

HALLOWEEN: ASYLUM

by

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Revisions

by

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FADE IN:

On a carved HALLOWEEN PUMPKIN. Sunken eyes and evil-grinning mouth. Glowing. In the darkness.

SLOW PUSH IN over CREDITS.

As we PUSH INTO the notched eye, we hear a low, electrical HUMMING sound. We TILT DOWN to reveal that, instead of a candle, the light is emanating from an artificial flickering light.

We follow the electrical WIRE out, which leads to an OVERLOADED extension cord with a dozen plugs spidering away from it. More ominous buzzing.

PULL OUT to REVEAL the best house on the block. Packed with Halloween decorations. Lights. Fog machine. Self-stirring cauldrons. Glowing headstones.

A steady stream of children, dressed as princesses and superheroes, collect their candy at the door. We are...

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

SUPER: **"COVINGTON, INDIANA"**

Then...

SUPER: **"HALLOWEEN NIGHT"**

It's a perfect evening. All treats. No tricks.

SUDDENLY, *ZWOMP!* The lights of the house go BLACK. A blown electrical transformer.

The power at all the other houses on the block go DARK!

The STREETLIGHTS too, BLINK OUT.

A moment of calm. But then one PINK PRINCESS screams in panic.

We follow the Pink Princess as she runs in terror towards the street, when...SCREEEEEEETCH!!!! JUMP SCARE as a car almost hits her.

A TERRIFIED MOTHER scoops up her child and shoots a nasty look to the pick-up truck filled with FOUR TEENAGE KIDS.

The driver of the car gives an embarrassed wave...before all the LIGHTS on the block POP BACK ON.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

In the passenger seat, a gorgeous 17-year-old girl, AMBER, pokes her boyfriend behind the wheel.

AMBER

Asshole!

(then; playfully)

You missed her.

In the backseat, MATT and BETHANY, also both 17, are making out too ferociously to even notice what happened.

Behind the wheel, 17-year-old JUSTIN, takes a deep breath and pulls away, driving more carefully now.

A PUNK-POP song (that samples "MR. SANDMAN") starts playing on the radio. Amber turns it up. The car stereo BLARES as the truck picks up speed toward the countryside.

EXT. FARMLAND - CONTINUOUS

The truck pulls off the main road and starts to weave through the dirt roads around crops of tall switchgrass.

With each turn the truck makes, the roads become more bumpy and overgrown.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The teenagers look around dubiously as Justin approaches a broken-down mailbox and stops the car.

JUSTIN

This is it.

The headlights illuminate a weather-worn farmhouse down a buckled dirt driveway.

AMBER

This is where he was born?

JUSTIN

You thought it was Haddonfield?

No one answers. No one knows.

Justin turns the car down the driveway and slowly approaches the spooky ranch-like structure.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The teenagers climb out of the pick-up truck and walk slowly toward the ominous structure.

BETHANY
I gotta pee so bad.

P.O.V. -- through the field of overgrown and dying switchgrass. *Is someone watching?*

BACK WITH OUR TEENS as they tentatively ascend the steps of the dilapidated porch.

The front door has been busted down and lies, rotting, on the floor of the entrance.

JUSTIN
Ladies first...

Amber shoots her boyfriend a look and takes point, walking inside. As she passes him:

AMBER
Pussy.

P.O.V. from the field as the teenagers file into the broken farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Old floorboards creak as our teenagers make their way inside.

The house clearly hasn't been lived in for many years.

The place is trashed. Beer cans and broken liquor bottles litter the floor. Gaping holes in the walls.

JUMP SCARE as a scurrying rat REVEALS the skeletal remains of what looks like a long-dead possum. We can't tell if it was killed or just died there.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
Guys, check this out!

The threesome realize that Justin is no longer in the room with them.

MATT
Where are you?

JUSTIN (O.S.)
In the kitchen. Come here!

Amber, Matt and Bethany walk toward the sound of Justin's voice. As they pass a HUGE HOLE in the wall...

JUMP SCARE as a hand violently reaches out and grabs Matt. The hand is accompanied by a ear-piercing SHOUT.

As Matt pushes the hand away, Justin CRACKS UP from the other side of the wall.

The teens turn the corner and into...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Justin is still laughing. But Matt does not find it funny.

MATT

You're lucky I didn't break your arm.

JUSTIN

You're lucky you didn't shit your pants.

BETHANY

Seriously, Justin, do NOT scare me. I'm already about to pee myself.

Justin points as he moves to the fridge and opens it.

JUSTIN

Bathroom's down the hall.

We FOLLOW Bethany as she heads into...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Floorboards creak. Bethany moves to find the bathroom in the darkened hallway.

She swings the door open.

It's DISGUSTING. Shit. Puke. And that's just on the walls. The floor looks worse.

BETHANY

(under her breath)
No fucking way.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bethany returns.

BETHANY

Bathroom's out of order. I'm going outside.

Matt nods, only half listening.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Thanks, Matt. I'll just go by myself.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bethany scampers out the door and makes her way toward the brush.

WIDE SHOT -- P.O.V. -- as she disappears into the tall clumps of dying switchgrass.

EXT. SWITCHGRASS FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Bethany looks back toward the house to make sure no one is following her.

All clear.

She moves deeper into the brush and unbuttons her jeans.

As she starts to squat, she hears movement behind her. She spins. Listening intently. After a beat, we go to...

P.O.V. -- from the field -- watching Bethany. Creepy.

She's about to call out when she hears LAUGHING inside the farmhouse. A relief.

Bethany drops her pants and quickly squats.

After finishing, Bethany pulls up her jeans and buttons.

SUDDENLY, she hears a TERRIFIED SCREAM coming from the house. Clearly Amber.

Bethany RUNS back toward the dark farmhouse.

She slows as she approaches the front steps of the porch. *Silence* inside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bethany walks up the front stoop. No voices inside.

BETHANY

You guys...?

She hesitates outside the front door. Looks for signs of life. *Nothing.*

She shakes her head. *Bad idea.* But slowly creeps inside.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Bethany moves through the eerily quiet house, we pop in and out of P.O.V. shots.

Someone is watching her. Stalking.

She hesitates at the gaping hole in the wall. Waiting for her friend's hand to thrust through.

Nothing.

BETHANY

Hey you fuckers! I'm not kidding.
Come out. Right now!

She contemplates pressing on. But then decides against it.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I'm going outside.

She backs away from the kitchen. Toward the front door.

BEHIND HER, we see a figure, out of focus, step slowly past the doorway just before Bethany turns toward it to exit.

Hearing the creaking sound, she SPINS and studies the door. Silence. *Too much silence.*

SUDDENLY...from the side...

JUMP SCARE as Amber FALLS out of the closet door. COVERED IN BLOOD. She tries to reach out for Bethany. A loud CRASH comes from the kitchen as Bethany TURNS TO RUN. SCREAMS.

But THE FIGURE reappears at the doorway. It is...

...Justin. BLOOD smeared on his face. Clutching his oozing neck. He falls down in front of her, just as...

...Matt, blood on his hands and arms, COMES SPRINTING OUT OF THE KITCHEN, YELLING!!!

MATT

Bethany! Run! It's him! RUN!

Bethany scrambles away in a panic. As she does, Justin reaches up and grabs her ankle.

She FACE-PLANTS on the already broken front door, shattering it further.

Matt breaks character and rushes to Bethany, helping her up as Justin LAUGHS uncontrollably. It was all a prank!

MATT (CONT'D)

Baby! You okay?

BETHANY

Are you out of your mind? You suck!

Laughter. At Bethany's expense.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Assholes.

(then; cringing)

What is that smell?!

MATT

Ketchup. Found in the kitchen.

(beat)

It was expired.

As Bethany stands...

BETHANY

This isn't even the place where he was born, *is it?* You just brought me out here to scare me?

JUSTIN

No. He was born here.

We go in and out of P.O.V. view. Someone is still watching. The story is punctuated with JOLTING POPS of FLASHBACK IMAGES. Creepy and disturbing, as Matt spins the yarn...

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

His family lived in Haddonfield. Mom and Dad. The older sister, Judith. She was in the car when her Mom flipped it into a ditch. No one knows if her water broke after the crash...or if that's what caused it. But Edith was only seven months pregnant at the time. They pulled themselves from the wreck and walked to this farmhouse.

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Looking for a phone to call an ambulance. But no one was home.

We PUSH INTO the teenagers faces as they take in the story.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Edith went into labor right there. Pushed a bloody and premature baby out on the front porch as little Judy pounded on the front door. The little girl was crying. Mom was crying. Do you know who *wasn't* crying?

(beat for effect)

Michael.

After a long beat.

BETHANY

I call bullshit.

(loudly)

Bullshit! Didn't happen.

(off Justin's look)

What else? Did he come out with a kitchen knife, too? Cut off his own umbilical cord?

Justin shakes his head "no". He moves toward the front door, beckoning her to follow...

EXT. FRONT PORCH - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Justin walks Bethany to the middle of the porch and points down at the floor.

A faded CIRCLE OF BLOOD stains the slated wood.

After a beat, Amber meekly questions...

AMBER

He didn't cry?

Justin shakes his head.

JUSTIN

He just lay there. In the pool of his mother's blood. Happy.

They look down at the blood mark. Until Bethany realizes that Matt didn't follow them outside.

BETHANY
 Where's Matt?
 (then; fed up)
 Seriously?

They all turn toward the front door, where a sound of shuffling is heard. Eerie shuffling.

And a gurgling sound. A sound like...perhaps...someone choking on their own blood.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
 We're not falling for it again,
 Matt. You can come out now.

The shuffling gets louder. As does the sickening gurgling.

Then, as it seems to reach the door, it stops.

Beat.

Beat.

Interminable beat.

Then, we see Matt's FACE appear at the door. UPSIDEDOWN.
 What the fuck!?

The balance of Matt's body shifts as he falls BACKWARDS. As he falls, we REVEAL that his NECK has been SO COMPLETELY CUT, that his HEAD is HANGING BACKWARDS, face upsidedown and LOOKING BEHIND HIM.

When Matt's body SLAMS to the porch, his head hits with such force that it pulls the flap of skin away, sending the head BOUNCING down the porch steps.

The hole in Matt's neck pumps out a final gush of blood on the porch. Like the afterbirth of a baby.

Our remaining three teenagers can only stare in fear.

Until...

MICHAEL MYERS slowly steps out of the doorway, shocking them all into consciousness.

JUSTIN
 Holy--

AMBER
 --fuck!

Justin and Amber start RUNNING for the truck. Hurdling over the porch railing and through the brown, decaying bushes.

Michael turns toward Bethany, who still hasn't moved.

He starts to slowly walk toward her.

Amber SCREAMS:

AMBER (CONT'D)
Bethany! Run!!!

Bethany climbs up on the porch railing to escape over it, but the dead wood BREAKS and gives out.

Bethany lands hard. Her head HITS the porch as she ROLLS into the bushes.

She's up and running just before Michael reaches her.

Bethany darts toward the truck as Justin starts it up. Amber is screaming out the window for Bethany to--

AMBER (CONT'D)
Get in the back. In the back.
(as Bethany dives in)
Go! Go!! Drive!!!

Justin hits the gas but the car hardly moves. It creeps forward. Tires spinning wildly.

Bethany looks over the side of the flatbed and she sees that ALL FOUR TIRES HAVE BEEN SLASHED. *Totally flat.* Michael!

The truck LURCHES FORWARD but one of the rims lands in a wet puddle and is immediately stuck.

Bethany looks up to see The Shape walking toward them from the farmhouse. He's got all the time in the world.

Bethany jumps out, Justin right behind her. But Amber stays. Cowering inside the cab as Michael approaches the car.

BETHANY
Amber. Get out!!

AMBER
No! No! Stay away.

She ROLLS UP THE WINDOW as he approaches. As if the glass is some magic force-field.

Michael PUNCHES through the window and reaches inside for Amber, who backs away, kicking at the monster.

Screaming. Terror.

Michael reaches into the truck again to grab his prey, when SUDDENLY...

...Justin jumps on Michael's back, putting him in a choke hold. Unfortunately, the teenager, having seen one too many UFC fights, is violently FLUNG off and BODY-SLAMMED onto the hood of the truck.

ON AMBER as she floors the gas pedal. Nothing.

Amber sees the button for 4-wheel-drive and PRESSES it. Hits the gas. All four wheels are futilely spinning now.

Michael pulls Justin off the hood and drops him by the spinning wheel. The ROTATING RUBBER tire catches on Justin's face and SUCKS IT UNDER. SFX of a cantaloupe being thrown into a woodchipper as his MUSH HEAD comes out the other side.

Amber continues to press the gas. *Screaming.*

We're almost relieved as Michael reaches across the seat and PULLS her from the driver's seat, purposefully SLICING HER NECK on the broken glass of the passenger-side window.

Blood pours down the door as the car's wheels finally stop spinning. Silence.

Michael looks up to see Bethany staring in horror at the edge of the crop field. She snaps out of it and takes off through the field of towering switchgrass.

INT. SWITCHGRASS FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Bethany is in an all-out sprint through the field. Falling. Getting up. Running harder.

She DARTS through the crops, when SUDDENLY, she reaches a clearing and...

...JUMP SCARE as a CAR nearly HITS Her, SWERVING OFF THE DIRT ROAD and into the tall bushes.

The OLD DRIVER gets out, alarmed and terrified.

OLD DRIVER
Are you all right?

BETHANY
Thank you, God. Help me. Help me!

Bethany SPRINTS TOWARD HIM, but just as she's reaching the car, MICHAEL MYERS steps out of the field right behind the Old Man.

OLD MAN

Young lady, are you--?

Bethany screams...*too late*. Michael grabs the Old Man and SLAMS his head against the car, denting it (both the car *and* the head).

As Michael drags the half-dead Old Man around the car, Bethany SCRAMBLES into the passenger door and quickly scoots over to the driver's side.

Keys still in the ignition. Car still on.

In the rear view, Michael is making his way around the car.

Bethany throws the car in REVERSE and PEELS BACK at him. Michael steps out of the way...but the half-dead Old Man is run over. Now *fully*-dead.

Bethany looks over to see Michael. He stares through the window at Bethany. He doesn't move. Just stares at her.

She quickly puts the car in drive and swerves her way back on the road. The fishtailing car missing Michael by an inch.

As Bethany drives off, she glances in the rear-view mirror, seeing Michael staring at her. Bathed in the red glow of the tail lights of the car. He remains perfectly still.

She drives away.

He stares.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - VISITORS' CENTER - NIGHT

An absolutely pathetic Halloween Party is underway. Punch in a bowl. Stale chips. A single orange streamer.

Adding to the sadness is that there are no real costumes. STAFF wears WHITE COATS and the odd mask. The less hostile PATIENTS wear blues and no costumes.

There is one costume that sticks out: STEPHANIE, 24. She is wearing a cat outfit that is probably not the wisest getup to wear around men who are locked up. But then again, she's not the wisest person who works at Smith's Grove. Which is why she works as an ADMINISTRATOR.

Seeing mental patients with painted dog and tiger faces makes it all feel sadder and a little creepy.

Stephanie finishes painting a monkey face and turns to the room.

STEPHANIE

Okay, who's next?

Nobody responds.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, you guys! It's a party.

(still nothing)

Oh, whatever...

Stephanie crosses to her friend, CALLIE, the only person who is actually still working. Going through folders.

Callie is an overly ambitious, young doctor (25) who is serving her residency. While she isn't as "in-your-face" sexy as Stephanie, over time, and as she becomes more heroic, we will fall in love with her; our "final girl".

Callie is also the *only* one not wearing a Halloween costume. Without even looking up, Callie shrugs to her friend:

CALLIE

Not sure they much care for having their faces painted like it's an eight year-old's birthday party.

STEPHANIE

What do you know!? You're not even in a costume!

CALLIE

I need to maintain a professional distance.

STEPHANIE

(pointing)

What about Dr. Cushing?

REVEAL DR. CUSHING (mid 50s). Even with the black witch's hat he's wearing, he could not look any *more* like a psychiatrist; balding, pointy beard. He runs the ward.

CALLIE

Different. He's head of the program.

STEPHANIE

What about Brenner?

REVEAL BRENNER. A fit, tanned, well bred resident doctor. He is dressed like a professional golfer...carrying a 7-iron.

CALLIE

Brenner is not the *only* female doctor here. Also, I'm not sure that's a costume.

STEPHANIE

I thought you were a *resident*. Not a doctor.

CALLIE

Residents *are* doctors.

SUDDENLY, there is a disturbance. At a patient card game, BILLY DEAN ROGERS, a particularly angry man, SUDDENLY throws one of the other players against a nearby wall.

BRENNER

Hey, hey. Back away, Billy, or I'll put you in solitary.

BILLY DEAN ROGERS

(threatening)

Oh really, how you gonna do that, pussy?

Billy Dean Rogers approaches Brenner, who side-steps behind an Orderly.

Callie watches this orderly, MARCUS; big, strong and with tattoos running up and down his arms. He's menacing. Which is why what he does next is so surprising:

Marcus gently puts his arm on Billy Dean and leads him away. Marcus then whispers something into Billy's ear. Billy looks at Dr. Brenner and his anger melts. He actually starts to laugh before returning to the game he was playing.

Intrigued, Callie holds her eyes on Marcus as she hands Stephanie all the folders but one.

CALLIE

Thank you, I don't need these anymore.

STEPHANIE

You want me to file them now?

Beat. Callie looks around, seeming to realize for the first time that this is a party.

CALLIE

No. No, of course not. You can do it tomorrow.

Dr. Cushing steps forward.

DR. CUSHING

All right, friends, let's all get together. Trust exercise!

STEPHANIE

(moans)

I'm not falling into the arms of these wackjobs.

(eyeing Dr. Brenner)

Dr. Brenner on the other hand...

But Callie is no longer listening. She opens her one remaining file and walks away.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Nice talking to you.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HALLWAY

Empty. So empty that when the door clicks open on the far end of the hallway, it echoes all the way up and back. Light pours in as Callie steps forward. Searching...

She walks down the deserted hallway; approaching a door that stands out from the others due to its extra security locks.

CALLIE'S POV: Scratched crudely into the door (presumably by some mad patient): **"MIKE'S ROOM. DO NOT ENTER!"**

The padlocks have all been removed. The door is slightly ajar. Callie has reached her destination...

She puts her hand on the doorknob and opens it. She switches on the light...a flickering low bulb, and GOES INTO...

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MICHAEL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Strangely, the room is just how Michael left it. Homemade masks are scattered around. Personal affects left behind. Unnerving. Almost as if he were still living here.

Callie sits down on the springs of the bed. No mattress. Looks at the wall. Crude drawings by Michael. They would feel child-like, if not for the fact that they are of women, severed heads, eyes wide, crayola-red blood-splattered.

ON CALLIE. Her eyes widen as she takes them in. Callie opens her manila folder that reads, "**Myers, Michael.**"

She looks through the files. CAMERA CLOSES on BLOODY CRIME PHOTOS. **FLASH!** One after another...

ON CALLIE. Seeing one especially gruesome image causes her to let out a spontaneous, startled gasp.

VOICE

Not enjoying the party?

Callie nearly JUMPS to the CEILING before seeing Dr. Cushing standing in the doorway.

CALLIE

Dr. Cushing! What're you doing here?

DR. CUSHING

I could ask you the same question.

Dr. Cushing sits on the bed next to her; one step away from creepy.

DR. CUSHING (CONT'D)

Fascinating, isn't it? The "boogeyman's" room.

But Dr. Cushing doesn't take his eyes off of Callie.

CALLIE

Why do they keep it like this? Michael is dead.

DR. CUSHING

Yes, I read that too.
(patting her leg)
Look, I wanted to talk to you...
Callie, you're really becoming a superb doctor...

CALLIE

But...?

DR. CUSHING

(pauses, then)
But...sometimes you're a little quick to get defensive.

This silences Callie. Point taken.

DR. CUSHING (CONT'D)
 Your father. He was a fine man.
 And one of our greatest advocates
 for the criminally insane.

CALLIE
 Until one of them killed him.

DR. CUSHING
 You're not your father. He was a
 defense attorney. You're a *doctor*.
You can't be defensive. Stand-
 offish. Detached.
 (he smiles; encouraging)
 You need to relax.

He places his hand on her leg. Somewhere between creepy or
 compassionate, likely closer to the former.

VOICE
 (yelling)
 Dr. Cushing?! Where are you?!

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - PARTY

Many of the staff stand in front of a TV while ORDERLIES are
 quickly ushering PATIENTS back to their rooms.

Dr. Cushing enters, quickly followed by Callie.

DR. CUSHING
 What is it? What's going on?

Nobody answers; transfixed by the television.

ON TV. The NEWS. We see BETHANY talking to a NEWSCASTER.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
 So you can't be sure who it was,
 really. It could have just been
 somebody wearing a mask and-

BETHANY (ON TV)
 It was him, I know it was him.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
 Did he identify himself?

BETHANY (ON TV)
 (stares down Newscaster)
 "Did he identify himself?" Lady, do
 you even know who Michael Myers is?

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Of course, but so far-

BETHANY (ON TV)
It was him. Believe me, don't believe me, I don't care. He just stood there in the middle of the road watching me drive away. It was him.

Bethany walks away from the reporter.

DR. CUSHING
(dismissive)
Copycat.

After the awkward moment of her interviewee walking away, the NEWSCASTER turns to the camera...

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Well, whoever it was, he left a bloody mess behind with three teenagers and a veteran violently killed at 33 Birch Hill Road.

CALLIE
Birch Hill Road?

Marcus looks to Callie for an explanation.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
That's where Myers was born.

They all sit on that for a second...before the Sanitarium PHONE RINGS....then Dr. Cushing's CELL PHONE...then ANOTHER LINE at the sanitarium.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MOMENTS LATER

It's chaos outside the sanatarium. Several police cars. News crews setting up shop. And right in the middle of it all is Dr. Cushing, who's been waiting for this moment pretty much his entire life.

POLICEMAN
So we've got a dozen men combing through the fields around the farm. We'll catch this guy.

DR. CUSHING
That's the plan? To have your men scour an area that Michael left hours ago?

POLICEMAN

We don't know it's Mich-

DR. CUSHING

And what if it is? There's only three possible places he's going.

Dr. Cushing pauses for dramatic effect...and for the news cameras to focus on him.

DR. CUSHING (CONT'D)

Here to Smith's Grove. His old house in Haddonfield. Or the Strode residence. The only places he knows. You want to catch Michael? I suggest you join me in Haddonfield. Excuse me.

Dr. Cushing leads the way. Callie hustles after him.

CALLIE

What about the girl?

Dr. Cushing stops.

DR. CUSHING

What girl?

CALLIE

From the newscast. What about her?

Dr. Cushing snorts her off, turning to head out. A nearby Orderly, standing near Marcus, turns to Callie...

ORDERLY

Why would he go after her?

CALLIE

(sotto)

Because it's what he does.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Callie is gathering her things and getting ready to go. Still simmering from Dr. Cushing's dismissal.

VOICE

Where you headed, doctor?

Callie looks up to see Marcus. Behind him, we see Stephanie cleaning up after the party.

MARCUS
You going home?

CALLIE
Why?

MARCUS
I was thinking maybe we should get
a drink.

Callie stares at him. We see Stephanie in the background giving her friend an eyebrow raise: "Um, yeah..."

CALLIE
(to Marcus)
I don't think that's appropriate...

MARCUS
(not missing a beat)
I meant all of us...
(turning to Stephanie)
It's been a long night. And it is
Halloween...

CALLIE
Oh. Right, I'm sorry. But I've
got the early shift and still have
charts to go through.

STEPHANIE
(calling out)
I can get your shift covered for
you.

Callie shoots her a look. Stephanie takes the hint and goes back to cleaning.

Callie turns and heads for the door. As she leaves, Marcus NOTICES that she has left her CHARTS AND PAPERS BEHIND.

INT. CALLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

As Callie pulls out of the parking lot, she activates her cell phone, searching...

CALLIE
Find. Address for Bethany Lyman.
Covington, Indiana.

SIRI (OVER SPEAKER)
I have a B. Lyman, Covington,
Indiana. If this is-

CALLIE
Directions.

Callie pulls out with purpose, as we MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HADDONFIELD - MICHAEL'S HOUSE

Police cars pulling up. After a beat, we see POLICEMEN move into position. The house is surrounded.

EXT. HADDONFIELD - STRODE HOUSE

Here we see a similar scene, with Dr. Cushing barking out orders and pointing to where the officers should be setting up. Intense, chaotic.

EXT. HADDONFIELD - MAIN STREET

People are hustled off the street. Emergency lights are going up to illuminate the neighborhood.

EXT. COVINGTON, INDIANA - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Callie's car is parked in front of Bethany's house. This scene is the complete opposite of the prior ones. Peaceful. Raindrops start to sprinkle on the windshield.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

We get the sense that she's been here awhile; power bar wrapper, head resting back on the car seat. She keeps looking into a sleepy house. The bedroom light is on. Still drizzling.

Her EYES FOCUS. She sees somebody coming towards her on the sidewalk...sticking close to the darkness. Slowly. The figure stops for a moment.

She sinks back; peering out the window.

RRRRRRING! JUMP SCARE as Callie's phone rings LOUDLY, scaring the hell out of her. She groans and answers it.

CALLIE
What, Stephanie?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
 Hi! I wanted to tell you that
 we're all at McGrady's. Marcus
 didn't come but-

The Figure moves closer towards the car...

CALLIE
 I can't talk. But don't hang up.

...a dog comes into the street light. Followed by the pudgy
 middle-aged owner walking her.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 (sighs; into phone)
 This is some life I've carved out
 for myself. I'm going home.
 Goodnight, Stephanie.

As her friends starts to protest, Callie hangs up.

Callie puts the car in drive. Pulls to the end of the dead
 end street and makes a U-Turn. As she drives past the house
 to leave, she takes one last look into the lit window...

...and sees a shape...

...The Shape...but it moves out of view so suddenly, we're
 not sure what we saw.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 (hitting the brakes)
 Shit.

She now takes a better look. Doesn't see anything, but isn't
 taking any chances. She takes out her phone. Dials 911.

CALLIE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Hi, I'm just calling because-

CRASH! From inside the house.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 34 Madigan Court! Michael Myers is
 here. Send...send everybody!

EXT. COVINGTON, INDIANA - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Callie darts out of the car. Not sure what to do. She hears
 another CRASH from inside the house. A muffled SCREAM.

She rushes up to the door and tries it. It's locked. She starts to bang on the door. She turns and SCREAMS out into the quiet neighborhood:

CALLIE
Hey! Somebody! Help! Help!!!

Nothing but a distant barking dog answers the call.

She looks up at the house. Moves to a window. Grabs a brick from the garden. About SMASH the window. When, suddenly...

CRASH! JUMP SCARE as Bethany's BODY is THROWN out the second floor window and lands next to Callie with a SLAM.

Glass rains down as Callie moves to Bethany, tending to her. CUTTING HER HAND on the BROKEN GLASS.

Bethany is still alive; but bloodied and not lucid.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Okay, you're going to be okay.

Inside, through the window, we see The Shape descending the stairs toward the doorway. Knife in hand. Callie screams.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Help! Somebody help us!

Michael is approaching... through the front door. Callie stands to face him. Putting herself between the monster and the poor girl.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Michael! Listen, please. You don't want to do this. I know... it's not your fault. None of it is. I know it.

Michael lifts his knife. Callie holds her hands up to protect the plunge...as if they could stop it.

Just when the knife is about to come down...

WHOMP! Something knocks Callie out of the way. It's Marcus! *He followed Callie here.*

Michael doesn't slow. Continuing his approach on Bethany. One job at a time...

A dazed Bethany whimpers. Tries to pull herself up on a hanging rope swing dangling from an oak tree branch in the front yard.

Michael is on her, driving his KNIFE down HARD into her LEG. She screams...as best as she can with a collapsed lung. She tries to crawl away, but the knife has PINNED HER to the GROUND.

Marcus leaps toward Michael -- grabbing the wood plank seat on the swing. He WHIPS it HARD, clocking Michael in the side of the head with a home-run shot.

Michael isn't even dazed. But he DOES turn on Marcus, who lunges at him. The two men engage, but Michael uses Marcus' momentum to his advantage, throwing him headfirst into the tree. Knocking Marcus OUT COLD.

Michael turns back to Bethany, taking a moment to admire his writhing, terrified prey. Callie moves to try to help the unconscious Marcus.

Michael pulls the knife out of Bethany's leg...and drives it back down into her skull with a THWUMP!

Callie SCREAMS, which causes Michael to turn to her.

Callie tries to lift Marcus, who is far too huge to move.

Michael tries to pull the knife out of Bethany's head but it's wedged into the bone so it DRAGS HER. Using his foot for leverage, he steps on her head and PULLS the knife out, making a scraping noise 10x worse than nails on a chalkboard.

Michael turns to Callie and Marcus; advancing.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

No! Michael, no...

She is holding Marcus and is backed against the tree. She is completely vulnerable to Michael's approach.

Death could not be more imminent, until...

...we HEAR SIRENS. Michael looks up...curious. We stay on Michael as we see the lights of a SQUAD CAR and hear it SCREECHING TO A STOP. *Callie's 911 call being answered.*

ON MICHAEL as we hear officers descending. Guns drawn.

OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

Drop to the ground, now!

But Michael just stares at them, dropping for no one.

TWO OFFICERS step into view.

OFFICER 2

Drop the knife and get on the ground. This is your last warning.

Still nothing from Michael.

Officer 1 aims his gun and FIRES.

The bullet rips into Michael's KNEE CAP. Shattering it.

He goes down on one knee.

Michael's P.O.V. -- through the mask -- disorienting. As several cops approach -- BILLY CLUBS NOW OUT.

Another shot fired. The P.O.V. spins. Face on the ground.

Police Officers POUNCE. They BEAT MICHAEL mercilessly, eventually cuffing him.

Yet, they still beat him. He raises his head, and no amount of beating can get him to drop it. He just stares out...

...directly at Callie.

CLOSE IN ON CALLIE. Eyes go wide.

CALLIE'S POV:

CLOSE UP of MICHAEL'S MASKED FACE. As we did with the pumpkin, we PUSH INTO THE EYE HOLE where we go CLOSE on Michael's eyes:

Cold...

...and staring right at Callie as we...

CUT TO BLACK:

SUDDENLY, Callie wakes up with a JOLT.

INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Callie is sweating and breathing deeply. She looks around her immaculate, but cold bedroom.

SUPER: **"ONE YEAR LATER"**

Callie gets out of bed and crosses to...

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SUPER: "OCTOBER 30TH"

Callie is washing her face. She looks at herself in the mirror as she dries off. She looks at her hand. It still has the SCAR from the BROKEN GLASS. She extends her fingers...stiff.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Callie finishes dressing for work while polishing off her morning tea. She listens to a talk-show on the radio.

MALE CALLER (O.S.)

I mean, who cares if some murderer suffers when he's being executed. What about the people that he killed. "Botched execution?" He's an animal. They're all animals.

Callie hears this and looks at a picture on the wall:

Callie is graduating from high school, parents standing on either side. CAMERA CLOSES on her FATHER.

Callie is stone-faced. But her eyes give away the loss she still feels.

MALE CALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, a *moratorium* on executions? Because of prisoner rights? What about "victim" rights? The governor's made a mistake on this one!

INT. CALLIE'S CAR - LATER THAT MORNING

Callie's commute. Her car turning down the road toward Smith's Grove. She still listens to the talk radio. Self-torture.

FEMALE CALLER (O.S.)

..so what I don't understand is that they knew this ban on executions was coming. Michael Myers was set to die. Why did they wait until it was too late?

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
Technically, the ban starts on
November 1st, so they've got, what,
36 hours to find a vein and...
night-night Michael.

FEMALE CALLER (O.S.)
So what's stopping them?

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
Politics. Plain and simple.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - A LITTLE LATER

Callie's car pulls up to Smith's Grove Sanitarium. Even in
the daylight, it's a little frightening.

HIGH WALLS. GUARD TOWERS. BARBED WIRE FENCE.

A GUARD uses a mirror to check under Callie's car and checks
her trunk. All clear. She is waved through.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

In front of the building, beyond a second fence, we see a
PRESS CONFERENCE about to start.

Callie gets out of her car and is joined by Stephanie, also
arriving for work. Her friend rushes over.

STEPHANIE
This is crazy? Right?

CALLIE
Don't let it get to you. Just-

MAN
Callie Ross?

Callie looks over to see an unfamiliar MAN. She looks
confused until she sees him press "record" on his phone. She
responds by picking up her pace.

REPORTER
Is it jarring to work in the same
facility that houses Michael Myers?

Fucking reporter. Callie just keeps walking.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Ms. Ross, do you want to see him
killed?

CALLIE

What I want doesn't matter.

REPORTER

Doesn't matter? Miss Ross, your father spent his entire life defending the criminally insane. Do you think he would have taken a case like Michael's?

Callie doesn't answer. The Reporter tries to be more personal.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

C'mon, Callie. I need a quote. Something we can print.

STEPHANIE

Okay.
(stopping)
"Fuck you." Print that, cocksucker.

The insult means nothing to a fucking reporter.

REPORTER

Callie! This is a man who almost killed you. And you have nothing to-

BAM! The Reporter was not watching where he was going and has slammed into something, knocking him to the ground.

He looks up to see Marcus staring down at him.

MARCUS

You need to watch yourself.

REPORTER

Oh my God.

The Reporter reaches for his phone. Trying to get a photo.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Please...please let me just get one picture. There hasn't been a photo of the two of you together since-

Marcus pulls the phone out of the Reporter's hand and chucks it over the fence. Then quickly escorts Callie and Stephanie to the front entrance.

CALLIE

I don't need your help.

MARCUS

Never.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Callie, Marcus and Stephanie walk towards a metal detector.

Callie turns to him.

CALLIE

Don't be smug. Okay? Could you do that?

MARCUS

Yes.

CALLIE

Good.

Marcus allows Callie and Stephanie, along with two other female workers, to walk through the metal detector first.

STEPHANIE

(sotto; to Callie)

You remember he saved your life.
You remember that part?

CALLIE

Is that all? Because according to the press, we're practically engaged.

STEPHANIE

You could do worse...

As Callie collects her belongings on the other side, her attention focuses to Dr. Cushing, who is walking down the hallway with a well-groomed trio. We see:

EDWARD PHELPS (50s), the director of Smith's Grove. He'd be even shorter if he didn't have lifts in his shoes. We get the sense that on his desk is a framed picture of him posing with a dead elephant he paid thousands of dollars to shoot.

JAMES ENSOR (30s), Head of Security. He is a no-nonsense straight shooter who is fiercely loyal to his one job at Smith's Grove: Keeping everybody save.

DANIELLE HAWTHORNE (40), the sexy District Attorney who is determined to see her conviction of Michael Myers stand up.

As they pass, Phelps notices...

PHELPS

Callie?

Callie smiles. Professionally.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

What're you doing here?

(turning to Dr. Cushing)

I asked you to give Dr. Ross the week off.

CALLIE

He did. I have patients. They need me.

Pause.

PHELPS

Okay, but if you need anything, you let me know me.

Callie nods and Director Phelps, Dr. Cushing, Ensor, and Danielle continue out of the facility to the instant shouts of news crews.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MAIN STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Phelps is at the podium with his team behind him. The press conference is already under way.

PHELPS

Mr. Myers basically grew up in this facility. Our doctors are specially trained to deal with such a menace. As can be validated by the last year without incident.

BESS, an aggressive reporter, takes the floor:

BESS

Director, what are your feelings about the impending ban on capital punishment, Director Phelps?

PHELPS

Bess, I think that's a question for the current governor. You can ask me again next week when I move into his office.

BESS

Being so far down in the polls, that doesn't seem likely.

PHELPS

I'm only down two points.

BESS

And dropping daily. Ever since the governor announced the stay.

Phelps pauses, maintaining his best political smile.

Danielle steps in from behind him, rescuing the director...

DANIELLE

As the prosecuting attorney in the Michael Myers' case, I can assure you, there is no one more disappointed about the governor's decision than I.

BESS

Especially after you bent every law in the book to score a death sentence for a mentally-retarded inmate.

DANIELLE

They call it *Intellectually Disabled* now, Bess. Try to keep up. And a jury of his peers disagrees with you.

Off Danielle's cold smile, we go...

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

As they enter the building, Danielle spins on Phelps.

DANIELLE

If you want to be Governor, stop taking that cunt's questions.
(off their shocked looks)
And I say that from one cunt to another.

PHELPS

(seething)

You think it was an *accident* that the last date for executions is October 31st? That bastard did it on purpose. If he stops me from putting Michael down, it'll be the nail in my political coffin. It's what I *campaign*ed on!

JAMES ENSOR

I hope you're not considering calling his bluff. Because there is *no way* I can ensure a safe transfer, to Marion prison, of a man as dangerous as Michael Myers, in a day and a half.

PHELPS

Who says he needs to be transferred?

Off their looks, we go...

INT. STAFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Callie works through some files, Brenner expounds on the coffee he's preparing on an expensive hand press. While Callie ignores him, Stephanie smiles; taken by the doctor.

BRENNER

(aimed at Callie)
...a Vienna roast at about 450 degrees gives it a slight carmel flavor. Try it.

He hands Callie a cup.

CALLIE

(not looking up)
I don't drink coffee.

BRENNER

You never told me that.

CALLIE

I have. Twice.

STEPHANIE

I drink coffee.

Brenner, slightly disappointed, hands it to her.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Have you had Starbucks Pumpkin Latte? They only serve it at Halloween. It has a...awsesome-y taste...

Brenner smiles over his disgust. Dr. Cushing comes in.

DR. CUSHING
Mandatory emergency lockdown. In
ten minutes. All wards.

BRENNER
The entire hospital? What could
possibly be--

He stops when he realizes what it could "possibly be". Of
course: *Michael!*

DR. CUSHING
I'll be giving Michael his
physical.

Beat.

CALLIE
Wait, what? Are they executing
him? Did they push up the date?

DR. CUSHING
(ignoring her)
Stephanie, I need you to record the
exam and submit it. Dr. Ross, Dr.
Brenner, if you'd like to-
(then; realizing)
Oh, I'm sorry, Callie, of course,
you shouldn't have to--

CALLIE
I'm coming.

DR. CUSHING
(beat, nods)
Very well. You can all watch from
the observation room. But first...
let's lock it down.

INT. HALLWAYS - SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - MOMENTS LATER

We watch as everyone in the hospital is ushered to their
rooms. An ALARM sounds. Doors are shut and bolted.

An eerie silence as everyone tucked away. Safe. Secure.

A SECURITY TEAM approaches a cell door. While it's been
freshly painted over, you can still see the faint words
"MIKE'S ROOM DO NOT ENTER" scratched into the door.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP on two feet walking in chains. A slight limp.

As the CAMERA RISES, we see that it all stems from an injured knee...perhaps the one that has been shot?

CAMERA WIDENS, but does not rise. We now include TWO PAIRS of polished black industrial boots with uniform pants. CAMERA WIDENS to show TWO MORE matching PAIRS of SHOES walking behind the others.

CAMERA SLOWLY RISES and REVEALS:

A REAR shot of Michael being lead by TWO GUARDS and TWO ORDERLIES (one of whom is Marcus, who eyes Michael with a jaw so locked his teeth might crack).

Disturbingly, one Guard fingers the trigger of a SHOTGUN, the barrel of which is WIRE ATTACHED to a HEAD UNIT specially designed for Michael to wear.

One flinch and BAM...brain soup.

INT. SPECIAL EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME

This is not your typical doctor's office. It is a SPECIALLY designed room that has been modified to control and contain a monster. Or Michael Myers.

In the center is a chair strapped to the floor. Dozens of metal restraining locks.

Hovering above the chair is a GIANT METAL CAGE attached to a hydraulic pulley.

Behind the chair, along the wall, is a fortified two-way mirror.

Dr. Cushing joins James Ensor by the door as they wait for their patient.

After a beat...

DR. CUSHING

Aside from performing the compulsory physical, I'm hoping to collect a few...extra samples. For research purposes.

Ensor doesn't look over. Maintains his eyes on the door.

JAMES ENSOR
I'm not a doctor. I don't know
what goes into a physical.

Dr. Cushing nods; understanding. Tacit permission.

We PUSH IN through the two-way mirror and into...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brenner, Stephanie and Callie watch from the room. They are all obviously nervous, watching the door.

STEPHANIE
Have you seen him...? Since, you
know?

Callie shakes her head. Eyes still on the door.

Michael's shadow darkens the door, as we start to INTERCUT between the examination room and the observation room.

Michael is lead in, wearing the SHOTGUN RESTRAINT which shields his face. Spooky. Blank. Much like his iconic mask.

Even with his limp, Michael commands the room. His calmness unsettles even the guards.

GUARD
Sit.

Michael does not respond. The Guard KICKS his BAD KNEE which drops him into the seat, face turned away from Callie.

We watch as the guards chain and lock Michael in the middle of the room. Steel neck braces extend from three sides, making it impossible for him to move his head. Chains lock his arms and legs to the floor.

FINALLY, Ensor presses a button and drops the CAGE down over the chair, which hits the ground with the weight of a truck.

Ensor then PULLS A CHAIN bringing MICHAEL'S MASKED FACE one inch from the cage.

Then Ensor adds one new wrinkle. He pushes a second button that *electrifies* the cage.

JAMES ENSOR
Mr. Myers, I'd suggest not touching
the cage.

Ensor double-checks the restraints, then nods to Cushing, who in turn nods to the two-way mirror.

DR. CUSHING
 (checking his watch)
 Let the record show, patient
 Michael Myers, physical
 administered starting at 10:46 AM.
 (to Michael)
 Michael, aside from a blood sample
 and a physical workup, I need to
 extract a few cells from your
 frontal lobe. At your request, I
 can provide a sedative for the
 procedure.
 (beat)
 Would you like to make this
 request?

There is obviously no answer.

One Sadistic Guard in the room smiles.

BEHIND THE GLASS -- Callie looks concerned.

CALLIE
 He can't do that. This is supposed
 to be a standard physical.
 (off their looks)
 He can't!

They don't move. But Stephanie presses an INTERCOM BUTTON between the two rooms...

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 Doctor. Excuse me--?

Dr. Cushing, who has retrieved a LONG SYRINGE from the lab tray shoots an angry look to the mirrored window.

More interesting, though, it is clear from the SLIGHT tilt of Michael's head that...

...HE HAS RECOGNIZED CALLIE'S VOICE.

Callie seems to realize this too and stops talking, even more frightened now.

Cushing shoots the mirror a look making it clear that if Callie talks again, she will have to find another job. *NOTE: the eye-line is not directly at Callie...*

DR. CUSHING
(back to Michael)
In order to prevent performing a
full craniotomy, I'll be using a
transorbital neuroendoscopic method
of sampling the brain cells.

Stephanie, who is taking notes, turns to Callie:

STEPHANIE
What's that?

CALLIE
So he doesn't have to remove
Michael's skull, Dr. Cushing is
drawing the cells with a syringe
through his eye-socket.

Stephanie grows pale upon hearing the description.

DR. CUSHING
I'll be entering just above the
eyeball. You need to avoid moving
your head so I don't do damage to
your optic nerves or receptors.

Dr. Cushing approaches with the freakishly long needle.

DR. CUSHING (CONT'D)
Ready?

He didn't expect a response. Dr. Cushing puts the needle
through the cage.

Michael does not flinch, even as the needle is inserted into
his eyesocket. Brenner looks away. As does Stephanie. But
not Callie. She's seen far worse.

Dr. Cushing draws up his sample through the syringe, and
FINALLY pulls out the needle.

Needle now out of his eye, Michael turns his head and somehow
manages to stare right through the one-way partition and
unlike Dr. Cushing...

...LOOKS DIRECTLY INTO CALLIE'S EYES.

Now this freaks Callie out. She quickly turns and leaves the
room.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Callie is squatting against a wall by herself taking deep breaths.

Dr. Cushing turns the corner of the hallway, accompanied by Marcus and another orderly.

Somewhere between angry and sympathetic...

DR. CUSHING

Go home. You're taking the day.

CALLIE

I'm fine.

DR. CUSHING

You're either not well or have lost all sense of professionalism.

(leaning in; forceful)

You don't ever question your supervising-

CALLIE

You conducted an unethical and *illegal* procedure on that patient-

DR. CUSHING

-*especially* in front of a patient.

And "That patient?" *That patient*

is perhaps the most dangerous serial killer in modern history.

If we're able to isolate the factors that made him become the m--

(then)

You know what? I don't need to justify my work to you. I said take the day off!

CALLIE

And I said I'm fine.

DR. CUSHING

Marcus, I want you to escort Dr. Ross out.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Callie is angrily packing her backpack with work.

As she leaves, she see Marcus waiting at the door.

MARCUS
Where you headed, doctor?

CALLIE
Good one. Home. This time I mean
it.

She crosses to...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Callie notices that Marcus is still following behind her.

CALLIE
Marcus. I'm going to my car.
Really. You don't need to follow
me.

MARCUS
(sheepish shrug)
Orders.

She sighs, he follows.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The door opens and Marcus and Callie see reporters still
milling about...near Callie's car. Her face falls.

MARCUS
I can drive you home.

He points to his nearby pickup. Right by the door.

CALLIE
That's okay, I-

The Reporters see them...and start over. As one, Marcus and
Callie head for Marcus' pickup.

INT. MARCUS' CAR - DUSK

They drive in silence. Marcus respecting Callie, but eyeing
her. At a light, Marcus sees a YOUNG BOY dressed as a huge
homemade Sunflower struggling to walk down the street.

MARCUS
Kid's got the wrong day.

CALLIE
 (looking)
 And the wrong costume.

Marcus looks at her.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 If you're going to wear a costume
 that's going get your ass kicked,
 at least wear something where your
 legs have room to run.

Beat. Marcus chuckles.

MARCUS
 That's the most words I think
 you've ever said to me.

Whatever vibe they had is gone. Callie looks out the window.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I'm just saying, it's weird.
 I don't know more than your first
 and last name. I mean *that night-*

CALLIE
 (interrupting)
 I've had worse.
 (not looking at him)
 I try to put those kinds of nights
 out of my head. I don't need to
 relive them. Okay?

Marcus stops talking.

EXT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Marcus' pickup pulls up to Callie's apartment.

Callie gets out.

CALLIE
 Thank you. For the ride.

MARCUS
 Okay, you know what? I'm not
 measuring what the most fucked up
 night a person could have is. And
 granted, I'm not a psychiatrist,
 but I'm telling you that *that was*
one fucked up night. And maybe you
 can just file it away someplace;
 (MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
not think about it. I'm not like
that.

Callie hesitates. He's got a point.

CALLIE
You want to come in?

Off Marcus' confounded look...

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Callie sits at the bar that separates the kitchen from the living room. Marcus' head has disappeared into the refrigerator.

MARCUS (O.S.)
Wow.

He comes out with jarred mushrooms, the color of which frightens him. He lays it carefully on the bar next to a box of pasta and some olives.

CALLIE
Is this the part where you make me
a fabulous dinner with the few
items I have in the fridge?

MARCUS
That all depends...

He reaches into the fridge and pulls out a bottle of wine.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
You ever drink dinner?

CALLIE
All the time...

INT. MICHAEL'S CELL - LATE NIGHT

Michael sits in darkness on the edge of his bed. Quiet, almost meditative. He wears a protective mask, *by choice*.

We realize that we are in his "room", which, unlike in the earlier scene, has been fortified with BARS INSIDE. A mini-cell inside his already secured room.

After a nerve-racking moment of silence with him, the door to his room OPENS and a beam of light from the hallway pours in.

OUTSIDE, we see MONEY changing hands with the armed guards as THREE ORDERLIES creep into the room. To get a souvenir with the soon-to-be-dead Michael.

They hesitate as they see him sitting on the bed. Michael does not move.

The FIRST ORDERLY approaches the cage and holds up his cell phone to get a selfie with Myers in the background.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN -- we see the faint outline of the orderly in the foreground. DARKNESS BEHIND HIM. When the phone FLASHES, we see Michael still sitting on the bed in the background.

He chuckles with enjoyment as the SECOND ORDERLY steps into place by the bars.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN -- we see his faint outline in the foreground. DARKNESS behind him. AGAIN, the CAMERA PHONE FLASHES. Again, Michael is illuminated in the photo behind him.

The FINAL ORDERLY (who worked with Marcus to transport Michael) steps into place by the bars.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN -- we see his faint outline. He presses the button on his camera phone. ON THE FLASH -- we realize that MICHAEL IS NO LONGER SITTING ON THE BED.

Before he has time to register the predicament he's in, Michael's hand GRABS HIM BY THE HAIR and PULLS HIS HEAD TO THE BARS. Michael's OTHER hand PULLS THE RING OF KEYS that are attached to his belt by a zip-line.

In an instant, Michael SLASHES the Orderly's throat with one of the keys. The bloody key ZIPS back to the Orderly's waist as he falls to his knees, clutching at his sliced neck.

One of the Orderlies SCREAMS FOR HELP, as we go...

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

They are now drinking. Two empty bottles surround half-eaten containers of Chinese food. The mood has lightened.

CALLIE

...oh, c'mon. Dr. Brenner would never say-

MARCUS

He would. He brags to his little empire there that he's planning on "nailing" you or Stephanie, but he's holding out for you because if he starts with Stephanie and you find out, he has no chance at you.

CALLIE

Well, somebody might want to tell the good doctor that he should save some time and get right to Stephanie...

Laughing. Both of them.

MARCUS

I'm not telling him. I'm already on his bad side. I mean, he already thinks I like you.

The laughter stops. Awkward moment.

A long beat as it looks like things might go to the next level. But she's too shy. And he's too respectful.

SUDDENLY, the PHONE RINGS.

Callie glances at the clock and gives a "who would call at this time" look. Seeing the Caller I.D., she picks it up.

CALLIE

Hello? Dr. Ross here.
(listens)
Oh, my God.

She looks up at Marcus; her face telling us...

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM OUTER PERIMETER - EARLY MORNING

BESS (the confrontational reporter) addresses the CAMERA outside the high walls of Smith's Grove.

BESS

Hospital staff have confirmed that an unnamed orderly was violently killed early this morning at the hands of Michael Myers. While speculation has been swirling about plans to expedite the execution Mr. Myers before the deadline tonight, we have been unable to confirm or deny such intentions.

Behind Bess, we see two cars being waved into the main gates. Callie and Marcus.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Several WORKERS carry the wooden sides of a crate into the hallway as the Head of Security, James Ensor, walks to his office. Coffee in hand.

He looks curiously at the giant pieces of wood, looking toward the door where they came from...the Special Examination Room where Michael's physical was conducted.

INT. SPECIAL EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ensor side-steps another pair of Workers carrying out another piece of the wooden crate as he goes inside the room.

His eyes go wide. PIVOT TO REVEAL:

In the middle of the room, being drilled into the floor, is...

...AN OLD ELECTRIC CHAIR.

The room is buzzing with activity as workers hook up cables and transformer boxes; the same ones Ensor used yesterday on the metal cage.

Chairs are being carried in to the adjoining Observation Room; the one separated by the two-way mirror.

The staff is building a make-shift EXECUTION CHAMBER.

Ensor approaches one of the workers, asking a rhetorical question:

ENSOR

What the hell is happening here?

ELECTRICIAN

Orders by the Director. They're going to light up Michael Myers. Tonight before the deadline.

Ensor looks to the remaining slabs of the transport crate. The RETURN ADDRESS READS:

"UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY, MARION, IL"

INT. DIRECTOR PHELPS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Phelps fills out paperwork as James Ensor storms in.

JAMES ENSOR

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Phelps peers up at Ensor, throws his boots up on his desk.

PHELPS

Michael Myers was convicted by a jury of his peers, and sentenced to death.

JAMES ENSOR

By lethal injection! I approved lethal injection!

PHELPS

The state is out of Sodium Thiopental. The drug company won't supply more. And after the botched job in Oklahoma, the chair was the next best option.

JAMES ENSOR

The governor is never going to sign the death warrant. This was all for show! To get you elected.

PHELPS

Not anymore. Michael murdering a State employee last night changed *everything*. He's catching hell for ordering the stay.

(holding up a paper)

Signed from the governor. We're a go.

Ensor stares at him. Half impressed. Half disturbed.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

A Halloween day execution? It's perfect. What better day to put that sadistic fuck down? To reclaim the holiday for people whose lives have been torn apart by a ruthless homicidal maniac.

But Ensor doesn't look convinced. Phelps stands and moves around the desk.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

James. This is happening. I need you to get on board.

Ensor shakes his head in anger and storms out.

INT. STAFF ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Phelps stands in front of the entire staff. Including Callie, Brenner, Stephanie and Marcus. Everyone waits in stunned silence. There are many wet eyes in the group, reeling from the death of a friend.

PHELPS

The rumors that you have most likely been hearing are true. A few minutes before midnight tonight, Michael Myers will be executed. Here at Smith's Grove.

(beat)

By electric chair.

You can almost here the air getting sucked out of the room.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

Despite the unfortunate and *completely unnecessary* death that occurred last night, it has been decided that it is far safer to perform the execution here, rather than the alternative. Moving Michael is no longer an option.

Stunned silence. We hear gentle weeping in the back of the room.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

Would anyone like to say anything?

After a beat, the Sadistic Guard grunts:

SADISTIC GUARD

Let's fuckin' fry him.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Callie runs up to intercept Dr. Cushing as he makes his way towards his office.

CALLIE

Did you know about this? An electric chair!?

(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

(off his silence)

We can't have any part in an execution. We took an oath. As doctors.

DR. CUSHING

Exactly. *And as doctors, it is our responsibility to learn from this.*

(then)

Callie, you don't need to be here.

CALLIE

Yes, I do. Somebody needs to bear witness to what is happening here.

DR. CUSHING

Well, Dr. Ross, Director Phelps has made it very clear that you are welcome to take the whole week off.

Of Callie's look, we GO TO:

INT. MICHAEL CELL/ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

We hear the TICKING of a clock. Michael is STRAPPED to his safety chair. Heavy chains hold him down. Armed gunmen point their weapons at him.

We can see blood still staining the floor from his attack the night before.

A HICK GUARD is prepping Michael for execution. While the SADISTIC GUARD (from earlier) stands nearby watching.

After removing Michael's hair with electric shears, the Hick Guard moves toward Michael with a pair of scissors. *Every single person in the audience is waiting for someone to die with that pair of scissors...*

The scissors are used to cut Michael's left orange jumpsuit pant leg.

The material is pulled away and a GUARD SHAVES MICHAEL'S shin using soapy water and a safety razor (so that conduits can be attached).

When the pants move up past his knee, we see it heavily scarred from the gunshot wound.

As he works, the Sadistic Guard pulls out something from behind his back. It's MICHAEL'S REAL MASK. He holds it up for Michael to see...

SADISTIC GUARD

Lookie here, freakshow. Look what
I got. Stole this out of evidence.

The Hick Guard moves on to Michael's head.

We don't see Michael's face, but we do catch GLIMPSES of
SCARS and BURNS. Gruesome.

SADISTIC GUARD (CONT'D)

(admiring the mask)

Still trying to figure out whether
to piss on it or sell it on Ebay.
Some sicko'd pay a lot of money to
whack off to it.

The Hick Guard pulls a soapy washcloth out of a bowl, rings
it out...readies to soap up Michael's head...but instead
replaces the cloth in the bowl.

No soap for Michael.

As the Hick Guard shaves Michael's head, we hear an
uncomfortably LOUD SCRAPPING SOUND of the RAZOR as it goes
over the few unscarred places on Michael's head.

Rough. Very rough.

The Hick Guard nicks him a few times, but Michael does not
flinch.

Finally, the Hick Guard gets frustrated and purposely takes a
SMALL CHUNK out of a nasty scar on Michael's head.

Again, no reaction from Michael...

...which, for the first time, freaks the Hick Guard out.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - DR. CUSHING'S OFFICE - LATER

Dr. Cushing readies some medical equipment as he goes over
things with Dr. Brenner. The clock reads: **11:12.**

DR. CUSHING

We'll want to work quickly as soon
as Michael is pronounced dead. As
to limit the injuries sustained by
the electrocution.

(holding it up)

The Stryker Saw will be used to cut
a cap in the skull to give us
access to the brain. Next--

They are interrupted by Callie, who walks in.

CALLIE

Don't let me stop you. Keep going.

Dr. Cushing continues as Callie stands in judgement.

DR. CUSHING

Next, I'll sever the tissue that connects the brain to the spinal cord, as well as the tentorium--

James Ensor knocks and enters the room, accompanied by Stephanie, who holds clipboards.

JAMES ENSOR

So, the state requires six non-staff civilians, to witness the execution. I thought since you're doctors--

Dr. Cushing nods immediately.

DR. CUSHING

Yes, of course, I'll be a witness.

CALLIE

I'll be there.

Hoping to impress Callie, Brenner follows her lead:

DR. BRENNER

Ah, shit. I'll be a witness, too.

JAMES ENSOR

Good. Stephanie has your releases.

As Stephanie walks the clipboards to them, Callie turns on Brenner:

CALLIE

Not impressed, Brenner. You and me...*it's never going to happen.*

(off his look)

I saw you almost puke at the examination.

(off his look)

They have to stuff cotton balls into the anus to stop the condemned from soiling themselves. Heads have burst into flames. Blood spewing from every orifice.

Brenner takes this in. Then hands Stephanie back the release form. Unsigned. Callie's right.

Stephanie sees her opening with Brenner. She takes back the release; smiles. And this time...

...Brenner smiles back.

Callie sees this and rolls her eyes in disgust.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HALLWAY

A dark hallway with TWO ARMED GUARDS WAITING. We HEAR a door open, and out he comes Michael Myers. Head already covered in a black cloth. The TWO ARMED GUARDS aim him down the hall as TWO MORE GUARDS come out of his cell.

Michael is led to the death chamber. The combination of his chains and his limp make him more frightening than ever.

INT. ADJOINING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ensor and Dr. Cushing walk with Callie toward the Observation Room. Almost as if she were being led to her own execution.

As they round a corner toward the entrance at the end of the hall, they see...

...MICHAEL MYERS.

Despite being blinded by the hood, Michael STOPS IN HIS TRACKS. Seems to look toward Callie.

She gasps as Ensor pulls her into the observation room.

Finally, a Guard POKES Michael with his gun and The Shape continues to limp toward his date with the chair.

INT. MAKESHIFT VIEWING AREA - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Many empty seats. Other than Danielle, there are only faces Callie doesn't know, but for one...

...Marcus.

Callie sits down behind him; leans in.

CALLIE
Why are you here?

MARCUS

'Cuz I knew you'd be.

She looks up and we hear SFX of chains limping. But we can't see anything behind the make-shift drawn curtain.

Finally, the CURTAIN IS DRAWN and sitting in the electric chair is Michael Myers. *Movie poster anyone?*

CLOSE UP SHOTS AS:

- Michael's legs being strapped in.
- The frightened faces of the few "witnesses".
- Michael's wrists being strapped in to the chair.
- ON DIRECTOR PHELPS, who stands behind the chair.
- More straps across Michael's chest, arms, and legs.
- The SADISTIC GUARD standing ready to pull the switch, which has been drilled into the wall in a make-shift way -- wires leading out.
- REAR SHOT as the cloth covering Michael's face is removed.
- The metal skull-cap shaped electrode is fastened to his shaved head, over a saline-moistened sponge.
- IN SAME SHOT, Callie turns away in her chair, and slightly...ever so slightly...we see Michael's HEAD TILT in her direction. Phelps notices...

PHELPS

Cover 'em back up.

Michael's head is again covered with the black cloth.

Ensor looks over to a THICK, MESSY COIL OF EXPOSED WIRES. He shakes his head; "This is a bad idea..."

Another electrode is attached to Michael's shaved leg after being spread with conductive jelly.

ARMED GUARDS take up positions in the corners of the room.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

Michael Audrey Myers, you have been convicted by a jury of your peers and sentenced to die by electrocution.

(MORE)

PHELPS (CONT'D)

The electricity shall now be conducted through your body until such time as you are pronounced dead. Do you have any last words?

Phelps waits for an answer that everybody in the theater knows is not coming.

Phelps EXITS the make-shift chamber and RE-ENTERS into the observation room a few seconds later.

He takes a seat in the front next to Danielle.

He looks up at the clock. **11:59.** Time.

Phelps then nods at Sadistic Guard, who struts toward the wall with the SWITCH...

...he looks around...savoring the moment...until he finally PULLS DOWN THE SWITCH...

...**BZZZZZZZZ!** Michael Myers is lit up. He starts to shake violently...

...hands clamp down on the chair...

...until we hear the ominous ELECTRICAL SNAPPING OF POWER - A TRANSFORMER MALFUNCTIONING...

...although electricity still flows through. *But something is clearly wrong.* There just doesn't seem to be enough juice to do the job.

Sparks fly. But current still flows. The lights dim and then go back on -- a light bulb blows above the witnesses, causing someone to scream.

PHELPS (CONT'D)

What's happening?

Everybody watches on in horror as Michael continues to shake.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S ANKLE RESTRAINT. Each time Michael rocks, it seems to loosen the restraint. Bolts come up out of the floor, loosening the chair.

Concerned, the Sadistic Guard LOWERS the handle on the switch and the ELECTRICITY CURRENT STOPS.

Michael's head bows. It looks like he might be dead.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief, until...

...MICHAEL'S HEAD RISES UP SLOWLY.

The Sadistic Guard THROWS THE SWITCH again and Michael starts to JOLT. Straps continuing to loosen. Chair pulling away from the floor.

Suddenly, Michael's head catches fire while still shaking back and forth.

Witnesses start to look away, sickened. But not Callie. She looks on.

CLOSE ON his ANKLE RESTRAINT as he shakes still harder.

A GUARD NEARBY notices the TRANSFORMER BOX; its CIRCUIT BREAKERS have gone off one by one. He approaches the box.

GUARD

I got it.

He switches the circuit breakers back up...

And with that there is an ENORMOUS BURST OF POWER and...

...**BOOM**...

...Michael's feet PULSE against the floor and the power shoots Michael backwards and as his ankle comes free, the power current surging through him **STOPS**.

There is a brief silence.

CALLIE

(sotto)

Oh my God.

The Sadistic Guard slowly moves toward Michael, lying on the ground. Body smoking. Hood still on fire.

Beat...Beat...Beat.

Michael suddenly SPRINGS up off the ground and immediately PUSHES THE SADISTIC GUARD TOWARD THE WALL AND SMASHES his HEAD into the SWITCH...impaling his skull on the heavy metal lever.

SCREAMS and PANIC from the observation room.

Two of the four GUARDS move to subdue Michael as the VIEWING CURTAIN STARTS TO CLOSE. Michael, meanwhile, is REACHING INTO THE DEAD SADISTIC GUARD'S POCKET.

We stay on the "blind-side" of the curtain, with the witnesses. We can HEAR sounds of a fight in the execution chamber. A GUN GOES OFF. Three more gunshots.

More screams from behind the partition.

THEN SILENCE.

No sound from inside the chamber.

We also realize now that the power burst has taken out the lights in the room (and, as we'll find, in the entire asylum) with only the EMERGENCY LIGHTS TURNED ON.

There is a beat. Nobody knows what to do. Everybody behind the partition leans forward to try to see what's happening.

Silence. Beat. Even longer beat.

Ensor moves forward, gun drawn, trying to peek inside the small slit in the curtain. Looking inside. Closer. Hopeful.

SUDDENLY, JUMP SCARE as the BODY of one of the Guards comes CRASHING OUT, SMASHING the partition with such unimaginable force that the body actually HITS THE BACK WALL of the observation room before falling limply to the ground.

PANIC. ENSOR LEANS INTO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER WITH HIS GUN OUT AND READY TO FIRE.

Aside from the dead Sadistic Guard, there are three newly deceased Guards in various states of gory death.

...BUT MICHAEL IS GONE.

PHELPS

Okay, everyone, let's not panic.

But he is CLEARLY PANICKING.

Ensor, all business, helps the females towards the door to escape while barking into his headpiece...

ENSOR (INTO WALKIE)

We are at Code Red. All non-security personnel should be ushered out at once. We are locking down. Code Red!

At the door, Ensor peers out in the hallway. Searching for a sign of Michael. Empty hallway.

Ensor turns to Marcus, motioning to Callie...

ENSOR (CONT'D)

Get her out. Get her out now.

Marcus nods and ushers Callie away in the opposite direction as James Ensor slowly walks down the hallway in the direction that Michael escaped.

CUT TO CLOSE UP:

MICHAEL MYERS' MASK. Swinging. PULL OUT to REVEAL that Michael is holding it as he moves down the hallway.

He continues to walk with his slight limp.

Suddenly, Michael stops. A moment as he adjusts his INJURED KNEE slightly. He steps down on it gently. The next step is less gently until...

...MICHAEL IS NO LONGER WALKING WITH A LIMP.

When we finally see Michael's head in full frame, we see that he still wears the black execution hood. It has been BURNT and SCORCHED onto his SCALP...and it's still SMOKING.

He pockets his precious mask and proceeds towards a door at the end of the hall. Locked. MICHAEL PULLS and the HANDLE RIPS OFF in his hand with miraculous ease. Huh? Staring at it, he SQUEEZES the metal knob...

...AND CRUSHES IT.

INT. ADJACENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An alarm BLARES. People are running through the hallways. Moving toward exits. Marcus and Callie are almost home free.

Suddenly, terror washes over Callie's face as she realizes...

CALLIE
Stephanie! Wait! Stephanie is...

Callie turns and sidesteps the rushing crowd, looking back into the bowels of the dark asylum. A passing NURSE nearby SCREAMS in panic.

MATCH CUT TO:

Stephanie SCREAMING loudly.

PULL OUT to REVEAL we are...

INT. SHOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephanie is SCREAMING. It takes a moment to realize that it's because she's having sex. With Dr. Brenner.

We are in the Smith's Grove's SHOWER ROOM, where the staff clean and shower patients that can't do it themselves. For an added creepy vibe, there are RESTRAINING STRAPS hanging from many walls, to strap patients in. The room looks like a high-school-locker-room-shower meets bondage-S&M-den.

Stephanie sits up on top of Brenner, grabbing two of the straps.

STEPHANIE

I think I need to be retrained,
doctor.

(off his look)

Strap me in.

Brenner doesn't need to be told twice. He sits up and affixes the restraints to Stephanie's wrists. When he's halfway through strapping in her second wrist...

...ALL THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

A moment later, a dim generator lights kick on. Intermittent RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLASH. Brenner's face falls.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Happens all the time.
I've filed like a dozen work orders
to get it fixed but...

BRENNER

I need the lights on.

STEPHANIE

(playful)
Scared of the dark?

BRENNER

(serious)
No. I want to be able to see your
tits.

She smiles. Happy that the doctor has taken her bait.

STEPHANIE

There's an emergency bypass in the
breaker in the locker room. Turn
it back on.

He nods and starts to unfasten her wrists, but she shakes her head.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Leave it. I want you to think
about me waiting here for you.

Brenner is falling even faster. Holy shit this girl is sexy.

In love, Brenner heads off to find the circuit breaker.
Stephanie smiles. Mission accomplished.

INT. DESERTED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

James Ensor, gun drawn, walks slowly. Searching. He turns a corner. Looks down to see a DEAD ORDERLY. Head broken open like a cracked egg on the concrete wall.

He clicks on his earpiece, calling. We INTERCUT...

INT. PHELPS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phelps puts the call on SPEAKER. He and Danielle are hiding in the reinforced room.

JAMES ENSOR
Call in the Feds. Do it now.

PHELPS
Already done.
(then)
Kill him. You have to kill him,
James.

Ensor clicks off the line and continues his search. When the light on the intercom goes off, Danielle looks to Phelps.

DANIELLE
You really called the Feds?

Phelps shakes his head. No.

PHELPS
We have to clean this mess up
ourselves. Or it's over for me.
Which means it's also over for you.
The solution to our problem is
wandering out there right now, just
needing one bullet to the head.

Danielle looks to him seriously...

DANIELLE
And that's going to stop him?

Off Phelps' look, we GO TO:

INT. SHOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephanie is waiting for Brenner to return. Hands still held tight in the restraints.

Her cell phone VIBRATES on the shower floor. She can't reach it. But the I.D. reads: "CALLIE"

The light that spills into the bathroom from the hallway OFF SCREEN darkens. Stephanie smiles. Happy for Brenner's return.

STEPHANIE

Look who's back.

The shadow doesn't move.

REVEAL the SHAPE in the doorway. Backlit. Watching.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I'm waiting, Dr. Brenner...

Michael doesn't budge.

Stephanie STRAINS to turn her head to see the doorway.

Just then, the lights DO go on. And that's when she sees him. MICHAEL. With his NEW look. The burnt cloth execution hood still MELTED INTO HIS FACE AND HEAD.

Stephanie SCREAMS.

As she frantically tries to unstrap her wrist, Michael approaches slowly. Fascinated.

Closer. And closer. She SCREAMS. One strap undone. Fingers clawing at the second.

He reaches out to touch her body. She lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM!

Another shadow appears at the door. This time it is Brenner. Stephanie screams again as Brenner runs FULL FORCE at Michael. Heroic.

Brenner SLAMS into him with a dull thud. Michael doesn't budge. Like he was hit with a feather pillow. Brenner, on the other hand, falls like a brick on the tiled floor.

Brenner grabs Michael's leg and YELLS...

BRENNER

Run!!!

But Stephanie, in her panic, is still trying to get the second strap undone.

Michael picks Brenner up off the ground and starts to bounce him off the walls with more force than his body should allow. While we are used to Michael being able to lift bodies with one hand, *this is some fucking bionic shit!*

Michael smashes Brenner's head into the SHOWER HEAD with such force, the nozzle breaks off and bounces like a pinball in the ceramic room.

Stephanie FINALLY gets free. She sees the exit. Michael is behind her. We know enough about the history of Michael Myers to know that outrunning him should be no problem.

But when she darts for the exit...

...MICHAEL DARTS FASTER.

WHAT THE FUCK!?

Michael grabs Stephanie by the back of the hair and PULLS. Her legs fly out in front of her and she SLAMS down on the cold shower floor.

Still holding her hair, Michael DRAGS a struggling Stephanie back toward Brenner, who has managed to stand up with the help of the shower wall.

Trying to steady himself, Brenner slips, turning on one of the shower faucets as Michael approaches. Water blankets the floor as Stephanie slides around, trying to escape. But Michael still holds her by her hair.

Brenner takes a sloppy swing at Michael, who grabs him QUICKLY by the front of the face and LIFTS HIM IN THE AIR.

He drops Stephanie and carries Brenner to the exposed pipe of the shower head that was knocked off the wall.

Stephanie watches in horror as Michael SLOWLY PUSHES Brenner's skull onto the exposed pipe. He lets go and Brenner hangs from the pipe by his head. Dead.

Michael looks up at his handiwork with interest as Stephanie kicks back and away.

Michael turns on the water.

While some water pours out of his mouth, Brenner's body begins to bloat, filling with shower water forced down his throat.

Michael slowly turns to Stephanie, who scrambles out of the room, screaming.

Michael starts to follow her, but when he reaches the door, he TURNS BACK to see his creation.

Brenner's body has become so bloated with water that the pipe FINALLY BREAKS OFF THE WALL and Brenner splashes to the ground, bloody water running out of his body and down the drain.

Satisfied, Michael turns his attention back to the girl.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An empty hall. Emergency lights buzz dimly. In the foreground, we see CALLIE and MARCUS. Creeping down the LONG hallway.

CALLIE
(softly)
Stephanie? Steph?!

MARCUS
Maybe her cell phone is just off.
Maybe she got out?

Callie shakes her head. She's not leaving her friend.

More silent creeping. Until...

SUDDENLY a BLARING SOUND as the asylum's P.A. system SQUEALS ON...scaring the shit out of them...and us.

ENSOR (OVER INTERCOM)
All non-security personnel should
now be evacuated. Smith's Grove
will be locked down immediately.

We hear some distant screaming. We're not sure if it's in response to this announcement...or in response to Michael.

Suddenly...CLOSER SCREAMING.

Callie looks up. Recognizing the voice...

CALLIE
Stephanie.

AT THE FAR END OF THE LONG HALLWAY, Callie sees Stephanie TEARING around the corner. Screaming. Drenched with shower water and blood from her head wound. Slipping as she SLAMS into the wall.

Stephanie sees Callie and screams LOUDER.

Callie RUNS toward her friend. Leaving Marcus momentarily behind.

SUDDENLY, a loud BUZZ and the electromagnetic locks on ALL THE DOORS release and SLOWLY CLOSE.

TWO SECURITY DOORS, in the middle of the hallway, SHUT AND LOCK, separating all three of our heroes. LOCK DOWN.

Callie, in the middle section, pulls on Stephanie's door, having JUST missed reaching her. Locked! Stephanie screams!

Callie turns back for Marcus, realizing that HE'S LOCKED OUT of her section. Each quarantined in their own private halls.

Stephanie cries and yanks at the door. Callie tries to calm her through the small glass window between them.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Go back through the kitchen! I'll meet you--

STEPHANIE

(crying)

No! Open the door! Open the fucking door!

CALLIE

I can't. It's a lock down! Go back through the kitchen. I'll meet you in the cafeteria!

But then Callie, through the glass window, sees him. The Shape. Michael Myers rounding the corner in the distance. Behind Stephanie. Still wearing his burnt execution hood.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

(anxiously)

Stephanie! Stephanie!!!

(off her friend's sobs)

GO BACK NOW. THROUGH THE KITCHEN.

(still isn't listening)

He's coming!!! Behind you!!!

Stephanie stops crying and looks behind her to see Michael slowly approaching.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Run! Now!!!

Stephanie realizes she has no choice. She runs back down the hall she came from...TOWARDS MICHAEL...and the still open side door that is between them leading to the kitchen.

Callie watches helplessly from the window as they play chicken.

In a last second burst, Stephanie gets to the door before Michael.

She DIVES, wet and bloody, SLIPPING PAST Michael and DISAPPEARS through the door toward the kitchen.

Incredibly, MICHAEL DOESN'T EVEN REACH FOR HER. He continues toward the closed security door. Towards Callie.

He reaches the locked door and stares at his true purpose. CALLIE! She backs away from the locked door as Marcus yells:

MARCUS
Callie! Run!! RUN!!!

SUDDENLY, MICHAEL'S FIST CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW!

He misses grabbing Callie's throat by millimeters. He *does* manage to grasp a lock of hair as Callie ducks back.

He yanks it back. A souvenir. His arm bloody from the gash.

Callie backs away. One eye on the door. Waiting for Michael to attempt to bust through it. But he just watches. Intently.

Callie backs toward Marcus who watches from the behind his own window.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
There's no way to the kitchen from this side! I have to back track to the East Wing.

CALLIE
Get out! We'll be fine. Go!!!

She shoots him a last desperate look and runs to the SIDE EXIT and disappears in the same direction as Stephanie.

Marcus SLAMS the door with his fist. Frustrated. He looks through the window to Michael but he is GONE. With no choice, Marcus backtracks toward the East Wing.

BACK ON MICHAEL -- behind the door.

After a moment, he reaches up, PEELING OFF THE BURNT HOOD. We follow the bloody and scabby hood as he drops it to the ground. He PULLS OUT his MASK.

He PLACES IT ON HIS HEAD (a brief glimpse, *Empire-Strikes-Back-Vadar* style, of his burnt and scarred head).

FULL REVEAL of the mask, now fitting snugly over his head. Game on!

As Michael turns toward the door where Stephanie exited (the kitchen), WE GO TO...

INT. HALLWAY - LOW SECURITY WING - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Cushing is going door to door in the low-security patient barracks. Making sure all the doors are locked.

He ROUNDS a corner as we JUMP SCARE REVEAL the Hick Guard (who shaved Michael's head for the execution) and one very SCARED GUARD. Guns drawn.

HICK GUARD

Doc, what are you doing out here?

DR. CUSHING

Just checking on my patients.

HICK GUARD

We need to get you to a safe room.

DR. CUSHING

You do your job. I'll do mine.

HICK GUARD

My job is to keep you from getting killed.

Cushing nods, moving toward his office door. He opens it with an electronic FOB key.

HICK GUARD (CONT'D)

(nodding to partner)

Make sure he stays put.

The Scared Guard follows Cushing, happy to join the doctor inside the locked office.

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

The large empty cafeteria. Ensor has his gun drawn. Searching the room.

As he moves toward the kitchen, he hears a sound coming from behind the rolling buffet unit.

He points toward the sound, moving toward it.

Cocking his gun.

As he rounds the corner, ready to fire...

REVEAL A RAT feeding from a tray of abandoned food.

Relieved, he moves toward it and COVERS the rat with a buffet tray, trapping it.

SUDDENLY, a huge CRASH from the kitchen. He looks up. Points his gun!

Moves towards the door just as a shock of wet hair appears...

...Stephanie sees Ensor and SCREAMS.

Ensor draws down immediately.

STEPHANIE

He's coming. My God! He's coming!

Ensor shields Stephanie and points his gun again toward the door. But no one is coming.

ENSOR

Where? Where is he?

STEPHANIE

Behind me. He's behind me!

Suddenly, a sound from the *other* direction. Ensor turns, pointing his weapon again. Puts up his finger for Stephanie to be quiet.

With difficulty, she controls her breath.

A shadow from the emergency light casts a shadow across the floor of the entrance to the Cafeteria. Ensor moves quickly toward the shadow.

The shadow continues to move toward the door. Soft feet.

Careful not to cast his own shadow, Ensor stops at the door frame.

Waiting for movement. Nothing. The figure is still.

Stephanie backs up. Terrified.

Enzor POINTS HIS GUN at the wall where the figure is likely standing. Waits.

ON STEPHANIE who continues to back away from the scene...

And *THAT'S* when we see *The Shape* at the door behind her. In the kitchen. Watching. Waiting.

Stephanie, unaware of Michael standing behind her, continues to back up toward him. Watching Ensor and the shadow at the door intently.

AT THE DOOR we PULL BACK to REVEAL that it is...

...CALLIE on the other side of the door. Waiting. Listening...

...unaware that a GUN IS POINTED AT HER THROUGH THE WALL.

A long beat. Stephanie backing toward Michael. Holy fuck!

Enzor cocks his gun. He's about to FIRE...

Finally, Callie whispers...

CALLIE
Stephanie?

Enzor pulls his gun away and moves to the doorframe.

ENSOR
It's Ensor, Callie. It's James.

She DARTS AROUND the corner. When they look up toward Stephanie, *The Shape* is *no longer standing behind her*.

Stephanie RUNS toward Callie embracing her.

Enzor quickly hands them his electronic FOB key.

ENSOR (CONT'D)
Use this. It will get you out through any door.

STEPHANIE
What? No. We're going with you.

ENSOR
I'm going after Michael.

A beat.

STEPHANIE
We're not going with you.

They hear a sound in the kitchen and turn toward it.
Stephanie SCREAMS!

Both Callie and Ensor turn to Stephanie.

ENSOR
(to Callie)
Get her out of here.

Ensor addresses Callie but never takes his eyes...or
gun...off the entrance to the kitchen.

ENSOR (CONT'D)
Close the doors behind you. No one
can get between rooms without the
fob key.

CALLIE
(concerned)
Won't you need your-

ENSOR
Fingerprint scanner. I have access
with my fingerprints.
(then)
Go now.

They don't need to be told a second time. The girls start
out the cafeteria door as Ensor turns toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A huge industrial kitchen. Lots of places to hide. Lots of
shadows.

A view from the far side of the kitchen. In front of us is a
ROW OF KITCHEN KNIVES OF VARIOUS SIZES. Twenty or so. LOTS
AND LOTS OF KNIVES in a wood cutlery stand.

Ensor appears at the door. Gun at the ready.

ENSOR
Michael?

No such luck. He glances around the allegedly empty room.

As he ENTERS, he CLOSSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. It locks with
electromagnetic CLICK.

He tests the door. Locked. (*NOTE: We see the FOB key panel
with the attached fingerprint scanner as he does*).

Ensor turns to the dim kitchen. Starting his search.

Walking slowly through.

Creepy. Deserted. Deadly.

It's surprising how many items are in a kitchen that could be used to kill somebody. Industrial sized bread mixer. Meat tenderizers.

Enzor hears something at a nearby room marked "Galley Janitorial".

He approaches it. Breathing heavy.

JUMPS IN ready to fire...

INT. GALLEY JANITORIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The large room is empty. Janitorial supplies. Uniforms. A trained eye would realize the uniforms look suspiciously familiar.

Enzor sees a burnt and BLOODY ORANGE JUMPSUIT on the ground.

He turns back toward the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CALLIE'S APARTMENT

Enzor steps out again into the main kitchen.

P.O.V. as he moves through the chrome and steel room.

When he passes the long row of kitchen knives, we REALIZE that one of them is *missing*.

A sound behind him. He turns and sees THE SHAPE.

FIRES QUICKLY. Blam-blam-blam...

Three bullets into the reflection of the large industrial refrigerator.

He turns toward where the reflected Shape might have been standing, but there is no one there.

He turns back and there is Michael. In the flesh. No reflection this time. In his trademark jumpsuit, holding a GIANT kitchen knife comfortably in his hand.

Michael starts to walk toward Enzor.

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.

The Shape continues toward him.

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.

No stopping him.

Michael reaches Ensor and violently BREAKS Ensor's hand, turning the gun toward his own head.

He pushes Ensor's finger, pulling the trigger.

CLICK. Empty.

Ensor doesn't have time to breathe a sigh of relief as Michael raises the knife and SWINGS it toward Ensor's throat. James leans back, the knife grazing his Adam's apple.

Ensor turns to run but Michael easily grabs him and THROWS HIM VIOLENTLY down on a GIANT WOODEN TABLE. Which we realize is, appropriately, an industrial sized cutting board.

Michael slams his kitchen knife down, barely missing Ensor's face. Ensor finds a CLEAVER. He swings blindly, striking Michael in the shoulder.

Michael releases Ensor, who scrambles back and FALLS down on the opposite side of the table.

Michael pries the cleaver out from his shoulder and moves around the table. Knife in one hand. Cleaver in the other.

Ensor picks up a GIANT POT to use to protect himself.

Michael swings the cleaver first, which pierces the giant pot. CLOSE ON Ensor's face, the cleaver tip inches away.

Michael responds by raising the kitchen knife.

Ensor backs away...

...directly into the table with the butcher's block filled with DOZENS OF KNIVES.

Michael moves to stab Ensor in the head. Ensor lifts the pot. Instead, Michael plunges the knife into Ensor's belly.

Michael then casually reaches behind Ensor and grabs another kitchen knife from the block. Stabs it in his chest.

Another one. In his neck.

Another one. Head.

Another one. And another. And another.

By the time Michael is done, James Ensor looks like a peacock's tail, dead seven knives ago.

Michael stares at him.

SUDDENLY, Ensor's walkie-talkie crackles to life. We hear...

PHELPS (O.S. OVER WALKIE)
James. Are you there? Ensor?
(beat)
Did you find him?

Michael turns toward the door. In the direction of Callie.

MICHAELS POV: The fob pad and fingerprint scanner.

Smarter than he looks, Michael turns back and looks down at Ensor. Picks up the dead man's cleaver. Looks down at ENSOR'S HAND.

As he lifts the cleaver to chop off the hand, we...

CUT TO:

A walkie-talkie SLAMMING down on a desk. We are...

INT. DIRECTOR PHELPS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Director turns to Danielle and shakes his head.

PHELPS
If Michael found him, he might have his fob key. Which means Myers can go anywhere.

DANIELLE
It also means your friend is dead.

PHELPS
That, too. But right now, I'm more concerned with the security of each and every one of this facility's--

DANIELLE
Is this bullshit meant for me?
'Cuz I know you. Turn off his key.

Phelps nods. And moves to his computer... logs into the security screen and REMOTELY DEACTIVATES Ensor's fob key.

Danielle nods, satisfied. Then turns to take in the room.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Good. Now, do you have any firearms in here. In case of an emergency?

Phelps gets up and moves to a large wall unit. He opens it to REVEAL an arsenal of weapons. Big and small. Danielle eyes the AK47.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

All right, then.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - CONTINUOUS

Hurrying through a corridor of the hospital is Callie and Stephanie. Towards safety.

They reach a locked door. Callie tries the fob key. It doesn't work.

CALLIE

Oh, c'mon...

Tries it again. Nothing; *deactivated*.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

We gotta find another way out.

They rush off.

Through the glass window, we RACK FOCUS to REVEAL Marcus in a different wing, trying to make his way back to Callie. But he's going in the opposite direction.

Neither sees the other.

INT. DR. CUSHING'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Cushing is locked in his office. He is organizing his equipment. The Stryker Saw. Scalpels. Forceps.

The Scared Guard looks at the forceps.

SCARED GUARD

What's that for?

DR. CUSHING

Removing the brain.

SUDDENLY, JUMP SCARE as there is a BANG ON THE DOOR. And someone RUNS BY SCREAMING. Chilling.

Dr. Cushing starts to say something, but Scared Guard gives him the "shh" signal.

Scared Guard goes to the door slowly. Takes a beat and then:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He pops out into the hallway, gun drawn. Waits...but there is nothing. He looks down the hallway of patients' rooms.

Starts down. Glancing into the glass windows to check inside as he goes.

Through the glass. A PATIENT sleeps. No idea of the crazy outside the room.

Through another window. ANOTHER PATIENT stands in the far corner of the room. Looking at the wall. Weird.

The Scared Guard creeps to the next glass window. Nothing. No one inside. He tries to get a better look by turning his head, when...

...SLAM, a CRAZY PATIENT'S face appears. In a PANIC.

He SCREAMS maniacally through the mini window. Psychotic. Unnerving.

The Scared Guard shakes his head...

SCARED GUARD
Go back to bed.

The Guard notices the Crazy Patient's eyes SHIFT his gaze behind where he's standing.

PULL OUT to REVEAL The Shape standing behind him.

The Scared Guard SPINS, trying to level his gun. But Michael is too fast. His hand is up and on the gun before the Scared Guard has a chance to pull the trigger.

While Michael isn't really a "gun person", he's willing to use it in his own creative way, taking the weapon and SHOVING IT BRUTALLY into the temple of the Scared Guard.

The barrel of the gun is buried deep in the guard's skull. With a final dying effort, the Scared Guard reaches up to pull it out. But as he does...

...BLAM! It goes off. The Scared Guard has shot himself through the brain.

Having heard the shot, Dr. Cushing peers out to see Michael standing over the Scared Guard's dead body.

Through the blood-sprayed window, the Crazy Patient laughs dementedly as he watches Michael move toward Dr. Cushing.

INT. DR. CUSHING'S LAB - PRESENT

Dr. Cushing locks his office door quickly and retreats.

He backs up towards his equipment. The DOOR RATTLES as Michael tries to get in. There is SLAMMING AROUND in the hall. A possible fight.

Then...silence. But we see a SHADOW at the crack on the floor. Standing there. Waiting.

DR. CUSHING
(calling out)
Michael. Um, I am very happy to
see you're okay.

As he stalls by talking through the door, Dr. Cushing pulls out .45 from inside his desk.

DR. CUSHING (CONT'D)
It's after midnight, Michael. They
can't execute you anymore. It's
all going to be okay.

Cushing aims the gun at the door.

DR. CUSHING (CONT'D)
Everything is going to be okay.

BLAM BLAM BLAM!

The shadow tilts toward the side of the door and slides down along the frame. Direct hit.

Just to be sure, Dr. Cushing lowers his gun.

BLAM BLAM BLAM!

Three shots mid-door. He waits, listening, but there is not a sound from the other side. The Shadow is still.

REVEAL the OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. The HICK GUARD slumped by the door, bleeding from several bullet wounds. Michael standing by the side. Admiring his handiwork.

INSIDE THE OFFICE -- Something catches Dr. Cushing's eye.

Cushing POV: One of his shots managed to hit the exact SPOT where the LOCK would be. Beat. Then:

The door creaks open, just an inch, all on its own.

Dr. Cushing reaches frantically for more bullets.

The door opens and Michael appears, freaking Dr. Cushing out to the point where he starts fumbling bullets.

Michael steps over the dead Hick Guard and slowly approaches, stopping briefly to grab the Stryker Saw from the medical tray. He turns it on...causing Dr. Cushing to fumble one more bullet just before he gets it into the chamber.

As the Stryker Saw buzzes to life, Dr. Cushing finally manages to load a bullet. He turns it on Michael who catches Dr. Cushing's forearm with the saw. Blood sprays as Cushing drops the gun. Searing pain.

Another BUZZ from the saw.

DR. CUSHING (CONT'D)
(pleading)
I can help you, Michael.

Michael is now on top of him. He raises the bone saw up as Cushing SCREAMS. The saw is PLUNGED into his open mouth, as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

The sound blends with Stephanie's angry SCREAM! We are...

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Another locked door. Hopeless.

STEPHANIE
Fuck! There's no way out.

Callie looks around. They are on the second floor with HUGE WINDOWS FACING THE INNER COURTYARD -- lots of other windows facing this peaceful atrium with benches and trees.

She thinks for a moment and then PICKS UP A BIG CHAIR in the hallway. She THROWS IT at the window but it BOUNCES OFF.

As she lifts the chair up to try again, she FREEZES...

POV: MICHAEL is STANDING at a window on the opposite side of the atrium, staring at them.

Michael stares at his prey, then turns and walks in the opposite direction. While Callie seems slightly relieved, she keeps her eye on him...

...as he STOPS. He then turns again and runs directly at the window and towards the girls. He takes the unbreakable window HEAD first...

...**SMASH!** Michael crashes through the window and falls hard in the atrium one floor below.

He then gets up and starts walking towards Callie, who drops her useless chair and pulls Stephanie back from where they came.

CALLIE

Come on...

The girls run off, now rightly believing Michael is about to climb the side of the building and smash through the window to get to them.

They dart around a corner, and...

...BOOM! JUMP SCARE as they run directly into Director Phelps brandishing his AK47. He accidentally FIRES A BURST OF SHOTS, trigger happy.

After their lives flash before ALL of them, Callie stands and moves to Phelps. Relieved.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Director Phelps! He's in the atrium.

PHELPS

Where!?

Callie reluctantly points back from where they just came.

All four move warily back toward the atrium window.

Phelps moves the window and points his gun toward the atrium...

...but Michael is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - SMITH'S GROVE - MOMENTS LATER

WE HEAR the BEEP of the Fob Key.

Phelps leads Callie, Stephanie and Danielle out.

They cautiously look around.

DANIELLE
Which way did he go?

Stephanie points. They all turns to see:

A DEAD GUARD. About a 100 yards away. His limp body half through a window...head first.

PHELPS
(to the girls)
You both. That way.
(he points in the other
direction)
Go to the rear gate. Past
solitary...

STEPHANIE
(wary)
Solitary?

PHELPS
It's locked down. Go around. I
posted a guard at that gate. He
can let you out.

Callie nods and heads off with Stephanie.

Phelps looks to Danielle.

PHELPS (CONT'D)
You should go with them.

DANIELLE
I think I'll stay where the guns
are.

As she takes out her .22, Phelps leads the way on the hunt for Michael Myers.

EXT. BEHIND SMITH'S GROVE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Callie and Stephanie lurk by the back of the glass and concrete building. There is a large expanse of grass between them and the ancient-looking stone building that was the original sanitarium. Now SOLITARY. Forboding. Dark.

Behind the locked down ward...a HUGE IRON GATE and a GUARD BOOTH. An exit to freedom. And life.

Callie takes Stephanie's hand, but she doesn't follow.

STEPHANIE

I can't...

CALLIE

You can. You have to.

(right in her eyes)

Steph, we get to that gate and
we're out of here.

They take one last look in every direction and make a hurried, deliberate walk for the gate.

CAMERA STAYS TIGHT as they walk, all alone, toward the back. They close in on the menacing, dark building that houses the most disturbed patients. But they easily walk past until they reach...

...the guard booth. Safe. Almost too easy.

Home free.

The first clue that something might be wrong is that the GUARD in the booth is not looking at them. Callie slows as she approaches.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

He still doesn't turn.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, we really need to...

She touches the Guard's arm and he SLUMPS SIDEWAYS to REVEAL...

...A SLIT THROAT.

Callie quickly searches for his keys...which have been removed.

STEPHANIE

Um, Callie?

Callie looks up and sees a horrified look on Stephanie's face. She follow her gaze and sees...

...Michael. His trap has caught its target.

He has them cornered. And yet he seems to have left an opening...that forces the girls closer to...

...Solitary. As they move along the building, Michael quickly adjusts his position backing them up against the door, which is STRANGELY OPEN.

CALLIE

What the...

She looks to the KEY FOB PANEL to REVEAL:

A BLOODY HAND PRINT. Michael has orchestrated this whole thing.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Come on...

STEPHANIE

(scared to death)

No.

Callie reaches for Stephanie's hand. She takes it.

CALLIE

Dr. Cushing once showed me a door in the new facility. He told me there was a tunnel that lead to Solitary. If that's true it means-

STEPHANIE

There's a way out...

Off Callie's nod, we:

INT. SOLITARY - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Terrifying. The door opens and moonlight pours in...followed by a tentative Callie and Stephanie. They shut the door behind them. CLICK. Door locked.

It's quiet. *Too* quiet. Warning signs direct workers to stay inside the safety lines of the hallway.

They quietly work their way down the exact middle of the hallway (inside a GREEN SAFETY STRIPE painted on the floor), we cannot see in any of the cells; the only light coming from the emergency lights at the open door...

...AN ARM SHOOTS OUT from between the bars. The girls MOVE AWAY from it, only to have...

...another ARM SHOOT OUT and grab Stephanie by the wrist, pulling her towards the bars. She screams.

DEMENTED VOICE

So...pretty.

Callie kicks the man through the bars. Stephanie is released, though not before being bitten. The girls RACE off toward the far end of the hall.

More hands thrust out to grab the young girls. Sounds of cackling and disturbing WAILS.

When they reach the end of the block, there are several doors. One clearly reading "BASEMENT".

But it's of course, LOCKED! With no key access.

STEPHANIE

There a control room. I filled out paperwork. It unlocks all doors.

They a small stairway leading up and away...

As they move toward it, the light from the doorway flickers. They look up to see...

Michael Myers standing in the doorway. Backlit. Badass.

He watches the girls disappear up the stairs.

EXT. OUTSIDE SOLITARY - CONTINUOUS

REVERSE ANGLE as we see Michael drops Ensor's bloody hand, no longer needing them, and disappears into the hall.

CAMERA GOES to Phelps and Danielle. They watch and follow. Phelps seems a little apprehensive about going after him.

DANIELLE

Just so we're clear. Michael Myers escaped, killed countless personal until you, Edward Phelps, finally brought him down.

Semi-convinced, Phelps cocks his gun and enters...

INT. SOLITARY - CONTINUOUS

Michael slowly makes his way down the Solitary main hallway. A gaunt face presses between the bars. Taunting him.

DEMENTED PATIENT

Hey. You.

Michael ignores him.

DEMENTED PATIENT (CONT'D)
 Pussy boy. Puss-puss-pussy!
 (he keeps walking)
 I fucked your mother.

Michael stops. He turns slowly toward the Demented Patient.

DEMENTED PATIENT (CONT'D)
 That's right. I fucked your
 mother. Ripped that ass wide open.

As Michael approaches, the wiry Demented Patient starts kicking his leg out between the bars. Challenging.

DEMENTED PATIENT (CONT'D)
 Come on, bitch! I will break my
 foot off in your ass.

Michael GRABS the Demented Patient's foot, mid-kick. He starts to PULL it back through the bar.

The Patient is skinny, but not THAT skinny.

Michael PULLS harder as the man SCREAMS in PAIN. Michael is literally RIPPING the man through the bars. His bones BREAKING as they are forced through the space between the bars.

Internal bleeding. Hips breaking. Then ribs. Most of his body on the other side of the cage. By impossible brute force. His body flapping, only his head still remains inside the cage, his skull too big to be pulled through.

But that doesn't stop Michael. The Demented Man lets out a final wail as Michael YANKS one last time. The skin on the top of patient's head RIPS as the skull POPS OUT and remains inside the cage. The FLAPPY FACE and hair move into the hallway.

The hard skull bounces in the cage before rolling to a stop.

Michael turns his attention back to...

INT. SOLITARY - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room that controls the high security wing. Monitors and control panels. Callie is frantically looking for any way to open the basement door.

She sees a RED BUTTON that reads, "EMERGENCY FIRE RELEASE: ALL DOORS!" There's a handwritten sticky note near it, on which is scrawled: "DO NOT PUSH". Probably a good idea to stay away from that button.

She goes back to looking for another option. Searching panels. Then:

STEPHANIE

He's here.

ON A MONITOR, we see The Shape, in black and white, making his way through Solitary Hall. The grisly crushed body of the Demented Patient lying on the floor behind him.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

He's gonna kill us. If you don't find that basement door right now, he's going to kill us!

Callie realizes *she's right*.

She looks to the ominous, red "ALL DOORS" button. PUSHES IT! We hear a buzzing sound as we GO TO:

INT. SOLITARY - CONTINUOUS

The buzzing stops. As does Michael. Everything is still. Until *they* appear...

...three of the scariest, craziest looking psychos we can imagine. They slowly surround Michael, staring at him.

ON PHELPS AND DANIELLE who now stand at the entrance to SOLITARY. They see what's happening.

PHELPS

This might be easier than we thought.

BACK TO THE SHOWDOWN -- as a SCRAPPY HOMICIDAL pulls out a homemade shiv and flashes it in front of Michael.

SCRAPPY HOMICIDAL

Brother, you are in the wrong place at the wrong time.

SUDDENLY, the THREE PSYCHOS launch at Michael with lethal force.

Phelps smiles. It looks like his job has done for him. But the smile fades as...

SUDDENLY, Michael FIGHTS BACK, dispatching all three Psychos with surprising strength and quickness.

-- The Scrappy Homicidal's shiv is used against him, the throat slit to the vertebrae.

-- The Second Psycho moves to bite Michael but Myers, with a hand in the man's mouth, RIPS his MANDIBLE so hard that his jaw flaps off, hanging loosely from the skin of his cheeks.

-- The Last Psycho experiences Michael's patented HEAD SQUEEZE.

It's a fucking bloodbath.

Michael's interest turns toward where he last saw Callie heading. And he walks in that direction.

INT. SOLITARY - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephanie has just finished watching the carnage on the monitor and now sees Michael approaching.

STEPHANIE

We. Are. Fucked.

Callie suddenly notices something...

CALLIE

Got it! Let's go!

She PRESSES the button for the BASEMENT DOOR RELEASE.

As they hurry down the steps, we GO BACK TO:

INT. SOLITARY - CONTINUOUS

Michael is *almost* at the end of the hall.

Callie and Stephanie SUDDENLY appear...

...and race for the basement door. Michael is closer.

If this door isn't unlocked, they are DEAD.

They reach the door. IT SWINGS OPEN.

Michael is ALMOST on them. The door is shut just as Michael reaches it. Almost losing a finger as it SLAMS CLOSED.

He tries the door. Locked.

AT THE FAR END of the hall, Phelps sees Michael...

...and QUICKLY fires a fury of gunfire.

Shots sprays the end of the hall. Sparks fly. When he finally runs out of bullets and the smoke clears...

...Michael no longer is there.

PHELPS

I think I got him...

DANIELLE

Really?

(then)

Why don't you go check...

Phelps nods and moves down the hallway.

Phelps disappears up the steps toward the Control Room. As Danielle starts to move forward slowly, we hear a VOICE...

VOICE

Hawthorne? Counselor Hawthorne?

She freezes as a creepy patient, BILLY DEAN ROGERS (who we last saw in the Visitor's Center at the Halloween party).

DANIELLE

Do I know you?

BILLY DEAN

(respectful)

Don't tell me you don't remember me.

(after a beat)

Billy Dean Rogers. You prosecuted me in '07.

DANIELLE

(remembering)

Yes, of course. You got off on an insanity plea. I had you on a triple homicide.

Behind Danielle, we watch as she slowly reaches for the .22 tucked into the back of her pants.

Slowly...ever so slowly.

BILLY DEAN

You should know the truth, it was only a *double* homicide.

(MORE)

BILLY DEAN (CONT'D)
 (moving toward her)
 But we can change that right now.

Danielle starts to draw out her gun, but Billy Dean CHARGES HER. He PUSHES her back into a pitch-black cell. The cell goes BRIGHT as a shot fires. A struggle in the dark.

A moment later, the gun SLIDES OUT of the cell. Danielle SCREAMS. As she meets her end in the dark, we GO TO:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Callie and Stephanie look up as they hear a gunshot in the distance.

They hurry toward the back of the dank basement hallway.

Searching for a doorway. A passageway. Anything to take them out of here. But there is nothing.

There are two doorways on either side of the hall. Stephanie follows Callie into the first room...

INT. OPERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A filthy room. Blood and body-fluid splattered. Gurneys and trays of archaic instruments of torture. Tables with restraints.

STEPHANIE
 What did they...do down here?

It's a dank, dark, hell-hole. A secret containment room where they did experiments on patients long before such things were considered immoral. And probably after.

CALLIE
 They used to experiment on patients...before--

A POUNDING on the door echoes throughout the basement. Stephanie cries out. Callie searches...

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 We're going to get out. We just need to find the tunnel.

STEPHANIE
 There's nothing. There's nothing fucking here!

Despite the room being cluttered with surgery items, there are clearly no exits in sight. No passages leading out.

CALLIE
Across the hall.

INT. BASEMENT - RECORDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is PACKED with books and filing cabinets and records. It's a labyrinth of files stacked to the ceilings. Hardly a wall is bare. This is going to take a while.

CALLIE
It *has* to be here somewhere.

But Stephanie starts to shake. Terrified. She slides down the wall. Unable to move.

Callie starts pulling filing cabinets down. Searching for an exit. It is considerably dark. Only a dim emergency light and a blinking red warning light.

STEPHANIE
(breaking down)
I want to go home. Callie, I just want to go home. I don't want to be here...

CALLIE
We're going to get home! We just need to find--
(then; ecstatic)
I found it!!!!

ON CALLIE -- who has found a door.

BINGO! She throws down a cabinet to get to the door and flings it open...an old janitorial closet. No tunnel.

She turns back to Stephanie. Trying to hide her concern...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phelps enters the control room...but it's empty.

He hears POUNDING. Phelps looks to the monitors where he sees that Michael is at the basement door. SLAMMING the door with his fists with almost superhuman strength.

Using a key, he moves to the wall and unlocks the weapons cabinet. No ammunition for his empty AK-47. Having to compromise, he pulls out the only gun there...a small pistol.

In the bottom of the cabinet, he sees a gas mask and two riot police smoke grenades.

Phelps takes the gear and turns his attention to the pounding sound still echoing through the building.

INT. SOLITARY - STEPS TO CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phelps slowly and carefully makes his way back toward the basement door. And the pounding. The incessant pounding.

Pistol at the ready.

As he reaches the bottom of the stairs, the pounding ends as the sound of the door, FALLING OFF THE HINGES, reverberates with a THUD.

Phelps hesitates. Waiting. Listening.

He JUMPS out of the stairwell and around the corner to find...

THE HALLWAY IS EMPTY. The door off. Michael likely inside.

Phelps puts the gas mask on.

Carefully inching toward the door, he pulls the pin to a smoke grenade and TOSSES IT DOWN the stairs.

The grenade, which is designed to go off on impact, rolls down the basement steps and ECHOES a HISS as it goes off... a cloud of blue smoke starts to flow out the door.

Phelps steps out in front of the door and, pistol pointed down the basement....

...FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS DOWN THE STEPS BLINDLY.

Beat.

Satisfied, Phelps clicks the light on his mask and starts down into the basement.

We PUSH TOWARD the basement door, following Phelps until he DISAPPEARS into the smoke screen.

A beat.

SUDDENLY and without warning, Phelps' body comes FLYING OUT OF THE SMOKE, landing HARD against the concrete floor. Guns sliding across the ground on impact.

HERO SHOT through the smoke as Michael steps out, blue smoke SWIRLING around him.

He picks up the discombobulated Phelps, lifting him HIGH INTO THE AIR. Shoves him against the wall. Gas mask falling off.

Phelps reaches for a weapon. Scrambling. Trying to find something...anything...to use against the monster.

He finds his second SMOKE GRENADE. He STRIKES Michael in the head with it, the PIN falling out.

Michael rips the grenade from Phelps' hand and, with BRUTAL FORCE, PUNCHES IT DIRECTLY INTO Phelps' chest.

On impact, the smoke grenade DETONATES, it HISSES as SMOKE POURS from both the open wound AND from Phelps' open mouth and nose.

Michael drops the dead Phelps; his mouth continuing to emanate a blue stream of smoke.

Michael slowly turns to the basement door. Back to business.

INT. BASEMENT - RECORDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Callie is still throwing filing cabinets down around the room. Pushing stacks of boxes out of the way. Searching for an exit. Stephanie cries in the corner.

Callie is really starting to lose it. Finally, as she throws down the last filing cabinet...

CALLIE

There's no tunnel. There's no
fucking tunnel!

She looks down and sees a PHOTO on the ground. Crime scene photos. More grisly images are spread out on the floor. All having spilled from a large file reading: "Michael Myers".

She kicks through the cabinet file as dozens and dozens of more photos and finally, SMALL AUDIO TAPES SPILL OUT...

She picks one up. On it is hand-written, in pen, "**Michael Myers. Dr. Loomis. Interview #14**".

A mini-tape player sits on a nearby filing cabinet.

SUDDENLY...a POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

WHIP-PAN toward the door. Locked for now. Blue smoke seeping through the cracks.

Michael is obviously outside.

Another POUND and Stephanie SCREAMS.

A beat before the pounding starts again. Michael clearly working to break this door down too.

Callie turns toward the Janitorial Closet. Remembering something.

INT. JANITORIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Callie opens the door and looks around. Finally finding what she's looking for; A HUGE JUG of industrial cleaning fluid.

INT. BASEMENT - RECORDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FAST CUTS as--

-- Callie rips a piece of plastic tarp from over a pile of boxes.

-- Using masking tape, she binds the piece of plastic tarp around the top of the bottle (creating a large, flexible funnel).

-- Grabs a box of old match-sticks from a shelf.

-- She lugs the plastic jug over to the door, which is still being POUNDED from outside. Door buckling.

-- She lays the open end of the plastic under the door crack and stands next to the jug. The fluid starts to spill out everywhere.

Callie pulls out the box of matches.

Stephanie sees what Callie is planning on doing. And stops crying long enough to make eye contact with Callie.

Stephanie seems to calm for a moment.

Callie weakly smiles. The pounding continues. Callie looks to the cleaning fluid and her lighter.

CALLIE

Get back as far as you can. I don't know where this is all going to go.

(beat)

And it'll probably kill us quicker than it's gonna kill him.

Stephanie nods.

STEPHANIE

Do it.

Callie moves to the door, which is almost off its hinges. Callie STEPS DOWN HARD on the overturned JUG.

CLEANING FLUID JETTISONS through the make-shift funnel and under the door frame...but also splashes all over them.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael, standing at the door, looks down to see that he's standing in flammable fluid.

INT. BASEMENT - RECORDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Callie signals to Stephanie to "get back" as she swipes a match and throws it down on the floor.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A BALL OF FIRE SPREADS out all over the hallway floor where the fluid was pumped.

Michael's legs are immediately set ablaze.

As he stumbles away as more of his body lights up.

INT. BASEMENT - RECORDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are flames on this side too. The girls try to press themselves in the places where there is none.

Stephanie's pant legs light on fire. She screams and tries to pull them off...but can't quite do it.

Callie runs to her and pulls the flaming pants away. They then collapse to the ground away from the flames against the wall. Waiting. Listening.

The pounding on the door has stopped. And the SPRINKLER SYSTEM has kicked in. WATER RAINING FROM THE CEILING.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael, swatting at the flames, finally falls down, still on fire.

At the foot of the stairs, he stops moving.

Water from the ceiling rains down on top of him.

As the fire begins to die down, the door creaks open and Callie and Stephanie appear...

THEIR POV -- Michael is still. Possibly dead. Fire still smouldering on his body as water continues to rain in the hallway. Emergency lights still blinking.

CALLIE

We have to get by him.

STEPHANIE

You mean "over" him.

Beat as they stand there, looking at the hulk of a man lying lifeless at the bottom of the stairs. Their only way out.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(hopeful)

Maybe he's dead?

CALLIE

(knowing Stephanie needs her to believe this)

Maybe.

They slowly move toward the body. Pockets of fire lighting the way. Water raining. Electricity popping.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You can go first.

STEPHANIE

(whispers)

I can wait...

Callie nods and slowly, ever-so-slowly, steps over the inert, charred body of The Shape. Using the wrought iron banister for leverage.

Foot brushing against him as she HOPS over. HOLY FUCK!

But he doesn't move.

Home free, a few steps up, Callie turns back toward Stephanie, beckoning her over.

But Stephanie shakes her head. Too terrified to move.

Callie beckons with more urgency.

Stephanie shakes her head again.

CALLIE
(desperate whisper)
Stephanie! Come!

FINALLY, after some hesitation, Stephanie moves toward Michael. Closer. Closer. Just as she is about to take the step over him...

...Michael ZOMBIE-SITS UP.

He reaches out, easily grabbing Stephanie's ankle.

Callie lunges, trying to pull Michael off her best friend.

Stephanie SCREAMS.

The last sound she makes.

Michael PULLS Stephanie down and, with a violent THRUST, PUSHES Stephanie face first into the end of the iron banister.

He YANKS her body back quickly as we HEAR the bone shattering CRUNCH, her face *presumably* ripped in half at the jaw.

Without hesitation, Michael reaches over his back, where Callie had attacked from, grabs her and THROWS HER DOWN THE HALL. She is once again trapped in the basement with no escape.

Water pours down the steps behind him as Michael is up and walking slowly down the hall toward his final kill.

Callie hobbles with difficulty. Scrambling into the records room.

We stay in the hall with Michael as he lumbers into the room.

As he enters...

INT. BASEMENT - RECORDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Callie is nowhere to be seen.

Michael glances around the tossed room. Papers and files everywhere. Many places to hide.

He CLOSES the door deliberately and, with brute force, SLAMS the doorknob off. Now impossible to open from the inside.

Michael slowly starts to search for Callie.

Along the way, he picks up a HUGE LOBOTOMY PICK from a tray of archaic torture instruments. Brandishes it.

Feet wading in ankle deep water as he goes. The sprinkler system still raining water down over the room. Papers and files and grotesque photos floating in the murky water.

He pushes aside boxes and cabinets.

She is nowhere.

He notices the door to the janitorial closet.

He lumbers toward it and THROWS OPEN THE DOOR. Empty.

CUT TO:

CALLIE in a dark space. Controlling her breathing with difficulty.

REVEAL that she is INSIDE the filing CABINET that she had toppled to reveal Michael's medical files.

Having removed the filing drawers, she is cramped inside. Listening intently. Water filling. Covering her legs and hands.

She waits. Desperately waiting for him to give up and leave. The water builds inside.

Silence. No sound.

SUDDENLY...

SHINK!!!! The lobotomy pick appears millimeters from her face!

SHINK SHINK SHINK -- it is stabbed in several more times. The final shot PIERCING HER SHOULDER.

She screams in pain as...

...OUTSIDE THE CABINET...Michael POUNDS ON THE METAL CABINET WALLS. PUNCHING it down.

INSIDE THE BOX -- Callie's head gets pounded down. Closer and closer to the water as the box is CRUSHED on top of her.

She flails to free herself but Michael HOLDS THE CABINET DOWN. POUNDING AWAY.

Inside, it's like a trash compactor. BAM! BAM!! BAM!!!

Callie's face is pushed into the water. She's drowning in six inches of water.

No air. No oxygen. Last death flails.

Finally, one of Michael's giant slams BREAKS the cabinet metal wall, allowing Callie to roll out of the box.

She gasps for air as she scrambles away from The Shape, who turns toward her. Lobotomy pick in hand.

She limps away toward the door, shoulder spurting blood as she goes.

She reaches the door. Doorknob busted off. Impossible to open. She POUNDS ON THE DOOR herself, knowing that no one is there to help her. But it's her last chance.

Michael again moves forward, swinging the lobotomy pick at her as she dives away. Shuffling like a crab backwards as the giant approaches, almost creating a wake in the water behind him.

She uses a filing cabinet to stand up. On top of the cabinet...

...THE SMALL TAPE PLAYER.

In desperation, she picks it up. Brandishing it as a weapon. Useless. Until...

...her eyes suddenly alight with an idea.

She SUDDENLY dashes away, going deeper into the room. Michael follows her as she jumps behind some fallen file cabinets, scrambling for something...

Michael is almost upon her...

Time is running out -- what is she doing?

Michael stands over her shoulder...

Callie finally turns around, clicking in a tape into the player.

LOOMIS (ON CASSETTE)
Did you kill her, Michael...?

Michael suddenly halts as the tape continues...

YOUNG MICHAEL (ON CASSETTE)
What?

Michael stands completely motionless -- obviously stunned by the sound of his own voice -- silent through all these years of bloodshed.

Callie tightens her grip around the tape player, watching him closely -- waiting for her moment -- as the tape cassette continues to play...

LOOMIS (ON CASSETTE)
Your sister? Did you kill your
sister, Michael?

Michael lowers the lobotomy pick. Cocks his head and listens.

LOOMIS (ON CASSETTE) (CONT'D)
Did you kill your sister? Judith?

YOUNG MICHAEL (ON CASSETTE)
Yes.

Michael drops the lobotomy pick. It clangs to the floor. Callie carefully moving backwards. Shuffling in the water. Moving toward the table of weapons.

Michael follows slowly. Mesmerized by the tape.

LOOMIS (ON CASSETTE)
Why, Michael? Why did you want to
kill her?

YOUNG MICHAEL (ON CASSETTE)
Because... I want to kill...

LOOMIS (ON CASSETTE)
Why did you want to?

Although it's playing on the tape, Loomis seems to be demanding of Michael right now:

LOOMIS (ON CASSETTE) (CONT'D)
Why do you want to kill?

Michael seems transfixed. Callie sees her chance. But the tape starts to slow down. The battery dying. Making Michael's prepubescent voice sound deep and creepy...

YOUNG MICHAEL (ON CASSETTE)
--I want to kill because--I want to
kill because...

The voice slows even more. Callie, though, has managed to grab a SHARP, ARCHAIC SURGICAL CLAMP.

The tape is slowing more. Michael's voice turning demonic.

YOUNG MICHAEL (ON CASSETTE) (CONT'D)
 (deep and dark)
 --I want kill because--

He looks protectively at the tape. As if wanting to know the answer himself.

Seeing her chance, Callie tosses the player to the ground in front of him. In the dank water.

Instinctively, Michael LEANS DOWN to retrieve it.

Callie uses the opportunity to LEAP FORWARD and DRIVE the surgical clamp through the back of Michael's exposed neck. Michael stands, clutching at the clamp, which we can see has gone THROUGH his NECK and out the front of his THROAT, poking through the front of his mask.

Michael FALLS to the ground. He reaches behind him, trying to extract the clamp but, as he pulls on it, the clamp OPENS, not allowing him to pull it out of his neck.

He looks up to Callie. Blood spilling from his neck.

And yet he stands again. We find that instead of picking up the soaked tape player this time, he instead has retrieved the lobotomy pick.

No longer wanting to know WHY he kills...only that he *does*.

He stalks toward Callie. Struggling as blood pumps out through the wound in his neck.

But Callie has nowhere left to go. She backs toward the door.

CALLIE
 Stop it! Michael! Please!!!

But Michael isn't stopping shit. He lumbers toward her. No compassion. No sympathy. One thing on his mind. Ending Callie's life.

She SCREAMS.

Then...behind the door. We hear a voice in response to Callie's screams. We know immediately who it is...

MARCUS (O.S.)
 Callie! Is that you?!?

Callie spins. Suddenly realizing who is there. She SPRINTS for the closed door. SCREAMING for:

CALLIE
Marcus!!! Open the door!!! Open
the door!!!

He does. Just in time. Saving Callie's life. As she passes, she PULLS HIS ARM to go.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
RUN!!!

But, seeing Michael fast approaching, Marcus stops. Wanting to give Callie a chance to get away...

Callie turns around, realizing that Marcus is no longer with her.

By the time she's turned, Michael is on Marcus. Unstoppable. Superhuman. He picks Marcus up and SLAMS him to the wet ground. In doing so, the floor BUCKLES...

...and water starts to drain out.

Michael raises the LOBOTOMY PICK to STAB Marcus...

...but Marcus sees the surgical clamp still piercing Michael's neck. He reaches up to Michael's throat and TWISTS the clamp. Pulling it hard.

BLOOD SPURTS FROM THE WOUND. Pumping out of Michael's body like a gusher. So much blood that it spurts through one of his mask's eye-holes.

Michael manages to retreat. Marcus goes after him but trips on the depression on the floor. As he falls, Michael lays out the PICK, which gets Marcus in the STOMACH. Marcus rolls over in pain. The water has now drained out revealing...

...A DOOR...and a tunnel no longer needed.

Michael sees it. He stands, finds a handle and lifts a heavy door out of the floor. He then notices Marcus trying to crawl towards Callie. Michael grabs him and pulls him back.

Marcus looks to Callie with pleading eyes. "Run..."

Michael lays Marcus out with his head in the tunnel. He the SLAMS down the door...

...DECAPITATING MARCUS...whose headless body remains.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Nooo!

Callie shakes her head sadly, choking back tears as she moves to the stairs. Water still draining down the steps.

Michael steps over the lifeless Marcus. Clenching the lobotomy pick. *All business*, he moves after Callie who is already at the stairs.

Callie TRIPS on Stephanie's dead body.

Michael is fast approaching as Callie claws her way up. Step by step.

But before she can reach the top, Michael is on her, PLUNGING THE PICK into her back!

Not giving up, Callie lurches away and into...

INT. SOLITARY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bleeding profusely, Callie limps out and falls to the floor.

She screams in pain and horror and panic.

Broken. Beaten. Burnt. Bleeding.

Michael steps out of the doorway himself.

Walking toward Callie. As broken and bleeding as he is, he is still a cat playing with his mouse.

She manages to stand again with difficulty. Limps away. Falling. Michael closes in.

ON CALLIE -- she sees something on the ground in front of her.

CALLIE'S POV -- the .22. Danielle Hawthorne's gun.

Callie takes a few more steps and FALLS ON TOP OF IT.

Playing Possum.

As Michael approaches.

She turns over. As Michael stands over her.

She whimpers. Cries. As she sees the shadow of the Shape standing over her. Hovering. Savoring the moment.

Callie's eyes grow cold. She looks up to Michael.

CALLIE

Do it! Do it!! Fucking do it!!!

Michael tosses aside the lobotomy pick. *Is he letting her live? What the fuck!?!*

No such luck. He just wants to kill her in a more personal way.

Michael kneels over her body. Takes her throat in his hands. And squeezes.

CLOSE ON Callie's eyes as they bulge.

ON MICHAEL'S MASKED FACE. Eyes watching the life slip away from Callie. In close up.

ON CALLIE'S FACE -- blood vessels breaking in her eyeballs.

Then...a SMILE comes over her face. Michael's head tilts slightly. *Why is she happy?*

WE PULL OUT to REVEAL that Callie has the .22 firmly placed up against Michael's chin.

As he feels the cold steel against his flesh, he releases his grip slightly.

As he does... she FIRES.

...BLAM!

Michael's head POPS BACK. As he falls backwards on the ground.

Callie looks over at him.

Blood seeps through the mask's eye socket. In a callback to *Halloween 2*, Michael appears to be crying blood.

He blinks. Blinks again. And then DOESN'T.

Is he staring at her?

Or is he dead?

We don't know.

From the end of the hall, we hear a commotion. POLICE RAIDING the asylum.

Lights. Chatter.

But Callie's eyes slowly close.

She's out...

BLACK SCREEN.

SUDDENLY, Callie wakes up with a JOLT.

She catches her breath and looks around her. We are...

INT. CALLIE'S BEDROOM - ONE WEEK LATER

In a scene identical to the earlier one, she has awoken from a nightmare. Sweating.

A deep breath. *Everything is okay. Everything is okay. Everything is okay.*

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As in the earlier scene, Callie is washing her face. She looks at herself in the mirror as she dries off. Eyeing a scabbed over cut on her forehead.

SUPER: **"ONE WEEK LATER"**

PULL OUT to REVEAL her body wrapped with bandages in the spots she was stabbed.

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

As in the earlier scene, Callie is finishing getting dressed while having tea. Only now, instead of work clothes, she wears BLACK. Clearly preparing for a funeral.

Again, she looks over at picture on the wall. Her parents. At her high school graduation.

She looks at the radio. Thinking of turning it on. But no.

EXT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Callie walks slowly to the black limousine that waits for her at the curb. She gets in.

EXT. CEMETERY - A LITTLE LATER

Callie stands with hundreds of others. A casket being lowered into the Earth.

We don't know if it's Marcus. Or Stephanie. Or Dr. Cushing.
Or James Ensor. Or Director Phelps. Or...

And perhaps it doesn't matter *who* it is. *Everyone* is dead.

EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Callie throws some dirt on the coffin. And stands over the open grave.

We SLOWLY PUSH IN to her eyes. So SLOWLY.

As we move closer, we hear a cascading sound of voices. Snippets of conversations. Reactions. Secrets and whispers. Talking about Callie. The last one standing.

MASH-UP OF VOICES

It's her own fault for going back
in there/Her father was murdered by
his own patient too/That man is a
monster/A fucking monster/Yes but
at least they got him/They got
him/It's just too bad that the
deadline passed/ They can't execute
him now/It's too late/Too late/The
monster/They can't kill him/The
monster/The Boogeyman/Kill him
now/Kill him/The Boogeyman/
Now...*he'll never die.*

The words echo in Callie's mind as we continue into Callie's eye.

Music, the music, starts. She LOOKS UP AT CAMERA.

ON HER BLINK, the CAMERA CUTS TO ANOTHER EYE. A much more SINISTER EYE.

RAPID PULL BACK to REVEAL we are...

INT. MICHAEL CELL/ROOM - SAME TIME

Michael. In Smith's Grove Sanitarium.

In the dark. Silent. Still.

Michael is home.

After a long beat, we...

CUT TO BLACK: