

HALLOWEEN IV

a screenplay

by

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SECOND DRAFT
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1 MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

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

HALLOWEEN IV

And main titles.

FADE IN TO:

CLOSE UP of a framed mirror reflecting darkness. Then slowly, out of the darkness, we begin to see the outline of a shadowed figure dressing for Halloween.

Pale hands pull on a black shirt. Then a black coat.

Finally we move in CLOSE for a LOWER ANGLE just as a white featureless mask is placed over the head--and the costume is complete.

It is the SHAPE.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN TO:

2 BLACK SCREEN

Superimpose:

HADDONFIELD, ILLINOIS
OCTOBER 31st

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. NIGHT - HOUSE - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

Watching from behind the mask:

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

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

SOUND of chatter on the porch as guests depart.

Moving closer...

4 NORMAL ANGLE ON PORCH

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

(CONTINUED)

HOSTESS

...And thank you both for coming.
We should do this more often.

MR. WALLACE

We would, but she doesn't like
leaving Lindsey alone.

MRS. WALLACE

Oh, she's not alone. Annie's
babysitting her.

HOSTESS

Annie?

MRS. WALLACE

You know, Leigh Brackett's daughter,
from the high school?

HOSTESS

How old is your little girl now?

MR. WALLACE

Nearly nine. My wife still has
separation anxiety.

MRS. WALLACE

That's not true. But, well, you
can't be too careful.

MR. WALLACE

I think she's worried about the
boogeyman.

MRS. WALLACE

Of course not, silly...

HOSTESS

Drive safely, you too. And kiss
your Lindsey for me.

5 SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

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

Pumpkin eyes gutter in the windows.

6 INT. CAR - NIGHT

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

MRS. WALLACE

Were you trying to embarrass me?

MR. WALLACE

You mean about the boogeyman?
Come on, honey, loosen up....

MRS. WALLACE

I hate this time of year.

MR. WALLACE

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

MRS. WALLACE

And I suppose you ate every bit of it.

MR. WALLACE

We sure did.

MRS. WALLACE

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

MR. WALLACE

Jesus. Well, every town's got a
sicko, I guess.

(quickly)

Except Haddonfield. This is 1978.
Safe and sane for fifteen years,
since they put the Myers kid away.

MRS. WALLACE

I hope you're right.

MR. WALLACE

Maybe we should let Lindsey go
trick-or-treating next year.
I could walk with her.

MRS. WALLACE

We'll see...

7 EXT. NIGHT - ANGLE ON CAR

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

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

8 SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

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

PANNING to take in the Wallace car as it passes.

9 IN THE CAR

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

MRS. WALLACE

What was that?

MR. WALLACE

(amused)

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

SOUND of distant sirens.

MRS. WALLACE

(uneasily)

Can't you go any faster?

10 EXT. NIGHT - ANGLE ON STREET AHEAD

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

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

11 IN THE CAR

MRS. WALLACE

Do something!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

She sees where the ambulance is headed.

MRS. WALLACE (CONT'D)

Oh dear Lord!

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

12 EXT. NIGHT - FOLLOWING MRS. WALLACE

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

MUNDY (FILTERED)

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

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

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

She runs faster.

13 EXT. NIGHT - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

View from behind mask as MRS. WALLACE is followed.

14 EXT. NIGHT - AT THE HOUSE

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

MUNDY

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

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

MRS. WALLACE is stopped by police officers.

DETECTIVE HUNT
Sorry, ma'am, but you can't—

MRS. WALLACE
This is my house!

She wrestles free and makes a dash for the porch.

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

MRS. WALLACE
Lindsey!

The front door is locked.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mommy...Mommy...help!

15 CLOSE ON MRS. WALLACE AT DOOR

As she pounds and pounds.

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

She starts to turn back to the street.

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

She completes her turn.

16 ANGLE FROM PORCH - PANNING

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

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

17 ANGLE ON DOOR

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

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

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

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

18 INT. WALLACE HOUSE - DISTORTED

MRS. WALLACE climbs to her feet and looks around.

Dim. The living room unclear, tinged with warm stray light.

She takes a few steps. Feeling her way.

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

MRS. WALLACE
Lindsey? Thank God.

The LITTLE GIRL does not move.

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

She holds out her arms.

But the LITTLE GIRL stays where she is.

MRS. WALLACE (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid. I'm here.

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

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

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

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

19 LOW ANGLE

To include the ceiling--which is dripping like moist flesh!
The ceiling, walls, everything in the room appears to be
alive. Like the interior of a living organism.

MRS. WALLACE
Don't move! We've got to...to...

20 WIDER

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

MRS. WALLACE draws back. Cowering against the furniture
--which is soft and yielding.

The LITTLE GIRL raises the knife higher, holds the pose
like a mechanical doll...and breaks open. Splitting
down the middle. To reveal the SHAPE, dressed in black,
crawling up out of her skin to stand there tall on the
stairs, the knife now in his hand.

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

The room and MRS. WALLACE are drenched in blood.

21 EXT. NIGHT - HOUSE - LONG SHOT (EFFECT)

As the Wallace house begins to change. The porch pillars
shift and move closer together as it contracts like a
living thing. Two pumpkins upstairs like eyes, the door
a mouth.

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

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

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

As the shadow of a huge SHAPE falls across the rapidly
flowing stream.

SOUND of a SCREAM.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MORNING - BEDROOM - THE PRESENT

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

WIDER to show MR. WALLACE shaking her awake.

MR. WALLACE
A dream, honey, that's all...

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

MRS. WALLACE
Where's Lindsey?

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

MRS. WALLACE
I can do it. What time is it?

She focuses on the clock on the nightstand—7:15.

MR. WALLACE
You were having another bad one.
The same?

MRS. WALLACE
Never mind.

MR. WALLACE
Maybe we ought to see someone.
You know, get some pills...

MRS. WALLACE
I said it doesn't matter. It happens every year. Damn Halloween.

He studies her, concerned.

MR. WALLACE
Coffee?

MRS. WALLACE
I'll make it.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

He kisses her forehead, but she brushes him off.

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

23 INT. MORNING - LINDSEY'S ROOM

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

A TAPPING on her door.

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

MR. WALLACE opens the door a crack.

MR. WALLACE
Lindsey?

LINDSEY
Yeah?

He comes in.

MR. WALLACE
Drive you this morning?

LINDSEY
No, thanks.

He starts to withdraw.

MR. WALLACE
Is...everything all right?

LINDSEY
Like what?

MR. WALLACE
Oh, things. School, for instance.

LINDSEY
(impatiently)
School's fine. I have a stomach
ache, that's all. It'll go away.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

MR. WALLACE
Got yourself a boyfriend yet?

LINDSEY
Daddy, please?

MR. WALLACE
I just figured...there's the homecoming dance. Thought you might be going this time.

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

MR. WALLACE
That's not what I mean.

LINDSEY
I know what you mean.

MR. WALLACE
Well?

LINDSEY
Well what?

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

MR. WALLACE
See you later, kiddo.

He leaves, closing the door.

She stands there for a moment.

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

She goes to her window, looks out.

24 LINDSEY'S POV - FROM WINDOW

The Doyle house across the street.

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

25 INT. MORNING - KITCHEN

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

MRS. WALLACE
Hello?

26 INT. MORNING - TOMMY DOYLE'S BEDROOM

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

TOMMY
Is Lindsey there?

27 WALLACE KITCHEN

MRS. WALLACE
Yes, just a...who is this?

Silence on the line.

MRS. WALLACE (CONT'D)
Is anybody there? If this is
some kind of joke...

TOMMY'S VOICE (FILTERED)
Please, Mrs. Wallace, may I talk
to Lindsey?

MRS. WALLACE
No, you may not. My daughter
doesn't need friends like you,
Tommy Doyle. I've told you before
--don't call again.

She hangs up.

LINDSEY comes into the kitchen.

LINDSEY
Who was that?

28 TOMMY'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

TOMMY sits listening to the dial tone. He is a handsome boy of seventeen. Sensitive. Nervous.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

TOMMY

(to himself)

I've got to talk to her. It's important. It's about Halloween.

On the wall are posters and covers from horror magazines—Fangoria and the like—all showing frightening figures of some sort. Also pictures cut out of newspapers, articles, 8 x 10's: dark figures with faces in shadow. A rogue's gallery, as if he has been researching an obsession.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I know, Lindsey. This time I really know.

He continues to hold the buzzing receiver. Staring out at the house across the street.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You'll find out, Mrs. Wallace, after it's too late. For all of you. Bitch!

He reaches out and rips a handful of photos from the wall. Then slams down the phone.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MORNING - ANOTHER BEDROOM

As another PHONE RINGS.

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

HUNT

Huh? Never heard of him.

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

HUNT

Yeah. What? Leigh? Oh—good morning, sir.

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

HUNT (CONT'D)

No sir, I was just—where?

30 INT. MORNING - SHERIFF'S OFFICE

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

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

BRACKETT (CONT'D)
I couldn't keep a lid on it.
Now get your ass over there,
while I hold the fort. I've
called Warren County for back-up.
If they ever get here.

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

MRS. DOYLE
We're waiting, Sheriff. What's
really going on? And what are
you going to do about it?

BRACKETT
Hello, Mrs. Doyle.

MRS. DOYLE
We don't need another Halloween
in Haddonfield. Not after what
happened years ago. And now it's
starting again.

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

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

MRS. DOYLE
Well, you're an elected official.
If you can't protect our children...

BRACKETT
Wait a minute. What is it with you
ladies? Do you think you're telling
me something I don't know?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

MRS. NOLAN
Well, apparently somebody has to
remind you, Sheriff.

BRACKETT
Are you a mother, Mrs....?

MRS. NOLAN
No, I'm not. But it's not just
the children. We heard about the
trouble last night. If you and
your men don't do something fast,
it could get out of hand. It could--

BRACKETT
I had a daughter, Mrs. Nolan.
A teenager. My Annie was one of
Michael Myers' victims when he
broke out in '78. And I saw her
killer burned to the ground before
the night was over. Now why don't
you get back home where you belong?
Nothing's starting again, I promise
you. There'll be no Halloween in
Haddonfield.

CUT TO:

31 INT. - HUNT'S BEDROOM

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

32 HUNT'S POV

PANNING pictures on the dresser: Hunt as a high school
athlete, a soldier, a police rookie. A certificate of
commendation from 1978. And framed clippings about the
Myers murders, including a shot of Brackett and the
headline: GRIEF-STRICKEN SHERIFF SEES JUSTICE DONE.

33 HUNT'S BEDROOM

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

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

CHILDREN
(singing)
No more days to Hal-lo-ween...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

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

CUT TO:

34 EXT. MORNING - WOODBINE STREET

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

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

LINDSEY
Lia! Hi!

LIA
(cooly)
Hi.

LINDSEY
Do you need that English homework?

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

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

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

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

MRS. WALLACE
Lindsey?

LINDSEY
What?

MRS. WALLACE
I want to talk to you.

LINDSEY
Can't it wait?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

MRS. WALLACE

Lindsey...

LINDSEY hesitates.

LIA

Forget it.

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

MRS. WALLACE

Don't you move, young lady.

CUT TO:

35 INT. WALLACE CAR

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

MRS. WALLACE

Get in.

LINDSEY

But my friends--

MRS. WALLACE

What friends? Tommy Doyle?

LINDSEY

No, Mother. I wasn't going to Tommy's house. School starts in twenty minutes.

MRS. WALLACE

Then let's go.

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

LINDSEY

Thanks.

MRS. WALLACE

I suppose there's something wrong with my driving you to school. You should be grateful that we have two cars.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

LINDSEY

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

MRS. WALLACE

This isn't like the rest of the year.

LINDSEY

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

MRS. WALLACE

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

LINDSEY

I talked to Daddy this morning.
He didn't have anything special to say.

MRS. WALLACE

We don't think it's a good idea for
you to see so much of Tommy.

LINDSEY

(defiantly)

Why?

MRS. WALLACE

Well, I understand from Mrs. Nolan
that he's still seeing a psychiatrist.

LINDSEY

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

MRS. WALLACE

I just don't think he's the right
kind of friend for you now. He's
not like other boys his age. Frankly,
Lindsey, he's always been strange.

LINDSEY

Have you met my English teacher?
That's strange! Mother, there's
nothing wrong with Tommy. He
understands a lot of things.
A lot better than you do.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

MRS. WALLACE

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

LINDSEY

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

MRS. WALLACE

Don't talk to me that way.

LINDSEY

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

MRS. WALLACE

I only want what's best for you. We don't want you to grow up like, well, like—

LINDSEY

Who?

MRS. WALLACE

Never mind. We'll talk about it later.

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

LINDSEY

Turn here. It's faster.

MRS. WALLACE considers, then proceeds straight ahead.

MRS. WALLACE

I don't care if it's faster.

LINDSEY

Why? Because the Myers house is down there?

MRS. WALLACE

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

36 ANGLE FROM SIDESTREET

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

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

One of the teenagers is LIA.

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

37 ANGLE FROM CAR - MOVING - SUBJECTIVE POV

LIA is being followed.

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

38 ANGLE ON STREET

LIA stops, startled.

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

SHAUN

Need a ride, little girl?

LIA

Shaun? Where were you this morning?
You said—

SHAUN

I know. I had to work the late shift last night.

LIA

You could have called me.

SHAUN

I tried to.

LIA

No, you didn't.

(CONTINUED)

SHAUN

Hey, do you want a ride or what?

LIA

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

She walks on.

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

SHAUN

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

LIA

Yeah. At the Stop 'N Start.

SHAUN

Beats going to school. How would you like it if I was in college? Then you'd never see me.

LIA looks down and doesn't say anything.

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

SHAUN

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

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

LIA

No.

SHAUN

What? I didn't hear you.

LIA

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

SHAUN

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

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

SOUND of glass breaking.

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

39 INT. MYERS HOUSE - SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

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

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

The hand grips the rock tighter and tighter.

There is a breaking sound.

The hand opens. The rock has split into pieces.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. MORNING - OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL

As LINDSEY climbs out of her mother's car.

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

CORY

Oh God, Brooke, there's Lindsey Wallace!

BROOKE

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

D'ARCY

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

BROOKE

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

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

D'ARCY

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

CORY

Lonnie's going to ask you.

D'ARCY

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

BROOKE

I bet I know someone...

CORY

Tommy Doyle!

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

41 ANGLE ON LINDSEY

MRS. WALLACE

And come straight home after school.

LINDSEY

What? Not today! I have to help
with the decorations for the dance.

MRS. WALLACE

Halloween decorations?

LINDSEY

No, Mother.

MRS. WALLACE

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

LINDSEY slams the car door, pissed.

42 ANGLE ON MRS. WALLACE

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

43 MRS. WALLACE'S POV

A SHAPE standing apart from the crowd at the top of the steps. Black clothes, no face--or rather a white featureless mask.

The SHAPE stands to one side, half in shadow, and cocks its head like a dog as LINDSEY ascends the steps.

44 ANGLE ON MRS. WALLACE

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

MRS. WALLACE

Lindsey!

45 FOLLOWING LINDSEY

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

It is MR. CRABBE, her English teacher.

CRABBE

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

LINDSEY

Huh? Oh hi, Mr. Crabbe. Thanks.

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

CRABBE

What you had to say about Wittgenstein was right on the money. It's a pleasure having you...as a student.

The BELL RINGS.

LINDSEY

I gotta go.

CRABBE

If you ever need--

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

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

MRS. OLDFIELD
Having trouble, Lindsey?

She helps LINDSEY get a better hold on her books.

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

MRS. OLDFIELD
Come along now. You wouldn't
want to be late for homeroom.

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

46 MRS. WALLACE'S POV

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

PANNING -- the SHAPE is gone. Was it really there?

47 ON MRS. WALLACE

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

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

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

48 IN THE POLICE CAR

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

HUNT
Roger, HQ. Repeat?

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

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

HUNT

Roger. I mean, I'm on my way,
Leigh. Do me a favor, Chief?
Ask Mary to call my dentist?
I was supposed to go in for a--

BRACKETT (FILTERED)

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

HUNT

Yes, sir.

HUNT turns on his flasher. The siren grinds louder.

BRACKETT (FILTERED)

And don't let's use the horn and
the bubble machine this time, all
right? No need to scare anybody.
Just keep a tight asshole. Will
you do that little thing for me?

HUNT

Ten-four.

HUNT turns off the flasher and siren and speeds up.

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

NEWSCASTER (FILTERED)

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

HUNT clicks it off.

HUNT

Holy shit. Just when everybody
thought it was safe to go trick-
or-treating again...

He tromps on the gas, burning rubber.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. MORNING - TV STATION

A crowd is gathering outside the TV studio.

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

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

50 INT. LOBBY

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

IRATE MAN

Mundy? Robert Mundy?

MUNDY

Hello there.

IRATE MAN

What happened last night? Is anybody dead? I heard--

MRS. WALLACE

Mr. Mundy?

MUNDY

Yes, dear?

MRS. WALLACE

How dare you.

She slaps him.

The lobby is stunned into silence.

MUNDY

Have we met?

MRS. WALLACE

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

MUNDY

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

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

MRS. WALLACE

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

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

BARRY

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

MRS. WALLACE

Blood, that's what it means!
Our children's blood will be on
your hands! You'll see!

BARRY

In here.

BARRY leads MUNDY toward an office.

SECRETARY

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

BARRY

Tell them I'll get back to them.

SECRETARY

They won't like that.

BARRY

Then tell them to watch Channel 83.

SECRETARY

They still won't...

BARRY

Then tell them to go to hell.

BARRY closes the door to his office.

51 INT. - NEWS DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

BARRY

Whatever happened to that
retrospective on the Myers murders?

(CONTINUED)

MUNDY

Oh, we killed it a long time ago.

BARRY

Dig out the tapes.

MUNDY

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

BARRY

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

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

BARRY (CONT'D)

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

MUNDY

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

BARRY

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

MUNDY

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

BARRY

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

MUNDY

What are you suggesting?

BARRY

Damn it, news is a business. Plus there's a First Amendment issue

(CONTINUED)

BARRY (CONT'D)

involved here. Burying our heads in the sand won't change anything. If it could, Prohibition would still be on the books.

MUNDY

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

BARRY

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

MUNDY

Like?

BARRY

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

MUNDY

Are they?

BARRY

Find out.

MUNDY

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

BARRY

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

MUNDY

I don't know...

BARRY

I'll give you an hour tonight, prime time. You know, Bob, there might be a Golden Mike Award in this for you.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

MUNDY
You really think so?

CUT TO:

52 INT. MORNING - HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR

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

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

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

Someone standing there? She squints. No.

She slips into class.

53 INT. MORNING - CLASSROOM

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

54 CU - THE NOTE

"Biology Lab. 1st Lunch."

55 CLASSROOM

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

56 LINDSEY'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

At another building across the grounds.

A movement—someone at the edge of the building?

Now it's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 EXT. DAY - FOLLOWING LINDSEY

As the BELL SOUNDS and she goes to lunch.

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

LINDSEY enters. She sidles in warily.

Semi-dark. Benches, bunsen burners, flasks.

SOUND of scratching—as of tiny claws.

LINDSEY

Knock-knock?

She moves farther in, hugging the wall.

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

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

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

TOMMY

I was afraid you wouldn't come.

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

LINDSEY

Tommy, what is all this?

TOMMY

A stress rig.

LINDSEY

A what?

TOMMY

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

LINDSEY

O-of course.

TOMMY

The adrenal cortex is enlarged. The lymphatic structures are shrunken.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And there are ulcers in the stomach
—always. It's a syndrome.

LINDSEY

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

TOMMY

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

LINDSEY

I gotta go...

TOMMY

Lindsey, don't you see?

LINDSEY

All I see is a bunch of rats.

TOMMY

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

He makes a cutting motion across his throat.

59 CU - LINDSEY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

60 FLASHBACK - MONTAGE

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

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

61 CU - LINDSEY

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

TOMMY (O.S.)

Don't you get it?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

LINDSEY

I--I don't know...

62 TWO-SHOT

TOMMY

The boogeyman is dead! We know that--if only you'll remember. Our parents don't believe it. But we don't have to be afraid anymore.

LINDSEY

I'm not sure...

TOMMY

Think, Lindsey! And they won't be able to make you sick. It's the adults who're afraid. They want to keep us that way, too. To control us. So we won't grow up to be like Michael Myers. It's them!

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

LINDSEY

I'll try, Tommy...

TOMMY

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

LINDSEY

I know...

TOMMY

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

LINDSEY

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

TOMMY

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

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

LINDSEY

I wish I could believe you.

Suddenly the BUZZER sounds again, rattling the cages.

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

TOMMY

You'd better. It's the only chance we've got.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. DAY - THE MALL

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

"Halloween Is Back"

64 INT. - STORE

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

ASSISTANT

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

MANAGER

I know you did, Hal.

HUNT

Nobody's accusing anybody.
Did they hit the safe?

MANAGER

Fortunately, no. Who could have
done this?

HUNT

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

MANAGER

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

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT

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

HUNT

Well now, he couldn't have been that good, could he?

ASSISTANT

Should I show him the storeroom?

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

MANAGER

Look at this! The nerve of those animals. They should be horse-whipped.

HUNT

What about the storeroom?

MANAGER

No need to go in there. I'm sure they didn't get in that way.

HUNT

Then how?

Reluctantly the MANAGER stands aside.

65 INT. - STOREROOM

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

HUNT pokes around perfunctorily, starts to leave.

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

(CONTINUED)

HUNT

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

MANAGER

A man's got to stay in business. Kids can go across the county line, get whatever they want. Supply and demand. It's the American way.

ASSISTANT

I'll straighten up.

MANAGER

Would you not, Harold!

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

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

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

ASSISTANT

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

HUNT sizes up the window, the broken glass on the sill, the rope.

HUNT

They came in through the window. The dog went for them and they tried to get back up. Only the dog didn't make it. He got cut, fell back, caught in the rope. It could have happened that way.

ASSISTANT

I'll kill 'em with my hands!

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

HUNT

No, you won't.

ASSISTANT

They killed him!

HUNT

Did they? I'll put it down the other way for now. This is for you, too, Harold. You listening to me?

The ASSISTANT sobs.

66 EXT. - ANGLE ON FRONT OF STORE

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

CB RADIO

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

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

CB RADIO (CONT'D)

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

67 ANGLE IN STOREROOM

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

Continuing the TRACKING MOVEMENT from the previous shot--

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

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

"HE LIVES"

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

68

INT. CAR - DAY - MOVING - COUNTRYSIDE

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

NEWSCASTER

(à la Paul Harvey)

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

MUNDY tunes to music.

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

MUNDY offers his lighter. Gold, engraved RM.

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

69

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

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

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

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

The CAMERAMAN sights through his videocam.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT
No pictures. It's against policy.

CAMERAMAN
Whose policy?

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

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

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

MUNDY
These people. Are they inmates?

ATTENDANT
Patients. Peter. And Zoë. And the tall one--we call him the Priest.
(to man with stick)
Peter, you'll have to give me that.

Reluctantly PETER gives up the stick.

MUNDY
What are they doing?

ATTENDANT
Recreation.

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

MUNDY
Robert Mundy, WWAR News?

They ignore him and turn back to the hole.

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

MUNDY and the CAMERAMAN follow the ATTENDANT out of frame.

70 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE THREE PATIENTS

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

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

THE PRIEST stops his arm. Leads him to another hole a few yards away and points commandingly.

The game resumes....

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

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

ZOE jumps up and down and claps her hands.

CUT TO:

71 INT. - DR. STERN'S OFFICE

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

MUNDY

Dr. Stern?

STERN

Please. Sit down. Ah, your friend will have to wait outside.

MUNDY

We were hoping to tape an interview.

STERN

If time permits.

The CAMERAMAN remains outside as the door is closed.

MUNDY

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

STERN

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

MUNDY

Among other--

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

STERN

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

MUNDY

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

STERN

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

MUNDY

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

STERN

Dr. Rogers, my predecessor, was forced to resign. The sanitarium's reputation has been in question ever since.

MUNDY

If I could record some of this...

STERN

First some background.

She goes to a VCR and inserts a cassette.

STERN (CONT'D)

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

MUNDY

Because he murdered his sister when he was six.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

STERN

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

MUNDY

He was a minor.

STERN

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

MUNDY

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

STERN

And Dr. Loomis. I don't know which was the greater tragedy. That a boy should be so warped by archaic laws—in a sense, a monster created by society—or that Dr. Loomis was destroyed by his own paranoid obsession.

MUNDY

Whoa, you're losing me.

STERN

Perhaps this will help.

She starts the tape.

72 VCR FOOTAGE

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

Seated on another stool is DR. SAM LOOMIS.

LOOMIS

Michael. Mike.

The BOY does not move.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Mikey. Is that what they call you? Talk to me, Mikey. Tell me about

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

your mother and father...your sister.
Do you remember your sister? What
happened to her?

LOOMIS gets up, paces.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

For three years we've been doing
this. I'm losing my patience, Mikey.
It's true. But I'm not going to give
up. You think you can wear me down?
You won't win, you know. I'm going
to see this through to the end, no
matter how long it takes.

LOOMIS turns to the camera, sweating.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

You can turn that thing off now.
He's not going to say anything.
Waste of time.

But the tape does not stop.

LOOMIS approaches the BOY, becoming angry.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

You think you're fooling everybody,
don't you? Well, I know your game.
I've seen it played by experts. It
won't work! You're not fooling me!
I know who you are, what you are...!

LOOMIS leans over the stool, shouting, enraged.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Mikey--that's a name for a human boy!
And you're not that, are you? Your
name must be, let's see, does your
kind even have a name? What do they
call you in the place where you came
from? What's the proper name for
evil these days? Answer me, by God,
or I'll--

LOOMIS raises his fist.

The BOY starts to turn from the window, cocking his
head to one side.

73 WIDER - DR. STERN'S OFFICE

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

STERN

It went on like that for twelve more years. Michael became his fixation. As you can see, he was already suffering from the delusion that Michael was more than a boy. Eventually he decided that the child was the incarnation of some pagan Druidic cult. The very essence of evil, something sub-human. Instead of the isolated, confused baby that he was.

MUNDY

But he did murder...

STERN

Michael was driven mad, until he did what any child does: what was expected of him. Sam's paranoia infected the entire institution. It may even have extended beyond these walls. Soon patients began to participate in the delusion, treating Michael as if he were some kind of dark god to be worshipped. I ask you, Mr. Mundy...

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

74 CU - MICHAEL MYERS - TAPE FREEZE-FRAME

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

STERN (CONT'D, O.S.)

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

CUT TO:

75 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OFFICE

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

(CONTINUED)

- 75 CONTINUED:
Looks around. The ATTENDANT is gone.
He picks up his camera, aims it, tapes a few feet of the surroundings.
- 76 VIDEOCAM POV - THROUGH VIEWFINDER
The walls, signs, finally focusing down the slickly-polished corridor ahead.
- 77 ANGLE ON CAMERAMAN
He looks around one more time. No one to stop him. He puts his eye to the camera again and walks forward.
- 78 THROUGH VIEWFINDER
Walking down the corridor. Reaching out to try doors. Each one locked. Moving on. At last, near the end, a door marked DAYROOM. This one is unlocked.
He steps in.
A bare, well-lighted room. Barred windows. A stool.
PANNING the surroundings.
SOUND of a foot scraping.
CAMERA whips around to see the three patients--PETER, ZOE and the PRIEST--rushing forward.
CAMERA tilts and drops.
- 79 ANGLE IN DAYROOM
CAMERAMAN falls to the floor with a yell as they swoop down on him.
- 80 POV CAMERAMAN
As hands reach in for him. He yells louder!
Suddenly the door bursts open and TWO ORDERLIES pull the patients off.

81 FOLLOWING - DAYROOM & HALL

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

ORDERLY #1
(in his face)
What's the matter with you,
civilian? Don't you know this
is...off-limits?

82 ANGLE IN DAYROOM

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

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

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

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

"THE LORD OF THE DEAD"

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. DAY - A RESIDENTIAL STREET

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

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

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

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

RICHIE
Us, you mean.

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

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

A little late for that.

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

D'ARCY

Busted!

LONNIE squirms away, sees who it is.

LONNIE

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

D'ARCY

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

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

RICHIE

It's my brother's.

D'ARCY

You don't have a brother, Richie.

RICHIE

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

D'ARCY

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

LONNIE

That wasn't us, D'Arc.

KEITH

Some of your little high school friends.

D'ARCY

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

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

LONNIE

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

D'ARCY

The Shop and Bag, too?

RICHTIE

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

LONNIE

That's for real, D'Arcy.

D'ARCY

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

KEITH

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

D'ARCY

(brightening)
Really? Can I go?

LONNIE

I thought you didn't like horror movies.

D'ARCY

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

KEITH

Ask her, Lon.

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

D'ARCY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE
Yeah. How about...pumpkin pie?

KEITH
Wrong kind.

RICHIE and KEITH laugh.

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

RICHIE
(singsong)
Good-bye, D'Arcy...

LONNIE walks a few steps with her.

LONNIE
Don't pay any attention to them.
I mean—

D'ARCY
Do me a favor, Lonnie?

LONNIE
Sure.

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

She kisses LONNIE on the cheek.

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

BILLY
Can I help, Lonnie?

LONNIE
Hey, you're supposed to be sick!

BILLY
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

LONNIE

Nothing.

BILLY

Is she your new girlfriend?

LONNIE

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

BILLY

But is she?

LONNIE

Billy, I swear...!

D'ARCY

Don't swear. It isn't nice.

(singsong)

Good-bye, boys...see you tonight
...trick or treat!She walks away, leaving RICHIE and KEITH laughing
and whistling.

LONNIE looks after her, embarrassed.

CUT TO:

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

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

85 INT. - HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR

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

SOUND of voices.

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

86 INT. - HIGH SCHOOL OFFICE

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

MUNDY

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

VICE-PRINCIPAL
Laurie Strode graduated in '79.
After that...

MUNDY
And you don't have a forwarding
address? This is for the Eyeball
News. Wouldn't you like to be
on television?

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

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

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

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

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

MUNDY
We tried that. Did you know her?

D'ARCY
No. But I know one thing.

MUNDY
What's that?

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

MUNDY
(brightening)
Why, of course you can.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

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

The CAMERAMAN hands her his card.

CAMERAMAN
 Call me. I'll get you an interview.

D'ARCY
 Thanks!

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

87 THROUGH VIEWFINDER - D'ARCY WALKING AWAY

Zooming in on her tight jeans.

MUNDY (O.S.)
 You're an animal.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
 New talent. She's got a lot
 of...potential.

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

88 ANGLE IN HALL

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

D'ARCY
 Oh...! Tommy, what are you
 doing hiding like that?

TOMMY
 Hi, D'Arcy. I wasn't hiding.
 How are...?

D'ARCY
 (angrily)
 Who do you think you are, the
 boogeyman?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

TOMMY
I was just—

D'ARCY
Do me a favor? Stay away
from me...retard!

89 CU - TOMMY

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

90 EXT. DAY - TOMMY - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

THROUGH THE LENS--TOMMY.

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

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

TOMMY
What events?

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

TOMMY
No.

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

TOMMY
No.

MUNDY is squirming. He tries to salvage the interview.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

I can't speak for anybody else.

MUNDY

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

TOMMY

No.

MUNDY

(frustrated)

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

TOMMY

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

MUNDY

Me? I was perfectly willing to let it be!

(to camera)

Edit.

TOMMY

Then why don't you?

MUNDY

Look, did you see anyone die or not?

TOMMY

I did, as a matter of fact. But you don't want to hear about it.

MUNDY

I'll be the judge of that. Who did you see?

TOMMY

The boogeyman.

MUNDY

Oh, that's great. You're beautiful. He saw the boogeyman. I can really use this. Cut.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

TOMMY
Go ahead, cut me off. You
don't want to hear the truth.

MUNDY
If you have something to say, say it!

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

TOMMY walks out of frame.

MUNDY lowers his microphone, twitching with frustration.

MUNDY
Barry's not going to want any
of this.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
Why not, if it's true?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

MUNDY

Is it?

CUT TO:

91 INT. - HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

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

FOLLOWING CORY and BROOKE as they enter, talking.

CORY

So they're picking us up?

BROOKE

Outside the dance.

CORY

Why outside?

BROOKE

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

CORY

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

BROOKE

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

CORY

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

BROOKE

Chill out. Here comes Lindsey.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

Heads turn as LINDSEY walks in.

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

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

BROOKE

Lindsey, hi. I can do that.

LINDSEY

I don't mind.

BROOKE

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

LINDSEY looks at her suspiciously. At last she smiles.

LINDSEY

Okay.

92 FOLLOWING LINDSEY

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

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

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

MISS OLDFIELD

Who did this?

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

MISS OLDFIELD

Who? Tell me, Lindsey. You must know.

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

MISS OLDFIELD (CONT'D)

All right, have it your way. I want this trash cleared out of here. You have till 4:30 to get your act together, girls.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

MISS OLDFIELD (CONT'D)
 And if you decide to play any
 more pranks, there isn't going
 to be a dance. Do I make
 myself clear?

GIRLS
 Yes, ma'am...

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

MISS OLDFIELD hands BROOKE the dummy to carry.

MISS OLDFIELD (CONT'D)
 Lindsey Wallace?

93 ANGLE IN AUDITORIUM

The door closing behind LINDSEY as she leaves.

94 ANGLE ON MRS. OLDFIELD

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

95 CU - CORNER

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

CUT TO:

96 EXT. DAY - PUMPKIN STAND - LATE AFTERNOON

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

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

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

As D'ARCY walks up.

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

A wizened old PROPRIETOR watches her.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

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

D'ARCY
How much?

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

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

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

D'ARCY
I--wouldn't know.

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

97 CLOSER ANGLE - D'ARCY

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

D'ARCY
(to herself)
Richie...Keith...and Lonnie.
Unh-uh.

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

98 WIDER

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

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

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

D'ARCY
H-how much if I buy three?

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

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

D'ARCY
I don't think so. Thanks anyway.

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

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

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

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

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

99 ANGLE TO INCLUDE LOT

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

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

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

D'ARCY
Wow. Do you mind if I...?

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

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

The PROPRIETOR pulls a half-pint out of his hip pocket. Unscrews the top. Empty. He smacks his lips.

PROPRIETOR
Don't go away. Two minutes.
And we'll have ourselves a
little drink...to celebrate.

D'ARCY
Whatever.

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

100 FOLLOWING D'ARCY -- INTO THE LOT

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

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

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

D'ARCY
Shit!

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

101 LOW ANGLE - MOVING - PANAGLIDE

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

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

102 ANGLE ON D'ARCY

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

She sprawls backward with a splat, smashing pumpkins.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

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

103 D'ARCY'S POV

A dark figure towering over her!

104 ANGLE ON D'ARCY

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

She screams...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SOUND of her screaming for help--

As her hand digs out--

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

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

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

As the pumpkins nearby are spattered with blood--
As D'ARCY's screams stop.

CUT TO:

105 INT. - HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - EARLY EVENING

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

PRESIDENT

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

IRATE MAN

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

PRESIDENT bangs gavel again.

PRESIDENT

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

MRS. NOLAN

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

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

DRIVE-IN OWNER

Excuse me, but I can't let that
go unchallenged. My name's Al
Gernsbach. I own the Lost River
Drive-In.

MRS. NOLAN

How do you sleep at night, mister?

DRIVE-IN OWNER

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

(CONTINUED)

MRS. NOLAN

Good riddance!

DRIVE-IN OWNER

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

IRATE MAN

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

DRIVE-IN OWNER

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

MRS. WALLACE

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

DRIVE-IN OWNER

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

IRATE MAN

Movies are different now.

DRIVE-IN OWNER

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

IRATE MAN

Well...

DRIVE-IN OWNER

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

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

MRS. WALLACE

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

PRESIDENT

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

MRS. OLDFIELD

May I say something?

PRESIDENT

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

MISS OLDFIELD

You all know me. Most of you,
anyway. This is my home now, but
I'm not a native, and I may see
things in a different perspective.
And I see something that scares me.

VOICES

Yeah!

MISS OLDFIELD

Hear me out. I see a warm, caring
town that's worked itself into a
frenzy pretending that the rest of
the world doesn't exist. You've
hidden away and blindfolded yourselves,
but your children know better.

MRS. NOLAN

Better they shouldn't!

MISS OLDFIELD

I know your children. In some ways
I may know them better than you do.
You've saddled them with a fear that
could turn into something nobody wants.

MRS. WALLACE

Sit down! It came before, and it
will again! We're here talking,
when we should be home protecting
our children!

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

MISS OLDFIELD

Putting blinders on them, you mean.
Turning them into scared animals.
I say lay it to rest! Let's bury
our dead and get on with the living.

MRS. WALLACE

Easy for you to say...

MISS OLDFIELD

You've kept the hysteria alive,
and you're passing it on to them.
Some of them weren't even born then.

MRS. NOLAN

It's a pagan ritual!

MISS OLDFIELD

It's a safety valve. They can be
strong if you let them. Instead
they have an unnatural interest.
Look—they sneaked these into
school today. Is this what you're
afraid of?

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

MRS. NOLAN

The evil...!

MISS OLDFIELD

Evil can't take hold unless it's
given a warm welcome.

The PRESIDENT bangs his gavel so hard it breaks.

MRS. WALLACE

It's blood! Blood coming to
Haddonfield again! He killed his
sister the first time! Then he
went after the other sister—but
he didn't get her! He'll be back!
We've got to stop it! Let's go
out and—

106 ANGLE - REAR OF AUDITORIUM - TOMMY

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

107 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM

As TOMMY leaves the auditorium in disgust.

He goes to a pay phone.

108 INT. NIGHT - WALLACE HOUSE

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

LINDSEY

I'll get it, Daddy...

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

LINDSEY

Hello?

(cupping mouthpiece)

Tommy, you shouldn't have called!
My mom will be home any minute...

109 TOMMY

TOMMY

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

LINDSEY (O.S., FILTERED)

Oh God, what's she doing now?

TOMMY

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

110 LINDSEY

MR. WALLACE (O.S.)

Is that your mother?

LINDSEY

No, Daddy...

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

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

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

111 TOMMY

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

LINDSEY (O.S.)
I was thinking...if you want to ...I'll meet you there and...

TOMMY picks up the phone again.

TOMMY
So are you coming or not?

LINDSEY (O.S.)
Yes! That's what I'm trying to tell you. I'll...

Again the movement in the lot. TOMMY is distracted.

TOMMY
I'll call you right back.

He hangs up.

112 LINDSEY

LINDSEY
What is it? Are you all right?

SOUND of a dial tone. She hangs up.

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

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

LINDSEY turns, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

LINDSEY
I was just--talking to a
friend.

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

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

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

He holds out the keys.

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

As her eyes go back to the phone.

113 EXT. NIGHT - PARKING LOT - FOLLOWING TOMMY

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

A tall shape near a van.

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

The tall shape slips out of sight.

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

SOUND of voices, faint laughter.

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

BOY IN VAN
It'll be radical! We got
everything...

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

SECOND BOY

Blow 'em away...

BOY IN VAN

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

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

But it is only another TEENAGE BOY.

BOY

Hey, what the fuck?

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

BOY IN VAN

Whattayou think you're doin'?

SECOND BOY

Keep yer hands off the merchandise!

TOMMY

Sorry. I made a mistake.

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

HUNT

Stay right where you are.

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

They slide across the seat and out the other door.

HUNT reaches for his .44.

TOMMY sees this and lunges into HUNT, knocking him off-balance. The TWO BOYS get away. HUNT manages to hold onto the BOY with the mask.

HUNT

Tommy, what are you doing here?

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

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

HUNT
Red-handed! You want to tell
me about it, boy, before the
Chief gets here?

BOY
We wasn't doin' nothin'. This is
a free country. Suck my dick, cop.

HUNT whacks the boy across the side of the head.

HUNT
(to TOMMY)
What do you have to say for yourself?
Your mother would be mighty sad to
hear you were mixed up in this.
An honor student and all.

TOMMY stares him down.

HUNT (CONT'D)
All right, it's your funeral.

CUT TO:

114 IN THE POLICE CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

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

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

BRACKETT
Put that thing away.

HUNT
Yes, sir.

BRACKETT
He's dead, Gary. I saw him burn.

HUNT
Right.

The BOY in the back seat leans forward.

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

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

BRACKETT
That right, Tommy?

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

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

HUNT
You're not like the rest of
the scum.

TOMMY stares at HUNT in the rearview mirror.

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

HUNT
That's enough.

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

HUNT
I said shut your hole, boy!

The BOY sits back.

HUNT
(to BRACKETT)
Now what?

BRACKETT
Let 'em stew awhile. Word will
get out. No more damnfoolery.

HUNT
A lot of streets in Haddonfield.
Too many to watch 'em all.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

BRACKETT

Then Warren County better get us that back-up.

HUNT

Leigh? Did they ever check the dental records? On Michael Myers.

BRACKETT

Wasn't anything left. It was all mixed up with Dr. Loomis, after he blew 'em both sky high. They never could tell which was which. But nobody could live through that fire.

HUNT

He took six rounds point-blank, didn't he? And he kept coming.

BRACKETT

Don't give me that. I don't want to hear it. No more, Gary. No more.

They turn down a dark street.

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

BRACKETT gives them a burst of siren and they scatter.

HUNT

Should we check the Myers house?

BRACKETT

No reason to. Is there.

BRACKETT tightens his hands on the steering wheel.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)

Damn it, where's my back-up?

CUT TO:

115 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE MYERS HOUSE

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

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

KEVIN

.Go on, Billy!

BILLY

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

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

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

BILLY

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

PETER

Are you gonna do it or not?

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

PETER

Knock on the door!

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

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

BILLY

Tuffy!

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

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

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

As the dog yelps.

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

BILLY

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

116 FOLLOWING BILLY HOME

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

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

117 INT. NIGHT - BILLY'S HOUSE

His MOTHER puts down the phone and runs to him.

MOTHER

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

BILLY

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

BILLY's FATHER glances up from the TV set.

FATHER

See, Mable? You baby the boy
too much.

BILLY

Where's Lon?

MOTHER

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

BILLY

Sure, Mom. I gotta feed Tuffy...

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

BILLY

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

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

BILLY wraps the fingers in a paper towel and carries them to the garbage disposal before his parents can see.

CUT TO:

118 INT. NIGHT - INTERROGATION ROOM

At the police station, HUNT has the BOY from the parking lot face to the wall in a hammerlock.

HUNT
Where'd you get it?

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

HUNT drives the arm up into a chicken-wing.

BOY
Ow! I wanna call my lawyer!

119 INT. - BRACKETT'S OFFICE

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

BRACKETT
Your mother will be right down.
Look, boy, I remember what you
went through. I only thought
you might want to help us.

SOUND of the BOY screaming in the next room.

BRACKETT gets up. TOMMY follows.

120 INT. - INTERROGATION ROOM

BRACKETT opens the door.

BOY
Get him off me!

HUNT
He'll talk, by God...

BRACKETT goes to pull HUNT off. In the scuffle the BOY is driven harder against the wall. The BOY yells louder as his arm is about to break.

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

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

BRACKETT

Don't do anything you'll be
sorry for.

TOMMY motions the BOY out the door.

TOMMY

Go.

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

HUNT

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

TOMMY cocks the .44.

BRACKETT

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

TOMMY

No, it's you. You're making it
worse. It's because of you that
this is happening. But it's not
too late for some of us.

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

HUNT

That tears it. Now it's war.

BRACKETT

Yeah. But who are we fighting?

121 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE POLICE STATION

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

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

122 INT. NIGHT - STOP 'N START MARKET . .

SHAUN is working the night shift alone.

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

WINO
Got any Pine-Sol?

SHAUN
Dollar twenty-nine.

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

WINO
Look what I got tonight.
Watch is worth plenty.

SHAUN
I got customers, Herbie.

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

JENNIFER
What's takin' so long?

WINO
You know me.
(smacks his lips)
I need my Pine-Sol.

SHAUN
It's a holiday. Knock yourself out.

The WINO takes his bottle and leaves.

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

JENNIFER
I can't wait all night...

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

BAG LADY

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

SHAUN slips her a single bag from under the counter.

SHAUN

Happy Halloween. Next?

HOOKER

Box of Trojans, please.
Lubricated.

SHAUN

(losing patience)

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

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

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Who's that woman you're talking to?

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

SHAUN

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

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

123 INT. - BACK ROOM

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

JENNIFER

If you're too busy...

He rushes to the cot and kisses her sloppily.

SOUND of the BELL out front.

124 ANGLE IN STORE

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

KIDS
Trick or treat!

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

LITTLE GIRL
We made 'em!

LITTLE BOY
We want masks!

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

LITTLE GIRL
Please?

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

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

They take the masks and scamper out.

125 INT. - BACK ROOM

SHAUN comes back in.

SHAUN
Kids don't get to have fun anymore.

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

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

He goes to her and fumbles her down.

SOUND of the BELL.

JENNIFER

You could close up...

126 ANGLE IN STORE

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

A movement.

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

The mask lifts. It's a teenage BOY.

MASK BOY

Got any vodka mixer?

SHAUN

We're closed.

MASK BOY

It says twenty-four hours.

Reluctantly SHAUN points him to the cold case.

MASK BOY

Got any vodka?

SHAUN

Got any ID?

MASK BOY

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

SHAUN

No ID, no booze. Get a job.

127 INT. - BACK ROOM

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

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

JENNIFER
Oh, Shaunie...!

He gets her down again and they start rutting around.
The BELL rings.

JENNIFER
(sternly)
Shaun...

SHAUN
Damn kids...

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

128 CU - JENNIFER

As he pounds away.

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

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

CLOSE on her face, eyes wide.

SOUND of the TELEPHONE RINGING out front--

As no one answers.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Sounds and lights from the homecoming dance inside...

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

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

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

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

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

130 ANGLE ON HEARSE

RICHIE and KEITH greet CORY and BROOKE.

LONNIE
Where's D'Arcy?

BROOKE
Who knows? Omigod, is that my mom?

CORY
Come on, let's jam!

LONNIE
Wait...

CORY
D'Arcy'll meet us.

LONNIE
Did she tell you that?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

A TEENAGE GIRL walks by.

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

RICHIE
Need a ride?

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

131 ANGLE ON LIA

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

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

LIA
Damn you, Shaun...!

132 INT. NIGHT - IN THE AUDITORIUM

The dance in progress.

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

LINDSEY is by the punch bowl. Waiting nervously.

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

CRABBE
Care to dance?

LINDSEY turns expectantly. Then she sees who it is.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

LINDSEY
Excuse me. I have to—to go
to the lavatory.

She moves away from him.

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

MISS OLDFIELD stands talking to him. Shaking her head.
BRACKETT scans the crowd again and leaves.

MISS OLDFIELD goes over to LINDSEY.

MISS OLDFIELD
Lindsey, have you seen Tommy
tonight?

LINDSEY
No...

MISS OLDFIELD
Sheriff Brackett would like to
talk to him.

LINDSEY
Is he in trouble?

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

LINDSEY heads for the side door.

MISS OLDFIELD follows and catches up with her.

MISS OLDFIELD
Would you mind telling me—
what is going on?

LINDSEY
I—I don't know. I really don't.
I don't know anything anymore.
(impulsively)
Miss Oldfield, would you do
something for me? If anyone
asks where I am, do you think
you could--

MISS OLDFIELD
Cover for you?

133 EXT. NIGHT - OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

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

The police car is parked in front.

LINDSEY moves on, her eyes darting around the parking lot. She almost bumps into LIA at the pay phone.

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

LINDSEY
Yeah. I mean no. I'm sorry.
I have to...

LIA
Do you have a car?

LINDSEY
Well, I...

LIA
I need a ride.

LINDSEY
Where's Shaun?

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

LINDSEY
I--I have to meet somebody.

LIA
Where?

LINDSEY
I'm not sure...

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

CUT TO:

134 EXT. NIGHT - LOST RIVER DRIVE-IN

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

135 IN THE HEARSE

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

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

RICHIE

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

LONNIE

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

BROOKE

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

RICHIE

You and your flaky friends.

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

CORY

Who's a flake?

LONNIE

I knew she wouldn't go.

KEITH

D'Arcy? She's a flake!

RICHIE

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

BROOKE

Which you're not.

RICHIE

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

BROOKE jabs him in the ribs.

136 ANGLE IN DRIVE-IN

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

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

137 IN THE HEARSE - BACK

As "Chainsaw" shows on their screen.

CORY

Is this a good picture?

KEITH

Do you care?

CORY

Who's going to the snack bar?

KEITH

I told you, we got everything.

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

CORY

What about hot dogs?

KEITH

I got your hot dog.

CORY

That's not very nice.

KEITH

Yeah, it is.

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

CORY moves over next to KEITH and gets comfortable.

138 IN THE HEARSE - FRONT SEAT

BROOKE snuggles up to RICHIE.

LONNIE
I'll get in back.

RICHIE
No. We will. In a minute.
(over his shoulder)
How about a couple of beers?

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

CORY
What about Lonnie?

RICHIE
Come on, Lon. Go for it.

LONNIE
No, thank you.

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

RICHIE
Do you believe those two?

BROOKE
(whispering)
Can we get in back now?

RICHIE
I want to see this first.

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

CUT TO:

139 EXT. NIGHT - WOODBINE STREET

In front of the Wallace and Doyle houses, two police cars. BRACKETT stands talking to the WALLACES. A few feet away, HUNT and the DOYLES.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

BRACKETT

At this point we only want
to talk to them.

MRS. WALLACE

She's with him, I know it!

BRACKETT

Go inside, make some coffee.
We've got a few more places
to check. The boy's not
dangerous.

MR. WALLACE leads his wife away.

HUNT

Turn on your radio, Leigh.

BRACKETT

What is it now?

BRACKETT leans into the squad car and turns up the
squawk box. Police bulletins about the killings at
the pumpkin field and the Stop 'N Start.

BRACKETT slams his fist into the top of the car.

BRACKETT

God damn it!

HUNT

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

BRACKETT

It can't be...!

HUNT

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

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

BRACKETT

Nobody knows where Laurie
Strode is.

HUNT

He doesn't either. He won't
quit till he finds out.
Where would he go? Unless
it's where all the kids are
tonight....

BRACKETT

(darkly)

If Sam Loomis was right, after
all, then God help us. How do
you stop something that can't
be killed?

CUT TO:

140 EXT. NIGHT - DRIVE-IN

As the last of the parking spaces fill up.

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

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

141 IN THE WALLACE CAR

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

LINDSEY

How can we find anybody in here?

LIA

Don't worry. Wait for me.

142 EXT. NIGHT - FOLLOWING LIA

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

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

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

STEVE
Lia! Hi, babe...

GIRL IN TANK TOP
Are you with Shaun?

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

GIRL IN TANK TOP
Not yet.

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

LIA
Sure, Steve--why not? I'm
supposed to find somebody
first, though.

GIRL IN TANK TOP
Not Shaun?

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

CUT TO:

143 EXT. NIGHT - WALLACE CAR

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

She gets out of the car and looks around nervously.

144 SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

Someone watching LINDSEY between the cars. Moving
this way.

CUT TO:

145 FOLLOWING LIA

As LIA walks back from the snack bar to the Wallace car.
The lot is quieting down, except for the murders onscreen.
Rows of dark cars with windows rolled up.

LIA
Lindsey? You in there?

She taps on the window. No answer. She peers in.
The car is empty.

LIA
Fuck it.

LIA looks around.

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

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

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

LIA cuts through the rows toward STEVE'S TRUCK.

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

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

146 SUBJECTIVE POV - MOVING (PANAGLIDE)

Watching LIA from between the cars.

147 ANGLE ON LIA

As she looks in the window on the passenger side.
And gasps!

148 LIA'S POV - THROUGH TRUCK WINDOW

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

149 FOLLOWING LIA - MOVING

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

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

The car door closes, muffling her screams.

A GUY in the next car rolls down his window.

GUY

Hold it down over there!
Some people want some privacy...

ONSCREEN, a girl screams as she is murdered.

DISSOLVE TO:

150 EXT. NIGHT - MYERS HOUSE - FLASHBACK

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

LONNIE

I'm not afraid.

RICHIE

Bullshit.

LONNIE

I'm not!

RICHIE

Then go in.

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

RICHIE

Chicken!

KEITH

Go on, Lonnie!

SAM LOOMIS stands up behind the hedge.

LOOMIS

Lonnie...get your ass away
from there!

LONNIE races away, terrified.

CUT TO:

151 NIGHT - IN THE HEARSE - THE PRESENT

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

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

What time is it?

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

VOICE

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

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

VOICE

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

LONNIE

Yeah, sure...

VOICE

Maybe a hot game of checkers.

LONNIE

No lie.

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

VOICE

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

LONNIE

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

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

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

The drive-in is eerie in the mist.

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

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

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

152 SUBJECTIVE POV (PANAGLIDE)

Following LONNIE through the mist. Someone is watching!

153 LONNIE - MOVING

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

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

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

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

LONNIE

Keith? Excuse me...

He opens the back of the hearse.

154 IN THE HEARSE

Dark. Mounded shapes under blankets.

LONNIE

You guys asleep? Hey, Richie, that you?

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

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

LONNIE

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

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

But something is wrong with the position.

155 CU - RICHIE AND BROOKE

A spiderweb over their faces—dried blood!

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

156 LONNIE

He opens the other blanket.

The same—KEITH and CORY...both dead!

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

LONNIE

Help! Somebody, please!
My friends are...

He opens the car door.

A dead girl--LIA--falls out!

157 LONNIE - MOVING

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

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

He sprints the last few yards to the stand.

LONNIE

Anybody! Call the cops!
They're all...dead!

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

No one answers.

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

158 ANGLE IN PROJECTION BOOTH

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

LONNIE looks out through the projection window.

159 LONNIE'S POV - THE GROUNDS

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

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

160 LONNIE

LONNIE waves.

LONNIE

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

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

No one there.

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

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

LONNIE

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

No one answers.

He looks around.

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

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

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

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

LONNIE whips around and looks back up at the booth.

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

As LONNIE watches, the two missing fingers grow back.

161 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

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

LINDSEY
Tommy? Is that you...?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

162 EXT. NIGHT - ENTRANCE TO DRIVE-IN

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

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

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

COP
You want us to go in?

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

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

MR. & MRS. WALLACE hurry forward.

MRS. WALLACE
Did you see them go in?
Did he have a gun?

BRACKETT
Gary?

HUNT
Yes sir?

BRACKETT
Come with me.

BRACKETT and HUNT enter the front gate on foot.

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

MRS. WALLACE
Leave him alone! Are you
all crazy?

CUT TO:

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

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

BOY FROM VAN
Let's go.

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

SECOND BOY
There's cops out front!

BOY FROM VAN
Big fucking deal.

SECOND BOY
Maybe we should wait.

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

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

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

BOY FROM VAN
Let's do it.

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

CUT TO:

164 EXT. NIGHT - DRIVE-IN GROUNDS

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

165 LINDSEY'S POV

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

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

166 FOLLOWING LINDSEY

As she ducks down and crosses between rows.

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

The SHAPE's footsteps stop.

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

No legs moving. Nothing.

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

LINDSEY stands.

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

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

LINDSEY starts to run.

There, on the other side—a masked SHAPE.

Which way? It can't be everywhere!

167 LINDSEY'S POV

As she freezes in her tracks.

PANNING from side to side.

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

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

SOUND of shotguns cocking.

168 HIGH ANGLE - OVERHEAD

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

Nobody moves.

169 ANGLE FROM ENTRANCE

As BRACKETT and HUNT enter.

Hold it! BRACKETT

We got him! HUNT

Which one? BRACKETT

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

Wait! Don't shoot! STERN

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

BRACKETT
Stay back.

STERN
I can help. Let me try.

She steps forward.

STERN
(shouting)
Michael!

170 ANGLE ON GROUNDS

As thirteen SHAPES turn their heads at the shout.

BRACKETT
There's no way to tell!

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

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

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

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

DR. STERN keeps walking.

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

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

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

171 ANOTHER ANGLE

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

The SHAPE turns and sees her.

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

HUNT

Fire!

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

BRACKETT

Not yet!

HUNT

Then I'll waste him myself.

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

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

HUNT

Eat this, cock sucker.

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

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

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

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

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

SOUND of a pistol cocking.

BRACKETT

Put your guns down, I said!

172 WIDER

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

TOMMY
Not a chance.

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

TOMMY pulls the trigger.

The first shot hits the groin.

The SHAPE staggers.

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

The SHAPE reels.

BRACKETT
NOW!

All the Warren County COPS open fire with shotguns.

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

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

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

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

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

The drive-in an inferno.

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

173 ANGLE OUTSIDE - DRIVE-IN ENTRANCE

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

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

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

The CAMERAMAN shoulders his camera.

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

MUNDY
Turn it off. Turn it off,
I said!

174 ANGLE - ANOTHER AREA

MRS. WALLACE runs forward. Her husband restrains her.

LINDSEY
Lindsey! My Lindsey!

MR. WALLACE
Shh, shh...

He holds her tight against him.

MRS. WALLACE
She's got to be all right!
Tell me we'll see our baby again!
Tell me....!

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

MRS. DOYLE
We've lost them. We've lost them...

175 POV - THROUGH VIEWFINDER

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

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

MUNDY steps in front of the lens.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

MUNDY

You didn't see anything.
Give me the tape. Give
it to me!

He puts his hand over the lens.

CUT TO:

177 EXT. NIGHT - HILLSIDE

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

LINDSEY

Where are we going now?

TOMMY

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

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

LINDSEY

Can we go home? I want to go home.

TOMMY

It's not there anymore. If
it ever was.

LINDSEY

Then...where?

TOMMY

Away from here.

178 LINDSEY'S POV

A HIGH ANGLE over the drive-in.

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

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

179 ANGLE ON HILLSIDE - TOMMY & LINDSEY

LINDSEY
Will we be safe?

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

DISSOLVE TO:

180 EXT. - COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

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

181 INT. - BARN

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

182 EXT. - BARNYARD

As a dog stops barking, whimpers, puts its tail between its legs and slinks away.
A SHADOW on the ground, cast by the blood-red rising sun.
The SHADOW is huge and terrible—in the SHAPE of a MAN.
The SHADOW falls across the barn door.

183 INT. - BARN

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

184 ANGLE ON LINDSEY

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

CUT TO:

185 INT. - BARN ANGLE ON HILLSIDE - TOMMY & LINDSEY
Asleep in the haystack—as she sits bolt upright
from a dream, eyes wide.
No SHADOW. Only the clean warm light washing in.
TOMMY wakes and comforts her. Holding her...

186 EXT. - MORNING - FARM
All is peaceful, beautiful.
Music up...as we PAN to take in the countryside—and a
field of PUMPKINS ripening in the haze.
And FADE TO BLACK.

END TILES.