



Scripts.com

Halloween H20

By Matt Greenberg

FADE IN:

:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SUBURBIA

:

Langley, Illinois. A quiet suburb located fifty miles outside of Chicago.

:

SUPER the legend: "Langley, Illinois. October 28th 1998"

:

A HOUSE

:

nestled in the middle of a tree-lined street. A Honda Civic pulls into a darkened driveway, the headlights are extinguished...

:

PAMELA WHITTINGTON, a middle-aged woman in full registered nurse attire, emerges from the parked car.

:

An unlit cigarette dangles loosely from her lips. She heads to the porch, digging through her purse in search of a light...

:

CRUNCH!

:

discover
Pamela stops in her tracks, looks down at her feet to

:

GLASS

:

scattered across the porch. She looks at the porch light hanging above her head.

:
A SHATTERED LIGHT BULB occupies the socket.

:
Pamela turns her attention to the front door... it's slightly ajar. She pushes on it gently.... the door swings open freely, revealing the darkened interior.

:
PAMELA
Shit...

:
Pamela drops her purse... darts across some hedges into the neighbor's yard...

:
EXT. THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

:
Pamela runs up to the porch, decorated with carved pumpkins... POUNDS furiously on the front door, decorated with a CARDBOARD SKELETON.

:
NO ANSWER.

:
She POUNDS again... HARDER. Suddenly, the door SWINGS open to reveal

:
AN OMINOUS FIGURE

:
looming in the doorway. A HOCKEY MASK cloaks his face.
A PAIR OF EYES

:
glare at Pamela from behind the cut-outs in the plastic vizard.

:
PAMELA

:
gasps, stumbles backward.

:
THE FIGURE

:
flips up his mask to reveal

:
JIMMY HOWELL

:
a gangly teen, wearing a hockey jersey... skates slung over
his shoulder.

:
JIMMY
Hey, Mis Whittington, what's up?

:
PAMELA
My blood pleasure. You scared the
hell out of me.

:
JIMMY
Oh. Sorry. I'm on my way to the
ring and --

:
PAMELA
(interrupting)
I think someone broke into my
house.

:
JIMMY
No shit?!

:
PAMELA
No shit.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Pamela sits on the couch taking hits off a lit cigarette.
Jimmy paces the room, portable phone pressed against his ear.

JIMMY
(into phone)
3037 Keystone.. yeah... gotcha.

Jimmy hangs up the portable...

JIMMY
(continuing)
Said to give 'em fifteen minutes.
They'll send someone by.

Jimmy grabs his hockey stick, heads for the door.

PAMELA
Jimmy, what are you doing?

JIMMY
Checking out your place.

PAMELA
No. Wait for the police.

JIMMY
And miss the big game? No way.

CUT TO:

:
EXT. HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

:
Pamela stands at the foot of her driveway... watches as Jimmy
climbs the steps to her porch, hockey stick perched high on
his shoulder.

:
JIMMY

:
moves toward the front door, stepping on pieces of shattered
light bulb beneath him.

:
He swings open the front door with the tip of his stick...
looks inside the darkened house.

:
He enters cautiously, stick at the ready.

:
PAMELA

:
lights up another cigarette, watches nervously as Jimmy
disappears from view...

:
INT. HOUSE

:
Jimmy enters the dimmed foyer.

:
JIMMY
(calling off)
Hey, man, don't mess with me!
I'll knock your head clean off
your body!

He moves stealthily through the house, hockey stick poised high in the air... room-by-room he checks for intruders... Jimmy finds his way to the rear of the home, crosses to a back bedroom, stands in the doorway...

:

JIMMY
(continuing)
Oh, shit...

:

ON THE BEDROOM

:

Converted to a home office... ransacked... file cabinets overturned, pictures hang crooked on the walls, papers carpet the floor...

:

JIMMY

:

drops the stick to his side, convinced he is now alone in the house.

:

He crosses back into the kitchen... steals a cookie from a cookie jar... opens the fridge... takes a swig from an open milk carton... completely unaware that --

:

THE BEDROOM CLOSET DOOR

:

is opening slowly behind him, then suddenly --

:

CRASH!

:

An IRONING BOARD topples out from inside, slams against his back, hard.

:

JIMMY

:
snaps the hockey stick into position... spins around...
swings wildly with the wooden baton. He makes contact
with...

:
A POT RACK

:
suspended above the island... pots dangling from their hooks
come clanging down on top of him...

:
The dust settles... Jimmy realizes he's been beating the
stuffing out of an ironing board. He sheepishly exits the
kitchen...

:
EXT. HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

:
Pamela stands at the foot of the driveway, trying to see in
to the darkened house...

:
PAMELA
Come on, damn it...
Jimmy emerges from the house... looks like Wayne Gretsky
after slamming in his record goal. He smiles at Pamela
smugly...

:
JIMMY
Nothing to fear. The coast is
clear.

:
PAMELA
You sure?

:
JIMMY

Totally. I checked all the rooms
and closets...

:

PAMELA
Nothing's missing?

:

JIMMY
Don't think so. But they sure did
a real number on your office.
Crap everywhere.

:

PAMELA
My office?

:

JIMMY
Yeah. Oh, and they messed up your
kitchen pretty good, too...
Goodnight.

:

Jimmy scurries off, avoiding any more questions.

:

Pamela heads back to the house.

:

INT. HOUSE

:

Pamela enters the house, LOCKS AND BOLTS the front door
behind her. She breathes a heavy sigh of relief, back
against the door... she flicks on a light switch... NOTHING.

:

PAMELA
Christ, Jimmy... didn't you try
the goddamn lights?!

:

Pamela moves down the hallway to the laundry room... she

opens the door to the FUSE BOX... toggles some fuses on and off... tries the laundry room light... still NOTHING, darkness.

:

PAMELA
(continuing)

Shit.

She grabs a flashlight out of the nearby cupboard, and proceeds down the hall to --

:

INT. OFFICE

:

The converted bedroom in complete disarray... Pamela navigates through the wreckage, carving a path with the beam of her flashlight. She approaches --

:

A DESK

:

completely bare except for a single FILE FOLDER resting on its top.

:

PAMELA

:

shines the beam on the lone file folder.

:

ON the folder... the index tab reads "KERI TATE." Pamela opens the folder, it's EMPTY.

:

PAMELA

:

gasps, the blood rushes from her face. She immediately rushes for the phone.

:

CLANK!

:

A noise is heard. She's not alone in this house. She moves through the hallway to discover the front door wide open. Shit. She bolts.

:

EXT. HOUSE

:

Pamela runs out the door and back to Jimmy's house. She opens the front door, disappears inside.

:

INT. HOUSE

:

Pamela shuts the door behind her... cranes her neck, searching for any signs of Jimmy --

:

She HEARS the sounds of a television emanating from deep within the house.

:

PAMELA
(calling off)
Jimmy! You still there?!

:

CAMERA FOLLOWS Pamela as she makes her way from one darkened room to the next... she crosses into the den to discover JIMMY

:

seated in an easy-chair, watching an episode of "SEINFELD." his back to Pamela... only his legs are visible from her point-of-view.

:

Pamela approaches him --

:

PAMELA

Goddamnit, Jimmy! Someone's still
in my house!

:
Pamela spins the easy-chair around to reveal --

:
A HOCKEY SKATE

:
embedded deep into Jimmy's face... the blade slicing through
flesh, from forehead to chin... eyes wide open in terror...
blood cascades down his jersey...

:
PAMELA

:
screams... bolts through the house, reaches the front door to
find --

:
A CHINA CABINET

:
pushed in front of it, blocks her way! She tries fiercely to
move the wooden hutch, but can't...

:
Pamela runs back through the house, frantic... in desperate
search of an exit.

:
She crosses into the kitchen, spots her escape... moves to
the rear door, opens it to reveal...

:
THE SHAPE

:
standing, poised, evil eyes burning through slits in his
trademark mask.

:

PAMELA

:

shrieks... grabs a knife out of a nearby butcher block...
heads back to the living room.

:

THE SHAPE

:

moves after her, the hunt is on...

:

INT. LIVING ROOM

:

FLASHING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS
illuminate the room...

:

PAMELA

:

runs to a window...

:

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

:

A squad car arrives in front of Pamela's house. Two
UNIFORMED COPS emerge from the vehicle, head up her driveway.

:

PAMELA

:

Struggles to open the window... she can't manage to disengage
the lock... she pounds feverishly on the glass --

:

PAMELA

(yelling)

HELP! GODDAMNIT IT! OVER HERE!

GOD PLEASE!

:

THE SHAPE

:

appears behind her... grabs an IRON POKER from a group of fireplace utensils.

:

PAMELA

:

spins around, swings at the Shape with the knife...

:

PAMELA

Stay the fuck away from me!

:

The Shape swings the iron poker... delivers a severe blow to Pamela's arm... breaks it... the knife falls to the floor below.

:

Pamela howls in pain... drops to her knees, nurses her arm...

:

The Shape raises the poker high into the air, comes down hard... drives the tip of the poker through her skull...
CRACK!

:

EXT. PAMELA'S FRONT PORCH - SAME TIME

:

In the f.g. two cops climb the porch steps and move into the house.

:

In the b.g. we can see the Shape through the neighboring window as he repeatedly stabs Pamela with the poker.

:

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

:

CLOSE ON A PLAQUE

:

"HILLCREST ACADEMY. ESTABLISHED 1874"

:

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a co-ed boarding school...
set behind massive wrought-iron gates on acreage in a
secluded region of Wisconsin.

:

SUPER the legend: "Ferndale, Wisconsin. October 29th 1998."

:

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

:

A GROUP OF FACULTY HOUSES

:

litters the far end of the campus.

:

CLOSE ON a kitchen window. Inside KERI TATE, mid-thirties,
stands behind a sink washing dishes.

:

On closer inspection, we see that this face is none other
that LAURIE STRODE.

:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

:

Keri stands with her back to JOHN, 16, chiseled good looks.
He stands behind her in the doorway... They are in mid-
conversation --

:

KERI

Nothing's changed since yesterday,
or last week, or last month... the
answer's still "no."

:

JOHN

You're so predictable.

:

Keri grabs the sprayer, squirts John from across the room.

:

JOHN

(continuing)

What the --

:

KERI

Betcha' didn't predict that.

:

Keri throws John a dishtowel... he dabs at his shirt.

JOHN

I'm sixteen, Keri. I should be
able to live wherever I want.

:

KERI

And I should have a son who calls
me "Mom". Looks like we're both
shit out of luck.

:

JOHN

Okay, you win. I'll call you Mom.
Now can I move into the dorms?

:

KERI

No.

:
Keri hands John a stack of clean dishes. John doesn't
budge...

:
JOHN
Well, Dad thinks it's okay.

:
KERI
You're father thinks it's okay to
run off to Cancun with a blonde
bimbo in a halter top. Somehow
his opinion doesn't count.

:
JOHN
I promise not to run off to Cancun.

:
KERI
Forget it.

:
JOHN
(pointing out the
kitchen window)
The dorms are only fifty feet
away. You could practically see
into my window. So, what
difference does it make?

:
KERI
My point exactly. See, we both
agree.

:
Keri takes the dishes back from John, puts them away in an
overhead cupboard.

:
JOHN
Alright, I was wrong. There is a

big difference between rooming
with your buddies and living with
your mother and school headmaster.

KERI

I took the padlock off your door.
What more do you want?

:

JOHN

My life is a living hell.

:

Keri raises an eyebrow...

:

KERI

It's not, trust me.

:

John gives up, heads out of the room...

:

KERI

(continuing)

Where are you going?

:

JOHN

To the bathroom. Can I do that
alone or do you want to watch?

:

KERI

I thought you'd never ask.

:

Keri puts her arms around John, escorts him out of the
kitchen...

:

JOHN

You're twisted.

:

KERI

I know.

:

CUT TO:

:

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - DAY

:

Keri moves across campus toward the school, a leather briefcase slung over one shoulder.

:

Passing STUDENTS ad-lib "Hellos," their admiration for Keri made evident by their favorable rapport with her.

:

Keri passes in front of --

:

A ROW OF SCHOOL BUSES

:

parked alongside the school. An older bus on the far end sits empty, hood up.

:

WALLY BECKETTE, a rather portly man in his early sixties, and the school custodian, fiddles with the exposed engine.

KERI

Wally, you've been under that hood for months. Why don't we just call a mechanic?

:

Wally stops what he is doing... comes out from beneath the hood... wipes his hands on his pants.

:

WALLY

Miss Tate, I serviced B-1 Bombers in W-W-2. This here is child's play.

:

KERI

So you're saying I should call a
child to come give you a hand?

:

Wally chuckles softly, charmed by Keri like the rest of the
staff.

:

WALLY

I'm saying she'll be purring like
a kitten before you know it.

:

KERI

There's your problem, Walter. You
don't want it to purr, you want it
to start.

:

WALLY

And she will, Miss Tate. She will.

:

Keri continues toward the school. Wally watches with
admiration as she heads into the building...

:

WALLY

(continuing)

Mmmm-mmm. If they had teachers
like you when I was a boy, I'd be
a rocket scientist.

:

Wally goes back to tinkering with the engine...

:

ON HATTIE SMITH, mid-sixties, dressed in a guard uniform...
approaches Keri, looking very official... holds a key in her
hand.

:

KERI

Good morning, Hattie.

:

HATTIE

Went into town. Had that
duplicate key made.

Hattie hands Keri the key.

:

KERI

Thank you.

:

Hattie extends an open hand.

:

HATTIE

Thank me with two bucks.

:

KERI

Oh... right.

:

Keri digs through her pocket, produces a handful of change...
gives it to Hattie.

:

HATTIE

(dripping sarcasm)

Just what I wanted... more change.

:

Hattie heads back toward the guard house, turns back to
Keri --

:

HATTIE

(continuing)

And next time you lose a gate key,
young lady, you'll be climbing
your way out of here.

:
Keri holds the key to her chest.

:
KERI

I'll be more careful next time.

:
Hattie dismisses Keri with a wave of her hand, continues across campus to the guard house.

:
Keri smiles, places the key in her pocket and disappears inside the school...

:
CUT TO:

:
EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

:
Pouring rain. In stark contrast to the sunny campus of Hillcrest...

:
EMERGENCY VEHICLES litter the landscape, lights FLASHING.

:
OFFICERS wrap yellow crime scene tape around the perimeter, keeping curious NEIGHBORS at bay...

RICHARD CARTER

:
a middle-aged police detective, eyes bloodshot from too little sleep and one too many hours in front of a computer screen, emerges from a dark Sedan... a lit cigarette dangles loosely from his lips.

:
Carter approaches a young OFFICER standing outside the front door --

:

CARTER

(flashes his badge)
Detective Richard Carter,
Haddonfield P.D. Detective Blake
called my office...

:

The Officer motions to the door --

:

OFFICER

Go on in. She's been waiting for
you.

:

Carter heads towards the door, the Officer grabs his arm...

:

OFFICER

(continuing)
You might need this...

:

The Officer offers him a small jar of petroleum jelly.
Carter waves it away.

:

OFFICER

(continuing)
Some serious shit in there,
Detective.

:

Carter reconsiders, smears the Vaseline under each nostril...
heads for the house.

:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE

:

Carter crosses through the front door, watches as

:

A TEAM of latex-gloved FORENSIC SPECIALISTS

:

dust door and windows for fingerprints, swab at blood drops,
and collect carpet fibers for later analysis...

:

Carter crosses into the living room, winces at
PAMELA WHITTINGTON

:

sprawled across the floor in front of blood-soaked
curtains... the wrought-iron poker jammed up her nose, exits
through the top of her skull... a kitchen knife lies beside
her...

:

Carter takes another hit off the cigarette, blows smoke into
the room...

:

VOICE (O.S.)
Double homicide.

:

Carter turns to see

:

TONI BLAKE

:

standing behind him... mid-twenties, attractive yet
approachable...

:

BLAKE
Her name's Pamela Whittington,
next door neighbor to victim
number two... James Howell.

:

Carter motions in the direction of the den where

:

A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER

:

takes snapshots of the teenage corpse.

:

CARTER

Let me guess... he's the guy with
the hockey skate for a nose ring.

:

BLAKE

:

crosses to Carter, extends a dixie cup in his direction --

:

CARTER

No thanks, I'm not thirsty.

:

BLAKE

It's for your cigarette. I prefer
not to contaminate my crime scene
with micropollutants.

:

Carter takes a final puff off the cigarette, drops it into
the cup...

:

CARTER

Why am I here?

BLAKE

They said on the phone you were
assigned to the Meyers case.

:

CARTER

With all due respect, detective,
you can't go blaming every brutal
murder in Illinois on Michael
Meyers.

:

BLAKE

Pamela Whittington was a long time associate of Dr. Loomis. Her home office was ransacked. It was chock full of Loomis' files on Meyers. It'd say that makes Meyers a suspect, wouldn't you?

:

CARTER

Well, when you put it that way.

:

BLAKE

Right. So why don't we get on with this investigation?

:

CARTER

I like a woman who takes control.

:

Blake ignores the comment, crosses to the front door...
Carter follows.

:

During the following dialogue, Blake walks Carter through the crime scene reenacting the prior evening's brutal events...

:

BLAKE

Pamela entered the house and walked into the den where she discovers James Howell's body...

:

Carter and Blake stand in front of the mutilated face of the teenage boy...

:

BLAKE

(continuing)

Shaken, she returns to the front

door to find the hutch blocking
her exit...

:

ON gouges across the wood planks, forming tracks from the
dining room to the front door...

BLAKE

(continuing)

She runs to the kitchen, where she
is ambushed at the back door by
the killer.

:

Carter and Blake stand in front of the door, which is still
open. Carter kneels down, looks at the kitchen floor...

:

CARTER

One set of muddy shoe prints.

:

BLAKE

That don't match either of the
victim's.

:

Carter stands up, moves to a butcher block on the counter...
he's starting to enjoy this dance --

:

CARTER

She grabs a knife from the butcher
block.

:

ON the butcher block, an empty slot where the knife once
resided...

:

BLAKE

Heads to the living room...

:

They cross back into the living room...

:
Carter moves to the

:
WINDOW

:
covered in fingerprint powder, exposing a plethora of prints.

:
CARTER

Where, judging by the looks of the
finger and palm prints, she
struggles to open the window
before banging on it like hell.

:
BLAKE

Unable to escape, she turns and
attacks the killer, but doesn't
connect.

:
CARTER

No blood on the knife.

:
ON the knife, clean as a whistle...

CARTER

(continuing)

The killer knocks the knife out of
her hand with the wrought-iron
poker.

:
BLAKE

Broken blood vessels on her right
forearm.

:
ON Pamela's arm, a bruise forming under the skin...

CARTER

As which point she drops to her
knees in pain...

:

BLAKE

Explaining the low height of the
blood splatter on the curtains...

:

ON the curtains, blood stained four feet and below...

:

CARTER

Impressive, Blake. Where'd you
learn how to do that?

:

BLAKE

Girl scouts.

:

Carter chuckles... she has a sense of humor, too...

:

CUT TO:

:

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

:

A BELL RINGS.

:

The hallway is flooded with STUDENTS, books in tow...

:

ON MOLLY CARTWRIGHT

:

a young seventeen, friendly eyes and a face to match.

:

Walking beside her is...

:
LINDA KANG, same age, unconcerned, full of spunk... multiple
body piercings, doesn't quite fit in here or anywhere...

:
LINDA
You aced it, didn't you?

:
MOLLY
I did alright.
Linda grabs Molly's test, peeking out from her biology
book...

:
LINDA
Fuckin' A.

:
MOLLY
He gave me a fuckin' A? Wow.

:
Linda punches Molly playfully in the arm. They stop at
neighboring lockers, retrieve books from inside...

:
AMY KRAMER approaches, book pressed against an ample chest,
smacking on a wad of gum...

:
Eye-catching good looks, a real stunner... a bit short on the
gray matter though --

:
AMY
These lockers are totally girl
unfriendly.

:
MOLLY
Break another nail?

:

AMY

Pointer finger. And the dance is
in two days...

:

LINDA

Life's a bitch.

:

The girls head down the hall...

:

AMY

Eddie's working late at Freeman's
tonight... all alone.

:

MOLLY

I thought Eddie left for N.Y.U.?

:

AMY

Guess he couldn't tear himself
away from me.

:

LINDA

Guess he couldn't pass admissions.

:

AMY

Shut up, pinhead.

:

John approaches them from behind, drapes his arms around
Molly...

JOHN

There you are.

(to Amy)

You tell 'em about tonight?

:

AMY

I just got here.

:

John removes a key from his jacket pocket, drops it in Molly's hand...

:

MOLLY

What's this?

:

LINDA

You say, "The key to my heart,"
and I'm gonna hurl.

:

JOHN

Shelve the barf bag. It's the key
to the main gate.

:

MOLLY

Where'd you get it?

:

JOHN

Swiped it from my mom's desk
yesterday.

:

MOLLY

You stole it?

:

JOHN

I borrowed it.

:

AMY

Party at Freeman's tonight.

:

LINDA

I am in need of some serious

partying.

:

MOLLY

Not me.

:

JOHN

Why not?

:

MOLLY

I can't afford to get caught.

LINDA

Molly, you're the resident
assistant. What are you gonna do,
narc on yourself?

:

THE BELL RINGS.

:

Students clear the hall, move inside their classrooms.

:

John kisses Molly on the lips...

:

JOHN

Just meet me in front of the gate
after lights out.

:

He takes off down the hall --

:

MOLLY

(calling after him)

Wait... John...

:

He's gone. A teacher guides the girls inside a classroom and
shuts the door...

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

A bevy of STUDENTS scurry about the gym making final preparations for the impending Halloween Festivals: hanging decorations on walls, carving pumpkins, spinning cob webs along refreshment tables...

ON WILL BRENNEN, a well-favored Chemistry teacher in his mid-forties, thinning hair, more salt than pepper... supervises the action... a coffee mug in hand... his attention focused on...

KERI

sitting atop the bleachers. Will climbs the benches, sits beside her...

WILL

What a sight for sore eyes...

He kisses her softly on the lips.

WILL

(continuing)

... and ears...

He kisses her again.

WILL

(continuing)

...and lips...

He engages her in a lingering kiss.

:

A GROUP OF STUDENTS

:

point and giggle at the smooching faculty members.

:

Keri notices, pulls away...

:

KERI

Will...

:

She motions toward the students below.

:

WILL

What? They've all taken sex ed.

:

He leans in for another kiss, she playfully keeps him at arms length...

:

KERI

And this isn't the place for a
live demonstration.

:

Will relents, settles for holding Keri's hand...

:

WILL

Aren't they doing a terrific job
this year?

:

KERI

(distracted)
Looks great. It does.

:
WILL
You okay? You seem a little off.

:
KERI
Nothing a good stiff drink can't
fix.

:
Will doesn't find the humor, eyes her uneasily.

:
KERI
(continuing)
That one always goes over big at
the AA meetings.

:
An awkward beat, then...

WILL
It's John, isn't it?

:
KERI
It's always John.

:
WILL
Still wants to move out?

:
KERI
He's been living out of moving
boxes for three months.

:
WILL
This kid just wants his freedom.

:
KERI
It's not going to happen.

:

WILL

The tighter you squeeze, the
harder he'll try to break free.

:

KERI

Oh, please... you get that out of
a fortune cookie?

:

WILL

Doesn't make it bad advice.

:

Keri manages a smile...

:

WILL

(continuing)

God I love that smile.

:

Keri stands. Will follows suit.

:

KERI

I'm going into town... run a few
errands before dark. Need
anything?

:

WILL

A box of fortune cookies... I'm
running out of advice.

:

KERI

Bye Will.

:

Keri heads down the bleachers. Will watches her leave,
completely enamored...

Keri moves down the tree-lined street, groceries tucked securely under her arm.

:

She pauses at a storefront window. "KESSLER JEWELERS. EST. 1963" emblazoned across the glass.

:

ANGLE ON WINDOW

:

An assortment of wedding rings glimmer behind the glass.

:

KERI

:

holds her left hand up to the window, moving it slowly from ring to ring... then she sees --

:

THE SHAPE

:

in the reflection... standing across the street, staring right through her... taunting her. This is no alien...

:

KERI'S

:

heart stops... she stands frozen, totally immobile.
A TRUCK

:

passes between them.

:

KERI

:

takes this opportunity to spin around. The truck passes --

:

THE SHAPE HAS VANISHED.

:

KERI

I hate this fucking holiday...

:

Keri climbs into the driver's seat of her Ford Explorer, tosses the bag of groceries on the passenger seat...

:

She starts the engine...

:

"MR. SANDMAN" blares over the radio... scares the shit out of her. Keri quickly changes stations... heads back to the school.

:

CUT TO:

:

INT. CARTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

:

Sparsely decorated. Scattered Chinese food containers litter the counters.

:

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

:

The CAMERA PANS across the table where...

:

CARTER

:

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

:

ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS

:

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

:

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

:

ON A PROJECTOR

:

CARTER threads the Super 8 film through it, turns it on... images of a young Michael Meyers are projected on a bare wall in the darkened room.
CARTER settles into the recliner, fights to stay awake...

:

THE SHAPE APPEARS IN FRONT OF THE WALL.

:

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

:

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

:

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

:

CARTER WAKES UP.

:

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

:

The Super 8 films slaps against the projector, the reel now

over...

CARTER catches his breath... surveys the room... he is alone.
He picks up the phone --

CARTER
(into phone)
Carter.

BLAKE
It's Blake. Meet me at Grand View.

CARTER
Where?

BLAKE
The cemetery...

CARTER
Yeah, alright... I'll be there in
ten.

Carter hangs up the phone, massages his throat...

CUT TO:

INT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE PALE WHITE HALLOWEEN MASK

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

:

Gathered around the mannequin is the gang:
Linda is in the arms of her boyfriend, SHANE McCLOUD... a
tall and spindly teen, book smart and street dumb...

:

John riffles through a rack of Halloween costumes. Molly
leans against a nearby counter... she checks her watch,
visibly uncomfortable being here at all.

:

EDDIE CATERO, two years out of high school and still wearing
his letterman jacket, 'Nuff said.

:

He stands proudly by his display, nursing a beer... his arm
draped around Amy, who's painting her nails with a nail
polish plucked from a nearby display...

:

EDDIE
(re: the display)
Pretty wicked, huh?

:

LINDA
I think it's twisted.

:

EDDIE
This coming from the girl with a
stake through her tongue.

:

LINDA
You're glorifying the big creep.

:

SHANE
Besides, it's historically
inaccurate.

:

EDDIE

What the fuck are you talking
about?

:

SHANE

Michael Meyers never used a meat
cleaver. It was a butcher knife.

:

EDDIE

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

:

SHANE

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

:

AMY

He could be holding a swizzle
stick, it still gives me the
willies.

JOHN

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

:

SHANE

Another historical inaccuracy.

:

EDDIE

Would somebody shut this guy up?

:

MOLLY

Come on, we better get back before
Mrs. Sullivan makes her rounds.

:

Linda looks at her watch.

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

:
The gang heads for the front door...

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

:
Bells hanging from the door JINGLE as they exit... John
turns to them as he leaves --

:
JOHN
Condoms are on aisle four...

:
EDDIE
Out.

:
Eddie pushes John out the door, shuts it behind him...

:
EXT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE

:
The group moves down the deserted street, headed for
Hillcrest. John's arm around Molly. Shane's around Linda...

:
CUT TO:

:
INT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE

:
ON A "CLOSED" SIGN

:
Being hung on the front door.

:
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Amy, holds up her newly polished
nails to Eddie...

AMY

How do you like the color? It's
called "Bloodshed Red."

:
EDDIE

Yeah, yeah... looks good...

:
Eddie grabs Amy by the waist, pulls her in... kisses her
passionately.

:
EDDIE

(continuing)

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

:
AMY

Mmmmm, sounds good.

:
Eddie and Amy head to the --

:
INT. BACK ROOM

:
Eddie and Amy get hot and heavy amongst a room full of
cardboard boxes, Halloween costumes, and mask...

:
As Eddie prepares to do the one-hand bra release...

:
JINGLE-JINGLE.

:
The bells hung on the front door chime.

:
EDDIE
Shit. Can't people read? Don't
move. I'll be right back.

:
Eddie exits, leaving behind a half-naked Amy.

:
INT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE

:
Eddie moves toward the front of the store, heads down the
center aisle. He hears the SHUFFLING OF FEET in the aisle
next to him...

:
EDDIE
(calling off)
Hey, we're closed!

:
Eddie rounds the corner, runs smack into --

:
THE SHAPE.

:
EDDIE
(continuing)
Shit!
It's only the mannequin, which isn't where Eddie left it...
arm poised high in the air, knife missing.

:
Eddie turns around to see --

:
THE SHAPE

:
standing right behind him, wielding the meat cleaver.
Eddie's seeing double...

:
 EDDIE
 What the hell...

:
The Shape attacks, slices through his skull with the meat
cleaver...

:
INT. BACK ROOM - SAME TIME

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

:
A SCUFFLE

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

:
 AMY
 Eddie?

:
A RUSTLING SOUND.

:
 AMY
 (continuing)
 Damnit, Eddie! Stop fooling
 around.

:
Still nothing... Amy cautiously moves into the store, looking
for her missing partner... she passes

:
THE MICHAEL MEYERS MANNEQUIN

Her body goes completely limp... lifeless.

:

ON Amy's hand... blood cascades down her fingers, matches the shade of her nail polish...

:

The SHAPE looks at her breathless body quizzically...

:

CUT TO:

:

EXT. GRAND VIEW CEMETERY - NIGHT

:

A well manicured graveyard... lush green lawns, thriving oak trees, and patches of blooming flowers...

:

FRED WILLIAMS, an elderly caretaker, leads Carter and Blake through the darkened cemetery... a flashlight illuminating their path.

:

CARTER

You take all your dates here.
Blake?

:

BLAKE

Only the real stiffs.

:

CARTER

I can be real stiff.

:

BLAKE

Charming.

:

FRED

Hey! Watch my geraniums.

Carter looks down at his feet, finds himself standing in the middle of a group of flowers... he quickly hops back onto the grass...

:

FRED

(continuing)

Beautiful, aren't they? Rotting corpses make the best fertilizer, ya' know. Especially those Irish folk. They push up the daises like a son-of-a-bitch...

:

CARTER

I'll remember that.

:

FRED

Hell, I can tell you where every Mick is buried by the ground cover growing above 'em.

:

Fred shines his flashlight on a distant grave.

:

FRED

(continuing)

Irish...

(shining the beam on another grave)

...Irish...

:

They stop in front of a gravesite... TOMBSTONE missing... patchy grass covers the grave.

:

FRED

(continuing)

Never could get anything to grow cover this one...

:

BLAKE

And you're sure this is Laurie
Strode's grave?

:

FRED

Sure as I'm standing here.

:

Fred shines the beam of the flashlight on an adjacent
headstone...

:

FRED

(continuing)

Buried her daughter right next to
her not too long ago. You don't
suppose that Meyers fella took the
tombstone?

CARTER

Probably just a couple of kids
playing a Halloween prank.

:

BLAKE

Tee-peeing a house, yes. A bag of
burning shit on a porch, maybe.
Digging up tombstone? I don't
think so.

:

Carter shrugs his shoulders, take a drag off his cigarette.

:

CARTER

I'm going to bed.

:

Carter heads back to his car. Blake runs after him...

:

BLAKE

That's it?

:

CARTER

Care to join me?

:

BLAKE

Come on, Carter. You know it's
Michael.

:

CARTER

What do you want me to do, put out
an A.P.B. on a man in overalls
wearing a white mask dragging a
headstone?

:

BLAKE

Yes.

:

CARTER

Sweet dreams, Blake.

:

Carter climbs into his car, heads for home...

:

CUT TO:

:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

:

Keri tosses and turns in her bed, unable to exorcise the
demons from her mind... eyes wide open, watches the moonlight
cast the shadows of dancing leaves on the ceiling above

her...

:

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

:
THE SHADOW OF A MAN

:
hair tattered and tousled by the wind.

:
ON Keri lying frozen in fear, eyes unblinking.
THE SILHOUETTE

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

:
CLANK!

:
A noise from outside her window. FOOTSTEPS quickly make
their way around the house...

:
Keri jumps out of her skin, holds her breath...

:
A JIGGLING SOUND emanates from the living room, as if
someone's trying to get in through the front door...

:
Keri jumps out of her bed, slides a metal box out from under
the bed... pulls a SMITH AND WESSON from inside... heads
for --

:
INT. LIVING ROOM

:
Keri moves silently through the hallway into the living room,
gun at the ready... hands trembling... eyes locked on the
front door as --

:
THE DOORKNOB

:
slowly twists and turns... the SHADOW of a man behind the
curtain of the window flanking the side of the door.

:
KERI

:
raises the gun... uses both hands to steady her aim... her
breathing becoming more shallow with each passing second...

:
THE DOOR

:
swings open revealing...

:
JOHN

:
house key in hand... busted.

:
KERI

:
lowers the gun, fights back in tears...

:
John closes the door... if he's surprised that his mother's
pointing a gun in his face, he doesn't show it...

:
KERI

Shit, John! What the hell were
you doing out there?!

JOHN

Nothing.

:
KERI

You're kidding with that answer,
right?

:
Keri enters the room, passes by the window... glances out
into the night and sees --

:
THE SHAPE

:
standing between sheets that blow in the clothesline.

:
KERI

:
closes her eyes, takes a deep breath... opens them... now
both the Shape and the sheets blowing in the clothesline have
VANISHED.

:
CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

:
Keri substituting for the absentee English Lit teacher. Mr.
Elliot.

:
A STUDENT has just finished her oral report and heads back to
her seat.

:
Keri stands, crosses to the chalkboard --

:
KERI

I'm sure Mr. Elliot will go over
this when he returns on Monday,
but Julie hit on a very important
aspect of Virgil's "The Aeniad."

:
She scrawls the word "FATE" across its surface...

:

KERI

(continuing)

F-A-T-E. Fate. The Romans believed in the three goddesses of Fate, called "the Fate." Nona, Decuma, and Morta. These goddesses determined your fate. They were to blame when things went wrong, and were to be praised when --

:

Keri passes in front of the classroom, glances out the window and sees --

:

THE SHAPE

:

standing behind the gates of the academy, waiting patiently for his chance... eyes burning a hold right through her.

:

THE STUDENTS

:

wait for Keri to complete her thought... mumble softly amongst themselves...

:

KERI

:

closes her eyes for a moment, takes a deep breath... looks outside again... the Shape is STILL THERE!

:

THE BELL RINGS.

:

The students make a mad dash for the hall.
KERI

:
moves swiftly through the throng of students, pushing
bewildered pupils aside as she makes her way to the school
entrance...

:
CUT TO:

:
EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - DAY

:
Keri emerges from the building, moves across the campus
toward the iron gates... runs smack into --

:
WILL

:
throws his arms around her waist...

:
WILL
Whoa... what's the hurry? I'm not
going anywhere...

:
Keri doesn't respond, is too busy looking over Will's
shoulder --

:
KERI'S POV of the gate... the SHAPE has once again
disappeared.

:
Keri eyes the perimeter of the campus, searching for her long
lost brother.

:
WILL
(continuing)
Hey, you alright?

KERI
(distracted)
What?

WILL
What are you looking at?

KERI
I'm fine. I just need to lie
down...

Keri breaks free from Will's grip, heads toward the faculty housing, determined. Will watches her leave, face laced with concern...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Keri climbs atop a foot stool, retrieves a BOTTLE of Vodka concealed behind bags of flour on the top shelf of the pantry...

She spins off the top... brings the lip of the bottle to her mouth, hands trembling...

She stops short of taking the drink, bring the bottle down from her lips...

Keri climbs off the foot stool, crosses to the kitchen sink and pours the Vodka down the drain...

CUT TO:

INT. LANGLEY POLICE DEPARTMENT - BLAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Blake tries formatting the numbers into a Social Security number: "608-92-44325" too many numbers. She scratches it out...

She tries again... puts parenthesis around the first three numbers and a dash after the sixth number: "(608) 924-4325" -- BINGO. A telephone number...

:

BLAKE

:

picks up the telephone, dials the number...

:

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Hillcrest Academy, may I help you?

:

CUT TO:

:

CLOSE ON: NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

:

from the "Haddonfield Leader" pinned to a large BULLETIN BOARD, tales of the Michael Meyers' slayings splattered across the headlines.

:

A TELEPHONE RINGS in the b.g.

:

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the board, finds...

:

CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

:

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

:

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal we are in --

:
INT. CARTER'S OFFICE - HADDONFIELD POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

:
Carter sits beneath a desk... searches for the phone, finds
it buried beneath a sea of reports --

:
CARTER
(into phone)
Carter.

:
BLAKE
It's Blake. How do you feel about
Wisconsin?

:
ON Carter's puzzled expression...

:
CUT TO:

:
EXT. FREEMAN'S DRUGSTORE - AFTERNOON

:
A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS

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

:
ON John watching from outside the school bus as
AN OFFICER

:
strings yellow crime scene tape across the front of the
drugstore.

:
MOLLY

stands next to John, arm around his waist... watching
curiously...

:

LINDA

:

leans against the side of the bus next to Shane...

:

LINDA

Look, they're staring right at us.

:

SHANE

(to John)

You think your mom knows we snuck
out last night?

:

JOHN

Nah, I didn't tell her where I
went.

:

MOLLY

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

:

LINDA

Better her than me.

:

MOLLY

You're unbelievable.

:

SHANE

Linda's right. I have Yale to
think about. Amy's going to the
Barbizon School of Beauty -- if
they let her retake her boards...

:
ON BRUCE CLARK, a young deputy ducks under the yellow tape,
approaches...

:
KERI

:
stands in front of a squad car, craning her neck to get a
look at the proceedings...

KERI

Bruce... what's going on? The
kids are here to pick out their
costumes for the festival.

:
DEPUTY CLARK

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

:
Keri's heart skips a beat, she tries to digest the news...

:
KERI

A dead body?

:
DEPUTY CLARK

It's Amy Kramer.

:
KERI

My god...

:
DEPUTY CLARK

Pretty messy. Parents have
already been notified. Our office
has been trying to get a hold of
you...

:
Keri fears the worse, tries to hold herself together...

:
KERI
Do you know who did this?

:
DEPUTY CLARK
Well, Eddie Catero didn't show up
for work this morning... parents
say he never came home last night.
Car's still missing.

:
KERI
(wishful)
Think Eddie had something to do
with it?

:
DEPUTY CLARK
Doesn't look good.

:
Deputy Clark turns in the direction of the bus...

:
DEPUTY CLARK
(continuing)
You best keep those students
locked behind those gates of
yours... got ourselves a
cold-blooded killer on the
loose.

:
CUT TO:

:
EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - ESTABLISHING

:
Night. Wind assaults the trees. Lights illuminate a dozen

dorm windows.

:

EXT. GATES - SAME TIME

:

A compact CAR pulls up behind the gates, high beams illuminating the...

:

GUARD HOUSE

:

There is an entrance on either side of the guard house... inside sits Hattie.

:

She cups her hands over her eyes, protecting them from the glare of the auto's headlights. She checks --

:

A MONITOR

:

embedded in the console in front of her... black and white image of the car idling outside the gates illuminates the screen.

:

ON Hattie, unable to make out the identity of the driver. She steps out of the guard house...

:

EXT. GATES

:

Through the gate, she sees a figure slumped behind the wheel...

:

HATTIE
(calling off)
Who's there?

:
No response.

:
HATTIE
(continuing)
Please identify yourself, young
man.

:
Still nothing. Hattie doesn't know what to do.

:
She opens the gate with her gate key and walks through... she
approaches the car. The trees rustle nearby. She takes a
look, spooking herself. It is, after all, Halloween.
She crosses to the driver's side window... looks inside to
find the body of --

:
EDDIE CATERO

:
the costume shop victim, slouched behind the wheel... face a
bloodied mess.

:
HATTIE
My Lord...

:
Hattie stumbles backward... she's doesn't see THE SHAPE pass
through the open gates behind her.

:
She crosses back to the --

:
INT. GUARD HOUSE

:
Hattie quickly presses a BUTTON on the console in front of
her, automatically closing the wrought iron gates outside...

:

THE SHAPE

:

stands at the entrance to the left of guard house. Hattie's back to him.

:

She picks up the phone... no dial tone. She jiggles the receiver... comes up short.

:

CLINK. A noise from outside.

:

Hattie spins around, faces the left entrance... no one in sight.

:

HATTIE

(softly)

Hello?

:

No answer. Hattie crosses to the left entrance, shuts the door... throws the bolt.

:

THE SHAPE

:

appears behind Hattie... now standing at the entrance to the right of the guard house.

:

CLINK. Another noise, source unknown...

:

Hattie spins around, faces the right entrance... the Shape has vanished.

:

Hattie crosses to the right entrance, shuts the door... locks it. Now secured safely inside the guard house, Hattie

crosses to a CB Radio...
She turns it on... dials the emergency channel... is
distracted by --

:

THE CAR

:

outside the gates... its headlights suddenly extinguish.

:

ON Hattie, squints through through window in the car's
direction...

:

THE SHAPE

:

emerges from the shadows behind her... wraps the CB cord
around her neck... Hattie struggles to free herself... her
face pressed up against the glass...

:

The Shape brandishes a knife... stabs her repeatedly in the
back... ends the struggle.

:

CUT TO:

:

INT. BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

:

Wally, the custodian, climbs the four flights of stairs to
the massive bell partially enclosed at its top... he tugs on
the rope dangling from the bell...

:

THE BELL RINGS.

:

Its sound resonating across the campus.

:

ON THE DORMS.

:

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

:

INT. DORM - MOLLY'S ROOM

:

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

:

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

:

ON "LURCH," THE SCHOOL DOG

:

lying beside Molly's bed, also asleep.

:

Molly hears the RUSTLING of bushes outside her window... she turns in its direction to see --

THE BUSHES

:

moving forcefully, their branches scratching wildly against glass...

:

MOLLY

:

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

:

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW

:

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

:

BANG! BANG!

:

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

:

ON JOHN

:

standing outside her window, motions her to open it. She does, sticks her head out...

:

MOLLY
(whispering)
What are you doing here?!

:

JOHN
(whispering)
I came to see you.

:

MOLLY
I can see that.
(a beat)
Why?

:

JOHN
Can I come in?

:

MOLLY
Are you crazy? You'll get caught.

:

JOHN
Then you come out here.

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

:

JOHN

You look kind of cold.

:

MOLLY

I'm okay.

:

JOHN

Here, take my jacket.

:

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

:

The SHAPE disappears from view, into the thicket.

:

JOHN

(continuing)

Better?

:

MOLLY

Yeah.

John gazes into Molly's eyes, her moves in closer... they engage in a passionate kiss... John's hands begin to find there way up her blouse when --

:

A PAIR OF HANDS

:

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

:

KERI

:

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

:

KERI

All right... fun's over.

:

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - MINUTES LATER

:

Keri moves across the campus, back to the school... Molly and John in tow. They pass the group of faculty houses...

:

KERI

(to John)

Go take a cold shower... I'll deal with you later.

:

John heads for his house, waves good-bye to Molly... she waves back sheepishly.

:

Keri and Molly continue toward the dorms...

:

KERI

(continuing)

Molly, of all the people... if I can't trust my resident assistant, then what?

:

MOLLY

I know. I'm really, really sorry, Miss Tate. Please let me keep the job... it's the only way I can afford to stay here.

A group of students take laps in the indoor swimming pool beneath the retracted gymnasium floor.

:

The gym is decorated for the Halloween festival that night...

:

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

:

ON Molly, Linda, and SARAH LOCKE, the resident gossip with beauty pageant good looks, as they complete their final lap.

:

They congregate in the shallow end, their goggles perched on their heads...

:

MOLLY

I feel like everyone's staring at me.

:

SARAH

News travels fast. It's all over school about you and John getting busted in the woods by Miss Tate.

:

LINDA

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

:

SARAH

Shut up, freak.

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

:

MRS. ROCKWELL

Alright, I know you girls have the big Halloween dance tonight, so

I'm letting you go ten minutes
early today.

:

LINDA
(under her breath)
How generous of her.

:

Molly, Linda, and Sarah start to climb out of the pool...

:

MRS. ROCKWELL
Sarah, since you took it upon
yourself to arrive ten minutes
late today, you can stay the extra
ten minutes.

:

SARAH
But Mrs. Rockwell...

:

MRS. ROCKWELL
Use the time to practice your
drive. You looked real sloppy out
there today.

:

LINDA
Ooooh, busted.

:

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

:

Sarah flips them the finger...

:

SARAH

Smile at the birdie, ladies.

:
Molly and Linda head toward the locker room...

:
LINDA
Sarah Locke. What a major bitch.
You know she waxes her stomach?

:
Molly and Linda exit the gymnasium...

:
ON Sarah as she climbs out of the pool... walks to the diving
board on the other end of the deserted gym... places the
goggles over her eyes...
She dives into the water... swims underwater toward the
shallow end... she heads toward the surface...

:
SARAH POV

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

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

:
ANGLE ON THE GYMNASIUM

:
Empty. Not a soul in sight.

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

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

:

SARAH
(calling out)
Hey! There's someone in here!

:

No response. Sarah moves toward the stairs...

:

SARAH
(continuing)
Hell-o! I'm in here!

:

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

:

THE SHAPE GRABS HER BY THE NECK.

:

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

:

The Shape flashes a knife... slices into flesh...

:

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

:

WIDE OF THE GYMNASIUM

:

The SHAPE has disappeared from view.

:

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG.

:

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - DAY

Keri moves across campus, notices --

THE MASSIVE WROUGHT IRON GATES

open to the single lane road exiting the school.

Keri eyes the GUARDHOUSE that sits at the entrance,
indignant.

INT. GUARD HOUSE

Keri enters, the guard house is empty...

KERI
(calling off)
Hattie?

She's nowhere in sight...

KERI
(continuing)
Now where is she?

Keri pushes a BUTTON on the console in front of her.

THE GATES

slowly begin to close...

:

KERI

:

exits the guard house, closes the door behind her... heads back to the school.

:

CLOSE ON: A COFFEE MUG

:

sits on the console, filled with a deep red liquid...

:

PLOP!

:

A drop of blood falls from

:

THE CEILING

:

Blood soaks the drop-ceiling... Hattie's corpse hidden from view.

:

CLANG!

:

The GATES SHUT tight...

:

CUT TO:

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

:

Keri walks into her office, shuts the door behind her... turns to find

:

CARTER

:
seated in front of her desk... Blake stands beside him,
looking out the office window...

:
Keri jumps at the sight of the uninvited guests --

:
KERI
(startled)
Shit!

:
Carter stands, takes one look at her and knows he's hit the
jackpot...

:
CARTER
I'll be damned.

:
KERI
Do I know you?

:
BLAKE
We're sorry to startle you, Miss
Tate.

:
CARTER
The door was open, so we let
ourselves in.

:
KERI
I can see that. Who are you?

:
Carter flashes a smile, then his badge...

:
CARTER

Detective Carter from the
Haddonfield P.D.

:

BLAKE
Toni Blake from Langley P.D.

:

Keri knows exactly why they're here, her dual lives are
crossing paths... they've found little sister.

:

CARTER
Mind if we sit down?

:

KERI
I'd prefer you didn't. I'm very
busy.

CARTER
Okay, then how 'bout we ask you a
few questions?

:

KERI
Detective...

:

CARTER
Carter.

:

KERI
... I think it would be best if
you both left.

:

CARTER
Might want to stop and think about
the safety of your students, Miss
Tate.

:

KERI

I never stop thinking about it,
Detective.

(pointing out the window)
The only way in or out of this
school is through that gate, and
it is secured at all times.

:

CARTER

Funny, we just drove right in.

:

KERI

Well, I can assure you, it won't
happen again. Thanks for your
concern. Goodbye.

:

Carter starts out... turns back toward Keri.

:

CARTER

Has anyone ever told you, you bear
a striking resemblance to Laurie
Strode?

:

Keri glares at him for a beat... the walls around her are
collapsing.

:

KERI

Never heard of her.

:

Blake removes a business card from her pocket, a phone number
scribbled across its face. She places it on the desk...

BLAKE

The Ferndale P.D. is setting up a
roadblock couple miles down the
road. They think they're looking
for a jealous boyfriend gone
mad... I think differently. We
can protect you..

:
Keri doesn't flinch, motions toward the door. Carter and
Blake start out --

:
KERI
You can't stop him.

:
Carter stops, turns back toward her...

:
CARTER
Not without some help.

:
Carter and Blake exit, shut the door behind them...

:
CUT TO:

:
EXT. GATES - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

:
Carter and Blake in a rental car to the side of the road just
outside the gates.

:
Blake emerges from the passenger side... Carter tosses her a
walkie-talkie...

:
CARTER
Don't be a stranger...

:
Carter pulls away from the school...

:
Blake hooks the walkie-talkie to her side, heads back into
the campus, passes --

:
A CAR

:
hidden behind the bushes, Eddie's rotting corpse locked
inside...

:
CUT TO:

:
INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - A HALF HOUR LATER

:
Lots of nubile young bodies moving to and fro, changing out
of sweaty gym clothes into dry attire.

:
ON Molly, standing in front of a fogged-up mirror, straight
from the shower... towel tucked firmly around her chest.
Linda stands to her right, putting on her make-up... also in
a towel.

:
LINDA
Shane's going as a condom.

:
MOLLY
I thought you were allergic to
latex.

:
LINDA
I'll pop a Benadryl.

:
MOLLY
You think they'll let him in
dressed like that?

:
LINDA
Oh, they're so stupid... I'll just

tell them he's going as a sausage casing.

:

Linda swipes her palm across the fogged-up mirror, wiping away the steam...

:

ON the MIRROR. In its reflection we see Molly and Linda... then --

:

THE SHAPE

:

appears from the cloud of steam behind them!

:

Other STUDENTS spot the intruder, run SCREAMING from the locker room.

:

The SHAPE grabs Linda from behind... wields a knife... slits her throat... blood cascades down her neck, 'blemishes the towel around her bust.

:

ON Molly, immobile. Terrified. Unable to scream.

:

LINDA'S

:

lifeless body drops to the floor... eyes wide open in terror.

:

THE SHAPE

:

shifts his attention to

:

MOLLY

:
gets her legs back, runs like hell... runs smack into
KERI

:
at the locker room entrance... grabs Molly in her arms.

:
KERI
Whoa. What's going on in there?

:
Molly is on the verge of hysterics --

:
MOLLY
Linda! He killed Linda!

:
KERI
Who?!

:
MOLLY
Michael Meyers!

:
Keri darts into the locker room...

:
MOLLY
(continuing)
Miss Tate, wait!

:
Molly follows her, stands in the relative safety of the
doorway... Keri walks in to find --

:
THE SHAPE

:
standing above Linda's lifeless body... knife raised high in
the air, dripping blood.

:
John and Linda cracks up.

:
ON Keri, mortified... the sight of her son dressed like his
homicidal uncle is almost too much for her to bear...

:
John and Linda are too busy revealing in their prank to
notice...

:
LINDA
(continuing)
Molly, you should have seen your
face...

:
Keri crosses over to John... SLAPS him across the face, hard.
John reels, probably the first time Keri's laid a hand on
him...

:
KERI
Home... NOW!

:
Keri grabs John by the arm, pushes him past Molly...

:
CUT TO:

:
INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

:
John sits on the sofa. Will stands behind him... neither
sure exactly what they're doing there.

:
Keri paces in front of them...

JOHN

I'm sorry, alright? It was just
a stupid joke.

:

KERI

Will, sit down...

:

Will does.

KERI

(continuing)

There's something I have to tell
you both. It's going to sound
strange...

:

WILL

What?

:

KERI

My name hasn't always been Keri
Tate. It was once Laurie Strode.

:

WILL

You're right. It does sound
strange.

:

JOHN

You some kind of fugitive or
something?

:

KERI

I was trying to get away from
someone.

:

WILL

Who?

:

KERI
Michael Meyers.

:

WILL
The serial killer?

:

KERI
He's my brother.

:

JOHN
Now you're joking, right?

:

KERI
Afraid not. You can pick your
friends, but you can't pick your
family.

:

WILL
Keri, have you been...

:

Will mimes taking a drink from a bottle...

:

KERI
No, Will, this isn't the alcohol
talking. It's the truth.

WILL
I can't believe this is happening.

:

KERI
Shit happens.

:

JOHN
Wait a minute... slow down...
you're telling me Michael Meyers

is my uncle?

:

KERI

Yes.

:

JOHN

Any other psychotic relatives I
should know about? Jason? Freddy
Krueger?

:

KERI

No.

:

JOHN

Why didn't you tell me?

:

KERI

I was trying to protect you from
this...

:

Keri holds up this trademark Halloween mask, a tuft of hair
tightly in her grip...

:

John crosses to the front door, opens it...

:

KERI

(continuing)

Where are you going?

:

JOHN

I don't know.

:

John exits. Keri starts after him, Will grabs her by the
arm...

:
ROADBLOCKS

:
lined up across the asphalt deny access to the roadway
leading to Hillcrest.

:
ON Carter, leaning against a squad car. Deputy Clark stands
next to him. Carter lights up a cigarette...

:
DEPUTY CLARK
Don't worry, Detective. No one's
getting up to that school.

:
CARTER
And this is the only way up to
Hillcrest?

:
DEPUTY CLARK
Sure is. Unless your boy can fly.

:
CARTER
I hope not.

:
Deputy Clark laughs, Carter doesn't... just takes another
drag off his cigarette...

:
CUT TO:

:
EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT

:
Darkness falls... Halloween night.
COSTUMED STUDENTS

make their way inside the gymnasium.

:

ON A BAND OF MISFITS.

:

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

:

ON WALLY.

:

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

:

He takes off in their direction.

:

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

:

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

:

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

:

WALLY
(continuing)
Damn kids.

:

Wally turns around, heads back to the bell tower.

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

:
THE SHAPE.

:
The boys stares up at him, startled... he darts after his friends... the SHAPE continues toward Hillcrest.

:
INT. DORM - MOLLY'S ROOM

:
Molly sits on the windowpane, her forehead pressed against the glass. Lurch, the dog, lies across her bed.

:
ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW

:
A view of the entire campus. Couples make their way across the grounds, move inside the gymnasium.
Molly lets out a sigh, wishes that were her and John... she continues to stare longingly out the window...

:
THROUGH THE GLASS

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

:
THE SHAPE

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

:
A PAIR OF HANDS

:
grabs Molly by the shoulders... spins her around,
revealing...

:
LINDA

:
in full "Bride of Frankenstein" costume.

:
LINDA
BLAAAAAGGGHHHHH!

:
MOLLY
Shit, Linda!

:
LINDA
You're so easy...

:
MOLLY
Wasn't scaring the hell out of me
once today enough?!

:
LINDA
Nope. Hey, you think I'll win
scariest costume?

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

:
LINDA
Thanks!

:
MOLLY
Where's Shane?

bed, pats Lurch on the head.

:

MOLLY

Guess it's just you and me, boy.

:

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

:

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW

:

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

:

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

:

LINDA

:

leave the dormitory, heads for the cafeteria. Molly looks back up to the bell tower... the SHAPE has vanished.

:

MOLLY

Just some idiot in a costume...

:

Molly sits back on her bed, uses Lurch as a pillow... Molly picks up one of the shot bottles, twists off the lid.

MOLLY

(continuing)

Let the party begin.

:

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

:

INT. CAFETERIA

:

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

:

LINDA AND SHANE

:

liplocked, hands all over each other. Linda sits on the edge of a table.

:

Shane, dressed as a condom, stands between her legs.

:

THE SHAPE

:

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

:

Shane pushes Linda down onto the table, starts to unbutton her blouse...

:

LINDA

Wait.

:

SHANE

What is it?

:

LINDA

I have to pee.

:

SHANE

Can't you hold it?

:

LINDA

Can't you?

:

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

:

Linda enters the bathroom...

:

INT. BATHROOM

:

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

:

LINDA

Somebody in there?

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

:

LINDA

(continuing)

Hellooooo.

:

She kneels down on the ground, peers under the door.

Nothing.

:

She stands back up... shrugs it off... moves to the next stall and goes inside, closing the door behind her.

:

TIGHT ON DOOR

:

As Linda takes care of "business."

:

LINDA (O.S.)

(singing)

IF YOU THINK I'M SEXY.
AND YOU WANT MY BODY.
COME ON, BABY. LET ME KNOW.

:

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

:

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

:

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

:

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

:

INT. CAFETERIA

:

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

:

ANGLE ON THE CAFETERIA

:

Empty. No sign of Shane anywhere.

:

LINDA
(calling off)
Shane?

:

CLANG! A NOISE FROM THE KITCHEN.

:

Linda moves into the kitchen area where...

:

THE SHAPE

:

emerges from the shadows, attacks Linda... grabs her by the throat, lifts her into the air... Her head hits the pot rack hanging above her... pots and pans drop to the tile floor below...

:

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

:

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

:

SHANE'S BODY STUFFED INSIDE.

:

Asphyxiated, his condom hat pulled down over his head... his corpse topples out of her refrigerator, falls onto the floor...

:

THE SHAPE

:

flicks the switch on a nearby MEAT SLICER, it WHIRS to life.

:

The Shape forces Linda's head against the slicer... she struggles furiously as her cheek approaches the spinning blade...

:

BLOOD SPLATTERS

:

everywhere as Linda is carved into quarter-inch slices...

:

CUT TO:

:

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - NIGHT

:

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

:

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

:

INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

:

The festival is in full swing... jam packed with costumed couples dancing across the floor. CHAPERONES line the walls.

:

KERI

:

leans against the refreshment table, sans costume. Arms folded... there in body, mind elsewhere.

:

WILL

:

approaches her, dressed as Count Dracula. He offers Keri a glass of punch...

WILL

(as Dracula)

May I offer you some fresh blood?

I squeezed it myself.

:

Keri glances at him, not amused...

:

KERI

Not a real fan of Halloween humor,

Will.

:
WILL
(realizing)
Oh, right. Sorry.

:
KERI
I'm gonna head back to the
office... finish up some things.

:
WILL
Can't it wait till Monday? I
thought maybe we could dance...
(as Dracula)
I'm very light of my feet.

:
Keri manages a sincere smile, gives him a kiss...

:
KERI
Thanks, but I'm not much in the
mood for dancing. Enjoy the
party... you did a great job.

:
Keri heads for the exit, Will watches her leave...

:
CUT TO:

:
INT. DORM - MOLLY'S ROOM

:
CLOSE ON A HALF EMPTY SHOT BOTTLE

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

:
MOLLY

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

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

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

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

:
MOLLY
Whatcha growling at, huh?

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

:
ANGLE ON THE CLOSET

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

:
MOLLY
Lurch, there's nothing in there
but clothes.

:
Molly gets up... moves to the closet, open it...

:
INSIDE THE CLOSET

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

:

MOLLY

Guess there's always next year...
if I live past the humiliation of
tonight.

:

At that very moment, Molly sees...

:

LURCH!

:

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

:

ON Molly. Shit! She instantly stops petting whatever is under the bed.

:

CLOSE ON HER EYES

:

full of confusion, flushes with fear.

:

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

:

THE SHAPE!

:

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

:

Molly SCREAMS. The SHAPE grabs her arm, drags her off the bed onto the floor.

:
Molly struggles with him, as he tries to climb on top of her.

:
The SHAPE maintains a strong grip on her ankle with one hand, swings a knife fiercely at her with the other.

:
He makes contact, slices open her left thigh...

:
Molly SCREAMS in agony, kicks her legs wildly... she manages to strike a hard blow to his head.

:
She breaks free of his grip, takes off limping down the hall... her hand pressed against the gaping wound carved in her thigh.

:
ANGLE ON THE HALL

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

:
She ducks into one of the room, hides behind the door.

:
THE SHAPE

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

:
ON Molly trying desperately not to breathe, she watches as...

:
THE SHADOW OF THE SHAPE

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

suddenly...

:

THE SHAPE

:

steps back into the doorway, looks into the room.

:

Molly freezes, looks at the wall beside her, she sees...

:

HER OWN SHADOW

:

projected on the wall, it betrays her.

:

MOLLY

(squealing)

Oh, God...

:

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

:

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

:

She flies out of the room, down the hall... stumbles down a flight of stairs... dashes out of the dormitory.

:

INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

:

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

:

CLOSE ON A SIGN

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

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

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

:
CLANG-CLANG-CLANG!

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

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

:
EXT. GYMNASIUM

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

:
MOLLY

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

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

:
THE SHAPE

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

:
MOLLY

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

:
The SHAPE closes in.

:
INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

:
Molly's screams are lost amongst the gleeful SQUEALS of the
party goers.

:
The floor continues to glide open beneath their feet,
revealing...

:
SARAH

:
floating, face down in the pool... water tainted bright red
with her blood, illuminated by the pool light.

:
The mood suddenly changes... the SCREAMS of excitement
quickly turn into SHRIEKS of horror. Bedlam ensues...
Frightened students scramble toward the entrance, knocking
party goers into the pool... trampling over others.

:
AT THE ENTRANCE

:
Students stack up against the doors, pounding furiously...

trying to get out.

:

WILL

:

tries to calm the petrified party-goers...

:

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

:

Keri sits behind her desk, Detective Blake's BUSINESS CARD in hand...

:

She picks up the phone, brings it to her ear...

:

NO DIAL TONE.

:

She jiggles the receiver... STILL NOTHING. She is distracted by --

:

MOLLY'S SCREAMS

:

from outside her office. Keri crosses to the window...

:

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW

:

Molly standing at the gymnasium entrance, pounding against the door with bloody palms... screaming bloody murder, trying desperately to get in, while the students on the other side try in vain to get out.

:

KERI

Molly?

:
The SHAPE approaches her, now only a few feet away.

:
Molly tugs feverishly at the chains, they hold tight. She
bolts for the bell tower, trailing blood... the SHAPE
follows.

:
ON Keri, horrified... he's back. She charges out of the
office, on a mission...

:
CUT TO:

:
INT. BELL TOWER

:
Molly bursts through the door... she stops at the bottom of
the staircase, looks up to see...
FOUR FLIGHTS OF STAIRS

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

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

:
A SHADOW

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

:
EXT. BELL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

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

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

:
Molly SCREAMS... the SHAPE grabs he... wraps the ROPE tightly
around her neck... Molly grasp for breath.

:
ON KERI

:
Running furiously across the campus... trying desperately to
reach the bell tower in time...

:
ON THE SHAPE

:
Moves Molly to the wall of the bell tower, tosses her over
the edge....

:
ON KERI

:
Watches in horror as Molly falls two flights before the rope
goes taunt, snapping her neck instantly... the bell CLANGS.

:
KERI
NOOOOOOOOO!

:
INT. GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

:
A group of STUDENTS, with Will at the helm, use a WOODEN
BENCH as a battering ram...

:
BOOM!

:
The bench slams against the gym entrance, the metal doors
start to buckle...

:
BOOM!

:
ON THE GYMNASIUM DOORS, the weight of the wooden bench pops
the chains wrapped around the handles, the doors fly open...

:
KERI

:
watches as crazed STUDENTS pour out of the gymnasium, head
for the parked buses across campus...

:
STUDENTS spot Molly dangling from the bell tower... SCREAMS
of terror echo across campus...

:
Keri turns back to the bell tower... the SHAPE IS GONE!

:
KERI
(realizing)
John...

:
She heads toward --
THE PARKED SCHOOL BUSES

:
being filled to capacity with screaming teens...

:
WILL

:
leads the charge of getting all students safely aboard.

John...

:

Keri's at a loss for words, it's written all over her face...

:

JOHN

Oh, God... no... not Molly.

:

KERI

Please, get on the bus...

:

John hesitates for a beat... climbs into the bus, takes a window seat...

WILL

:

crosses to Keri, hugs her tight...

:

WILL

Keri, you all right?

:

KERI

We've got to get these kids out of here...

:

WILL

I'll make sure there's no kids left in the dorms...

:

WILL

:

dashes toward the dorms...

:

KERI

:
climbs aboard the bus, stands next to the driver... waits
impatiently for Will to return.

:
EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY

:
The BUSES are on the move... leaving the academy single
file...

:
ON JOHN

:
Watching from inside his bus as it prepares to leave...

:
ON KERI

:
Waves to John through the window, knows this may be the last
time she ever sees him.

:
She turns to the driver --

:
 KERI
 You go ahead. Will and I will
 follow you in my car.

:
The DRIVER nods in agreement...

:
JOHN'S POV

:
Keri gets off the bus, watches as the last bus drives through
the open gates of the academy...

:
Keri crosses to the dorms, disappears inside --

INT. DORMS

:

Keri moves noiselessly down the hallway... searching for any sign of Will... holding her breath with every door she checks behind...

:

KERI

(a loud whisper)

Will... Will, where are you?

:

Keri rounds a corner, spots --

:

SMOKE

:

seeping through the cracks of a swinging door leading to the dorm's kitchenette.

:

KERI

:

crosses to the swinging door, slowly pushes it open to reveal --

:

WILL

:

his whole upper torso shoved into the oven, clothes ablaze.

:

KERI

:

runs into the kitchen, yanks Will out of the oven by his legs.

:

ON WILL. Hair singed-off his head, his face a mangled mass

of burning flesh, mouth agape in horror...

:

KERI

Oh, God, Will...

:

Keri kneels down beside him, helpless... filled with rage...

:

SWOOSH!

:

The kitchen door swings violently to and fro... Keri spins around, startled by --

:

LURCH

:

The dog jumps on her chest, licks her face gleefully.

:

KERI

Get off me...

:

The dog's mood changes suddenly: he stops licking Keri and GROWLS ferociously at something behind her...

:

Keri slowly turns around to see --
THE SHAPE

:

standing above her, comes down on her with a knife... makes contact, slices her shoulder wide open.

:

KERI

:

scrambles to her feet, grabs a pot off the stove... swings at the SHAPE.

Shit!

:

CUT TO:

:

EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY

:

Keri runs from the house, determined... makes her way across campus to --

:

INT. GUARD HOUSE

:

Keri crosses to the console, pushes the BUTTON that controls the gate... it begins to close slowly.
CRASH!

:

Hattie's body falls from the drop-ceiling above, lands right on top of Keri. Shit. Keri throws the bloody corpse off of her.

:

She looks around the room... zeroes in on the large CB RADIO... she picks it up and SMASHES it against the console... over and over again... sparks fly... the gate now permanently closed.

:

Keri reaches down, pulls Hattie's key ring from her body... moves outside.

:

EXT. GATES

:

Keri moves to the gate... locks it using Hattie's keys, then tosses them over the gate into the brush.

:

KERI

(calling off)
Time to put an end to this
nightmare, motherfucker!

:
Keri heads back toward the school.

:
CUT TO:

:
EXT. ROADBLOCK - SAME TIME

:
Deputy Clark lies on the hood of his patrol car, hat over his
face... catching some z's. Carter stands by the wooden
barriers, spots --

:
THE LINE OF BUSES

:
speeding toward the roadblock, headed for the small town
below...

:
CARTER
What the hell?

:
Deputy Clark is awakened by the approaching caravan. Carter
waves down a bus, moves to the door --

:
CARTER
(continuing)
What's happening?

:
DRIVER
We're evacuating the school. Been
two murders up there tonight.
Killer's still on the loose...

CARTER

Goddamnit!

:

Carter runs back to the patrol car, followed by Deputy Clark.

:

DEPUTY CLARK
(calling off)
Call for back-up!

:

A flurry of action as OFFICERS clear the roadblocks, get on the radio and call for back-up...

:

Carter and Deputy Clark climb into the patrol car, headed for the school...

:

Carter grabs his walkie-talkie, barks into it --

:

CARTER
Blake, what's going on up there!

:

CUT TO:

:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

:

ON BLAKE'S WALKIE-TALKIE

:

still hooked to the side of her lifeless body...

:

CARTER (O.S.)
Blake! Do you hear me? Blake!

:

CUT TO:

:
EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - SAME TIME

:
VARIOUS SHOTS of the empty campus. Keri moves brazenly
across school grounds, looking for the big brother....

:
As she passes the bell tower, she sees --

:
A SHADOW

:
move inside the gymnasium... she quickly approaches --

:
INT. GYMNASIUM

:
Keri moves inside the decorated gym... stops at a

:
FIRE AXE

:
hanging behind glass... she picks up a plastic skull, smashes
the glass with it... grabs the AXE and continues inside...

:
CLICK!

The lights go out... the gym now eerily illuminated only by
carved pumpkins lit around its perimeter.

:
Keri continues on, bravely... the fire axe tightly in her
grip.

:
KERI

(calling off)

Let's ends this right now. You
want to kill me to fulfill your
twisted obsession, then go ahead.

I'm tired of playing hide-and-
seek, brother. Come on, finish
what you started, you miserable
fuck.

:

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG!

:

Keri jumps... the gymnasium floor beneath her begins to move,
closing back over the pool...

:

Keri continues to move alongside the pool, when --

:

THE SHAPE

:

jumps from the bleachers, buries a knife deep into Keri's
arm... she SCREAMS in pain... drops the fire axe into the
pool.

:

The Shape pulls the knife from Keri's arm, stands above
her... he raises the knife high into the air, about to plunge
it straight into Keri's heart, when --

:

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

:

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

:

JOHN

:

standing behind him, wielding Keri's SMITH AND WESSON. The
SHAPE moves toward him.

:

BANG! BANG! BANG!

:
JOHN empties the chamber into the Shape, thrust him
backward...

:
THE SHAPE

:
falls into the pool, pulls Keri into the water with him...
KERI

:
struggles to climb out of the pool, the Shape fights to pull
her back in....

:
THE SHAPE

:
finds the axe, swings at Keri... slice open her thigh.

:
JOHN

:
grabs Keri by the arms, manages to pull her out.

:
THE SHAPE

:
strives to climb out of the water as the gym floor continues
to close... he swings the axe, buries the blade into the gym
floor... grabs the handle, uses it to pull himself out...

:
KERI

:
grabs a JAVELIN hanging on the wall...

:
THE SHAPE

: pulls his upper torso out of the water just as

:
KERI

: raises the javelin high into the air, when --

:
CLOSE ON: THE SHAPE

: Reaches out for her... then, a sound altogether unnatural --

:
 THE SHAPE
 (a desperate plea)
 Laurie...

: Time stands still -- TOTAL SILENCE.

: ON KERI. All the love and loss of the past twenty years
plays all over her face, when --

:
 KERI
 Michael...
 (then)
 Go to hell!

:
KERI

: plunges the javelin through his body with all her might,
pierces his heart... the javelin juts out of his back.
THE SHAPE

: arches his back in pain, grabs the metal rod... tries
desperately to remove it, sinks into the water...

:
THE GYM FLOOR

:
closes above him... CLANG!

:
Half the javelin sticks out above the floor... it twitches
fiercely, then stops...

:
CARTER

:
storms the gym, gun drawn... followed by Deputy Clark and a
dozen armed police officers. He approaches Keri...

:
KERI
Guess he was stoppable, after all.

:
THE TERROR IS GONE.

:
Keri and John embrace.

:
CUT TO:

:
EXT. HILLCREST ACADEMY - A HALF HOUR LATER

:
POLICE CARS litter the campus. The corpse of THE SHAPE lies
covered on a gurney... a pair of PARAMEDICS roll it past --

:
AN AMBULANCE

:
parked near the entrance, its rear doors open revealing --

:
JOHN

:
being tended to by a PARAMEDIC. Keri sits next to him...

:
JOHN
I just can't believe she's dead.

:
Keri does the only thing a mother can do, gives him a hug...

:
KERI
I love you, John.

:
Always the guy, John just shrugs, giving her a tough smile.

:
JOHN
Yeah, me too, Keri.

:
KERI
Call me Laurie, will ya?

JOHN
Keri.... Laurie... how about if I
just call you Mom?

:
KERI
That would work.

:
The two embrace and another PARAMEDIC closes the rear doors of
the ambulance, locking Keri and John safely inside.

:
THROUGH THE REAR WINDOWS

:
Mother and son continue to bond as the ambulance drives off

into the night.

:

CUT TO BLACK.

:

T H E E N D