Kara helps the last of the kids off the stage when something falls from the gnarled tree branches: a dangling, rotating, wrapped-up thing. The mutilated remains of Harry Simms!

Horrified, Kara grabs Danny and dashes headlong off the stage.

Struck dumb with terror, Dennings looks out upon the mass destruction. The bloody corpse hanging from the tree. People running, SCREAMING, carrying their children toward the exits.

A second later, the mayor leaps off the platform, zig-zagging through the mock graveyard, shoving aside women and children.

Suddenly Dennings trips and CRACKS his head against a tombstone. He lies bloody beneath the crushing TRAMPLE OF FEET that pass over him. No one stopping. No one noticing him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - ANGLE ON KARA AND DANNY

Bumper to bumper cars. Horns BLARING. Women SCREAMING. Men SHOUTING and ARGUING. Children CRYING. Pandemonium.

Kara pulls Danny through this jumble of confusion toward the gate. People running along the sidewalks. A car SCREECHES to a halt as Kara barrels across the street. Running toward home.

Once again, terror rules the streets of Haddonfield, Illinois.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT

Tommy's Explorer rambles up a graded dirt road and stops in front of Loomis's cabin. LIGHTNING FLASHES in the blackened windows. RAIN lashes the woods. WIND howls through the trees.

Covering the baby, Loomis trudges up to the front door. Tommy follows, his boots SLOSHING through deep mud, his eyes nervously surveying the deep, dark woods.

INT. LOOMIS'S CABIN - NIGHT

Tommy follows Loomis into the pitch-darkness, immediately sensing that something is very wrong. THUNDER CRACKLES.

TOMMY

Did anyone know we were coming here?

Loomis flounders around for a light switch.

LOOMIS

No one. We're safe.

TOMMY
No. Somebody knew. Who knew?

LOOMIS
Only us -- and Dr. Wynn.

Suddenly a HUGE BURST OF LIGHTNING illuminates the room.
Turned upside-down. Like the aftermath of a tornado. Walls
awash in drawings of blood -- the symbol of Thorn!

Loomis and Tommy realize that they are standing in the center
of a ring of hooded figures. Glinting daggers in their hands!

LIGHTNING FLASHES vividly on the walls as the figures move in.

LOOMIS
(continuing)
Wynn!!!

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Flying through the STORM. Slowly we MOVE UP the silver-tipped
black boots, the long duster, the cigarette in the gloved hand
of the nefarious Stranger -- Dr. Wynn!

Lips curled churlishly, Wynn looks at the other figure seated
beside him. Staring hypnotically forward. Jamie!

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. LOOMIS' CABIN - NIGHT (SAME)

The robed figures descend on Loomis. He reaches for his .22.
Drops it. Tommy lurches for the baby, to no avail. Loomis's
SCREAM fills the darkness like a fever dream.

LOOMIS
Run, Tommy!!! Run!!!

TOMMY
No!!!

The baby's CRIES recede as the figures advance on Tommy.
Daggers raised. He is trapped.

With a powerful burst of strength, Tommy wades into them,
breaking through the circle. Tumbling out the door.

EXT. LOOMIS'S CABIN (CONTINUOUS)

Tommy races back to his Explorer. Throws open the door and
falls into the front seat. The robed figures appear from
everywhere. From the cabin, from the woods. Surrounding him.

Panic-stricken, Tommy thrusts the key into the ignition. Throws it into reverse. Guns it. Doesn't move.

TOMMY

Fuck!!!

EXT. EXPLORER

Tires spin furiously in a muddy embankment, trying to find tread. The dark figures create a lethal perimeter.

INT. EXPLORER

Tommy grinds into first. Punches it. Cuts loose.

P.O.V. THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Rocketing ahead at incredible speed. Flying past the robed figures. CRASHING through an old outhouse. Wooden shrapnel flies. Careening through dense brush.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Explorer nose-dives down a steep incline and spins out into a clearing. Then it shoots forward, fishtailing up the road.

INT. EXPLORER

Tommy looks behind him. He's safe. Eyes flooding with terror.

TOMMY

Kara!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET / BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - NIGHT

Kara and Danny run up the path of the old boarding house. Lights on inside. Kara glances at the blackened Myers house. Too risky. She shuttles Danny inside.

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - LOBBY

Kara and Danny drip with rain. Run to the front desk. The TV still on. But Mrs. Blankenship is nowhere to be found.

KARA

Mrs. Blankenship! Mrs. Blankenship?!

DANNY

Mommy, I'm scared.

KARA

It's okay, sweetie. Let's go. Upstairs.

Kara picks him up and hurtles up the long staircase.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Kara runs down the hall and KNOCKS frantically on a door with a sticker that reads "Sissy's Crib."

KARA

Sissy! Sissy, are you in there?!

No response. Kara digs in her pocket for the key Tommy gave her. Crosses the hall to his apartment, unbolts the door and rushes Danny inside. The SOUND of the door locking.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sissy sits at Kara's vanity, wearing a robe, brushing out her hair. Candles all around. The SOUND of RUNNING WATER and sonorous, off-key SINGING from the bathroom behind her.

THUNDER BOOMS. Sissy looks nervous.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER (CONTINUOUS)

Tim rinses off, using the soap-on-a-rope as his microphone.

TIM

I feel good, you know that I would now.
So good -- so good -- 'cause I got you.

SISSY (O.S.)

Boy, you better cut out that noise before
you wake the neighbors!

Tim turns off the shower nozzle and steps out, doing a bare-ass jig as he wraps himself in a towel.

TIM

Fine. You don't like my singing? I'll
never sing for you again.

Tim two-steps across the bathroom, mouthing the words. Opens the medicine cabinet, the mirror FOGGED over with steam.

TIM

(continuing; frowns)
Where the hell's my razor?

Shrugging, he picks out a disposable Schick, closes the cabinet door and elbows out a circle of the steam. He gasps suddenly. The Shape is standing right behind him!

KARA'S BEDROOM

Sissy carries a candle toward the bathroom door.

KARA

I'm across the street. I can see you.
Sissy, I want you to listen to me. Get
Tim and get out of that house. Right now.

Unnoticed by Kara, Danny crosses the room and unbolts the door.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)

Come to me, Danny . . . Come to me.

INT. KARA'S BEDROOM

Sissy shifts nervously, looking out across the way at Kara.

LIGHTNING reveals the Shape in the bathroom doorway behind her!

SISSY

Kara, what the hell is going on?

The Shape advances.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT

Kara's mouth suddenly drops open. Her mind snaps into sensory overload. She can see the Shape in the room with Sissy!

KARA

Sissy, look out! There's someone right
behind you!

INT. KARA'S BEDROOM

Sissy drops the phone, eyes bulging just as the Shape lunges out and throws her brutally across the room. She CRASHES hard against the vanity.

Sissy SCREAMS in unholy terror. But the Shape isn't through.

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT

Kara stands frozen in pure horror, hearing and seeing her friend's vicious murder.

Her eyes shoot down. A little blond-haired boy is walking steadily across the street toward the Myers house.

No, it can't be true. Kara wheels around. Danny is gone.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KARA'S BEDROOM - ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

Danny can be seen walking toward the house as Sissy's blood-gurgling SCREAMS fill the room upstairs. Her body repeatedly, mercilessly SLAMMED against the walls like a rag doll.

EXT. STREET / MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Kara bolts out of the Blankenship house and races across the street, chasing after Danny through the RAIN and LIGHTNING.

KARA

Danny, no!!!

KARA'S P.O.V. - FOLLOWING DANNY

He glides up the porch steps and slips through the front door of the Myers house. Disappearing inside.

KARA

shoots across the lawn. Up the porch steps. Right behind him.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - KARA'S BEDROOM

Sissy's mangled torso, head and limbs literally ripped off in the Shape's bare hands, SLOPS onto the floor. Silence.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - FOYER

Kara dives through the front door. THUNDER RATTLES the house. Frighteningly dark. Shockingly quiet.

Inch by inch, she makes her way inside. Eyes wide. Savage. Shaking uncontrollably. A CRASHING SOUND behind her. She jumps out of her skin. Just the door SLAMMING shut in the WIND.

KARA

(the faintest whisper)

Danny?

She advances into the hall. Old floorboards CREAK beneath her feet. SOUNDS up ahead. FOOTSTEPS.

Kara looks up the staircase. LIGHTNING FLASHES. Danny is nearing the top of the stairs!

Instinct drives Kara forward. Then suddenly she stops dead. Reason taking over. And she turns back.

Reaches into the living room and picks up a fireplace poker. Then she heads back up the stairs. Mind-blown with horror.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Kara reaches the top of the staircase, looking down the dark hallway. Summoning all of her courage, she moves forward.

Suddenly Danny darts out from the adjacent hall and disappears inside his bedroom -- a fleeting, ghostly image. Kara startles. Follows him inside.

DANNY'S BEDROOM

Danny stands in a corner. LIGHTNING illuminates his toy dinosaurs. Kara goes to him, takes his hand. He resists her.

KARA

(intense whisper)

Come on . . . Danny, please.

She picks him up, carries him toward the door. LUMBERING FOOTSTEPS. Kara stands paralyzed in the doorway as the Shape stalks down the hall. Eyes probing. Walking right past them.

DANNY'S BEDROOM

Kara slips quietly back into the room, carrying Danny through the bathroom. Adjoining on the opposite side into

KARA'S ROOM

LIGHTNING CRACKLES. Kara stumbles over something on the floor. Cranes her neck down.

The room is covered with blood, bestrewn with dismembered body parts. Sissy's decapitated head rolls out from beneath the bed!

Shock waves send Kara reeling backwards against the open bathroom door. Hanging on a hook is Tim, throat slit, eyes open, staring at her in a horrified rictus of death.

Kara SCREAMS. Drops Danny. Quickly covers her mouth. Realizing that she's given them away.

Suddenly the bedroom door tears open, buckling off its hinges. The Shape bulldozes in, wielding a huge butcher knife!

KARA

Danny, run!!!

Danny ducks into the hall, evading the Shape's lurching hands.

DANNY

careens down the stairs. THUNDER RAGES.

KARA

brandishes the fireplace poker at the killer. The Shape moves in, undaunted, backing her through the bathroom . . . into Danny's room. Suddenly she SLAMS the door on the Shape.

Kara tears off into the hallway. Turns. Waiting for the Shape to appear. It doesn't.

Kara vacillates down the hall. Jumping at every sound. Training her weapon at things unseen. SLAMMING doors along the way, sealing off every passageway as she tries to find her way through the impenetrable darkness.

Suddenly something CRASHES down from above. Kara's mother, strung up on a bloody sheet, dangling upside-down from the trap door in the ceiling. The axe still protruding from her chest.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kara SCREAMS, shrinking away from the gruesome sight through the blackened doorway behind her. A gruelling moment of tension as we think the Shape's mask will be there.

Suddenly the Shape shoots up directly in front of her! Tearing the dangling corpse from the sheet, dislodging the axe from Debra's chest with a repulsive SQUISH.

Kara wheels toward the stairs. The Shape advances. Swings the axe. Misses her by inches. Kara ducks, lurches behind the Shape. Swings the fireplace poker with everything she's got, CRACKING it full-force over the back of the Shape's head.

The Shape breaks through the bannister and plunges off the landing, SLAMMING hard onto the floor below.

Terrified, Kara chances a look down. The Shape doesn't move.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Kara barrels off the stairs. Moves cautiously past the Shape. Sprawled face-up in the middle of the hall. Motionless.

LIVING ROOM

Kara searches for Danny, keeping her eyes trained on the Shape. The little boy appears in the doorway directly across the hall.

The Shape lying in between them.

KARA

Danny, come to Mommy.

Danny shakes his head. Too frightened to move.

HALLWAY / FOYER

Ever so slowly, Kara moves toward the threshold. Hefting the fireplace poker, she steps right over the Shape.

Instantly she snatches Danny up in her arms. Takes one step forward when suddenly --

DANNY

Mommy!!!

The Shape sits up robotically, grabbing Kara by the ankle. She falls, sprawling forward. The Shape claws her leg. Kara fights back, kicking herself free of the vise-like grip.

Scrambling to her feet, Kara rockets Danny through the foyer to the front door -- desperately trying to escape this real-life house of horrors -- only to find that it is locked.

The Shape rises, gleaming butcher knife in hand.

Kara twists the deadbolt, but someone's secured the chain lock! Too late to remove it. The Shape is right behind them.

Only one way to go. The cellar. Kara shoves Danny through. SLAMS the door. Locks it.

INT. CELLAR (CONTINUOUS)

Kara and Danny clatter down the rickety stairs and SPLASH across the flooded basement floor.

A soul-shuddering POUNDING on the door above.

Kara ushers Danny toward the elevated window.

The cellar door EXPLODES, the Shape's hand breaking through, splintering the wood as if it were paper.

Kara HEARS the Shape moving rapidly down the stairs. Lifts Danny up the wall toward the window. But it's not a wall -- it's John's electrocuted body, propped inside a storage cabinet!

Danny SHRIEKS, staring into John's lifeless eyes. Kara pushes him up. Danny reaches for the lock. Just an inch away.

Kara can't lift him any higher. The Shape is coming!

Danny hoists himself up just enough to twist the lock. He pushes the window open and clambers outside.

Kara scrambles up old pressboard shelves. They break beneath her; she topples back to the floor.

The Shape wades toward her. Knife in hand.

Kara makes another attempt to pull herself up. Gripping the leaky water pipes. Reaching up for the window.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT WINDOW

Danny watches his mother struggle to climb out of the crypt, haunted by the VOICE inside of him:

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)
Let her die, Danny ... Let her die.

KARA
Danny, help me!

Kara's hand reaches toward him. Danny makes no movement.

WHISPERING VOICE (V.O.)
Come to me, Danny . . . Come to me.

Danny obediently turns and starts to walk away.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR

Kara's foot falls on the handle of the knife jutting from her father's chest. Uses it to springboard herself half-way through the window. Clawing at wet grass.

The Shape's hand shoots out of the darkness below, grabbing at her legs. Kara writhes, kicking and SCREAMING.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT WINDOW

Kara grabs chunks of mud as she is pulled back through the window. The Shape yanks hard. Kara catches herself on the window frame. Quickly losing her grip.

INT. MYERS HOUSE - CELLAR

The Shape thrusts his knife downward, swiping her ankle.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - BASEMENT WINDOW

Kara reacts to the searing pain, releasing her grip on the window frame. Suddenly Danny appears, locking onto her collar, pulling her clear in one massive heave.

Kara shuffles across the ground and picks herself up. Grabs Danny's hand and runs full-tilt around the side of the house.

EXT. STREET / BLANKENSHIP HOUSE

CAMERA FOLLOWS their frenzied flight across the street. Kara limping. Danny urging her up the walk of the Blankenship house. The door is locked! Kara SCREAMS, pounds frantically.

KARA
Please! Mrs. Blankenship! Open the door!

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE

We HEAR Kara's frantic pleas outside. CAMERA TRACKS past the flickering television screen, down along the floor. A telephone SMASHED.

MOVE along the outstretched cord to SEE that it is wrapped around the neck of Mrs. Blankenship, tongue lolling, dead body slumped beneath the front desk.

EXT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE

Kara POUNDS furiously on the door.

KARA

Please! Somebody help us!

Danny huddles beside her, peering out across the street.

DANNY'S P.O.V. - MYERS HOUSE

The Shape walks boldly down the porch steps -- knife in hand!

BACK TO SCENE

Kara sees the Shape walking steadily across the street toward them. Her SCREAMS become even more intense.

KARA

Help us please!!!

Danny leaps off the porch and runs around the side of the house. Kara hobbles behind him. The Shape closes in.

INT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE - PARLOR

Kara slams the back door shut. Bolts it.

KARA

Danny, get upstairs now!

Danny runs through the lobby and up the stairs.

Kara stands alone. THUNDER RUMBLES through the darkened room.

Suddenly the window behind her EXPLODES. She SCREAMS, backing away. Then the window in front of her. Hands reach through. Kara retreats into the lobby. Another HAND shoots through the stained glass window in the front door, twisting open the lock.

Robed figures fill the doorways. Climbing through the windows. Moving inside the house.

Kara backs up the stairs. The figures advancing menacingly.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

LIGHTNING FLASHES. Kara looks. At the end of the hallway stands the Stranger -- Dr. Wynn -- holding Danny in front of him. Danny stares dispassionately.

The black figures move up the stairs. Kara backpedals, careens through another doorway.

TOMMY'S APARTMENT

Kara tries to shut the door, but the figures push it open. She struggles, but there are too many of them.

Kara turns. Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. The figures fill the room. Daggers drawn. CHANTING a dark invocation.

Suddenly Kara makes a decision -- and takes a running leap -- hurling herself right toward the window!

EXT. BLANKENSHIP HOUSE

Kara SMASHES through the glass and tumbles, SCREAMING through the air. Bouncing off the porch overhang before plunging to the front lawn. A thousand glass shards raining down upon her.

Kara CRASHES onto her back, eyes closed, hands folded over her chest in silent repose. She doesn't move.

The house is still. Unearthly silence pervades.

KARA'S P.O.V. - DISTORTED

A ring of faceless figures move in, surrounding her. Red-and-blue lights FLASH. Stabbing the cold October night.

ANOTHER ANGLE

REVEALING that Kara is surrounded by a circle of POLICE OFFICERS wearing hooded yellow rain jackets. Her eyes slowly open, finding focus.

A dozen police cruisers in the street. Lights flashing over rain-slicked pavement. Radios squawking. Curious onlookers gathering. PATROLMEN keeping them a safe distance away.

Tommy's Explorer SCREECHES to a stop in front of the Blankenship house. He bolts out and races across the lawn.

TOMMY

Kara -- KARA!!!

The Deputy supervises as PARAMEDICS break down a gurney next to Kara. Sheriff Holdt spots Tommy and moves to stop him.

HOLDT

Stay there, son. There's nothing to see.

But Tommy's not listening. He breaks free from Holdt and rushes over to her. Falls to his knees.

TOMMY

Kara -- Kara, oh God! They got him. They got Kyle.

Kara slowly makes out Tommy's face. Suddenly she reacts. Bolts upright. Eyes crazed. The Paramedics restrain her.

KARA

Danny! Where's Danny?!

Kara jerks herself free. Tommy follows her past the sheriff.

HOLDT

Whoa, hold on a minute, young lady. Where do you think you're going?

KARA

Where's Danny?! Where is my son?!

HOLDT

He's safe. Don't you worry about a thing. The doctor took him to the hospital.

TOMMY

Doctor? What doctor?

HOLDT

Loomis's friend -- Dr. Wynn.

TOMMY

(to Kara)

Wynn?! He's the one -- he's the one!

Kara forgets her own pain as she races with Tommy to his Explorer. The infuriated sheriff goes after them.

HOLDT

Wait! Hold it right there!

Tommy throws it into gear and peels off down the street. Holdt throws down his cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S EXPLORER

Kara rides shotgun, hanging on Tommy's every word.

TOMMY

Wynn's the head of the mental institution in Smith's Grove -- where Michael was committed all those years. He's been behind it the entire time.

KARA

(tears)

God, what do they want with Danny?

Tommy's look terrifies her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

LIGHTNING illuminates the cold, forbidding asylum. The white van pulls up to the security gate. Headlights illuminate the sign: "SMITH'S GROVE - WARREN COUNTY SANITARIUM."

High voltage gates crank open. The van pulls through.

THE VAN

pulls to a stop near the main building. The door slides open and Danny steps out, surrounded by Smith's Grove staff wearing white jackets. Leading him toward the entrance.

THE LANDING FIELD

The helicopter lands in the expansive field near the gas pumps. Wynn ducks out, moving in long strides toward the building.

INT. SANITARIUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FOLLOW Wynn through the series of security cages, using his key card to BUZZ through. White coats bringing up the rear.

They cross into the adjacent wing through tall mahogany doors.

EXECUTIVE RECEPTION AREA

Dawn, Wynn's efficient secretary, rises with a congenial smile.

DAWN

Good evening, Dr. Wynn. Your --
appointment is waiting inside.

Wynn picks up his messages, then heads straight into the office. Dawn resumes her typing. Something eerie in her grin.

INT. WYNN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Wynn and his staff file inside. Removing his hat and duster, he walks over to where Loomis is seated -- shackled to a chair, a bloody slash across his forehead.

Seeing this, Wynn snaps angrily at two burly GUARDS.

WYNN

What is this all about? Remove those!

The guards comply. Loomis rubs his aching wrists, glowering.

LOOMIS

Where's the child?

WYNN

Sam, you never fail to amaze me.
Yesterday happily retired, today right
back in the thick of things. Somehow I
knew you still had it in you.

Loomis sees his .22 resting atop Wynn's desk -- only inches
away. Wynn's hand covers it, slips it inside the top drawer.

WYNN

(continuing)

Come now, Sam. This is a gathering of old
friends. I know how difficult this must be
for you -- a man of your experience -- but
now that I'm in charge I felt it was only
fair for you to finally know the truth.

(gestures to his staff)

I mean, you're the only one around here
who's still -- in the dark, as it were.

LOOMIS

This is madness, Wynn.

Dawn enters and begins dutifully serving coffee.

WYNN

Your madness is another man's greatness.
This is the way things have always been.
As ageless as life itself. You've just
been too blinded by your own reality. You
seek a world that has order -- a life that
makes sense! Look around you, Sam. There
is no sense in this world!

(beat)

But having you on the outside has been
convenient for us in many ways.

(smiles)

You always did come through -- our loyal
watch dog. Finding him. Bringing him
back to us once he'd finished his work.
Although when you had that nasty stroke
the last time, I had to get him myself.
And what a terrible time we had getting
him out of that jail cell.

LOOMIS

It was you.

WYNN
 (lights a cigarette)
 Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

LOOMIS
 Why did you take Jamie?

WYNN
 I needed her. She has the gift -- the blood of Thorn running through her veins. Michael's mother had it, too. So for six years I incubated her, prepared her for this night. It's time again. The end of a generation. The coming of a new one.

LOOMIS
 Why are you doing this?

WYNN
 I am its deliverer.
 (slams down his key card)
 Its calling card, if you will. I follow it. Protect it. Act as its guardian. In a sense, Sam, so do you.

Loomis shudders, rocked by these terrifying revelations.

LOOMIS
 His great-grandfather . . .

WYNN
 There you go trying to make sense again. Yes, his great-grandfather had it -- and his father before him. It's a curse that's lived for countless generations. Since the very beginnings of this celebration you call Halloween.

LOOMIS
Samhain.

Wynn turns to the bank of security monitors behind his desk. On one of the screens, Tommy's Explorer can be seen pulling up to the institution gates.

WYNN
 I see we're about to have some visitors.
 (to Dawn)
 See to it they find their way inside.
 (to Loomis)
 I know you have more questions, my friend, and there's so much more for you to see.

Loomis is hoisted out of his chair and led out of the office. Wynn and his white coats flow out behind him.

EXT. SANITARIUM / INT. TOMMY'S EXPLORER - NIGHT

Tommy and Kara idle outside the impenetrable security gate.

TOMMY

There's no way we can get through without
frying on that fence.

KARA

There's gotta be another way in.

TOMMY

Look!

They both rubberneck to see a white van zoom past them.

TOMMY

(continuing)

Hold on.

Tommy kicks into reverse and jets off in pursuit. Down a dark
access road.

P.O.V. THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Grinding along the narrow roadway. A tunnel of charred trees.
The van's taillights vanish into the gloom.

BACK TO SCENE

KARA

Where the hell are we?

TOMMY

We're inside.

P.O.V. THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The asylum looms beyond the trees. Suddenly a diminutive
figure flashes by -- a terrified face in the glaring headlights.

TOMMY

stops on a dime. Dumbfounded.

TOMMY

Jamie!

EXT. WOODS (CONTINUOUS)

Startled, Jamie runs off into the woods. Tommy leaps out and
runs after her. Kara right behind him.

TOMMY

Jamie -- Jamie, wait!

Through the wind-blown forest they race after her. Jamie stops, turns, flies off in another direction.

Tommy and Kara run, stumbling after her. Suddenly Jamie seems to disappear into thin air. Ghost-like.

KARA

Where did she go?

TOMMY

There!

He points toward an open hatch in the ground. The same hatch Jamie had escaped from the night before!

Exchanging terrified glances, Tommy and Kara head down the hidden stairwell. Entering the blackened catacombs.

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Tommy and Kara edge along the dank, torch-lit walls. WIND MOANS through the hollow chamber. Rats scamper past their feet. Tommy takes a torch and leads Kara by the hand.

At the next turn, they catch a fleeting glimpse of Jamie -- running, blasting around dark corners.

They go for her. Hurtling through the twisted underground maze.

A door up ahead. Wooden. Heavy. It SLAMS shut.

Tommy and Kara move toward it. Eyes wide. Terrified.

JAMIE'S CELL

We've been here before. Crude metal rack covered with bloody sheets. Discarded leather straps. The birthing chamber.

Tommy and Kara inch forward. Crouched down in a corner, HUMMING a lullaby, cradling a bundled blanket, is Jamie.

Horrified, Tommy and Kara hunker down in front of her. She doesn't seem to notice them. HUMMING. Rocking the bundle.

TOMMY

Jamie . . . Jamie, it's gonna be all right.

KARA

Come with us, Jamie. It's okay.

Jamie's gaze falls on them. Blank, empty. Like a mask. She lowers the swaddling -- a gleaming butcher knife inside!

Like a wild animal unleashed, Jamie slashes the knife at Tommy, penetrating his arm. Tommy recoils.

Kara SCREAMS, pulls him away. Jamie advances. HISSING.
Raising the knife. The symbol of Thorn branded to her wrist!

Tommy and Kara break for the door.

TUNNELS

They race off into darkness -- only to find their escape blocked by the robed coven, brandishing torches and daggers.

Kara pulls Tommy in the opposite direction -- stopped dead by more robes -- Jamie leading the way!

Frantic, they round the corner. Up ahead, a group of white coats, led by Wynn, usher Loomis off an old service elevator.

LOOMIS

Tommy! Get out of here!

TOMMY

Dr. Loomis!

Tommy and Kara bolt toward him. Suddenly he is dragged down* another passageway. Sealed off by a SLAMMING door.

The figures move in. Tommy catches the elevator a split second before it closes. He jumps inside, pulling Kara with him.

INT. ELEVATOR (CONTINUOUS)

Suddenly HANDS lunge in, grabbing, tearing at Kara's hair! She SCREAMS in unbridled horror. Tommy tries desperately to hold onto her -- but an instant later she is gone. The doors close.

Tommy is alone in the rising, GRINDING elevator. Paralyzed with terror. The doors open on ground level. He staggers out.

INT. CATWALK

Loomis and Kara, surrounded by coven members, are led across a narrow catwalk overlooking a filthy prison cell. The Shape lies inside. Dormant.

Wynn walks hand-in-hand with Jamie -- staring hypnotically -- showing his guests his most prized possession. Michael Myers.

WYNN

Look at him. So silent, yet so deadly.
He moves when I tell him to. Acts on my
impulses. Feels what I feel.

Wynn demonstrates. Loomis looks on, spellbound.

WYNN
(continuing)
Michael -- Rise.

Below, the Shape slowly rises. Wynn takes his trusted switchblade.

WYNN
(continuing)
Michael -- Pain.

Wynn cuts his hand. The Shape grabs his own hand in agony. Wynn smiles, sucking the bleeding gash.

WYNN
(continuing)
Michael -- Kill.

Suddenly Wynn throws Dawn -- his faithful secretary -- inside the Shape's pit. Wynn watches with heinous delight as her horrified SCREAMS trail away into blood-gurgling SILENCE.

Kara closes her eyes in anguish. Loomis is mortified.

LOOMIS
You've created a monster.

WYNN
Amazing, isn't it? I even taught him how to drive a car.

Wynn carries on. Kara and Loomis are brutally shoved forward.

WYNN
(continuing)
We're not the only ones, you know. There are many believers -- generous contributors to our church. You'd be amazed to know how far it reaches.

INT. RECEPTION AREA / WYNN'S OFFICE

Tommy makes his way furtively through the deserted executive wing into Wynn's office.

The bank of video screens. A mainframe computer. A mahogany armoire. Tommy opens it. Eyes widening in startled disbelief.

An entire arsenal of weapons inside. Daggers, projectiles and knives. Automatic rifles. Napalm and plastic explosives.

Tommy begins stuffing his jacket with explosives. Grabs a rifle, slams in a cartridge and heads toward the door.

He turns back, noticing the key card on Wynn's desk. Swipes it.

INT. CEREMONIAL ROOM - NIGHT

A large, amber-hued chamber. The CHANTING coven forms a circle around a primitive stone altar. A large wooden symbol of Thorn, like an inverted crucifix, hangs in a place of reverence.

Behind the altar is the Shape's cell.

Loomis and Kara are led inside. Wynn glides through this macabre gathering, stepping up to the altar. Jamie beside him.

The CHANTING continues as Jamie drapes a magnificent ceremonial robe over Wynn's shoulders.

At Wynn's gesture, there is SILENCE. The worshippers offer an obedient response, baring the mark of Thorn on their wrists.

WYNN

(prophetically)

Behold, Disciples of Thorn! The final sign! The birth of the heretic child on this, the sixth year of the Beltaine moon. Delivered unto us on the eve of our great Feast of the Sun ... as I have foreseen it.

Jamie carries forth her baby, CRYING as it is lain upon the altar. Ringed by candles and a circle of stones -- eleven in all -- etched with symbolic runes.

TUNNELS

Letting his rifle lead the way, Tommy makes a trail of explosives along the tunnels. MUFFLED CHANTING up ahead.

CEREMONIAL ROOM

The coven CHANTS a dark invocation. Wynn draws a magic circle around the infant with blood from a silver chalice. Then he inscribes a pentagram in the air with an ornate dagger.

WYNN

Spirits and powers of the flame, attend and witness this ritual. Bear our gifts to Thorn. Open us to the path of Darkness. By these runes transform us. Open our eyes and let us see the Chosen One to whom we offer this sacrifice of Innocent Blood.

Suddenly Danny is issued forth up to the altar. His eyes dark, lifeless pools.

KARA

Danny!!!

She lurches, starts to go for him. Loomis holds her back.

CATWALK

Tommy moves cautiously along the narrow precipice, looking down upon the evil ritual. Training the rifle upon Wynn.

CEREMONIAL ROOM

Wynn places the dagger in Danny's hand and holds it aloft.

WYNN

Strong and fierce Thorn, Thunderer, Lord
of the Dead, by thy hammer we summon thee.
Let thy Darkness descend on Danny.

Kara can bear it no longer. Loomis tries to stop her as she bolts up to the altar. Jamie seethes, holding her at bay with her butcher knife.

Wynn CHANTS with his blood coven. Danny drifts into their dark spell, holding the dagger above the SCREAMING infant. Wynn speaks in the familiar WHISPERING VOICE:

WYNN

(continuing)

Kill for him, Danny ... Kill for him.

Kara cries, appealing to Jamie.

KARA

Jamie -- Don't let them kill your baby.

Jamie stares hard into her eyes.

KARA

(continuing)

You tried to save him. Don't you
remember? Don't let them destroy him.

Danny's eyes flash open. The CHANTING is insidious.

KARA

(continuing)

Danny, please! Don't listen to them!
The voices aren't real!

Danny raises the dagger and plunges it -- into Wynn!

Wynn's eyes go wide with shock. The Shape lurches empathically in its cell. Wynn staggers, yanks the blade from his stomach.

Loomis looks up, sees Tommy taking aim. Dives toward Kara and Danny, pushing them off the altar. Jamie grabs her baby.

RAPID-FIRE GUNSHOTS rip through the chamber as Tommy lets loose a barrage of bullets.

Hitting several of the coven members, the rest scattering and retreating into the tunnels.

Loomis provides cover for Danny and Kara as the room is ripped apart by GUNFIRE. The altar decimated. Candles falling. Setting the room ablaze. Jamie crawls out, protecting the baby.

Wynn uses the dagger to cut through the supports holding the catwalk. Wooden girders CRASH down from the ceiling. Tommy pitches to the floor, dropping the rifle and the detonator.

Loomis sees Wynn moving toward the Shape's cell, racing to stop him before he pulls the release lever.

LOOMIS

No!!!

Too late. Rusted chains and pulleys cranking. The gate begins to rise!

Tommy picks himself up and hurls toward Kara and Danny. Rushes them across the flame-engulfed room.

Loomis and Wynn engaged in hand-to-hand combat. Wynn slashes the dagger, across Loomis's chest, then flies through a doorway and up a winding stairwell. Loomis writhes on the floor.

The Shape emerges from its cell. Boldly assuming Jamie's knife.

Jamie scrambles toward Kara. Handing the infant over to her.

JAMIE

Please -- save my baby!

KARA

Jamie, look out!

The Shape is right behind her! Jamie turns, only to be met by the thrusting blade of the knife as it plunges deep into her chest. The Shape flings her against the wall.

TOMMY

Come on!!!

Tommy propels Kara and Danny into the tunnels. The Shape in fevered pursuit.

Fire consumes the chamber. Jamie crawls on the floor, bleeding profusely. Loomis staggers toward her, fighting his own agony.

LOOMIS

Jamie ... I won't leave you again.

Jamie coughs up more blood. Loomis sees she is holding the detonator.

They look at each other; a moment of profound understanding. Loomis clasps her hand, then slowly backs away.

TUNNELS

Tommy, Kara and Danny race deep into the heart of the tunnel maze. The Shape closing in behind them.

LOOMIS

painfully climbs the winding stairwell.

JAMIE

waits a heartbeat longer. Grasps the detonator. Closes her eyes. And with her last breath -- she presses the red button!

A BLINDING EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE ROOM!

TUNNELS

A huge WAVE OF FIRE rolls through the labyrinth. Vaporizing coven members. Scorching everything in its path.

END OF TUNNEL

Tommy, Kara and Danny reach the tunnel end. Kara pounds frantically on the elevator control. DEAFENING ROAR as a series of EXPLOSIONS rip through the tunnels, sweeping toward them.

THE SHAPE

glides steadily through the tunnels. The FIRESTORM RAGES. The Shape continues walking right through the massive pillar of fire. Undaunted. Unstoppable. Hell-spawned.

END OF TUNNEL

The BACKDRAFT sweeps toward the elevator. Suddenly the doors open. They barrel inside. Mashing buttons until the doors close -- a mere millisecond before the blaze sweeps past them.

INT. ELEVATOR

Danny holds Tommy for dear life. Kara cradles the baby. Rocked by the detonations below. Shooting up toward ground level. The doors open.

INT. CORRIDOR

The group races down the long corridor. Lighting fixtures shaking, FLASHING erratically. Fire alarms SCREAMING.

TOMMY

This way!

He leads them toward an exit sign. Behind them, the elevator doors close. Indicator lights show it moving down.

The group reaches a dead end. The row of coded security cages.

KARA

What now?!

TOMMY

(realization)

Wait a minute ...

He reaches into his pocket -- withdrawing Wynn's key card!

Suddenly the elevator doors open. FIRE GUSTS, activating the emergency sprinklers, dousing the flames on the Shape!

Tommy panics, runs the key card. The gate BUZZES open. They run through. The Shape's hands lurch through the bars!

They race toward the next gate. Somehow the Shape has managed to get through the first gate! Tommy runs the card again. The door BUZZES. They slam the door -- one step ahead of the Shape.

The third and final gate. Tommy tries the card. Nothing!

KARA

Come on!

TOMMY

(tries it again)

It's not working!

The Shape moves through the gate. Inside the cage with them!

TOMMY

(continuing)

Someone's controlling it!

INT. WYNN'S OFFICE

Seated behind his computer, observing them on the security monitors, Dr. Wynn jams the card's access code. Then he grabs his satchel and strides quickly out of the office.

On the screens, we can SEE the Shape approaching.

INT. SECURITY CAGE

Kara SCREAMS as the Shape lunges out at Tommy, raking him against the cage wall. Kara cowers in the corner, protecting Danny and the baby.

EXT. SANITARIUM - FIELD - NIGHT (SAME)

Wynn races across the field toward the waiting helicopter. Ready for take-off as he ducks inside.

INT. SECURITY CAGE

The Shape slams Tommy's head against the bars; he slumps to the floor. Then the Shape turns toward Kara and the children.

EXT. SANITARIUM - FIELD

The helicopter begins to lift off -- when suddenly the underground fires ignite the fuel pumps, causing a HUGE EXPLOSION.

INT. HELICOPTER (SAME)

We SEE the startled expression on Wynn's face for a split second before the helicopter BURSTS INTO FLAME!

INT. SECURITY CAGE

The Shape suddenly reels backwards, empathically responding to the massive explosion. Kara SCREAMS. Tommy begins to stir.

INT. WYNN'S OFFICE

Someone reaches into the top desk drawer, removes the .22. and FIRES a round into the security console. Destroying it.

INT. SECURITY CAGE

All of the doors BUZZ open. Kara helps Tommy get to his feet. The group pushes through the exit.

The Shape flails against the cage in wild paroxysms and topples to the floor. Limbs twitching. Then

EXT. SANITARIUM - FIELD

Fiery debris rains down around Tommy and Kara as they race with Danny and the baby across the windswept field.

Approaching the outer security fence. A sign warns: **"KEEP AWAY - HIGH VOLTAGE."**

Then, the impossible happens. A hatch opens in the ground behind them -- and the Shape rises!

Tommy pushes them back as far as they can go without coming into contact with the fence.

The Shape advances. Unrelenting. Hell's annihilator.

Tommy stands protectively in front of Kara and the children. Confronting his bogeyman once and for all.

HEADLIGHTS suddenly appear -- a juggernaut released from the night. Speeding toward the Shape. The white van!

INT. VAN

Loomis behind the wheel. Grimly determined. He floors it.

LOOMIS

Die, Michael! In the name of God -- DIE!!!

EXT. FENCE

The Shape turns and is RAMMED head on. Denting the grill. The van hurling him full-force against the fence.

80,000 watts of electricity pulse through the Shape, arms splayed wide across the high voltage wires. Rubber mask melting, adhering to the contours of his own face.

The van comes to a jarring halt. SPARKS flash. Wires fall, ZAPPING on the ground like thrashing vipers.

The Shape's head lolls forward. Hanging there. The fence shorting out against its racked body.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Tommy, Kara and Danny stare in horrified astonishment for what seems like an eternity. Then Tommy leads them across the fallen wires through the large gap in the fence. They run toward the woods.

We MOVE IN on the Shape's lifeless body. Then on Loomis inside the van, face-down against the steering wheel.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD / TOMMY'S EXPLORER

Kara lifts Danny and the baby inside Tommy's Explorer. Tommy flops down in the driver's seat. Face bruised and bloody.

Kara is holding the children. Tears falling.

KARA

What's the bogeyman?

TOMMY

There's no such thing. Not anymore.

Tommy stares at her for a long moment, then starts the engine and rambles off down the dark, bumpy road.

INT. VAN

Slowly, agonizingly, Loomis raises his head. Struggling to regain consciousness. He stares forward. Abject horror.

LOOMIS'S P.O.V.

The Shape is gone. Only the pale outline of his body charred against the smoking fence. Loomis's SCREAM fills the night.

LOOMIS (O.S.)

No!!!!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EXPLORER - NIGHT

Tommy drives, not seeing anything. Kara beside him, staring numbly. Danny asleep on her lap. The baby in her arms.

TOMMY'S P.O.V.

A sign up ahead. Glowing salvation. "**Greyhound.**"

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

The Explorer pulls in to the deserted parking lot.

INT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Dragging their weary, tortured bodies inside, Kara and Tommy carry the children into the bus station. Empty benches. Blank signboard. The low hum of vending machines. Devoid of life.

Tommy moves toward the ticket counter. A sign left by the attendant: "BACK IN 20."

Kara carries the baby and Danny follows her inside the LADIES ROOM.

Tommy enters the old-fashioned phone booth. Picks up the receiver and immediately dials 911.

VOICE

(filtered over phone)

You have reached Haddonfield Emergency Services. Due to severe weather conditions, all circuits are momentarily busy. Please do not hang up. If this is not an emergency please dial directly.

Tommy slams the receiver. Suddenly he becomes aware of VOICES. Frightening familiar. Piped in over ancient loudspeakers.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

So they're trying to kill you and your baby. Don't tell me. Your name also happens to be Rosemary.

JAMIE (V.O.)

No, please listen! They're coming ... Coming for me and my baby.

HARRY SIMMS (V.O.)

Come on, sweetheart -- what is this? Who's coming?

JAMIE (V.O.)

It's ... Michael ... Michael Myers!

Jamie's words replay themselves in a continuous LOOP as Tommy walks forward, dream-like, pushing through the Ladies Room door.

LADIES ROOM

Tommy moves along the row of stalls. Opening each one. No one inside. Jamie's VOICE haunts him, ECHOING in the b.g.

He reaches the final stall. Pushes the door open.

TOMMY'S P.O.V.

Kara lies slumped on the floor, throat slit. The mark of Thorn drawn with her blood on the wall. WIND blows through the open window. Danny and the baby are gone!

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Letting out a SCREAM of unmitigated terror and despair.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Deep, monotonous BREATHING, muffled behind a mask as we SEE:

The flame-engulfed sanitarium.

The devastated carnival.

The empty, solitary streets of Haddonfield.

The Myers House. Dark. Empty. "For Sale by Strode Realty."

A BABY'S SHRILL CRY keens and whimpers in the night as we

FADE OUT.

ROLL FINAL CREDITS