

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 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)

Not me. He tried -- like Hell, did he try -- but I managed to hold on till the police arrived.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

But then why do all the newspapers 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 young 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 mouth, boy! 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 really 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 parents 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 beauty that Jamie once was, with her doe-shaped eyes and pixie smile. On her lap sits a white Yorkie Terrier named '**PEANUT**', aged three, who's intently watching her file her nails.

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.

LAURIE 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
while you could, because you're not
going back 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 to! 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. Peanut 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

(MORE)

SANDRA MYERS (cont'd)
 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 idea
 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
 final. 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 its former glory. It's a stunning home, with its 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 each 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 a teddy bear when he feels guilty, 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 want to 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.

(BEAT)

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. I lost my temper, which made me lose a bit of my self

(MORE)

GEORGE MYERS (cont'd)
control too... I am truly sorry,
and I hope you can forgive me.

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
are going to change.

He pushes open the door.

GEORGE MYERS
And for the better, too. I just...

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

There, on the floor in the middle of the bedroom, lies Peanut'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
Peanut?!

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 George'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 gonna get 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.

CUT TO:

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. Laurie stares at him for a good three seconds before turning her gaze to the bloody scissors still in his hand.

LAURIE MYERS

Michael? Where's Dad?

He doesn't answer, instead he simply stares at her.

Laurie takes a step back from the stairs, the hairs on her arms now standing tall.

LAURIE MYERS

(LOUDER)

Dad? Dad, dinners getting cold!

She waits for a reply that, sadly, never comes. She doesn't take her eyes off Michael for even a microsecond.

LAURIE MYERS

Mom, can you come here? Please?

A few seconds pass before an annoyed Edyth appears in the doorway leading into the living room. She straightens her skirt as she approaches her oldest.

EDYTH MYERS

What is it now?

Laurie quickly turns her mother towards the stairs and directs her gaze to Micheal, who still stands at the top. Edyth's eyes go wide.

EDYTH MYERS

Michael... what did you do?

(BEAT)

Where's your father?

Michael stares down at her, his gaze cold and unwavering. A chill runs down Laurie's back as she takes another step away from the stairs.

EDYTH MYERS

Michael, where's your father?

Edyth stares at her son for a few seconds longer before glancing down at the bloody scissors.

EDYTH MYERS

I want you to tell me what
happened, and I want you to tell me
now.

No reply comes. Edyth turns to her oldest daughter and says quietly, yet urgently under her breathe.

EDYTH MYERS

Go call the police. Now.

Laurie nods before hurrying back to the kitchen. She can feel Michael's eyes baring down on her as she makes her getaway.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM: NIGHT

Sandra watches curiously as Laurie run through the room into the kitchen, grabs the phone receiver off the wall and dials the number of the local police station.

SANDRA MYERS

What's going on?

LAURIE MYERS

Something's wrong with Michael.
He's standing at the top of the
stairs, his mask completely soaked
in blood.

Sandra's eyes widen.

SANDRA MYERS

Are you being serious right now?

LAURIE MYERS

Dead serious, and to make thing's
worse: Dad's not answering anyone.
(*BEAT. RE:PHONE*)
Hi, yes, this Laurie Myers and I'd
like to report a possible
incident...

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, FOYER: SAME TIME

Slowly, Edyth starts ascending the stairs. Michael stares coldly at her, his streaked mask making the stare all that more unnerving.

EDYTH MYERS

(A BIT SHAKILY)

Michael, what is that all over your mask?

Of course, Michael doesn't answer. Instead he simply tilts his head slightly to the side, as if finding his mother's fearful expression intriguing.

EDYTH MYERS

(STALLING)

Are you and Daddy working on those art projects again? I thought I told you two, no crafts until after dinner... So I'll just...

She starts slowly, almost tentatively, reaching out towards his hand.

EDYTH MYERS

Hold on to those until after you're done eating, okay? Then you and Daddy can do all the crafts you want. How's that sound?

Just then something catches her eye. There, on the floor, is a trail of red footprints that lead from Michael's room to the stairs.

EDYTH MYERS

(SHAKY)

That sound g-good, Michael? Then maybe we can go out and buy some candy. Doesn't that s-s-sound fun?

Her fingers brush against the scissors sticky surface.

EDYTH MYERS

Lot's, and lots of candy. J-Just for you. My baby...

Michael looks up and locks eyes with her. There's not a hint of emotion in his gaze, just a dark bleakness that'd make even the toughest of bodybuilders cower. Edyth's eyes widen when she sees them.

EDYTH MYERS

Michael?

Michael suddenly reels back, as if burned by her sudden closeness.

In a quick flash of movement, Michael takes the scissors and jams them into the side of his mother's throat. Edyth's eyes widen as the blades tears through layers of skin, muscles and nerves.

He then yanks them out and, as hard as he can, pushes his mother back. She tries to grab onto the banister but quickly loses her grip and falls backwards down the steps.

She hits the floor with a sickening thud. And moments later...

...An ear-piercing scream blasts through the house.

SANDRA MYERS [O.S]

Mom!

LAURIE MYERS [O.S.]

No!

Within seconds Sandra moves from the dining room table to her mother's side. Her eyes instantly fill with tears as she takes in the severe damage inflicted upon her mother.

SANDRA MYERS

Oh, my God...

Edyth trembles as she stares up at her youngest daughter. Her neck hit a step on the way down, completely shattering the top half of her spine. She can't move or talk, instead she can only tremble and bleed as he daughter breaks down beside her.

Unsure of what else to do, Sandra strips off her sweater - she has a black muscle shirt on beneath - and presses it firmly against her mother's neck. She then glances back over her shoulder at her sister.

SANDRA MYERS

Laurie, tell them they need to get here now!

LAURIE MYERS [O.S.]

They're sending a cruiser and an ambulance now!

Sandra looks back at her mother.

SANDRA MYERS

You hear that? An ambulance is on
it's way. Just try to hold on,
okay?

Edyth stares weakly at her before, slowly, turning her
glazed eyes towards Michael; who's finally started
descending the stairs. Sandra follows her gaze.

SANDRA MYERS

Stay the fuck back, Mike. I swear
to God!

He doesn't listen, instead choosing to simply continue his
way down the stairs. Sandy looks back down at her mother...

SANDRA MYERS

...Mom?

She's dead. Edyth's eyes stare blankly up at her daughter's
face, the ghost of an unheard cry hanging on her lips.

SANDRA MYERS

Oh, my God, mom!? Mom!

Tears flow freely down Sandra's cheeks as she stares down at
the mangled corpse that was once her mother. Unable to
contain her emotions, Sandra leans down and starts sobbing
into her mother's chest.

SANDRA MYERS

(SOBBING)

Please, God, no...

Sandra's too caught up in her meltdown to see Michael reach
the bottom of the stairs, the scissors still gripped tightly
in his hand. He starts slowly walking over to her, his dark
eyes locked on her quivering back.

SANDRA MYERS

Please, you can't do this to me...
you can't leave me here.

Michael raises the scissors high above his head...

LAURIE MYERS

Michael!

He whirls around, coming mask-to-face with his oldest
sister. Using every ounce of strength she has, Laurie
springs forward and strikes him with a serving dish. It
shatters over his head, sending the young boy straight to
the floor.

Laurie then grabs Sandra, who's now staring at Michael in shock, by the arm and quickly yanks her to her feet. She starts tugging her away.

LAURIE MYERS

Move it! Now!

Sandra relents and allows Laurie to guide her quickly to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, KITCHEN: SAME TIME

It's a small yet inviting room, with it's white tiled floor and soft green-and-yellow striped wallpaper. Three of the four walls have also been decked out with both inspirational and comedic signs that'd make even the sweetest and funniest of grandparents roll their eyes.

Laurie and Sandra burst into the room, Laurie closing and locking the foyer door behind them.

LAURIE MYERS

Quick, close the dining room door!

She runs back to the phone and, upon picking it up, starts dialing a number. It isn't till she's holding the receiver to her ear that she notices Sandra hasn't moved an inch.

LAURIE MYERS

Sandra! The door!

Trembling and sobbing, Sandra finally does as she's told and disappears into the dinning room.

As she does this, Laurie dials the number to her grandparents house. She listens impatiently as the phone rings once, twice, three times...

Finally they pick up on the fourth.

LAURIE MYERS

(RELIEVED)

Oh, thank Christ, you're home...
No, no I'm not, actually. Far from
it, actually... It's Michael. He
finally snapped...

(STARTS TEARING UP)

He killed them, Grandma. Both of
them... Mom and Dad.

Saying it out loud proves to be too much for Laurie, and the waterworks start. She tightens her grip on the receiver as she struggles to stay somewhat calm.

LAURIE MYERS

I'm not kidding! Please, you have to come get us! ... The police are on their way, but you and Grandpa are closer! ... He's knocked out by the front door. I hit him with Mom's serving dish...

(OFFENDED)

Wha-- I had no choice! ... It was either knock him out or let him kill Sandy, and I wasn't gonna let that happen!

Laurie runs a hand through her hair before shaking her head in disbelief. Leave it to her grandmother to focus on the wrong part of the conversation.

LAURIE MYERS

(ANNOYED)

Grandma, please! Can you *please* just come get us?

(RELIEVED)

Okay, thank you. We'll be waiting for you out front.

She hangs up, silencing her grandmother mid-sentence. She then walks over to the sink and starts splashing water on her face.

LAURIE MYERS

Calm down, Laurie. You've got this under control...

(TEARING UP, VOICE CRACKS)

God damn it!

She slams her her fists down onto the counter, so hard she accidentally breaks her pinkie.

LAURIE MYERS

Christ!

She backs away from the sink and, after bumping into the kitchen's center island, slides down to the floor. Cradling her hand to her chest, Laurie finally allows herself to break.

THUD! CRASH!

Laurie jolts upright as the sound of shattering glass echoes throughout the house, disrupting the eerie silence that had filled it. She looks over her shoulder at the doorway leading into the living room...

LAURIE MYERS

Sandy?

No reply comes.

Laurie quickly climbs to her feet, grabbing a butcher knife from the sink as she does.

She starts walking towards the door, holding the knife protectively in front of her. The tears are still falling at a rapid speed down her cheeks.

LAURIE MYERS

(HUSHED)

Sandy, answer me!

Again, no reply comes.

Biting her lip, Laurie enters the dining room.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, DINING ROOM: SAME TIME

All is quiet and still in the dining room.

Laurie quickly scans the area, her eyes darting to every little corner and shadow in the room. Nothing's been moved, none of the plates have been broken nor have any of the chairs been knocked over. Dinner remains intact and uneaten on the table...

The noises didn't come from in here.

She looks at the double-doors leading into the living room, both of which have been firmly shut. Laurie immediately notices the window on the left door has been practically shattered.

Still faintly trembling, Laurie slowly approaches the doors. She tries the right door first and quickly sees that it's locked, tight.

She tries the second door and, thankfully, it opens; but only about half-an-inch. Laurie cusses under her breath when she realizes that something heavy is blocking the door.

LAURIE MYERS

Oh, come on...

(*LOUDER, HUSHED*)

Sandra, are you there?

She peers through the space between the door and wall into the living room.

LAURIE'S P.O.V.

All she can really see is the left side of the room, which is mainly made up of pictures and tiny knickknacks they've collected over the years.

She looks down at the floor and immediately gasps at what she sees: laying limply against the door, with a pair of scissors buried deep in her abdomen, is Sandra.

LAURIE MYERS [O.S.]

Oh, my God!

NORMAL P.O.V.

Laurie quickly reaches around to the other door and, after a bit of struggle, manages to force it's lock undone. She pushes the door open wide and quickly enters the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM: NIGHT TIME

Laurie quickly scans the room, her eyes searching every shadow and corner for her younger brother. Once she's sure he isn't around, she kneels down beside Sandra.

LAURIE MYERS

(*HUSHED*)

Sandy? Hey, look at me! Sandy!

She takes Sandy's face in her hands and lifts it up, quickly sighing in relief when her sister's eyes flutter open.

LAURIE MYERS

Oh, thank God...

SANDRA MYERS

(*STRAINED, PAINED*)

Michael... he just... he jumped out of the shadows. I-I-I wasn't ready, and I-I couldn't stop him...

Sandra's full-on sobbing by the end of her line. Laurie's frown deepens and she quickly attempts to sooth her sister by stroking her cheek.

LAURIE MYERS

Shh, you're gonna be okay. Do you think you can move?

Sandra slowly shakes her head 'No'.

SANDRA MYERS

H-H-He got me in the ba-back too...
I'm not going anywhere.

LAURIE MYERS

Shit... Well, Grandma Myers should be here any minute. We'll just wait till she ge--

SANDRA MYERS

Laurie, look out!

Before Laurie can react, Michael springs from the shadows and jumps her from behind. Upon grabbing a nearby lamp, he takes the cord and quickly wraps it around her throat.

Laurie's face turns beet red as Michael yanks her back and slams her, face down, onto the floor; both completely crushing her windpipes and shattering her nose as he does so.

He jumps onto her back and proceeds to pull the cord so tightly, that he actually manages to break through some skin. Laurie quickly reaches up and starts clawing at her throat, mentally cussing herself for cutting her nails earlier.

LAURIE MYERS

(STRAINED, STRUGGLING)

M-M-Michael, ple-ple-ease!

He tightens the cord some more. We can see the life slowly draining from her eyes...

SANDRA MYERS [O.S]

Fuck you!

Just then Sandra, now wielding the scissors, launches at Michael. We watch as she buries the blades deep into Michael's shoulder, causing the boy to yell out in pain.

Michael releases Laurie and, after yanking the scissors out, turns his full attention to Sandra; who's currently trying to make an escape through the dining room.

We can see the gaping stab wound on the middle of her back, and immediately we can see why she's staggering horrendously now instead of running.

As Michael walks after her, Laurie - now regaining some of her senses back - manages to push herself onto her side. Wheezing, she watches helplessly as events continue to unfold...

LAURIE'S P.O.V.

Our vision is not only hazy around the edges, but also partially black. Michael truly did manage to cause severe damage in very little time.

We watch as Michael takes the scissors and stabs Sandra once again in the back, causing her to stagger forward into a couple dining chairs before finally tumbling to the floor.

LAURIE MYERS [O.S.]

(HUSHED, RASPY)

Michael...!

Sandra rolls over onto her back and looks helplessly up at Michael.

SANDRA MYERS

Michael, please... you don't have to do this. Please... no!

Sandra screams as Michael proceeds to attack her, stabbing her repeatedly in her chest and torso. She tries desperately to fight him off but he's too quick and too strong, managing to stab her a good eight times in ten seconds alone.

LAURIE MYERS [O.S.]

No! Oh, God, no!

Michael doesn't stop till he's positive Sandra is dead, which isn't till he's stabbed her a good twenty-three times. He then gets off her and starts back towards Laurie, his costume and mask now completely drenched in crimson blood.

LAURIE MYERS

Oh, God, Michael, no...

NORMAL P.O.V.

Crying, Laurie frantically tries to pull herself up. She grabs a hold of the nearby drapes and, using them as leverage, painstakingly pulls herself up.

She's too busy doing this to notice Michael discarding the bloody scissors in favor of her forgotten knife from earlier.

Laurie just manages to get to her feet when Michael comes up behind her and buries the knife deep in her side, causing her to collapse back to the floor in pain. He looks down at Laurie as she sobs hysterically at his feet..

LAURIE MYERS

Michael... why? Please...

Michael stares coldly at her before, slowly, raising the knife high above his head. Laurie's eyes widen, and she let's out a piercing scream as she brings the knife down onto her chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD: MORNING

Jamie shudders as the remainder of the memory plays out in her mind. She wipes the tears from her eyes before turning back to her grandson, who's been completely engrossed in her story.

JAMIE WHITEHALL

He then proceeded to stab me a total of fifteen times; ten times in the chest, five in the abdomen.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

Jesus, Grandma...

JAMIE WHITEHALL

I passed out before he was done, and I guess he thought that meant I was dead cause he left right after...

CUT TO:

INT. MYERS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM: NIGHT TIME

We watch through the windows as three police cruisers pull up out front, each one blaring their lights and blasting their sirens. Four officers emerge from the first car and immediately rush up to the door, which has been left wide open.

No dialogue can be heard as the men file in, so all we do is watch as three of them split off to check on Edyth, Sandra, then lastly Laurie; who lays in a bloody mess on the floor, her clothes now slashed and stained red.

JAMIE WHITEHALL [O.S.]

*The last thing I remember about
that night is being forced to watch
as two men carried my younger
sister out in a body bag...*

Laurie watches as two officers, after declaring Sandra deceased, start lifting her into an ivory black bag. This causes Laurie to once again burst into tears...

CUT TO:

EXT. MYERS RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD: MORNING

JAMIE WHITEHALL

I passed out after that, least... I think I did, and I didn't wake up till two weeks later.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

God, I can't imagine going through this...

JAMIE WHITEHALL

No, you really can't... and I hope you never have to find out.

Jamie looks up at the house, now feeling overwhelmingly sad from the whole ordeal. She sighs a bit before tucking a graying lock of hair behind her ear and giving her grandson a smile.

JAMIE WHITEHALL

Alright, enough with all this morbid stuff. What do you say we go see a movie? I hear Bohemian Rhapsody's really good.

Still wiping her eyes, Jamie walks from the house back to her car. She climbs into the drivers seat while Nicholas climbs back into the passenger seat. He looks at her with concern.

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

Are you sure?

JAMIE WHITEHALL

Yeah, I think a good movie is exactly what I need right now.

Jamie gives her grandson a reassuring smile before giving the house one last look. Her smile flickers when she thinks she sees, up there on the second floor in Sandra's old room, a bulking silhouette standing in the window.

She stares at at the shape, completely hypnotized by the sight of it. Could it be...? No, it's been too long. It couldn't be him...

NICHOLAS WHITEHALL

Grandma...? Are you okay?

Jamie snaps back to reality and looks at her grandson, who's look of concern is only growing with each second. She smiles at him again, this time a bit more genuinely.

JAMIE WHITEHALL

Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine, honestly. Just... it's always a bit emotional to come here, is all. Now let's go! I think we can still make it for the 10'clock showing if we cut through town square.

Jamie looks back at the window as she starts the car back up; it's empty. She shakes her head a bit... damn her imagination.

We watch as she pulls away from the house and drives off, completely missing the shape returning to the window to watch her... to watch them...