

Halloween

By

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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-four year old sister. She's a blond beauty as well, though the layers of make-up caked on her face make it a little 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 turkey 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 Sandra.

**EDYTH MYERS**

Where's your brother?

**SANDRA MYERS**

Pouting in his room. Said he wasn't gonna eat if he couldn't go out.

Edyth's jaw briefly locks.

**EDYTH MYERS**

Are you serious? I swear to Jesus, that boy's gonna drive me to drink.

Shaking her head, Edyth starts to raise from her chair when--

**GEORGE MYERS**

You stay, I'll go. I want to talk to him anyway.

Edyth stares at him for a second before shrugging and sitting back down.

**EDYTH MYERS**

Suit yourself.

George nods before walking around the table.

A pit of dread starts to form in the pit of Laurie's stomach as she watches her father disappear into the living room. Sandy, noticing the look on her face, places a hand on her shoulder.

**SANDRA MYERS**

You okay?

**LAURIE MYERS**

Hm? Oh! Yeah, I'm totally fine. I just... I don't know, I feel like something bad's gonna happen...

Sandy chuckles in amusement before stabbing her fork into a piece of turkey.

**SANDRA MYERS**

What? You think Dad's finally gonna finish Michael off?

**LAURIE MYERS**

*(LAUGHS)*

As if. Dad's all bark and no bite, everyone knows that.

*(BEAT)*

Ya know what? Just ignore me. I think that movie just has me paranoid.

**SANDRA MYERS**

You? Paranoid? I'd never have thought a thing could happen!

**LAURIE MYERS**

Oh, shut up!

Sandy laughs as Laurie playfully slugs her on the shoulder. Edyth frowns and shakes her head, clearly not amused by any of this. She takes a bite of her turkey.

CUT TO:

**INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, UPSTAIRS HALL: NIGHT**

It's a small, mildly cramped hallway that's been overly decorated with knock-off paintings and family photos. It's here we get our first actual look at Michael, who looks strikingly familiar to his future grandnephew.

It's hard not to notice that he isn't smiling in more than half his photos.

George reaches the top of the stairs and makes a beeline for the second door on the right. He knocks.

**GEORGE MYERS**

Michael, it's me. Open up.

There's no reply; George can't even hear Michael's muffled footsteps moving about behind the door. He knocks again with a bit more force.

**GEORGE MYERS**

Michael I know you're upset about the trick-or-treating, but don't you think you're a little too old to be throwing these temper tantrums? Michael?

Again, there's no reply. George frowns and starts searching his brain for ways to convince Michael to come out.

**GEORGE MYERS**

How about this: If you come out now and join your family for dinner, then tomorrow I promise I'll take you to the candy store to buy as many Jawbreakers as you can carry. How's that sound?

Nothing. George sighs before reluctantly stepping back away from the door.

**GEORGE MYERS**

All right, then... If you wanna stay in your room, then stay in your room, but when you're ready to talk and be a part of the family again then we'll be downstairs. I do want you to know, though, before I go that I love you. And that I'm sorry I got so rough with you earlier. It wasn't right, and I hope you can forgive me. I'm trying.

George waits for a reply again, this time feeling a bit more hopefully that Michael will actually answer...

He doesn't. George sighs.

**GEORGE MYERS**

(QUIETLY, DEFEATED)

I tried...

He turns and starts walking back towards the stairs. He's about to start his decent when he hears it: the sound of a door slowly creaking open.

George looks back and smiles upon seeing that Michael's door is now slightly ajar.

**GEORGE MYERS**

*(SOFTLY)*

That's my boy.

He walks back to the door.

**GEORGE MYERS**

I know I've been a bit hard to deal with lately, but I promise things will change.

He pushes open the door.

**GEORGE MYERS**

And for the better, too. Just gotta...

George's eyes widen when he see's whats beyond the door.

There, on the floor in the middle of the bedroom, lies Sugar's motionless body. Her stomach's looks to have been slit open from throat to sternum, which has allowed her blood to pour out and pool around her.

**GEORGE MYERS**

Oh, my God. Sugar?!

He sprints forward up to the dog. He kneels down beside her, his mind now racing a million miles per second. Could Michael have done this? But why?

**GEORGE MYERS**

Baby girl?

With his denial now at it's peak, George reaches out and gently strokes the dog's head...

Causing it's head to loll back, revealing a savagely made gash on her throat. George stumbles back in surprise before losing his footing all together and falling over.

**GEORGE MYERS**

Jesus Christ!

He turns around onto all fours and starts getting up.

**GEORGE MYERS**

Gir--!

Before he can finish a single word, Michael sprints from behind the door and slams a pair of scissors into his mouth. His eyes widen as the sharpened blades rip through his tongue before shredding their way out the back of his throat.

Michael stares at him for a few seconds before, quiet ruthlessly, ripping the scissors out.

George gasps in response, splattering Michael's costume with little droplets of blood. A waterfall of blood begins to gush from his lips, staining both his chin and shirt as it falls.

**GEORGE MYERS**

*(SHOCKED, MUFFLED BY BLOOD)*

Michael...

Michael cocks his head slightly to the side before, in one swift motion, slamming the scissors into George's left temple.

We watch as Michael's body collapses to the floor beside the dog, his eyes now wide and lifeless. Michael stares down at his body, his gaze both cold and remorseless.

CUT TO:

**INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM: SAME TIME**

The three Myers women sit in silence at the table, none really in the mood to converse with the other. Each wears a distinct expression on their face: Edyth looks irritated, Laurie looks anxious, and Sandra looks beyond comfortable with the situation.

**EDYTH MYERS**

*(RE: George and Michael)*

What is taking them so long?

**Laurie Myers**

You know how stubborn Michael can be, especially when he's mad...

**EDYTH MYERS**

Yeah, but it never takes your father this long to calm him down.

**SANDRA MYERS**

Dad was really upset with himself because of earlier, so odds are he's just sucking up to him now.

**EDYTH MYERS**

Can you go check on them?

**SANDRA MYERS**

Seriously?

**EDYTH MYERS**

Yes, seriously! It's been almost ten minutes, and the food ain't getting any warmer.

**LAURIE MYERS**

I'll go.

**SANDRA MYERS**

Thank you.

Laurie gets up from the table and walks out of the room. Edyth looks at her youngest and shakes her head in mild disbelief.

**EDYTH MYERS**

How'd you get to be so lazy?

**SANDRA MYERS**

Years of practice.

Sandra smiles at her mother, who can't help but smirk a bit too. This is the first sign we've seen that there's a sense of humor hidden somewhere in this old bitch.

**INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, FOYER: SAME TIME**

Laurie ties her hair up into a loose ponytail as she crosses the room to the stairs. She's about to take her first step when she sees him...

Michael stands at the top of the stairs, his mask still heavily dotted with their fathers blood.