

Halloween

By

Tyler St. jean / TyeSays

It's a reimagining of shorts of John Carpenter's
1978 "Halloween"

FADE IN:

EXT. MYERS RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD: MORNING

In every neighborhood sits a house feared by everyone, children and adults alike. A house where something so horrendously horrible happened, that it still sits empty and abandoned all these decades later.

This is that house.

Victorian styled, the once beautiful home - which stands at two floors - has now fallen into ruins. All the windows have been boarded up, though a good chunk of the ones on the bottom floor have been broken into.

SUBTITLES: October 31st, 2018.

A green Volkswagen Beetle pulls up in front of the house. Sitting in the drivers seat is **JAMIE WHITEHALL**, a a sixty-six year old hipster woman who's clearly chosen to live a more *all-natural* lifestyle.

In the passenger seat sits **NICHOLAS WHITEHALL**, Jamie's twenty-five-year old grandson. He's a spitting image of her grandmother, right down to the sharpness of his nose and the plumpness of his lips.

He raises a questioning brow at the older broad.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

What are we doing here?

JAMIE WHITEHALL

Paying our respects, of course.

Jamie grabs a pack of Royals from the glove compartment before getting out. Nicholas quickly follows her lead.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

Paying our respects to who? The Addams Family?

Ignoring her grandson, Jamie collects a bouquet of yellow daffodils from the backseat and starts towards the front porch. Nicholas furrows his brows.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

Did you know the people that lived here?

Jamie snorts a bit.

JAMIE WHITEHALL

You could say that...

(SIGHS)

The Myers were my family. My *real* family.

This catches Nicholas entirely off guard.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

That's not possible. Everyone knows Michael Myers killed his *whole* family that night.

JAMIE WHITEHALL

(SHAKES HEAD)

No, not his whole family. Not me. He tried, but I-- I managed to hold on till the police arrived.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

But then why do all the newspaper say there were no survivors?

JAMIE WHITEHALL

Because there wasn't. I may not have died that night, but my identity did. Michael was never found, so Laurie Myers had to die... and so, Jamie Goode was born.

Jamie reaches out and gently, almost nostalgically runs her fingers down the doors' crusted surface.

Nicholas stares at his grandmother, completely and utterly stunned. He'd never heard any of this information before, despite how common a topic the Myers murders is in Haddonfield.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

You're not joking, are you?

JAMIE WHITEHALL

Not even a little bit.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

Holy shit...

JAMIE WHITEHALL

Watch your language. Wither I'm Laurie Myers or Jamie Whitehall, I'm still your grandmother.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

(*APOLOGETIC*)

Sorry.

A sudden, though not unpleasant silence falls over the two. It drags on for a good minute or so.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

(*TENTATIVELY*)

Can I... can I ask you what happened that night?

Jamie's eyes stay trained on the door as she answers, her fingers still resting on it's surface.

JAMIE WHITEHALL

You already know what happened.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

No, I know what the *police* told the public happened; but something tells me things happened a bit differently...

JAMIE WHITEHALL

(*HESITANTLY*)

...It's not a very pretty story, hun.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

I can handle it. Please?

Jamie sighs before, finally, lowering her hand back to her side.

JAMIE WHITEHALL

Fine.

She quickly wipes a few tears from her eyes before turning to look at Nicholas, who now stands at the bottom of the porch steps.

JAMIE WHITEHALL

The trouble all started around dinner time. Michael wanted to go out by himself, our parents... our just weren't having it.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM: NIGHT TIME

The scenery suddenly and swiftly changes to that of vintage looking living-room, one with a plush carpet and walls covered in wood panels. Mix-matched furniture, such as a brown leather couch, a white straw chair, and a modern coffee table, have been scattered throughout the room.

Sitting on the couch is **LAURIE MYERS**, the twenty-six year old version of Jamie Whitehall. It's here we can see the natural beaut that Jamie once was, with her doe-shaped eyes and pixie smile. On her lap sits a white Yorkie Terrier named '**SUGAR**', aged three.

Sitting next to her is **SANDRA MYERS**, Laurie's twenty-eight year old sister. She's a blond beauty as well, though the layers of make-up caked on her face make it a less genuine.

The girls are currently watching *THE OMEN (1976)*

SUBTITLES: *October 31st, 1978.*

They look up from the movie when their father, **GEORGE MYERS**, suddenly bursts through the front door carrying their little brother **MICHAEL**.

George is a middle-aged man who, despite being a bit weather worn, is actually quiet attractive for a man his age. He looks like the type you'd see working construction in the city, not working in a small town bank.

Michael's a ten-year old boy who's golden curls and brown eyes are currently hidden behind a grotesque clown mask.

The mask is currently working as a muffler for his screams, as George struggles to carry him through the threshold into the living room.

SANDRA MYERS

(SURPRISED)

What's going on? *Dad?*

The girls watch in surprise as George slams Michael down onto the straw chair, causing him to yelp in pain. George groans in pain when Michael suddenly kicks him in the groin.

GEORGE MYERS

God, damn it, Michael!

Just then **EDYTH MYERS**, age forty-five, bursts into the room. The mother of the family, Edyth's clearly the one the girls inherited their good looks from. Though being a mother to three kids has worn her down a bit.

EDYTH MYERS

What the Hell is going on in here?
I could hear you two from the
backyard.

GEORGE MYERS

Michael decided he wasn't going to
listen to the rules, and went out
trick-or-treating without *either*
Sandra or Laurie.

Edyth's brows shoot up in surprise, and she immediately
looks down her nose at her slouching son.

EDYTH MYERS

Michael, what the hell did we tell
you this morning at the breakfast
table? Hm? What did we tell you?

Michael hesitates a moment before mumbles an answer made
unintelligible by his plastic mask.

EDYTH MYERS

What was that?

MICHAEL MYERS

(SIGHS)

That I'm too young to
trick-or-treat on my own, but
Mom--!

EDYTH MYERS

No, no! I don't want to hear any
'buts'!

(SHAKES HEAD)

You better have enjoyed yourself
would you could, because you're not
going back at out tonight.

MICHAEL MYERS

What? But that's not fair!

EDYTH MYERS

Not fair? We told you not to do
something, and you did it anyway!
Give me one good reason why you
should be allowed to go out again
after that?

MICHAEL MYERS

Because both Sandy and Laurie said
they weren't gonna take me out!

Edyth turns an arched brow on her two older daughters. Sandy immediately sits up in her seat.

SANDRA MYERS

Now hold on, that's not what we said at all.

EDYTH MYERS

I'd hope not, since the whole point of you two coming home for Halloween was so you could take your brother out trick-or-treating at the park.

LAURIE MYERS

And we were going too! We told him earlier we'd take him after our movie.

MICHAEL MYERS

That was two hours ago!

SANDRA MYERS

Yeah, and our movie just ended, dingus! If you had waited a couple minutes longer, we'd be on our way to the park right now.

EDYTH MYERS

Don't talk to your brother like that. And Michael, I want you to go upstairs and change. You're done for the night.

MICHAEL MYERS

What?! I didn't even get any candy!
I--

EDYTH MYERS

Upstairs, now.

MICHAEL MYERS

This is so unfair!

EDYTH MYERS

Now, Michael!

GEORGE MYERS

Michael, just listen to your mother and go to your room.

Michael yells in frustration before jumping up and storming out of the room, purposely shoving against his father on his way out the door. Sugar jumps down from Laurie's lap and scurries after him, tail wagging curiously as she goes.

Edyth shakes her head.

EDYTH MYERS

I swear, sometimes I think it'd be easier to raise a Tasmanian Devil than it is to raise him.

George sighs before walking over and slumping down on the straw chair. He rubs his forehead in mild irritation.

GEORGE MYERS

We just gotta be patient with him, is all...

EDYTH MYERS

"Patient"? Do you not remember how close you were to latching onto his throat a few seconds ago?

The comment catches George a bit off guard. Like usual, he hadn't thought about his anger or the consequences of it, not about how it may look to everyone around him.

GEORGE MYERS

I wouldn't-- I'd never hurt Michael, not like that.

SANDRA MYERS

You totally looked like you were going too, especially once he kicked you.

George glares, while Edyth simply raises a brow at her daughters.

EDYTH MYERS

And what about you two? Wasn't the whole purpose of you two coming home today to spend some time with your brother?

SANDRA MYERS

We've been with him every minute since we got home! Asking him to let us watch one movie alone didn't seem like too much to ask for.

GEORGE MYERS

You know you can't do that to him.
You know he gets upset when his
schedule or plans are changed.

LAURIE MYERS

It was just one movie...

Edyth sighs before pinching the bridge of her nose in
annoyance. She can feel a headache coming on.

EDYTH MYERS

Well it doesn't matter now, anyway.
He's in for the night.

Laurie's eyes widen in disbelief.

LAURIE MYERS

You're seriously taking away his
trick-or-treating?

EDYTH MYERS

Of course, I am. If I let him go
now, it'll just give him the
message that throwing tantrums will
get him his way.

SANDRA MYERS

Or it'll show Michael you have some
compassion and maybe he'll start
behaving a bit better?

George shakes his head before standing up.

GEORGE MYERS

This is Michael we're talking
about. All that'll do is reaffirm
to him that he can do whatever he
wants and get away with it.

EDYTH MYERS

He's in for the night, and that's
it. Now, will one of you please
help me set the table? Dinner's
ready.

LAURIE MYERS

I will.

Edyth nods before turning and walking back out of the room.
Laurie quickly climbs off the couch and follows her out.
George sighs.

FADE TO:

EXT. MYERS RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD: NIGHT

We finally get to see the house in all it's former glory. It's a stunning home, with it's bright colors and wide, inviting windows.

A lit jack-o-lantern sits on the porch next to a bowl of candy, on top of which sits a note that reads, "**TAKE ONE.**"

We watch as a group of trick-or-treater's (*COSTUMES: Dorothy Gale, a cowboy, a purple-faced witch, and Frankenstein's Monster*) grab a handful reach from the bowl before sprinting on to the next house, giggling as they go.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM: NIGHT

It's a small, yet cozy room with a table that's just big enough to fit both the five-member family and their chicken dinner.

At the moment only George, Edyth, Sandra and Laurie occupy the table, though. Edyth clicks her fork irritably against her plate of salad before turning to Laurie.

EDYTH MYERS

Where's your brother?