

EXT. WASHINGTON, D. C. – EARLY EVENING

It is twilight time, as the sun is getting ready to set, but hasn't quite made the descent yet. The Washington Monument stands tall, among other landmarks, such as the Capital Building, the White House, etc.



INT. THE WOODS

Special Agent CLARICE STARLING is running down a path, her dark hair pulled into a ponytail as her bright blue eyes are fixed on the path in front of her. She leaps up a wall and grabs a rope while hanging on to it, pulling her body to the top.



She wears a sweat shirt and track pants as the autumn leaves fall gently to the ground within the path of her momentum. She gains speed as the end of the wooded area seems to be ahead.

CLARICE runs off the path and towards a large building up ahead of her. The building is marked with the words "Federal Bureau of Investigation".



JACK CRAWFORD, an older gray-haired man in a suit and glasses, stands outside the building talking on his cell phone. JACK sees CLARICE and hangs up the phone.

CLARICE runs up towards him, slowing down when she sees the serious expression on his face.

CLARICE

Mr. Crawford. Sir, what brings you out of the office?

JACK

Starling, I need you back in the field. We've got a hit on an old case and we need the best on this one. This one has got the higher-ups in a frenzy. They're tired of looking like fools for not catching this guy.

CLARICE

Mr. Crawford, with all due respect, I have resigned myself to teaching here at the academy. Field work, while it was what I came to the bureau for, wasn't what it was cut out to be. As for the higher-ups, it's my opinion that they should have gotten tired of looking like fools long before today, sir.

JACK

I understand your resentment towards the front office. I've had battles with them myself. But, we've got a victim that shares an MO with many murders dating back to the 60s. All Halloween murders.

CLARICE

You're talking about Michael Myers. The serial killer from Haddonfield, Illinois. He's killed over 70 people since 1963.

JACK

You've read the files.

CLARICE

I just pay attention, Mr. Crawford. It's been all over the news every time he goes on a spree. How do we know that this is his work? According to our files, he's been inactive for almost 4 years.

JACK

I hate to break it to you, Agent Starling, but he's no longer inactive. The latest victim is none other than John Tate.

CLARICE

Michael's nephew.

JACK

The one and the same. Starling, if you do this, I may be able to get you reinstated to the field permanently.

CLARICE

Or until I fall into the bureaucracy's bad graces again. Sorry, Mr. Crawford. I'm not interested.

CLARICE starts to run off, but JACK gently grabs her by her arm, stopping her.

JACK

If we don't find him, he's going to kill a little boy.

CLARICE'S hardened expression softens.

CLARICE

What makes you think that, sir?

JACK

Michael has a history of targeting family members around Halloween. He has only one living relative left. A young boy. He'll be searching for him.

CLARICE

What's the boy's name?

JACK

Not sure. His record has been sealed by the courts. The boy was adopted. We have to get a court order to open it. I'm working on that. I just need you to work the murder scene.

CLARICE

If I do this, I'm not doing it for the bureau. I'm doing it for that little boy.

JACK

That's fine with me. I'll get in touch with the Illinois office and they'll have all previous murder files ready for you as soon as you arrive in Haddonfield, which is likely where Steven was adopted. I'll accompany you on the primary murder scene.

CLARICE

Primary murder scene? Have there been other murders, sir?

JACK

Not yet, but I have a feeling there will be before all is said and done. That's why this one's urgent. We don't need another Halloween massacre in Haddonfield.

CLARICE

Right. I'd better get packed if I want to catch up to him, sir.

CLARICE jogs off towards the FBI building as CRAWFORD watches her exit with a smile.

EXT. HADDONFIELD - EARLY EVENING

Leaves are seen falling from the trees and littering the sidewalks.



CAPTION:

Haddonfield, Illinois

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

38-year old MEGAN CARVER is seen walking down the sidewalk, holding the hand of an 11-year old boy, STEVEN, as they look into the stores for costumes as businesses are seen operating busily.

MEGAN

Steven, are you sure that you want to be Captain Jack Sparrow again for Halloween this year?

STEVEN

I was Captain Jack last year and since then he's had a new movie. He's still cool and hip.

MEGAN

I thought you'd just want a new costume.

STEVEN

No. I think it sucks that my costume has to be my birthday present every year. I want a real birthday gift for once.

MEGAN

Well, maybe if your sister Vicky would show up to baby-sit you when she's supposed to, I wouldn't have to miss work and then we'd have the money to spend.

STEVEN doesn't hear her, as he has stopped at a store window and is gazing at a clown costume in the display.

MEGAN has kept walking, but realizes that STEVEN is gone, turning around. She puts her hands on her hips.

MEGAN

Steven, you need to keep up.

STEVEN

Sorry, mom. I just saw a-

STEVEN begins walking, but bumps straight into a man coming out of the store, a 36-year old man with short, dark hair, piercing blue eyes, and a dark beard. He is dressed in black jeans, an old green Army jacket, and an insulated shirt as a necklace bearing a Celtic cross dangles from his neck. TOMMY DOYLE.



STEVEN jumps backwards in fright.

TOMMY
Oh. Sorry. Hi, Steven.

STEVEN
Hi, Mr. Doyle.

MEGAN immediately runs over and grabs STEVEN'S hand, pulling him away from TOMMY as she looks worriedly at his intrusion.



MEGAN
Excuse my son. He's clumsy.

TOMMY
You have a birthday today, don't you, Steven?

STEVEN
Yeah, I sure do. How'd you know that?

TOMMY
I know all sorts of things.

MEGAN
Come on, Steven. Let's go. Leave Mr. Doyle alone.

TOMMY
Really. It was no bother—

MEGAN
Bye.

MEGAN pulls STEVEN away from TOMMY and they walk down the road in quick succession.

MEGAN
I told you never to talk that man. He's dangerous, Steven.

STEVEN
He seems nice.

MEGAN

Like I always told you, just because
people seem nice doesn't mean they are.

TOMMY watches them go with sadness in his eyes as a TV in the window of a store catches his attention. Fake spider webs hang from the window as TOMMY walks over to it. There is a picture of THE SHAPE'S mask onscreen as TOMMY watches intently through the glass as the sound comes out through a speaker system.

Onscreen, CNN Correspondent JULIANNE FOSTER is seen at the scene of the JOHN TATE murder as yellow police tape lines the background and FBI Agents are seen walking the premises.

JULIANNE

Tonight, in Washington, D. C., tragedy has once again claimed the life of another relative of infamous serial killer Michael Myers. John Tate, 25 years of age, was found brutally stabbed to death outside of his cabin late tonight. Rumors are already flying that Michael Myers, having disappeared four years ago from a Haddonfield morgue, has again resurfaced and begun another holiday killing spree.

TOMMY looks disturbed. He turns and watches MEGAN and STEVEN walk into the distance. His expression becomes one of worry. He turns and exits.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D. C. WOODS

Trees stand swaying with the autumn wind as the camera flies over the government buildings and into a wooded area by the lake.

CAPTION: WASHINGTON, D. C.

CLARICE'S POV

EXT. A CABIN

We are driving up a path into the darkness of the forest. Police cars with blue and red lights flashing can be seen getting closer, along with fire trucks and ambulances, lights also flashing on those.

EXT. CAR

We watch as it pulls to a stop outside the police line. CNN news journalists are standing there, cameras filming every angle. JULIANNE FOSTER leads the pack with her camera man, ABE MITCHUM, as the car comes to a stop.

ANGLE ON

CLARICE as she gets out of the car. She is wearing a blue jacket with the initials 'FBI' printed on the back in yellow.

JACK CRAWFORD gets out on the other side of the car as JULIANNE puts a microphone and ABE points the camera in their faces.

JULIANNE

Agent Clarice Starling? It's quite a surprise seeing you here after your failure to bring in Hannibal Lecter back in 2001 and subsequent demotion in the chain of command. Do you have anything to say on that? Have you now been assigned to the Michael Myers case? If so, how do you plan to stop him?

CLARICE

No comment on any of it. Please excuse me.

JULIANNE

Agent Crawford, how is the bureau justifying not having Myers in custody by now?

JACK

No one's justifying anything, because no one's commenting. Your questions will be answered when there is news to be told. Thank you.

JACK and CLARICE walk over to the yellow police tape, show their badges to the barrier GUARD, and are quickly ushered into the scene.



EXT. THE CABIN

CLARICE walks towards to a gathering group of AGENTS and DETECTIVES.

CLARICE

They'll never forget it wasn't me that apprehended Lecter, will they?

JACK

The press is very unforgiving. It's a team effort, Starling. Maybe you didn't catch him, but our team did a few weeks later. That's all that matters.

CLARICE

I doubt Director Burke would agree with you, sir.

JACK

He rarely ever does, Starling. *(to all agents)* Okay, team! I want every fiber, every fingerprint, and every piece of DNA accounted for. Got it? No mistakes.

The team runs off in search of evidence as STARLING looks over the area.

CLARICE

Any possible suspects other than Myers?

JACK

John Tate was practically a hermit. Unmarried. No kids. No family to speak of...except that his only living relative is none other than Michael Myers. He was believed to be living in hiding out of the public eye to avoid ending up like this at the hands of his uncle. His mother lived the same sad life.

CLARICE

It's very tragic, sir.

JACK

They got a few prints on the cabin wall and a foam rubber latex substance underneath Tate's nails. Tate scratched at everything he could before he got his final blow.

JACK and CLARICE walk down the dirt path, which is now covered in markers. CLARICE pulls out a pair of latex gloves and slaps them onto her hands as they walk, her FBI ID badge dangling from her pocket.

CLARICE stops at a tree, causing JACK to turn around and see her staring inquisitively at the tree. CLARICE points to a carving on the tree's bark. The Thorn symbol ▶.



CLARICE runs her finger along the carving.

CLARICE

The Thorn symbol.

JACK

Right.

CLARICE

It was a Celtic rune from the ancient days that represented chaos and war demons. It used to be used by shamans to inflict curses on a certain individual chosen from their tribe. There could be black magic involved in this.

JACK

Witchcraft and Halloween? Sounds like a perfect fit.

CLARICE

I'll have to look through the files to refresh my memory, but didn't Michael Myers leave this symbol at the scene of his niece's murder. John Tate's sister...Jamie Lloyd?

JACK

Yes. However, according to the Haddonfield Sheriff's Department, Michael Myers wasn't even responsible for those crimes in '95. They stick to their story that a former surviving victim, Tommy Doyle, performed those acts because he was copycatting Myers, though he was never convicted due to testimony provided by survivor Kara Strode and her son Danny.

CLARICE

I don't believe that anyone other than Myers performed those acts, sir. Past history alone shows a pattern of violent behavior against all family members. A copycat, while not impossible, would show some sort of inconsistency with previous MOs since not all information was released to the press. In addition, the extreme violence of the crime indicates personal feelings towards the victims. Feelings of anger that a copycat wouldn't necessarily have.

JACK

I agree with you. A copycat is pretty much a bullshit theory.

CLARICE

What is this?

CLARICE bends down and points to the file folder on the ground.

JACK

It hasn't been touched. It has been photographed, but not fingerprinted.

CLARICE

I'll be gentle with it, sir.

CLARICE bends down and picks up the folder with the tip of her fingers as the gloves rub the edges. CLARICE turns the file over, looking at the name on the folder. 'Lloyd, Jamie BB'.

CLARICE looks back at JACK, who looks surprised.

CLARICE

Lloyd, Jamie BB. Baby boy Lloyd. It's an abbreviation hospitals use for a medical record when the baby has not yet been given a legal name. John had his late sister's medical records. He must have been doing some digging and found out he had a nephew.

JACK

Right. He had lost his place in the world and was looking for any remaining connection that he had left.

CLARICE

The pages are missing. Someone took the contents of the file. It looks like Mr. Tate's chivalrous motives may unwittingly backfire on him and have just the opposite effect. If Michael Myers took the file, he's definitely going to look for the boy. We should keep up as many roadblocks as possible in this area and I'm on the next plane to Haddonfield.

She looks back at the blood on the tree. She takes a deep breath and walks away.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - NIGHT

The click, clack of black, steel-toed boots is heard as they walk down a chamber in the building. As we pan up, we see that they belong to DR. TERENCE WYNN (*Halloween 6: The Curse of Michael Myers*), decked out in his MAN IN BLACK attire.



WYNN runs an ID tag through a reader before entering through the steel cell gate door. WYNN stops and looks down the empty hall. The long, straight hallway that leads to maximum security and LECTER'S cell.

About halfway down the hall rests a single chair sitting in front of a glass wall. The classical music of Beethoven plays in the cell.

WYNN walks down the length of the hallway. All of the patients are now quiet.

WYNN'S POV

DR. HANNIBAL LECTER stands on the other side of the glass, standing straight as a board as he watches WYNN enter.



HANNIBAL smirks as he sniffs the air and then looks at WYNN with his sinister, unblinking eyes.

HANNIBAL

That's not your usual cologne, Dr. Wynn. In fact, it's not even men's cologne at all. Jean Patou's 1000, if I'm not mistaken. A woman's perfume valued at about \$720 an ounce. Not the typical scent of a man such as yourself, but I guess if you're uneducated in fragrances, you wouldn't notice that a man smells like a woman.

WYNN

They tell me that you attacked our orderly, Nick McClain. He'll never see out of his left eye again. This is unacceptable behavior, Dr. Lecter. This will not be a recurring theme in my facility.

HANNIBAL

Unacceptable behavior, Dr. Wynn? It is acceptable for that same orderly to taunt me while I'm in restraints? Is acceptable for him to destroy my drawings without provocation? Is it acceptable for this man to add excrement in my meal?

Rest assured, Dr. Wynn, that the orderly in question got everything he asked for and more.

WYNN

None of that is acceptable, but it hardly balances with having your eye permanently damaged.

HANNIBAL

I thought my way would be more effective. Tell me, Dr. Wynn. What's with the clothes? Having a mid-life crisis, are we? Black, silver-toed boots aren't all the rage anymore. You're not acting your age. And the trench coat, well, that's taboo since Columbine back in '99. From your choice in wardrobe, one might think you're up to no good.

WYNN

Save the fashion tips, Dr. Lecter. You're not going to get into my head.

HANNIBAL

Would I dare to wander such a place, Terence? Looking into your eyes, I see death valley. I read all about you in *The Tattler*. Goes back to the war, doesn't it? Adolf was busy killing all the Jews while you were busy dropping bombs on Hiroshima. You still hear them, don't you? The innocent lives you ended, screaming for mercy as they saw the missiles fly from the sky.

WYNN

Do you still hear the people you killed, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL

Only when I hear meat sizzling on the stove. Of course, being locked up, I rarely hear that anymore.

WYNN

And you never will again, doctor.

HANNIBAL

Never say never, Terry boy. Life is full of twists and turns.

HANNIBAL winks at him and lies back onto his bed, putting his hands back behind his head. WYNN stares down at HANNIBAL with annoyance.

WYNN

Your music will be taken away first thing in the morning. If you show improvement in your behavior in the next month, you will get it back. Good night, Dr. Lecter.

WYNN turns and exits as HANNIBAL waves his arms to the music. BARNEY MATTHEWS enters the cell, carrying a new tray full of food. HANNIBAL turns and smiles as BARNEY enters the cell and lays the food down. On top of the tray is a file folder marked with the name of 'MYERS, MICHAEL AUDREY'.

HANNIBAL

Hello, Barney. What'd you bring me?

BARNEY

A meal to replace the ruined one and some light reading for later. I'm sure you'll find some use for it.

BARNEY backs out of the cell and relocks the door as HANNIBAL watches him. HANNIBAL walks over and opens the file with his good arm, beginning to cipher through it.

BARNEY

I caught Starling on CNN, though. She's back in the field. They've got her on the Michael Myers case.

HANNIBAL

Michael Myers? Here I am in the home of the man and Starling gets assigned the case. One might say it's fate. However, Michael Myers is no challenge psychologically. He's actually very predictable. He's basically brute force with little to no personality. He always likes to kill in one city and does a very sloppy job of it while he's there. No, something else is going on here. I think the old boy's got the government scared. Why would they need the abilities of our Agent Starling?

BARNEY

Maybe. I figured you'd like to look at his file. Just in case.

BARNEY winks at HANNIBAL before exiting the cell. HANNIBAL begins reading through the file.



MICHAEL AUDREY MYERS



MASS MURDER AND OCCULT ACTIVITIES

Additional Information

Vital Statistics

Date of birth: October 31, 1957

Place of birth: Haddonfield, IL

Race: Caucasian

Sex: Male

Height: 6' 0"

Weight: 200lbs

Hair: Black

Eyes: Blue

Michael Myers was last seen on October 31, 2002 in Haddonfield, Illinois, when he disappeared from Haddonfield Memorial Hospital's morgue after murdering several college students during a live web cast.

EXT. HADDONFIELD STREET

TOMMY DOYLE walks down the street in the quiet night. Leaves continue to fall from the surrounding trees as TOMMY seems lost in thought.

Laughter is heard nearby, causing TOMMY to glance up ahead at his home, where a convertible BMW is sitting.



EXT. DOYLE HOUSE

20-year old blonde frat boys BRANDON MCKNIGHT and ALAN OXLEY are throwing eggs at the home.

BRANDON

Freaks don't belong in Haddonfield anymore!

ALAN

Get out of our town! You're a joke!

TOMMY speeds up his walk down the sidewalk. BRANDON turns and his eyes widen.

BRANDON

Oh, shit. Here he comes!

ALAN

Get us out of here!

ALAN leaps into the car's passenger seat as BRANDON leaps into the driver's seat with laughter. The car peels out and takes off into the night as TOMMY reaches his home to see that it's been defaced.

TOMMY'S POV

Toilet paper hangs from the trees and all around the porch columns. Eggs litter the yard. On the front door, the words "Copycat killer" are painted. TOMMY looks at his house with sadness and anger. He runs his hand through his beard and rubs his dark hair out of his face.

A Haddonfield Sheriff's Department car pulls up to the curb. Inside, SHERIFF DENNIS CARVER looks from the car to the house and then at TOMMY with sympathy.

DENNIS

Tommy, I'm sorry. I didn't think it would happen again after last time.

TOMMY

It's not your fault, sheriff.

DENNIS

Do you need any help cleaning this mess up?

TOMMY

No. I'm good. I may just leave it up until after Halloween. That way, I won't get hit again tomorrow night.

DENNIS

Same old shit every year.

TOMMY

People are ignorant and they choose to lash out at what they don't understand. Haddonfield is full of ignorance.

DENNIS

Yeah. I won't disagree. If you need anything, just give me a call at the station.

TOMMY just nods as DENNIS pulls away from the curb. TOMMY rips off some toilet paper from a tree and slams it down in anger before walking inside.

INT. A LANDING STRIP - NIGHT

The runway is lit up on either side, giving a perfect area for a plane to land. From the size of this, it is a private airport for private jets and planes, etc.

Airplane mechanic MAC REARDON is working on the engine as co-worker TAD WALKER sits watching the television nearby. Both are covered in grease from all of their work on the planes that are in the hangar. On television, *The Ring* is seen playing as SAMARA comes walking out of the onscreen television. TAD'S eyes widen.

TAD

Holy shit, Mac! That little girl just came walking out of the fucking television! She's gonna kill Naomi Watts!

MAC

You are easily entertained, my man.

TAD

You've been domesticated by that housewife of yours. She's prolly got you watching *The Young and the Restless* every morning or some shit like that.

MAC

Victor Newman is a bad ass.

TAD

Yeah, whoever that is.

MAC

I don't mind a good scary movie just as long as it doesn't interfere with my co-worker doing his job...which it seems to be doing.

TAD

Ah, fuck, Mac. I'm on my break.

MAC

You've been on your break for the past 30 minutes. I've just fixed this entire engine all by myself.

TAD

Okay, fine. Let me hit the can and I'll come back out and help you out.

TAD grabs his greasy hat and walks into the other room as MAC grabs a wrench and begins tightening up the engine. He grabs the cover nearby and begins screwing it on tightly. After a few seconds, some feet are seen entering on the other side of the plane. They are wearing the same navy blue coveralls as TAD.

MAC

Back so soon, Tad? Well, it's too late. This one's all ready to fly. Go pull the next one into the hangar. It's got a bad engine.

The pair of feet just stands there. MAC frowns.

MAC

Tad, I'm tired of you standing around. Now go get the other plane!

The navy coveralls turn and walk away from the plane. MAC sighs.

MAC

Lazy ass.

MAC finishes tightening the engine cover and throws his wrench to the side. He turns and walks around to the front of the plane, turning off the television. THE SHAPE steps out behind him, watching him.

MAC turns to leave, but THE SHAPE grabs him with swiftness, throwing him back against the propeller of the plane. MAC looks shocked as THE SHAPE grabs MAC by the throat and bends him backwards in between the propellers. MAC struggles, but THE SHAPE covers his mouth.

THE SHAPE grabs the propeller and lurches it sideways. It slashes through MAC'S head and decapitates him on contact. MAC'S head leaps from his body and bounces along the ground.

THE SHAPE tosses the body to the ground as he climbs into the plane. TAD comes walking out from the back just as the plane starts up, the propeller blades starting slowly and then picking up speed.

TAD

What the hell?!

The plane rolls out onto the runway and lurches from the hangar. TAD looks over and sees MAC'S head staring back at him with a blank stare as his body lies crumpled a few feet away.

TAD

Holy shit!

TAD screams in fear as the plane takes off from the runway, disappearing into the night sky.

EXT. A SUBURBAN ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Bare trees with empty branches line the sidewalks as "Laurie's Theme" begins to play. CHILDREN are seen walking up and down the sidewalks as the autumn wind blows through the air.

CAPTION:



EXT. A HOUSE

A car marked with 'Haddonfield Sheriff's Department' is sitting in the driveway as 50-year old DENNIS CARVER, with brown hair and blue eyes, stands by the front door in his sheriff's uniform, looking to be waiting on something.

A jack-o-lantern grins from the porch besides him on top of a bail of hay that is also acting as a coffee table with empty cans on it.



A young woman with blonde hair and striking blue eyes comes walking from the street, carrying a purse and a back pack over her shoulders.

DENNIS

Vicky, you didn't come home last night.

VICKY

I'm sorry, dad. I got tired during the study session and stayed at Sean's.

DENNIS

Sean. I see.

VICKY

It's not what you're thinking. I just studied and slept. That's all.

DENNIS

Vicky, we were counting on you.

VICKY

Sorry. I just don't know why I can't live on campus with all my friends.

DENNIS

Because all your friends have the money to pay for room and board. Besides, you're 5 minutes from campus. It's not as if it's a road trip.

VICKY

It's not the same. I should be able to have my freedom without you guys always breathing down my neck.

DENNIS

Vicky, your mother had to cancel her business meeting last night because I was working and we had no one to watch Steven. You were supposed to watch him, remember?

VICKY

(puts her palm to her forehead)
Oh, my God. I'm so sorry. I forgot, dad. It totally slipped my mind.

DENNIS

And I'm sorry you think we're breathing down your neck. As far as I'm concerned, we've been very lenient with you. So, you're gonna have to watch Steven tonight.

VICKY

What?! Sean and I were planning on going to the big Halloween party on campus!

DENNIS

Both your mother and I are working tonight, Vicky. She's having the meeting she should have had last night. That's more important. You gotta learn some responsibility.

VICKY

I know, dad. I just...ugh, I just feel like I'm always doing school work or baby sitting. I never have any fun anymore.

DENNIS

All this hard work will pay off one day, Vicky, but right now, Steven needs someone to stay with him. You can go to the next party.

VICKY

Okay. I just hope Sean isn't too mad.

The front door opens and STEVEN CARVER comes bounding out, carrying a back pack as MEGAN CARVER enters behind him.

MEGAN is dressed in a business suit with a nice skirt showing off her petite figure. Her eyes meet VICKY'S and turn sour at the sight of her.

STEVEN

Hi, Vicky. Bye, Vicky!

VICKY

See ya later, Steven.

STEVEN runs to the civilian car and tears open the passenger seat, jumping in. MEGAN eyes VICKY.

MEGAN

Did your father tell you that I missed my meeting last night?

VICKY

Yes. I'm sorry, mom. I was studying-

MEGAN

Don't let it happen again. We're paying your tuition. You can at least grant us some common courtesy.

VICKY

But mom—

MEGAN

You're watching Steven tonight and that's final. This subject is closed.

MEGAN leans over and kisses DENNIS with a peck on the lips.

MEGAN

Have a good day, honey.

DENNIS

Drive safe.

MEGAN turns and walks away from the porch and glares at VICKY before getting into the car and starting it up. VICKY looks sad.

VICKY

She's really upset with me, huh?

DENNIS

Can you blame her?

VICKY

I guess not.

VICKY turns and waves as MEGAN pulls out of the driveway.

DENNIS

I don't want you staying at Sean's anymore, either. If you stay at a friend's place, stay at Telsa's.

VICKY

You just don't like Sean.

DENNIS

He's got a troubled background, Vicky. I didn't want you mixed up with a guy like him.

VICKY

He's different than his father, dad. He's done everything he can to separate himself from that life.

MEGAN'S car pulls away as DENNIS watches it go. However, DENNIS is alarmed when a blue truck starts up down the road and follows MEGAN. DENNIS catches a glimpse of a pale, white mask in the driver's seat. DENNIS watches the truck as it disappears down the road. DENNIS frowns as VICKY interrupts his concentration.

VICKY
Are you listening?

DENNIS
(turning to her)
What?

VICKY
Sean is a good guy. You'd know it if you ever got to know him.

DENNIS
I know his father Tony...and Tony Beretti is not a good guy. In fact, he's the head honcho behind all the drug trafficking going through the state. That's all I need to know.

VICKY
Sean is not a part of that.

DENNIS
But he could become a part of that unwittingly...and you could get caught up in the crossfire. I really wish you'd reconsider this relationship.

VICKY
Sorry, dad. I love him. I'm gonna get my books and head to class. I'll pick up Steven from school.

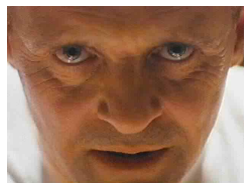
DENNIS
Okay. Have a good day, sweetie.

DENNIS bends down and kisses VICKY on the forehead before walking towards his car. VICKY goes inside.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE SANITARIUM - HANNIBAL'S CELL
DR. HANNIBAL LECTER is seated on his bed as his classical music plays. DAWN THOMPSON, a few papers in hand, comes walking down the hallway towards his room. DAWN reaches HANNIBAL'S cell and stops as HANNIBAL sniffs the air.

HANNIBAL
I smell that perfume again, only stronger.

HANNIBAL turns as he stares straight ahead into DAWN'S eyes.



HANNIBAL

I believe that scent belongs to you,
doesn't it, Dawn?

DAWN

Yes. Jean Patou's 1000. You like it?

HANNIBAL

It's divine.

DAWN

Thank you. Dr. Wynn asked me to come and
have you sign these legal papers. It's
HIPPA laws and basic patient rights.

HANNIBAL squints his eyes at her as she fumbles with her clipboard.

HANNIBAL

Send them through.

DAWN sends the forms through the drawer on the side as HANNIBAL picks
them up and begins to read them. He licks his finger and lifts the
page before smiling over at DAWN.

HANNIBAL

I knew you were lying the minute you
asked the question. You have to be able
to read the eyes, you see. People tend
to look to the right when they are
visually creating a lie while people who
are simply recalling information tend to
look to the left. These aren't basic
consent forms, are they, Dawn?

DAWN remains quiet and looks down.

HANNIBAL

Silence. Another pantomime for liars.
Tell me, Dawn. Does Dr. Wynn really
think he's smarter than me, that I would
just sign consent forms that would result
in me receiving a lobotomy in case I'm,
as quoted, "a threat to the staff and/or
patients".

DAWN

I don't know, Dr. Lecter. I just do my
job.

HANNIBAL

You just do your job, huh? There goes
Dr. Wynn, delegating authority again.
And besides, you're lying. You knew.
Tell me, Dawn. When did I stop becoming
a threat to the staff or patients?

DAWN

You can either sign them or not. I'm
Just the messenger.

HANNIBAL

Not. Fly back to Dr. Wynn and tell him
that next time he tries to deceive me, I
will rip out his heart from his chest and
eat it before his family. Will you do
that for me, Dawn?

DAWN looks unsettled and nods. She turns and exits as HANNIBAL watches
her with a malicious smile.

HANNIBAL

Oh, and Dawn?

DAWN turns and looks back at him questioningly.

HANNIBAL

You look scrumptious today.

HANNIBAL licks his lips as DAWN looks extremely disturbed. DAWN
quickly exits.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE

CNN crew is all outside, led by TV reporter JULIANNE FOSTER as they
wait. ABE MITCHUM is busily filming the house.

ABE

Julianne, I think he's coming out.

JULIANNE quickly moves forward quickly with ABE filming her every move.
TOMMY DOYLE walks outside his door and is surprised by all the media in
attendance as JULIANNE runs up to him with ABE close behind.

JULIANNE

(to the camera)

We are here in Haddonfield, as Tommy
Doyle, the 1995 falsely accused copycat,
has just left his house on today's big
holiday. Tommy, what are your comments
on today's Halloween festivities and do
you think John Tate's murder means
Michael's coming back home?

TOMMY

I've been trying to tell you people for
years that Michael's not done in
Haddonfield. My opinion on that has not
changed. Excuse me.

TOMMY moves past the crew as they film his departure from the scene.
TOMMY gets into his Jeep and drives away.

JULIANNE

You heard it here first. Tommy Doyle predicts Myers's return. It might be a good idea if you're in Haddonfield tonight to lock your doors and stay in tonight. The boogeyman could be out there.

EXT. A FARMHOUSE

Farmer BUD RADER is seen standing out on his porch, holding a bow and arrows as he looks out at the field, where a cloud of rising smoke has formed in the cornfield behind his house. BUD looks confused as his wife MILLIE comes walking outside and stands next to him.

MILLIE

What do you suppose all that smoke is from?

BUD

I don't know. I talked to Steve Todd earlier and he said he thought he heard a small plane overhead early this morning. I was out doing some hunting over in the Tower Woods, but I didn't hear anything. I wonder if it didn't crash.

MILLIE

Planes aren't usually flying this low around these parts.

BUD

They do when they crash.

MILLIE

You know what I mean.

BUD

I guess I'll go check it out. Lock up the barn for me, will you?

MILLIE

Sure thing.

BUD steps down from the porch and walks over to his truck, putting the bow and arrows in the bed of the truck. BUD then begins walking through the stalks of corn, moving them in and out of his way.

MILLIE walks over to the barn as BUD disappears into the stalks of corn, walking directly past a hanging scarecrow.

INT. BARN

MILLIE walks inside, picking up some tools from the ground and hanging them back on the wall. She looks around the hay-filled barn as it is silent.

MILLIE turns and begins walking out of the barn, but hears a noise of hay rustling.

MILLIE'S head turns at the sound. She stands still for a brief second before walking towards the corner where the sound came from. MILLIE creeps silently over to the corner. She peeps around the corner. A solid black cat lurches out of the corner, screeching as it runs past her.

MILLIE sighs in relief as the fear leaves her. Suddenly, however, the door closes behind her with a thud.

MILLIE turns and standing by the entrance, having just closed the door, is THE SHAPE.

MILLIE'S eyes widen as THE SHAPE grabs a shovel off the wall. MILLIE backs up as THE SHAPE walks towards her.

MILLIE

Oh, my God! Bud!

THE SHAPE swings the shovel at her, but MILLIE backs away, climbing quickly up the ladder to the hayloft.

THE SHAPE throws the shovel down and begins slowly climbing after her.

INT. THE HAYLOFT

MILLIE grabs a pitchfork from the haystack nearby as THE SHAPE reaches the top of the ladder.

MILLIE

Stay away from me!

MILLIE charges with the pitchfork at THE SHAPE, but THE SHAPE sidesteps it, grabbing the pitchfork and slinging MILLIE around in a circle. MILLIE gains air as she smacks into the hayloft doors with a thud. MILLIE screams in pain as the doors fly open.

MILLIE screams as she catches the door to keep from falling out the doors and onto the ground. MILLIE hangs in mid-air as she lets out a blood-curdling scream.

INT. THE CORNFIELD

BUD is at the plane wreckage, as smoke rises from the burning metal. He is looking inside, but turns as he hears the scream.

INT. THE HAYLOFT

MILLIE dangles in mid-air, trying to hang onto the open door as it swings back and forth. THE SHAPE comes forward with the pitchfork, jamming it at MILLIE. MILLIE swings around to the back of the door with a scream as THE SHAPE jams the pitchfork into the door.

THE SHAPE yanks the door back to him as he grabs the rope from the pulley above. THE SHAPE quickly wraps the rope around MILLIE'S neck.

MILLIE

No! Bud!

THE SHAPE tightens the rope before shoving MILLIE from the door. MILLIE falls from the door and the rope catches her, snapping her neck in mid-air. THE SHAPE watches her from the open doorway as she hangs there from the hayloft, swinging back and forth with the wind.

EXT. THE CORNFIELD

BUD comes charging from the corn, looking around his yard. He looks up at the hayloft and sees MILLIE hanging from the rope. BUD'S eyes widen in shock.

BUD
Holy shit! Millie!

BUD comes charging towards the barn, throwing open the door. THE SHAPE lunges from the barn, jamming the pitchfork into BUD'S gut. THE SHAPE lifts BUD into the air, driving him backwards before slamming him against a nearby wooden shed. He pitchfork goes out BUD'S back and through the shed as BUD'S eyes glaze over.

THE SHAPE takes a step back as BUD hangs in mid-air, his eyes closing as he dies. THE SHAPE tilts his head to the side as if confused and amazed at his skill.



INT. AIRPLANE

CLARICE is working on a computer, going through various Myers victims. Briefly, pictures of RACHEL CORRUTHERS, LAURIE STRODE, and TIM STRODE blink up on the screen as she continues to search. Finally, JAMIE LLOYD'S picture pops up.

CLARICE then pulls up a file with a picture of STEVEN CARVER on the screen. CLARICE reads the file out loud.

CLARICE
Born Steven Lloyd, Steven was taken from the care of the suspect of the 1995 Myers copycat massacre, Thomas Doyle, after he was arrested for the murder spree. Steven was then taken into the state's custody before being given up for adoption. He was legally adopted in February 1996 by Dennis and Megan Carver...

CLARICE'S cell phone begins to ring. CLARICE looks down, not recognizing the number. CLARICE answers her phone.

CLARICE
Agent Starling...

VOICE
(o/s)
Hello, Clarice...

CLARICE immediately gets a strange look of surprise on her face.

CLARICE
Dr. Lecter...

INT. HANNIBAL'S CELL

Classical music is playing in the background as DR. HANNIBAL LECTER'S good hand can be seen holding the phone. He is leaning against the back of his cell. In front of him, he has the Michael Myers file.

PAN UP to see HANNIBAL LECTER'S face with an emotionless look.

HANNIBAL
I heard you were on CNN last night.
Looking ravishing, I'm sure. I'll bet
you've lost a little weight. Running a
lot these days. Teaching those young
ones how to be a good guy and catch the
bad ones. Little do they know, do they,
Clarice, that they are swimming with the
sharks.

INT. FBI BUILDING
CLARICE is silent.

INTER-CUT back and forth between the two characters until the end of the conversation.

HANNIBAL
What's the matter, Clarice? All this
time has passed us by and you have
nothing to say to me? I'm shocked.
Better yet, you're probably wondering how
I got your cell phone number. Don't you
worry. I'll only use it when I feel like
whispering in your ear. I received word
of your new assignment and thought to
myself that Agent Starling could have
bitten off a bit more than she could chew
this time. After all, Michael Myers has
evaded the FBI for over 25 years. Why
should now be any different?

CLARICE
You know something that could help me or
you wouldn't have called, Dr. Lecter.

HANNIBAL

Possibly, or maybe I'm just lonely and miss my little Starling. It's a shame that the FBI has stuck you on a hopeless case such as this. I guess they thought you'd just be happy that you got your job back. They look down on you, don't they? Cast you out because you let me escape again and they had to use resources to find me. Well, what would they do if you brought home Michael Myers's head in a body bag? Do you think they would offer apologies for suspending you? Would Jack Crawford publicly thank you for all the hard years of work you put into the bureau?

CLARICE

Dr. Lecter, this is not a hopeless case. I have leads on this one. The accolades of the FBI don't interest me. I just want to catch this guy before he kills a little boy.

HANNIBAL

Yes, I'll bet you do. You always were a bright and shining star among the darkest of skies. However, leads won't be enough this time, you see. How do you plan to stop him? Many have tried, but all have failed. They've shot him, burned him, stabbed him full of holes. He just keeps going. What is his weakness? How is he stopped? How will you, Agent Starling, defeat the undefeatable?

CLARICE

Do you know how to stop him, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL

You know how this game works, Clarice. Quid pro quo, Agent Starling.

CLARICE

Right. Quid pro quo, Dr. Lecter. What do you want?

HANNIBAL

Tell me, Clarice. Do you remember the day your father died?

CLARICE

Of course. He walked in on a robbery and got gunned down. Lasted a month before he died, though he couldn't talk all that much. We've been through this before. Why the inquisition now?

HANNIBAL

Do you ever want those men to pay, those robbers who took your father away? They never were apprehended, were they? Do you ever have fantasies of vengeance where you track them down and murder them in cold blood? Taking away their lives like they did daddy's?

CLARICE

That would lower me to their level, Dr. Lecter. I'm really not interested in that.

HANNIBAL

So, according to you, only those at a certain level commit murder? Does that put you above those of us who have committed the act?

CLARICE

I wasn't implying that I was better than you, Dr. Lecter. Quid pro quo, Dr. Lecter. Tell me what you think about Michael Myers.

HANNIBAL

Michael Myers is a classic schizophrenic. Used to hear voices that no one else heard and then there's this foolish theory of demonic possession that has delusions of grandeur written all over it. My personal opinion? Michael has got sexual issues. He was possibly molested as a child and resorted to killing as a way to vent his anger. Judith Myers's murder was set off by Michael witnessing her sexual encounter with her boyfriend. Equally so, his next victim, Annie Brackett, was found in her panties and a T-shirt after Michael probably stalked her all night, watching her and listening to her conversations with her boyfriend on the telephone. The other victims, Linda Van Der Klok and Bob Simms, had both just had intercourse in the very same house. Rachel Corruthers had just taken a shower. Michael has problems with sexuality. He may see himself as inadequate in that department.

CLARICE

How do you know all the details of the case? Do you have his files at Smith's Grove?

HANNIBAL

I'm inquisitive. I have connections.

CLARICE

So why did he go after his other sister, Laurie Strode? Or his niece, Jamie Lloyd?

HANNIBAL

They possibly trigger the psychopath within him, maybe even cause him the rage he feels. He wanted to sexually be with them even though he knew it was wrong. Jamie's baby's father was never named. It wouldn't surprise me if he was a product of incest. Any family are reminders of the hell he went through as a boy and he wants to eliminate those memories of his childhood, while at the same time fighting the sexual urge that he knows is amoral. Michael lashes out at anything that brings those feelings back.

CLARICE

Interesting theory. How do I find Michael, Dr. Lecter?

HANNIBAL

You want to win this game, Agent Starling? Come and see me. The path to win is a thorny path indeed.

HANNIBAL hangs up the phone as we stay with CLARICE. CLARICE frowns as the announcement to land is made over the intercom.

INT. HANNIBAL'S CELL

HANNIBAL has just hung up the phone as his classical music reaches a climactic chord. HANNIBAL stands and closes the file marked with the name of 'MICHAEL AUDREY MYERS'. He puts the folder under his desk as he gets lost in the music.

