

Halloween

an original screenplay by

Mark Allen Holm

based on characters created by John Carpenter and Debra Hill

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# Halloween

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EXT. HADDONDALE, STREET - NIGHT

SUPER: EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO

A car careens along the street, full of teenagers. They WHOOP, SHOUT and SHITTY POP MUSIC BLARES out the windows.

They whip around a corner, nearly miss...

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

DEBRA MYERS (30s, blonde, wears a NOT-sexy mouse costume), as she jumps out of the way.

DEBRA

Hey! I know your parents-- Little butt-holes.

She shrugs and makes her way, a little rattled now, to the front door. Barely noticeable, MICHAEL MYERS (6 or 7, wearing a "cute" cat mask) watches from one of the windows of the inconspicuous house, surrounded by bigger, better ones.

Debra fumbles with her keys a second. A squirrel munches on a half-eaten jack-o-lantern, looks up at her.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

By all means, enjoy yourself.

She unlocks the door.

INT. MYERS HOUSE, HALL - NIGHT

She enters, notes a little boy's jacket and picks it up. She SIGHS and hangs it on a hook.

Sees a table littered with candy wrappers as she passes the kitchen.

INT. MYERS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She trudges into the living room, picks up a little shoe, and looks around. The slight figure of Michael watches, camouflaged by the shadows. He becomes gradually more obvious through the scene.

She faces the back of a couch. A girl's arm drapes over the back. The TV screen flickers with repeating frames from a scratched DVD: a cartoon fly in the act of erasing a spider with a giant pencil.

DEBRA

Linda. Jeez, kid. Didya have to let him eat all that candy? He's going to be a maniac.

(circling the couch)

Linda!

She circles around, bends to pick up another shoe, notices blood on the floor. She looks up...

At the bloody, bluish corpse of a teenage girl on the couch-- the neck cut open and the arm over the couch back attached to the shoulder by only a strand of skin.

She backs away, nearly topples over an end table, rights herself and turns.

GASPING FOR AIR she glares around. She can't see the boy. And maybe we don't either. Yet.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Michael? Honey! Michael! Where are you, Mi--

And she sees him now, watching her. He still wears the cat mask and holds a bloody knife.

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

A car passes.

DEBRA (O.S.)

Michael? Put the knife dow--  
(she SCREAMS)

No. MICHAEL! Stop! STOP!!

She SCREAMS AGAIN, and ANOTHER SCREAM. A beat and the door flies open. Debra bursts from the house, blood on her chest and hands.

She staggers into the yard as Michael appears in the doorway.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

HELP! Somebody, help!

Another car drives by.

BLACK

TITLES

SUPER: NOW...

INT. LOOMIS' CAR - NIGHT

SAMUEL LOOMIS (over 50, bearded, professorial) white-knuckles his steering wheel. GENTLE CLASSICAL MUSIC from the 90s-era tape player.

We see an approaching building, wide and squat.

A cheap flip-phone RINGS in the passenger seat. He glances over as the small screen lights up the name "NANCY." He pulls up to a guard gate and the RINGING STOPS.

He turns the volume down as he stops and rolls the hand-crank window down. There is no actual gate blocking him. A wide, unlit sign reads: MARION STATE HOSPITAL.

A bored GATE GUARD steps from the little building, glances and an i-pad/tablet. He inspects the interior of Loomis' car.

GATE GUARD  
Samuel Loomis?

LOOMIS  
Doctor Samuel Loomis. Yes.

The guard nods his head in the direction of the building and goes back in his shack.

EXT. MARION STATE HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nearly empty, he finds a spot not too close to the building, steps out.

Doesn't flinch as a rain drop pelts him in the face. Since this is Illinois, not southern California, we see his breath. He puts his phone in his coat pocket and gathers some files from the passenger seat.

He heads into the hospital, hunched and grim.

INT. MARION STATE HOSPITAL, RECEPTION - NIGHT

The spare, institutional waiting area is empty except a bored NIGHT NURSE and a PATIENT IN A WHEELCHAIR.

Loomis makes a show of looking behind the vacant reception desk. The nurse seems not to notice.

NIGHT NURSE  
Why don't we get you back to your room?

WHEELCHAIR PATIENT

(like a weather man)

A high-pressure cell moves in from the east, here. Mix this in with the warm front parked on top of us and we have a good chance of rain tonight, leading into Halloween morning.

LOOMIS

I'm here to speak with Doctor Marcus Daly.

NIGHT NURSE

There's no one at the desk this late. Just go down.

WHEELCHAIR PATIENT

Tomorrow evening looks to be clear with only a ten percent chance of rain after dark. Happy Halloween.

LOOMIS

I don't think it's going to be a very happy Halloween at all.

The nurse looks at Loomis like a dead fish. The patient holds up pencil with bent pipe cleaners attached to look like a flimsey spider.

WHEELCHAIR PATIENT

Is it raining?

LOOMIS

Which way.

NIGHT NURSE

Daly's down the right hall at the end.

LOOMIS

Is there a sign-in sheet?

The nurse shakes his head which Loomis finds a little odd. The patient thrusts the spider-pencil at Loomis again.

NIGHT NURSE

Take it or I have to deal with the tantrum.

LOOMIS

(takes it)

Thank you.

## WHEELCHAIR PATIENT

Unfortunately, cloud cover will make for a dark and gloomy night. Just right for the mood, but it's going to be a chilly Hallow's Eve.

## NIGHT NURSE

(pointing)  
Right hall.

Loomis heads down the right as the nurse wheels the patient to the left.

## INT. HOSPITAL, MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michael, now an adult, sits in a lone chair by a single bed in a small room. We never see his face. He sits upright, watching the door. He wears beige patient "scrubs." His right foot twists on the linoleum, slow, leaving a worn spot from years of this.

The electronic lock on the door CLICKS and the door opens. He seems not to notice.

A stout, SHORT ORDERLY enters, followed by Loomis and DOCTOR MARCUS DALY (40s, clipped British accent but casual).

A FOOTBALL GAME plays in B.G. The orderly arches his neck to keep an eye on the game and frequently makes muted gestures that show how focused he is on the TV.

## DALY

See, barely notices us. Looks at the door all day, doesn't throw fits. Or say a word.

## LOOMIS

Yes. And I was in your position, once. I put him in with all of those children. I have to live with--

## DALY

I'm so very sorry about your d--

## LOOMIS

Don't do this, Marcus.

Loomis approaches Michael, notes the twisting foot, looks to Daly. Daly moves beside Michael.

## INT. HOSPITAL, MICHAEL'S ROOM, MICHAEL'S POV - NIGHT

Michael turns his head, a fraction of an inch, to see the spider-pencil jutting from Loomis' breast pocket. They don't notice.

DALY  
He's been doing that with his foot  
the last five years.

LOOMIS  
(to Michael)  
Can't wait to get out?

DALY  
There are people who pose an immediate  
threat out there. We need the space.

LOOMIS  
Space!?  
(lowers his voice)  
Space? I thought autism,  
neurological, even a complex seizure.  
I made the same choice fourteen years  
ago and... Let me spare you the  
guilt, the SHAME I feel every day.

DALY  
You're making it personal, then?

LOOMIS  
You're damned right I am.

DALY  
Sam.

LOOMIS  
(to Michael)  
What do you see beyond that door?

DALY  
Fine. Let's go to my office and we  
can file your official recommendation.

Loomis nods. The two move to leave, the orderly still  
watching the game. Michael's gaze remains fixed on Loomis  
and the pencil as they go.

None of them notice as Michael stands.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALL - NIGHT

The orderly watches the game as Loomis and Daly walk from  
the room. They pass a U-shaped nurse's station outside  
Michael's room.

DALY  
I understand, Sam, I do. The evil  
thing you think you're protecting us  
from is gone.

LOOMIS  
No, not evil. Biology. Broken  
machinery. And not gone.

DALY  
And where is it now?

INT. HOSPITAL, MICHAEL'S ROOM, MICHAEL'S POV - NIGHT

Michael approaches the orderly

INT. HOSPITAL, HALL - NIGHT

Only the orderly's hand sticks out of the room now, wriggles,  
goes limp.

Loomis pauses.

LOOMIS  
As docile as he is now, imagine if  
the right stimulus occurred.

DALY  
We've run tests, nothing has triggered  
him thus far.

Michael steps from the room, disappears just as we turn a  
corner with the doctors.

LOOMIS  
It could be anything... a barking  
dog, a particular song, a smell. Or  
cyclical.

DALY  
This is a bureaucracy, Sam. I have  
a checklist of things and he doesn't  
get enough check-marks to keep him  
here. I have a budget.

They reach a glass security door. Daly flicks his keycard  
over the sensor and the door CLICKS. A tall, FEMALE ORDERLY  
waits on the other side, passes them when he opens the door.  
They nod at each other.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALL, SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

They pause at a small security desk. Daly frowns at the  
empty seat.

We watch the female orderly through the security door, as  
she walks down the hall away from them. Toward Michael.  
She checks her clipboard, flips through a couple sheets.



DALY (CONT'D)

I need to round up security for lock down. We're running a tad late tonight.

LOOMIS

I remember security being tighter.

DALY

This isn't the place for the serial rapists or...

LOOMIS

Maybe he should be in Cook, in Chicago.

DALY

Good luck with that. Their hands are full enough. Wait here and I'll get Grimes. He's at the nurse's station watching the game. We'll go over this in my office.

LOOMIS

I'll find a way to entertain myself.

Daly swipes his badge again. When it CLICKS, the female orderly pauses a second to look back at him. She turns to her clipboard, rounds the corner.

A computer monitor at the desk flickers between camera feeds in the secure ward: the hall with Daly, around the corner with the orderly, the nurse's station, various other angles and halls.

He frowns at the computer and his pocket BUZZES. A flicker on the monitor as Michael crosses to the nurse's station.

He pulls the phone out, stares at the small LCD screen as it VIBRATES in his hand.

The monitor shows the orderly walking to the nurse's station, still absorbed with her paperwork. It flicks to the nurse's station: As she nears it, Michael stands up from behind the counter. She doesn't notice.

Loomis flips the phone open, presses the answer button. MISSED CALL.

He cranes his neck to peer through the security door, down the hall: Daly turns the corner. Loomis checks his watch.

The screen: empty hall, the hall visible to Loomis, then to Daly, who rushes to the nurse's station.

Loomis sits in the chair beside the monitor, pecks a number into his phone, oblivious to events on the monitor...

Which switches: to the nurse's station camera as Michael stands from the body of the orderly, reaches for Daly as he dashes behind the counter, then an empty hall.

Loomis holds the phone up to his ear.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

Nancy. I'm still at the... shit.

(beat)

Hello, dear. I'm still at Marion Grove. I promise you, I'll do everything I can to keep him locked away.

Two orderlies run up to the security desk. Neither looks at Loomis. It CLICKS, and they rush through, run around the corner.

Loomis stands, goes up to the glass, peers down the hall, agitated. He puts his phone away.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

No. No, no, no...

On the screen: Daly, dead, spread on the counter. It cycles through angles and we see Michael strangle one orderly, the other on the ground.

Loomis glares through the glass at nothing, panicked.

The monitor flashes to the nurse's station, populated only by corpses...

As Loomis watches through the security door Michael rounds the corner. He holds a bloody key-card.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

God, no.

He turns and runs. Behind him: CLICK.

INT. HOSPITAL, ADMIN WING - NIGHT

Loomis dashes around a corner, pauses, out of breath. He tries an office door: locked. Another, locked. They're all locked.

The only open door is to a break room.

INT. HOSPITAL, BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Loomis stands in the doorway, GASPING. A JANITOR empties a trash can and the night nurse sits at a table.

LOOMIS  
He's... Out.

The janitor takes out her earbuds, stares with an open mouth. The night nurse summons enough concern to look at him.

NIGHT NURSE  
What?

LOOMIS  
He's OUT!!

NIGHT NURSE  
Who's out?

LOOMIS  
Just call the police, damnit.

The nurse stands up, still bored and cynical, but pulls out a walkie-talkie. Loomis watches for Michael.

NIGHT NURSE  
(into walkie)  
Jackie. Got some dude says a patient got out. What's the sitch?

LOOMIS  
There's no time for that!

NIGHT NURSE  
Jackie. Pick up.

LOOMIS  
We need to get out now and call the police.

NIGHT NURSE  
Just chill a sec. We're not going anywhere until I can confirm there's a problem.

Loomis strides in, pulls a fire alarm. Lights flash and a BUZZER BLARES.

LOOMIS  
There: confirmation.

NIGHT NURSE  
Asshole.

JANITOR

We should call the cops.

NIGHT NURSE

I'm calling the cops. They can deal with him.

The nurse pulls out his phone, starts dialing.

Looms goes back out in the hall, looks, spots something.

LOOMIS

He's here!

NIGHT NURSE

Fuck off. Hello. Yeah, I'm at Marion State Hospital. Some weirdo's here freaking out. And he's not a patient. Pulled the fire alarm.

JANITOR

Maybe we should just...

LOOMIS

Jesus, get out! Now!

One last look and Loomis tears off down the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL, ADMIN WING, MICHAEL'S POV - NIGHT

The night nurse peers out of the break room, sees Michael and bolts off down the hall. The Janitor pokes her head out.

Michael grabs her by the throat.

INT. HOSPITAL, RECEPTION - NIGHT

Loomis runs in, pauses, looks back the way he came. He hears A WOMAN SCREAM from the hallway, stumbles back. He turns to go.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Rain beats down as Loomis flees from the building, reaches his car and fishes through his pockets for his keys.

He finds them as the night nurse exits the building. Loomis opens the car door and gets in, locking the doors manually.

The nurse runs across the lot to his own car.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT, MICHAEL'S POV - NIGHT

Michael exits the building, walks across the parking lot toward the car. Loomis STARTS THE CAR, puts it in gear, looks up...

At Michael outside his window. Loomis floors it, speeds past Michael to the security gate.

EXT. HOSPITAL, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The night nurse gets to his car, opens the unlocked door and A CAR ALARM blasts from the speakers.

B.G.: Michael turns from following Loomis, heads toward the nurse.

The nurse gets in to shut off the alarm, leaves the keys in the door. He sits, notices his keys are missing and retrieves them.

Back in the car, he slams the door as Michael arrives. He's oblivious as he fumbles to get the keys in the ignition.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT, MICHAEL'S POV - NIGHT

Michael opens the door, yanks out the nurse and STOMPS ON HIM. He pauses to look over the man's body, hears a MOAN, STOMPS again.

He looks a little longer, then down the road at Loomis speeding away.

He gets in the car.

EXT. HOSPITAL, SECURITY POST - NIGHT

A sign on the shack's closed door reads: HOSPITAL HOURS 9 AM TO 9 PM M-F, 10 AM TO 7 PM WEEKENDS, GATE GUARD ON DUTY 7 AM TO 10 PM.

Loomis pauses at the small shack, gets out and POUNDS on the closed door.

                    LOOMIS  
Hey! Hey, call the police.  
                    (looks in window)  
Damn it!

He looks back at the parking lot, sees the nurse's car approaching. Too slow to be the nurse.

He gets in his car and drives off.

INT. LOOMIS' CAR - NIGHT

Loomis slams the pedal down, holds the wheel like the edge of a cliff.

He arches his neck to look in the mirror, swerves slightly, corrects.

He takes a hand off the wheel, reaches into his pocket for his phone, manages to flick it open with one hand.

He dials 911, holds it up to his ear.

LOOMIS

Yes, there's been a murder--several murders. At Marion Grove Hospital off route fifty-one. A patient esc--

He swerves left, overcorrects. The car SHAKES as he veers off the road and into the brush. A BIG JOLT and he SMASHES his head into the steering wheel.

A LONE CAR PASSES on the road.

INT. LAURIE'S HOUSE, LAURIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A cell phone lights up on a girl's bedside table: 4:00 AM

SHRILL BEEPING, and LAURIE STRODE (17, blonde, prom-queen perfect) opens her eyes, GROANS. She inches across the bed, holding the covers and bats at the phone until she hits the button, stops the dreadful sound.

She slumps back into bed, closes her eyes... reopens them with another GROAN, and pulls herself out of bed.

It's definitely a teen girl's room. Stuffed animals, music poster and frilly bed-cover. Several slightly grim drawings cover the walls: a couple forming the shape of a (broken) heart, a sad self-portrait with withered limbs... moody teen angst but with Laurie's theme.

She looks briefly out her window, across a balcony, to the dark, cold morning.

Wearing a tank-top and shorts, she limps to the bathroom.

INT. LAURIE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING - MORNING

Laurie leaves her bedroom in sweats, carrying a backpack and a small gym bag, tries not to limp as she passes another bedroom.

She looks in on CONNOR STRODE (11, toe-headed, mildly autistic).

The covers lay, bunched, at the foot of his bed and he's spread out, side-ways, across the mattress.

She enters, covers him back up and leaves.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR, MICHAEL'S POV - MORNING

Michael cruises down an empty street, turns onto a main street, pulls to a stop.

Haddondale exists in the twilight zone between suburbia and small-town America. Everyone knows everyone but it has no identity of it's own. However, it's pretty, homey, and thick with trees. Fall colors show on both the trees and the streets.

Through the windshield, Laurie limps along, unaware of his gaze.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Laurie runs, puffing thick clouds of effort. She slaloms around the post-storm puddles thick with fallen leaves. The limping starts, gets worse and she stops.

She catches her breath, notices a car parked on the other side of the road. A plume of exhaust says the engine is running, but the lights stay off. She can't make out the driver.

She starts walking, limping heavily and as she nears the car... it ROARS OFF.

It's Michael's car.

She watches it fade away, turn a corner, then continues on her way.

INT. P.T. EXERCISE ROOM - MORNING

Laurie lies with her back on a fitness ball, feet on the ground. The room is littered with gym equipment and mirrors line the walls. A BALD MAN (50s, thin, stubbly) puffs away at a resistance machine, a wheelchair beside him.

LYNDA (30s, buff, tattooed) stands over Laurie as the girl uses her legs to spin herself around on the ball.

LYNDA

That's forty, enough.

LAURIE

Ten more.

LYNDA

And then ten more after that? Laurie,  
overdoing it will slow your recovery,  
not speed it up.

LAURIE

(sits up)

Really? They said I wouldn't walk  
and...

(holds out her arms)

Whoa, look at that.

LYNDA

(holds out her hand)

Time to stretch, super-girl.

Laurie grabs her hand and Lynda lifts her easily from the  
ball.

Laurie lies on a bench, one leg bent upward, the other on  
the floor. Lynda pushes lightly on the foot, forcing Laurie's  
knee close to her face. She tries not to show the pain,  
fails.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Dark at first. CHILDREN SCREAMING. Over that...

LITTLE GIRL

Daddy!!

RAP-RAP-RAP. Loomis opens one eye, the other bruised and  
swollen. He squints at the light from a nearby car.

RAP-RAP-RAP. A girl's MUFFLED VOICE. He looks out the  
driver's side window.

Sees a LITTLE BLONDE GIRL (9 or 10, in a fur coat). Her  
FATHER (40s, tall, sporty), bends down to look in the window.  
He waves.

GIRL'S FATHER

(muffled)

You OK?

LOOMIS

What? Yes, I think so.

The guy cocks his head, can't hear him. Loomis cranks the  
window down. He looks around, finds his phone. Trying to  
get his phone to work while the guy is talking.

GIRL'S FATHER

We saw you on the side, wondered if  
you're ok. Have a rough night?